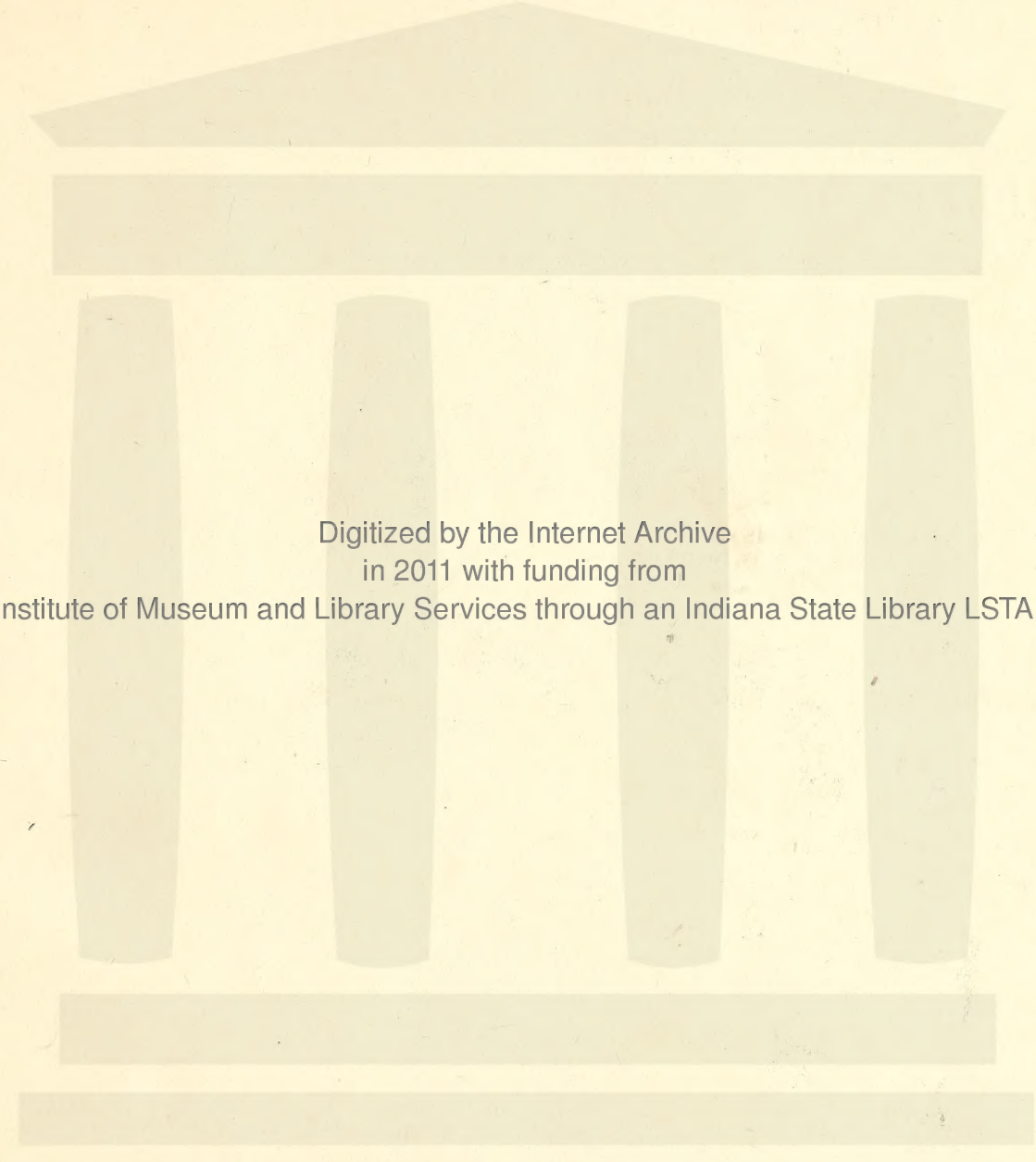
W. C. Cooks

Keyser,

Feb 1, 1897.

W. Va.



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MOWGLI FISHING.

(*See page* 39.)

McClure's Magazine.

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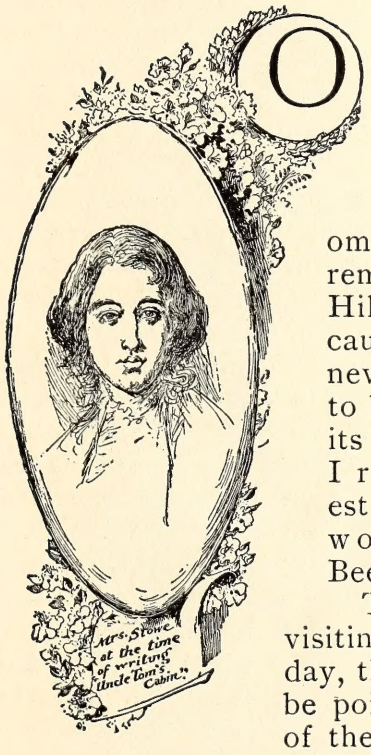
REMINISCENCES OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

MRS. STOWE IN HER HOME AT ANDOVER.—AN INSTANCE OF HER RARE RELIGIOUS FAITH.—VISITS TO JAMES T. FIELDS.—MR. FIELDS'S KINDNESS AND GENIALITY.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," etc.

CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE.—VII.



ONE preëminent figure, moving gently for a few years upon the Andover stage, I had almost omitted from the reminiscences of the Hill—I suppose because, in truth, she never seemed to me to be of Andover, or its life akin to hers. I refer to the greatest of American women—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

To the stranger visiting Andover for a day, there will long be pointed out, as one of the "sights" of the Hill, the house occupied by Mrs. Stowe during the time of her husband's professorship in the Seminary. After she disappeared from among us that home of genius sighed for her. I wonder, do houses feel their ascents and declines of fortune as dogs do, or horses? One sometimes fancies that they may, if only through the movement of that odic force whose mysterious existence science cannot deny, and speculation would not. Next to a man's book or his child, what can be so invested with himself as the house he lives in? Saturated with humanity as they are, who knows how far sentience may develop under observant roofs and in conscious rooms long possessed by human action and endurance?

Mrs. Stowe's house, still retaining the popular name of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," became for a while a club devoted to the honorable end of boarding theologues. At the present time the Trustees' hotel is in the building, which has suffered many dreary practical changes. The house is of stone, and in the day of its distinguished occupant was a charming place. As a house, it was very difficult; but Mrs. Stowe has always had the home touch in a beautiful degree.

In fact, my chief impression of those years when we had the rich opportunity of her vicinity consists in occasional glimpses of lovely interiors over which presided a sweet and quiet presence, as unlike the eidolon which Andover Seminary seemed to have created for itself of this great and gracious lady as a spirit is unlike an old-time agitator. To tell the truth—which perhaps is not necessary—I dimly suspected then, and I have been sure of it since, that the privilege of neighborhood was but scantily appreciated in Andover, in the case of this eminent woman. Why, I do not know. She gave no offence, that I can recall, to the pecul-

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iar preferences of the place. The fact that she was rumored to have leanings towards the Episcopal Church did not prevent her from dutifully occupying with her family her husband's pew in the old chapel. It was far to the front, and her ecclesiastical delinquencies would have been only too visible, had they existed. A tradition that she visited the theatre in Boston when she felt like it, sometimes passed solemnly from lip to lip; but this is the most serious criticism upon her which I can remember.

I have since found suspicion blossoming into a belief that the vagueness of arithmetic which led to an insufficient estimate of Mrs. Stowe's value, or at least to a certain bluntness in our sense of the honor which she did to Andover by living among us, sprung from the fact that she was a woman.

Andover was a heavily masculine place. She was used to eminent men, and to men who thought they were so, or meant to be, or were thought to be by the ladies of their families and the pillars of their denomination. At the subject of eminent women the Hill had not arrived. I have sometimes wondered what would have been the fate even of my mother, had she lived to work her power to its bloom. And Mrs. Stowe's fame was clearly a fact so apart from the traditions and from the ideals that Andover was puzzled by it. The best of her good men were too feudal in their views of women, in those days, to understand a life like Mrs. Stowe's. It should be remembered that we have moved on, since then, so fast, and so far, that it is almost as hard now for us to understand the perplexity with which intelligent, even instructed men used to consider the phenomenon of a superior woman, as it was then for such men to understand such a woman at all. Let us offer to them the width of sympathy and fineness of perception which they did not always know how to offer to the woman.

My personal remembrances of Mrs. Stowe are those of a young girl whom she entertained at intervals, always delightfully, in the long parlor running the width of the stone house, whose deep embrasured window-seats seemed to me only less wonderful than the soft and brightly-colored, rather worldly-looking pillows with which these attractive nooks were generously filled. There were flowers always, and a bower of ivy made summer of the eternal Andover winters in the stone house; and there were merry girls and boys—Mrs. Stowe was the most unselfish and loving of mothers—and there were always dogs, big and little, curly and straight; but in some form dog-life, with its gracious reaction on the gentleness and kindness of family life, abounded in her house. It was an open, hospitable house, human and hearty and happy, and I have always remembered it affectionately.

An amusing instance of the spirit of the stone house comes back to me from some far-away day when I found myself schoolmate to Mrs. Stowe's youngest daughter. This little descendant of genius and of philanthropy was bidden to write a composition, an order which she resolutely refused, for some time, to obey. But the power above her persisted, and one day the child brought in a slip of paper a few inches long, on which were inscribed these words only:

"Slavery is the greatest curse of human Nature."

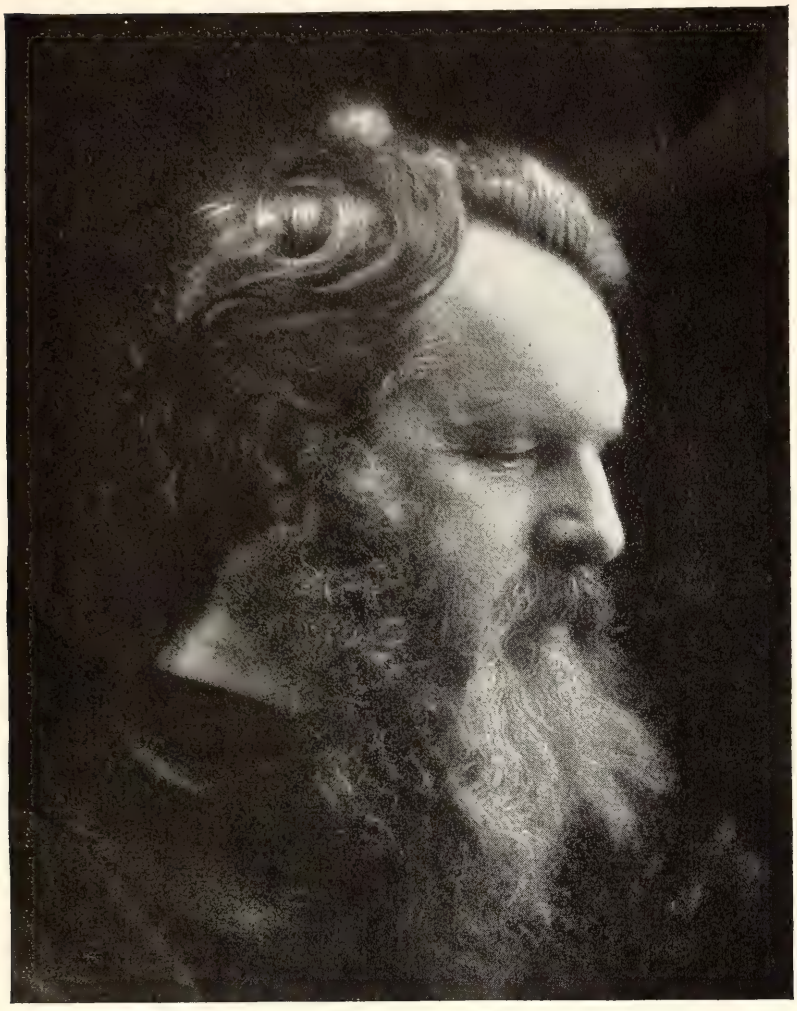
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not written in the stone house at Andover. But there the awful inscription of a great grief was cut into the quivering flesh and blood of a mother's heart. The sudden and violent death of a favorite son—which made of "The Minister's Wooing" an immortal outcry to mothers bereaved—occurred, if I am not wrong, while Mrs. Stowe was among us. I never pass the house without thinking what those stone walls have known and kept of that chrism of personal anguish through which a great soul passed in learning how to offer consolation to the suffering of the world.

One of the prettiest pictures which I have of Mrs. Stowe is framed in the everglades of Florida. Her home at Magnolia offered a guest-room in which one could pass a night of such quiet as paradise might envy. The house, I remember, was built about a great live-oak, and the trunk of the tree grew into the room; the walls being cleverly adjusted to the contour of the bark. Through the open windows the leaves drifted silently, falling about the room, the floor, the bed, as they pleased. One slept like a hamadryad, and waked like a bird in a bough.

Into this nest of green and peace, I had (I remember it with shame and contrition) the hardness of heart and bluntness of courtesy to intrude a pile of proof-sheets. It was my first book of verses. The volume was in press. I was in misery of doubt about the venture. In the State of Florida my hostess was the only accessible person whose judgment could help me, and fate had thrown me on her sweet char-

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND HIS SISTER HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

From a photograph by Gurney, New York, owned by Mr. Davis Garber, and here reproduced with his permission.



JAMES T. FIELDS.

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ity with my galleys. The publishers at the North, a thousand miles away, were hurrying me. There was not a day to lose, if I had made a grave blunder; and I mercilessly read the verses to her, beseeching her advice and criticism.

It would be hard to forget the sweetness, the patience, and the frankness with which she gave herself to my cruel request. I remember how she curled herself up on the bed beside me, like a girl, with her feet crossed under her, and listened gently. The live-oak leaves fell softly about us, and the Saint John's River showed in glimpses, calm, coffee-colored, and indifferent, between the boughs. The utter silence of a Florida wilderness compassed us. My own voice sounded intrusive and foreign to me, as I read. Nothing could exceed her kindness or her wisdom as a critic. I had made one rather serious mistake in one of the poems,—a fault in taste which I had overlooked. She called my attention to it so explicitly, yet so delicately, that I could have thanked her with tears. "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath" than she was to me that day.

The last time that I saw Mrs. Stowe was on the occasion of her seventieth birthday; when, at the country-seat of Governor and Mrs. Claflin, in Newtonville, Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin, her publishers, tendered her a reception—I think she called it a birthday party.

It fell to me to go out to the breakfast with Dr. Holmes, who always loved and appreciated Mrs. Stowe, and who seemed to enjoy himself like a happy boy all day. His tribute, written for the day, was one of the best of his famous occasional poems; and he did me the honor to read my own unimportant verses for me—a thing which I found it impossible to do for myself—with such grace and fervor as almost made me feel as if I had written something of Dr. Holmes's. It was a unique sensation; and though one of the most humbling of life, yet one of the most agreeable.

Mrs. Stowe's appearance that day—one of her last, I think, in public—was a memorable one. Her dignity, her repose, a certain dreaminess and aloofness of manner characteristic of her, blended gently with her look of peace and unmistakable happiness. Crowded with honors as her life had been, I have fancied that this, among her latest, in her quiet years, and so full of the tenderness of personal friendship, had especial meanings to her, and gave her deep pleasure.

Among our literary people no one of consequence omitted to do honor to the foremost woman of America; there were possibly one or two exceptions, of the school which does not call "Uncle Tom's Cabin" "literature" unless it is obliged to; but they were not missed.

The most beautiful story which I ever heard about Mrs. Stowe I have asked no permission to share with the readers of these papers, and yet I feel sure that no one who loves and honors her could refuse it; for I believe that if the whole of it were told, it might live to enhance the nobility of her name and fame as long as Uncle Tom himself. It was told me, as such things go, from lip to lip of personal friends who take pride in cherishing the

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE IN 1876.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

sweetest thoughts and facts about those whom they love and revere. During the latter part of her life Mrs. Stowe has been one of those devout Christian believers whose consecration takes high forms. She has placed faith in prayer, and given herself to the kind of dedication which exercises and cultivates it. There came a time in her history when one who was very dear to her seemed about to sink away from the faith in which she trusted, and to which life and sorrow had taught her to cling as only those who have suffered and doubted and accepted can.

This prospect was a crushing grief to her, and she set herself resolutely to avert the calamity if, and while, she could. Letter after letter—some of them thirty pages long—found its way from her pen to the foreign town in which German rationalism was doing its worst for the soul she loved. She set the full force of her intellect intelligently to work upon this conflict. She read, she reasoned, she wrote, she argued, she pleaded. Months passed in a struggle whose usefulness seemed a pitiable hope, to be frustrated in the effort.

Then she laid aside her strong pen, and turned to her great faith. As the season of the sacred holiday approached, she shut herself into her room, secluding herself from all but God, and prayed as only such a believer—as only such a woman—may. As she had set the full force of her intellect, so now she set the full power of her faith, to work upon her soul's desire. One

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S HOUSE AT ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

may not dwell in words upon that sacred battle.

But the beautiful part of the story, as I have been told it, is, that a few weeks after this, a letter reached her, saying only: "At Christmas time a light came to me. I see things differently now. I see my way to accept the faith of my fathers; and the belief in Christianity which is everything to you, has become reasonable and possible to me at last."

Andover is but twenty miles from Boston, and it was an easy slide from the Hill to town life. For many years my winters were practically spent among Boston friends. Nothing, however, can ever make a real country girl into a cockney; and my tendency towards town has never been a law of gravitation. I cannot remember the time when I was not happy to get back to country horizons; to the ice-storm on the heavily-hanging, glittering elms; to the blue snow that succeeds the rose of a clear, cold sunset; to the etching of the fine twigs against a winter sky at noon; to the white powder on the spruce boughs, and the deep color of the pines; to the noble brow of Wachusett solemnly greeting me from its distant watch; to the peace and the purity of unspotted drifts and snow-fields, and the stillness of long nights broken only by the starting and cracking of ice in the solid crust about the silent house; or even to the roar of the northwest gale, straight from the mountains, unobstructed and almighty, thundering against the quivering window like the soul of "a strong, wicked man" (as William Blake pictured him), set adrift in space; and always to the huge, open fires such as no city hearth ever knows,

generously ornamenting the furnace-heated house with the glow and the gladness that belong only to the heart of unstinted flame. I came home early and often (like the busy voter), and the soul of the true suburban, who cannot long look upon town as a place to "stay," grew in me. I can remember but once when the deprivations of the country in mid-winter gave me a kind of distaste amounting almost to horror, and like most of our strong or unnatural aversions, that was pathological. I was on crutches, and Andover Hill was in ice. The world wore a mail of frozen fire that lasted for many weeks. The snow-plough had abandoned the battle with the sidewalks, which rolled underfoot with broken icicles writhing upon solid ice.

The dignified elms, whose attitudes were not less stately in January than in June, bent like mutilated gods beneath their cruel loads. Their broken boughs and mangled branches lay frozen into the crust all over the Hill—a pitiable ruin. To this day, some of the finest trees in Andover have not recovered from the devastation of that winter. It was weeks before the mercy of the thaw befell them and us. Sometimes, then, the "shut-in," glancing at the world of ice which she dared not watch, thought with a certain Arctic desolation of laughing streets, of the sound of shovel and ice-pick on traversable pavements, of bright interiors, and welcoming eyes, and mettlesome conversation, and the little physical and large mental luxuries of the town, where winter is but a pleasant stage-scene in a warm theatre, shifting in its turn among the other diversions of life.

Among the charming homes towards which my good fortune led me in those years, were a few especially known in Boston for their graceful power in attracting distinguished guests. Of the friends who presided over these centres of delightful entertainment, all but one are yet living; it is, therefore, scarcely permitted me—excepting in his case—to put my affectionate debt in words.

So much has been written of Mr. Fields, and his interesting personality is still so well remembered, that perhaps I have little to add that is new to the appreciation in which he is yet held. He was a man not always understood; sometimes a little envied, but widely beloved. Perhaps no man in our country and in our times has commanded more personal friendships with valuable natures. His position at the head of one of the leading publishing houses of the land brought him, of course, into frequent relation with selected people. This great house, that has always aimed to publish literature, owes much of its position and power to his personality. It seems to me—I knew him well—fully as remarkable a personality now, at this distance of time, as I thought it when, as a frightened young author, I first accepted Mrs. Fields's hospitality and the friendship of both.

As a publisher, his courtesy amounted to beneficence. It used often to be said of him, that Mr. Fields could refuse a manuscript and send a rejected author away happier than any other man could by accepting it. It is easy for such geniality to slide into disingenuousness. In his case I never knew it to do so. He had one of the kindest hearts I ever knew; and his good will to men was a fountain springing up to continual life. From the first day when the letter about "The Gates Ajar" came to Andover—that thoughtful, personal letter, not left to any secretary to write for him—telling a hopeless girl that "the book was moving grandly," I received nothing but good measure from a publisher and a friend whose memory will always stand apart to me as that of one of the valuable influences of my life. I am but one of many who would say as much, and more, than this. After his death the tributes which poured in would have astonished those who only knew Mr. Fields as a man of the world, a gay converser, a delightful host, a *connoisseur* in letters, and a distinguished publisher. "He rendered me a great service." "In the darkest hour of my life he came, giving light and hope." "He was to me, as to so many others, the helpful friend when I most needed help. Such men are the heralds of the Millennium."

"His mind," said Dr. Holmes, "was as hospitable as his roof, which accepted famous writers and quiet friends alike, as if it had been their own."

Whittier, who had known Mr. Fields for forty years, wrote to me of him in these words: "He loved much, pitied much, and never hated. He was Christ-like in sympathy and kindness, and in doing good. My turn will soon come. God grant I may meet it with half his cheerfulness and patience."

It was written of him long ago: "Society will pass on 'Mr. Fields's stories' for years to come; but, when these are forgotten, silent men and women will cherish their sacred share of Mr. Fields's kindness."

One of his favorite dinner-table stories was of the man who was "a firm friend to every one who did not need a friend." His laughing eye would lie in wait to see if one would tumble into his little trap, and its merry respect for one's self-protecting intellect, if one perceived the net, was as refreshing as after-dinner coffee.

One of the prettiest stories I ever heard about Mr. Fields, I think, may have been already told in his memoirs; but I am sure I shall not be forbidden to recall it here.

On one of his lecture tours at the West, in a small town, an inexperienced young person had engaged him without suitable advertisements or arrangements. It was a bitter night, and the audience was so scanty that the poor young man who, presumably, had not a dollar wherewith to meet his liabilities, was overcome with anguish. Mr. Fields, used to the best audiences in America, exhibited no discomfort, but quietly took the young manager apart, released him from all pecuniary obligation to the lecturer, and inquired the extent of his indebtedness for all other expenses. These were quietly met out of the lecturer's own pocket, and that young man went away adoring.

I remember one instance which, undoubtedly, was but one of many like it, never brought to the knowledge of his friends, where Mr. Fields's observant eye discovered a well-known author under one of the lapses of fortune so common in our struggling calling—sick, neglected, and poor past the edge of want. The publisher hunted up the poor fellow, made a call of courtesy, talked a little in his cheerful way, and left. But that afternoon came to the sufferer the proceeds of his visitor's last lecture.

"I have just cashed the check," wrote the happy-natured Samaritan, "and am convinced the bills are counterfeit. I have no kind of use for them. Do get them off my hands."

Mr. Fields was a man of marked chivalry of nature, and at a time when it was not fashionable to help the movements for the elevation of women, his sympathy was distinct, fearless, and faithful. In a few instances we knew and he knew that this fact deprived him of the possession of certain public honors which would otherwise have been offered him.

He advocated the political advancement of our sex, co-education, and kindred movements, without any of that apologetic murmur so common among the half-hearted or the timid. His fastidious and cultivated literary taste was sensitive to the position of women in letters. He was incapable of that literary snobbishness which undervalues a woman's work because it is a woman's. A certain publishing enterprise which threatened to treat of eminent men came to his notice. He quickly said: "The time has gone by for that. Men and women! Men and *women!*"

"When the war is over," he said to Mrs. Livermore, when she appealed to him for some help (which he generously gave) in behalf of the Sanitary Commission, "you must give us a book of your experience, and show us the heavenly side of the war."

I remember one day, after his mortal illness was upon him, that I chanced to be passing through the hall as he was preparing to go out. He was too weak to put on his own overcoat, and he was obliged to ask a servant to do it for him. I was struck with the manner in which he did this. "Lisa," he said, gently, "I am *afraid* I must trouble you." Any thoughtful gentleman might have *said* as much; but how many would have given a servant an order in such a tone as his? It is not possible to reproduce the delicacy and chivalry of it; as if, because she was a woman, he would have spared her that trifling personal service.

I thought of this when I heard recently the testimony of a refined young woman who, to aid herself in her education, had taken service in a New York family, determined to try the experiment of "lady help," of which the employer talks so much, and concerning which the employee is often so mysteriously silent.

"I left the situation," she said. "The gentlemen of the family came in and handed me their dripping umbrellas on a wet day, without a glance or a word; not as if I were a human being—just as if I had been an umbrella stand. I could not bear it."

Bryant said of Mr. Fields that no one could impress upon the people of this country so well as he the value and importance of the study of English literature. This I believe to have been no exaggerated view of the usefulness and quality of his lectures and writings. Personal acquaintance with him was an intellectual privilege of which it is impossible to speak otherwise than gratefully.

My individual debt to Mr. Fields, in respect to my own work, is one which I

cannot and would not omit to acknowledge. He often helped me about my titles; and one of the best ever given to any book of mine—"Men, Women, and Ghosts"—was of his creation. In his fine literary judgment I had great confidence, and would have accepted almost any criticism from him trustfully. But perhaps his quick intuition perceived that I should be too easily disheartened, for I remember almost exclusively the pleasant, the hopeful, the appreciative words with which he stimulated my courage and my work.

I recall an occasion when I had ventured into an entirely new avenue of effort, and was in that chaos succeeding work and preceding publication, which one may call the author's abyss—so hopeless was I of the success of my undertaking. How did he know? For I had not said this to any person; but before the article came out, while it was yet in press, swiftly came the little note: "A better paper never appeared in this or any other magazine."

I held up my head and breathed again, until that dreaded and dreadful number of "The Atlantic" had gone by.

A clever man once introduced a gentleman to me in these words: "Let me present to you one of your natural foes—he is a publisher."

Such kindness and thoughtfulness as that of Mr. Fields endeared the publisher to his authors, and made of them his natural friends. His sense of delicacy in literary, as in all other matters, was of a high and fine quality.

I remember once dining at his table with a public singer who, though a woman of irreproachable character and position, had acquired a little something slipshod in her way of talking—of the sort that is common among people of the stage. She used a certain expression, perfectly simple and suitable to her view, but one which we were not accustomed to hear at that table. The face of the host, a moment before shining with geniality and fun, froze instantly. The perfect silence in which that unfortunate word was received, was the only rebuke possible under the circumstances; but it was enough. The guest understood, I think, though she looked as much astonished as embarrassed.

Before "The Story of Avis" went to press, I read the manuscript to Mr. and Mrs. Fields; it was the only time, I believe, that I imposed such a burden on these good friends. When I came to the chapter where Ostrander sits late at the piano, with Barbara, while his sick wife sleeps up-stairs, Mr. Fields interrupted me with an expression of recoil. "Oh, no!" he cried. "No, no! Not *that!* Don't introduce anything of that kind! Keep the story above *that!*"

He was appeased when I read on, and he learned that the worst of the situation consisted in the fact that Ostrander did take Barbara's hand. But I think his heart went back grudgingly to the tale which he had feared was about to descend into a moral quagmire, and that it took him some time to recover his trust in it. In the end I hope he did.

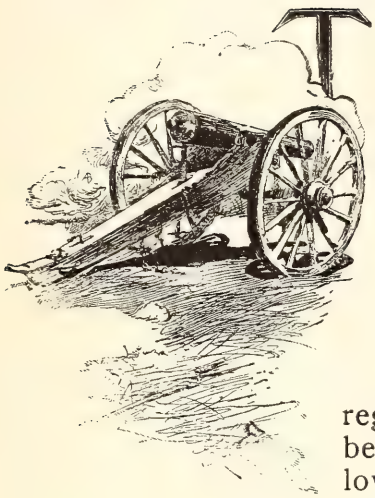
His was a rich life, and his a rare home. There has been no other in America quite like it. Those of us who received its hospitality, recall its inspiration among the treasures of our lives. We think of the peaceful library, into which the sunset over the Charles looked delicately, while the "best things" of thought were given and taken by the finest and strongest minds of the day in a kind of an electric interplay which makes by contrast a pale affair of the word "conversation," as we are apt to use it. We recall the quiet guest-chamber, apart from the noise of the street, and lifted far above the river; that room opulent and subtle with the astral shapes of past occupants—Longfellow, Whittier, Dickens, Thackeray, Mrs. Stowe, Kingsley, and the rest of their high order; and always resounding softly, to the fine ear, with the departed tread of Hawthorne, who used to pace the floor on sleepless nights. We remember the separation from small motives and paltriness, and from superficial adjustments, which that scholarly and gentle atmosphere commanded. We remember the master of that abode of thought and graciousness, as "dead, he lay among his books;" and wish that we had it in our power to portray him as he was.

THE LITTLE REGIMENT.

By Stephen Crane,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage."

I.



THE fog made the clothes of the column of men in the roadway seem of a luminous quality. It imparted to the heavy infantry overcoats a new color, a kind of blue which was so pale that a regiment might have been merely a long, low shadow in the mist. However, a muttering, one part grumble, three parts joke, hovered in the air above the thick ranks, and blended in an undertoned roar, which was the voice of the column.

The town on the southern shore of the little river loomed spectrally, a faint etching upon the gray cloud-masses which were shifting with oily languor. A long row of guns upon the northern bank had been pitiless in their hatred, but a little battered belfry could be dimly seen still pointing with invincible resolution toward the heavens.

The enclouded air vibrated with noises made by hidden colossal things. The infantry tramplings, the heavy rumbling of the artillery, made the earth speak of gigantic preparation. Guns on distant heights thundered from time to time with sudden, nervous roar, as if unable to endure in silence a knowledge of hostile troops massing, other guns going to position. These sounds, near and remote, defined an immense battle-ground, described the tremendous width of the stage of the prospective drama. The voice of the guns, slightly casual, unexcited in their challenges and warnings, could not destroy the unutterable eloquence of the word in the air, a meaning of impending struggle which made the breath halt at the lips.

The column in the roadway was ankle-deep in mud. The men swore piously at the rain, which drizzled upon them, compelling them to stand always very erect in fear of the drops that would sweep in under their coat-collars. The fog was as cold as wet clothes. The men stuffed their hands deep in their pockets, and huddled their muskets in their arms. The machinery of orders had rooted these soldiers deeply into the mud precisely as almighty nature roots mullein stalks.

They listened and speculated when a tumult of fighting came from the dim town across the river. When the noise lulled for a time, they resumed their descriptions of the mud and graphically exaggerated the number of hours they had been kept waiting. The general commanding their division rode along the ranks, and they cheered admiringly, affectionately, crying out to him gleeful prophecies of the coming battle. Each man scanned him with a peculiarly keen personal interest, and afterwards spoke of him with unquestioning devotion and confidence, narrating anecdotes which were mainly untrue.

When the jokers lifted the shrill voices which invariably belonged to them, flinging witticisms at their comrades, a loud laugh would sweep from rank to rank, and soldiers who had not heard would lean forward and demand repetition. When were borne past them some wounded men with gray and blood-smeared faces, and eyes that rolled in that helpless beseeching for assistance from the sky which comes with supreme pain, the soldiers in the mud watched intently, and from time to time asked of the bearers an account of the affair. Frequently they bragged of their corps, their division, their brigade, their regiment. Anon, they referred to the mud and the cold drizzle. Upon this threshold of a wild scene of death they, in short, defied the proportion of events with that splendor of heedlessness which belongs only to veterans.

"Like a lot of wooden soldiers," swore Billie Dempster, moving his feet in the thick mass, and casting a vindicative glance indefinitely; "standing in the mud for a hundred years."

"IN ONE MYSTIC CHANGING OF THE FOG . . . A SMALL GROUP OF THE GRAY SKIRMISHERS . . . WERE SUDDENLY DISCLOSED TO DAN AND THOSE ABOUT HIM."

"Oh, shut up!" murmured his brother Dan. The manner of his words implied that this fraternal voice near him was an indescribable bore.

"Why should I shut up?" demanded Billie.

"Because you're a fool," cried Dan, taking no time to debate it; "the biggest fool in the regiment."

There was but one man between them, and he was habituated. These insults from brother to brother had swept across his chest, flown past his face, many times during two long campaigns. Upon this occasion he simply grinned first at one, then at the other.

The way of these brothers was not an unknown topic in regimental gossip. They had enlisted simultaneously, with each sneering loudly at the other for doing it. They left their little town, and went forward with the flag, exchanging protestations of undying suspicion. In the camp life they so openly despised each other that, when entertaining quarrels were lacking, their companions often contrived situations calculated to bring forth display of this fraternal dislike.

Both were large-limbed, strong young men, and often fought with friends in camp unless one was near to interfere with the other. This latter happened rather frequently, because Dan, preposterously willing for any manner of combat, had a very great horror of seeing Billie in a fight; and Billie, almost odiously ready himself, simply refused to see Dan stripped to his shirt and with his fists aloft. This sat queerly upon them, and made them the objects of plots.

When Dan would jump through a ring of eager soldiers and drag forth his raving brother by the arm, a thing often predicted would almost come to pass. When Billie performed the same office for Dan, the prediction would again miss fulfil-

ment by an inch. But indeed they never fought together, although they were perpetually upon the verge.

They expressed longing for such conflict. As a matter of truth, they had at one time made full arrangement for it, but even with the encouragement and interest of half of the regiment they somehow failed to achieve collision.

If Dan became a victim of police duty, no jeering was so destructive to the feelings as Billie's comment. If Billie got a call to appear at the headquarters, none would so genially prophesy his complete undoing as Dan. Small misfortunes to one were, in truth, invariably greeted with hilarity by the other, who seemed to see in them great reënforcement of his opinion.

As soldiers, they expressed each for each a scorn intense and blasting. After a certain battle, Billie was promoted to corporal. When Dan was told of it, he seemed smitten dumb with astonishment and patriotic indignation. He stared in silence, while the dark blood rushed to Billie's forehead, and he shifted his weight from foot to foot. Dan at last found his tongue, and said: "Well, I'm durned!" If he had heard that an army mule had been appointed to the post of corps commander, his tone could not have had more derision in it. Afterward, he adopted a fervid insubordination, an almost religious reluctance to obey the new corporal's orders, which came near to developing the desired strife.

It is here finally to be recorded also that Dan, most ferociously profane in speech, very rarely swore in the presence of his brother; and that Billie, whose oaths came from his lips with the grace of falling pebbles, was seldom known to express himself in this manner when near his brother Dan.

At last the afternoon contained a suggestion of evening. Metallic cries rang suddenly from end to end of the column. They inspired at once a quick, business-like adjustment. The long thing stirred in the mud. The men had hushed, and were looking across the river. A moment later the shadowy mass of pale-blue figures was moving steadily toward the stream. There could be heard from the town a clash of swift fighting and cheering. The noise of the shooting coming through the heavy air had its sharpness taken from it, and sounded in thuds.

There was a halt upon the bank above the pontoons. When the column went winding down the incline, and streamed out upon the bridge, the fog had faded to a great degree, and in the clearer dusk the guns on a distant ridge were enabled to perceive the crossing. The long whirling outcries of the shells came into the air above the men. An occasional solid shot struck the surface of the river, and dashed into view a sudden vertical jet. The distance was subtly illuminated by the lightning from the deep-booming guns. One by one the batteries on the northern shore aroused, the innumerable guns bellowed in angry oration at the distant ridge. The rolling thunder crashed and reverberated as a wild surf sounds on a still night, and to this music the column marched across the pontoons.

The waters of the grim river curled away in a smile from the ends of the great boats, and slid swiftly beneath the planking. The dark, riddled walls of the town upreared before the troops, and from a region hidden by these hammered and tumbled houses came incessantly the yells and firings of a prolonged and close skirmish.

When Dan had called his brother a fool, his voice had been so decisive, so brightly assured, that many men had laughed, considering it to be great humor under the circumstances. The incident happened to rankle deep in Billie. It was not any strange thing that his brother had called him a fool. In fact, he often called him a fool with exactly the same amount of cheerful and prompt conviction, and before large audiences, too. Billie wondered in his own mind why he took such profound offence in this case; but, at any rate, as he slid down the bank and on to the bridge with his regiment, he was searching his knowledge for something that would pierce Dan's blithesome spirit. But he could contrive nothing at this time, and his impotency made the glance which he was once able to give his brother still more malignant.

The guns far and near were roaring a fearful and grand introduction for this column which was marching upon the stage of death. Billie felt it, but only in a numb way. His heart was cased in that curious dissonant metal which covers a man's emotions at such times. The terrible voices from the hills told him that in this wide conflict his life was an insignificant fact, and that his death would be an insignificant fact. They portended the whirlwind to which he would be as necessary as a waved butterfly's wing. The solemnity, the sadness of it came near enough to make him wonder why he was

neither solemn nor sad. When his mind vaguely adjusted events according to their importance to him, it appeared that the uppermost thing was the fact that upon the eve of battle, and before many comrades, his brother had called him a fool.

Dan was in a particularly happy mood. "Hurray! Look at 'em shoot," he said, when the long witches' croon of the shells came into the air. It enraged Billie when he felt the little thorn in him, and saw at the same time that his brother had completely forgotten.

The column went from the bridge into more mud. At this southern end there was a chaos of hoarse directions and commands. Darkness was coming upon the earth, and regiments were being hurried up the slippery bank. As Billie floundered in the black mud, amid the swearing, sliding crowd, he suddenly resolved that, in the absence of other means of hurting Dan, he would avoid looking at him, refrain from speaking to him, pay absolutely no heed to his existence; and this done skilfully would, he imagined, soon reduce his brother to a poignant sensitiveness.

At the top of the bank the column again halted, and rearranged itself, as a man after a climb rearranges his clothing. Presently the great steel-backed brigade, an infinitely graceful thing in the rhythm and ease of its veteran movement, swung up a little narrow, slanting street.

Evening had come so swiftly that the fighting on the remote borders of the town was indicated by thin flashes of flame. Some building was on fire, and its reflection upon the clouds was an oval of delicate pink.

II.

All demeanor of rural serenity had been wrenched violently from the little town by the guns and by the waves of men which had surged through it. The hand of war laid upon this village had in an instant changed it to a thing of remnants. It resembled the place of a monstrous shaking of the earth itself. The windows, now mere unsightly holes, made the tumbled and blackened dwellings seem skeletons. Doors lay splintered to fragments. Chimneys had flung their bricks everywhere. The artillery fire had not neglected the rows of gentle shade-trees which had lined the streets. Branches and heavy trunks cluttered the mud in driftwood tangles, while a few shattered forms had contrived to remain dejectedly, mournfully upright. They expressed an innocence, a helplessness, which perforce created a pity for their happening into this cauldron of battle. Furthermore, there was under foot a vast collection of odd things reminiscent of the charge, the fight, the retreat. There were boxes and barrels filled with earth, behind which riflemen had lain snugly, and in these little trenches were the dead in blue with the dead in gray, the poses eloquent of the struggles for possession of the town until the history of the whole conflict was written plainly in the streets.

And yet the spirit of this little city, its quaint individuality, poised in the air above the ruins, defying the guns, the sweeping volleys; holding in contempt those avaricious blazes which had attacked many dwellings. The hard earthen sidewalks proclaimed the games that had been played there during long lazy days, in the careful shadows of the trees. "General Merchandise," in faint letters upon a long board, had to be read with a slanted glance, for the board dangled by one end; but the porch of the old store was a palpable legend of wide-hatted men, smoking.

This subtle essence, this soul of the life that had been, brushed like invisible wings the thoughts of the men in the swift columns that came up from the river.

In the darkness a loud and endless humming arose from the great blue crowds bivouacked in the streets. From time to time a sharp spatter of firing from far picket lines entered this bass chorus. The smell from the smouldering ruins floated on the cold night breeze.

Dan, seated ruefully upon the doorstep of a shot-pierced house, was proclaiming the campaign badly managed. Orders had been issued forbidding camp-fires.

Suddenly he ceased his oration, and scanning the group of his comrades, said: "Where's Billie? Do you know?"

"Gone on picket."

"Get out! Has he?" said Dan. "No business to go on picket. Why don't some of them other corporals take their turn?"

A bearded private was smoking his pipe of confiscated tobacco, seated comfortably upon a horse-hair trunk which he had dragged from the house. He observed: "*Was* his turn."

"No such thing," cried Dan. He and the man on the horse-hair trunk held discussion, in which Dan stoutly maintained

that if his brother had been sent on picket it was an injustice. He ceased his argument when another soldier, upon whose arms could faintly be seen the two stripes of a corporal, entered the circle. "Humph," said Dan, "where you been?"

The corporal made no answer. Presently Dan said: "Billie, where you been?"

His brother did not seem to hear these inquiries. He glanced at the house which towered above them, and remarked casually to the man on the horse-hair trunk: "Funny, ain't it? After the pelting this town got, you'd think there wouldn't be one brick left on another."

"Oh," said Dan, glowering at his brother's back. "Getting mighty smart, ain't you?"

The absence of camp-fires allowed the evening to make apparent its quality of faint silver light in which the blue clothes of the throng became black, and the faces became white expanses, void of expression. There was considerable excitement a short distance from the group around the doorstep. A soldier had chanced upon a hoop-skirt, and arrayed in it he was performing a dance amid the applause of his companions. Billie and a greater part of the men immediately poured over there, to witness the exhibition.

"What's the matter with Billie?" demanded Dan of the man upon the horse-hair trunk.

"How do I know?" rejoined the other in mild resentment. He arose and walked away. When he returned he said briefly, in a weather-wise tone, that it would rain during the night.

Dan took a seat upon one end of the horse-hair trunk. He was facing the crowd around the dancer, which in its hilarity swung this way and that way. At times he imagined that he could recognize his brother's face.

He and the man on the other end of the trunk thoughtfully talked of the army's position. To their minds, infantry and artillery were in a most precarious jumble in the streets of the town; but they did not grow nervous over it, for they were used to having the army appear in a precarious jumble to their minds. They had learned to accept such puzzling situations as a consequence of their position in the ranks, and were now usually in possession of a simple but perfectly immovable faith that somebody understood the jumble. Even if they had been convinced that the army was a headless monster, they would merely have nodded with the veteran's singular cynicism. It was none of their business as soldiers. Their duty was to grab sleep and food when occasion permitted, and cheerfully fight wherever their feet were planted, until more orders came. This was a task sufficiently absorbing.

They spoke of other corps, and this talk being confidential, their voices dropped to tones of awe. "The Ninth"—"The First"—"The Fifth"—"The Sixth"—"The Third"—the simple numerals rang with eloquence, each having a meaning which was to float through many years as no intangible arithmetical mist, but as pregnant with individuality as the names of cities.

Of their own corps they spoke with a deep veneration, an idolatry, a supreme confidence which apparently would not blanch to see it matched against everything.

It was as if their respect for other corps was due partly to a wonder that organizations not blessed with their own famous numeral could take such an interest in war. They could prove that their division was the best in the corps, and that their brigade was the best in the division. And their regiment—it was plain that no fortune of life was equal to the chance which caused a man to be born, so to speak, into this command, the proud keystone of the defending arch.

At times Dan covered with insults the character of a vague, unnamed general to whose petulance and busy-body spirit he ascribed the order which made hot coffee impossible.

Dan said that victory was certain in the coming battle. The other man seemed rather dubious. He remarked upon the fortified line of hills, which had impressed him even from the other side of the river. "Shucks," said Dan. "Why, we—" He pictured a splendid overflowing of these hills by the sea of men in blue. During the period of this conversation Dan's glance searched the merry throng about the dancer. Above the babble of voices in the street a far-away thunder could sometimes be heard—evidently from the very edge of the horizon—the boom-boom of restless guns.

III.

Ultimately the night deepened to the tone of black velvet. The outlines of the fireless camp were like the faint drawings

"THE LINE, GALLOPING, SCRAMBLING, PLUNGING LIKE A HERD OF WOUNDED HORSES, WENT OVER A FIELD THAT WAS SOWN WITH CORPSES."

upon ancient tapestry. The glint of a rifle, the shine of a button might have been of threads of silver and gold sewn upon the fabric of the night. There was little presented to the vision, but to a sense more subtle there was discernible in the atmosphere something like a pulse; a mystic beating which would have told a stranger of the presence of a giant thing —the slumbering mass of regiments and batteries.

With fires forbidden, the floor of a dry old kitchen was thought to be a good exchange for the cold earth of December, even if a shell had exploded in it and knocked it so out of shape that when a man lay curled in his blanket his last waking thought was likely to be of the wall that bellied out above him as if strongly anxious to topple upon the score of soldiers.

Billie looked at the bricks ever about to descend in a shower upon his face, listened to the industrious pickets plying their rifles on the border of the town, imagined some measure of the din of the coming battle, thought of Dan and Dan's chagrin, and, rolling over in his blanket, went to sleep with satisfaction.

At an unknown hour he was aroused by the creaking of boards. Lifting himself upon his elbow, he saw a sergeant prowling among the sleeping forms. The sergeant carried a candle in an old brass

candlestick. He would have resembled some old farmer on an unusual midnight tour if it were not for the significance of his gleaming buttons and striped sleeves.

Billie blinked stupidly at the light until his mind returned from the journeys of slumber. The sergeant stooped among the unconscious soldiers, holding the candle close, and peering into each face.

"Hello, Haines," said Billie. "Relief?"

"Hello, Billie," said the sergeant. "Special duty."

"Dan got to go?"

"Jameson, Hunter, McCormack, D. Dempster. Yes. Where is he?"

"Over there by the winder," said Billie, gesturing. "What is it for, Haines?"

"You don't think I know, do you?" demanded the sergeant. He began to pipe sharply but cheerily at men upon the floor. "Come, Mac, get up here. Here's a special for you. Wake up, Jameson. Come along, Dannie, me boy."

Each man at once took this call to duty as a personal affront. They pulled themselves out of their blankets, rubbed their eyes, and swore at whoever was responsible. "Them's orders," cried the sergeant. "Come! Get out of here." An undetailed head, with dishevelled hair, thrust out from a blanket, and a sleepy voice said: "Shut up, Haines, and go home."

When the detail clanked out of the kitchen, all but one of the remaining men seemed to be again asleep. Billie, leaning on his elbow, was gazing into darkness. When the footsteps died to silence, he curled himself into his blanket.

At the first cool lavender lights of daybreak he aroused again, and scanned his recumbent companions. Seeing a wakeful one he asked: "Is Dan back yet?"

The man said: "Hain't seen 'im."

Billie put both hands behind his head, and scowled into the air. "Can't see the use of these cussed details in the nighttime," he muttered in his most unreasonable tones. "Darn nuisances. Why can't they—" He grumbled at length and graphically.

When Dan entered with the squad, however, Billie was convincingly asleep.

IV.

THE regiment trotted in double time along the street, and the colonel seemed to quarrel over the right of way with many artillery officers. Batteries were waiting in the mud, and the men of them, exasperated by the bustle of this ambitious infantry, shook their fists from saddle and caisson, exchanging all manner of taunts and jests. The slanted guns continued to look reflectively at the ground.

On the outskirts of the crumbled town a fringe of blue figures were firing into the fog. The regiment swung out into skirmish lines, and the fringe of blue figures departed, turning their backs and going joyfully around the flank.

The bullets began a low moan off toward a ridge which loomed faintly in the heavy mist. When the swift crescendo had reached its climax, the missiles zipped just overhead, as if piercing an invisible curtain. A battery on the hill was crashing with such tumult that it was as if the guns had quarrelled and had fallen pell-mell and snarling upon each other. The shells howled on their journey toward the town. From short-range distance there came a spatter of musketry, sweeping along an invisible line and making faint sheets of orange light.

Some in the new skirmish lines were beginning to fire at various shadows discerned in the vapor, forms of men suddenly revealed by some humor of the laggard masses of clouds. The crackle of musketry began to dominate the purring of the hostile bullets. Dan, in the front rank, held his rifle poised, and looked into the fog keenly, coldly, with the air of a sportsman. His nerves were so steady that it was as if they had been drawn from his body, leaving him merely a muscular machine; but his numb heart was somehow beating to the pealing march of the fight.

The waving skirmish line went backward and forward, ran this way and that way. Men got lost in the fog, and men were found again. Once they got too close to the formidable ridge, and the thing burst out as if repulsing a general attack. Once another blue regiment was apprehended on the very edge of firing into them. Once a friendly battery began an elaborate and scientific process of extermination. Always as busy as brokers, the men slid here and there over the plain, fighting their foes, escaping from their friends, leaving a history of many movements in the wet yellow turf, cursing the atmosphere, blazing away every time they could identify the enemy.

In one mystic changing of the fog, as if the fingers of spirits were drawing aside these draperies, a small group of the gray

skirmishers, silent, statuesque, were suddenly disclosed to Dan and those about him. So vivid and near were they that there was something uncanny in the revelation.

There might have been a second of mutual staring. Then each rifle in each group was at the shoulder. As Dan's glance flashed along the barrel of his weapon, the figure of a man suddenly loomed as if the musket had been a telescope. The short black beard, the slouch hat, the pose of the man as he sighted to shoot, made a quick picture in Dan's mind. The same moment, it would seem, he pulled his own trigger, and the man, smitten, lurched forward, while his exploding rifle made a slanting crimson streak in the air, and the slouch hat fell before the body. The billows of the fog, governed by singular impulses, rolled between.

"You got that feller sure enough," said a comrade to Dan. Dan looked at him absent-mindedly.

V.

When the next morning calmly displayed another fog, the men of the regiment exchanged eloquent comments; but they did not abuse it at length, because the streets of the town now contained enough galloping aides to make three troops of cavalry, and they knew that they had come to the verge of the great fight.

Dan conversed with the man who had once possessed a horse-hair trunk; but they did not mention the line of hills which had furnished them in more careless moments with an agreeable topic. They avoided it now as condemned men do the subject of death, and yet the thought of it stayed in their eyes as they looked at each other and talked gravely of other things.

The expectant regiment heaved a long sigh of relief when the sharp call, "Fall in!" repeated indefinitely, arose in the streets. It was inevitable that a bloody battle was to be fought, and they wanted to get it off their minds. They were, however, doomed again to spend a long period planted firmly in the mud. They craned their necks, and wondered where some of the other regiments were going.

At last the mists rolled carelessly away. Nature made at this time all provisions to enable foes to see each other, and immediately the roar of guns resounded from every hill. The endless cracking of the skirmishers swelled to rolling crashes of musketry. Shells screamed with panther-like noises at the houses. Dan looked at the man of the horse-hair trunk, and the man said: "Well, here she comes!"

The tenor voices of younger officers and the deep and hoarse voices of the older ones rang in the streets. These cries pricked like spurs. The masses of men vibrated from the suddenness with which they were plunged into the situation of troops about to fight. That the orders were long-expected did not concern the emotion.

Simultaneous movement was imparted to all these thick bodies of men and horses that lay in the town. Regiment after regiment swung rapidly into the streets that faced the sinister ridge.

This exodus was theatrical. The little sober-hued village had been like the cloak which disguises the king of drama. It was now put aside, and an army, splendid thing of steel and blue, stood forth in the sunlight.

Even the soldiers in the heavy columns drew deep breaths at the sight, more majestic than they had dreamed. The heights of the enemy's position were crowded with men who resembled people come to witness some mighty pageant. But as the column moved steadily to their positions, the guns, matter-of-fact warriors, doubled their number, and shells burst with red thrilling tumult on the crowded plain. One came into the ranks of the regiment, and after the smoke and the wrath of it had faded, leaving motionless figures, every one stormed according to the limits of his vocabulary, for veterans detest being killed when they are not busy.

The regiment sometimes looked sideways at its brigade companions composed of men who had never been in battle; but no frozen blood could withstand the heat of the splendor of this army before the eyes on the plain, these lines so long that the flanks were little streaks, this mass of men of one intention. The recruits carried themselves heedlessly. At the rear was an idle battery, and three artillerymen in a foolish row on a caisson nudged each other and grinned at the recruits. "You'll catch it pretty soon," they called out. They were impersonally gleeful, as if they themselves were not also likely to catch it pretty soon. But with this picture of an army in their hearts, the new men perhaps felt the devotion which the drops may feel for the wave; they were of its power and glory; they smiled jauntily at the foolish

row of gunners, and told them to go to blazes.

The column trotted across some little bridges, and spread quickly into lines of battle. Before them was a bit of plain, and back of the plain was the ridge. There was no time left for considerations. The men were staring at the plain, mightily wondering how it would feel to be out there, when a brigade in advance yelled and charged. The hill was all gray smoke and fire-points.

That fierce elation in the terrors of war, catching a man's heart and making it burn with such ardor that he becomes capable of dying, flashed in the faces of the men like colored lights, and made them resemble leashed animals, eager, ferocious, daunting at nothing. The line was really in its first leap before the wild, hoarse crying of the orders.

The greed for close quarters which is the emotion of a bayonet charge came then into the minds of the men and developed until it was a madness. The field, with its faded grass of a Southern winter, seemed miles in width to this fury.

High, slow-moving masses of smoke, with an odor of burning cotton, engulfed the line until the men might have been swimmers. Before them the ridge, the shore of this gray sea, was outlined, crossed, and re-crossed by sheets of flame. The howl of the battle arose to the noise of innumerable wind demons.

The line, galloping, scrambling, plunging like a herd of wounded horses, went over a field that was sown with corpses, the records of other charges.

Directly in front of the black-faced, whooping Dan, carousing in this onward sweep like a new kind of fiend, a wounded man appeared, raising his shattered body, and staring at this rush of men down upon him. It seemed to occur to him that he was to be trampled; he made a desperate, piteous effort to escape; then finally huddled in a waiting heap. Dan and the soldier near him widened the interval between them without looking down, without appearing to heed the wounded man. This little clump of blue seemed to reel past them as bowlders reel past a train.

Bursting through a smoke-wave, the scampering, unformed bunches came upon the wreck of the brigade that had preceded them, a floundering mass stopped afar from the hill by the swirling volleys.

It was as if a necromancer had suddenly shown them a picture of the fate which awaited them; but the line with a muscular spasm hurled itself over this wreckage and onward, until men were stumbling amid the relics of other assaults, the point where the fire from the ridge consumed.

The men, panting, perspiring, with crazed faces, tried to push against it; but it was as if they had come to a wall. The wave halted, shuddered in an agony from the quick struggle of its two desires, then toppled, and broke into a fragmentary thing which has no name.

Veterans could now at last be distinguished from recruits. The new regiments were instantly gone, lost, scattered, as if they never had been. But the sweeping failure of the charge, the battle, could not make the veterans forget their business. With a last throe, the band of maniacs drew itself up and blazed a volley at the hill, insignificant to those iron intrenchments, but nevertheless expressing that singular final despair which enables men to coolly defy the walls of a city of death.

After this episode the men renamed their command. They called it the Little Regiment.

VI.

"I SEEN Dan shoot a feller yesterday. Yes, sir. I'm sure it was him that done it. And maybe he thinks about that feller now, and wonders if *he* tumbled down just about the same way. Them things come up in a man's mind."

Bivouac fires upon the sidewalks, in the streets, in the yards, threw high their wavering reflections, which examined, like slim, red fingers, the dingy, scarred walls and the piles of tumbled brick. The droning of voices again arose from great blue crowds.

The odor of frying bacon, the fragrance from countless little coffee-pails floated among the ruins. The rifles, stacked in the shadows, emitted flashes of steely light. Wherever a flag lay horizontally from one stack to another was the bed of an eagle which had led men into the mystic smoke.

The men about a particular fire were engaged in holding in check their jovial spirits. They moved whispering around the blaze, although they looked at it with a certain fine contentment, like laborers after a day's hard work.

There was one who sat apart. They did not address him save in tones suddenly changed. They did not regard him directly, but always in little sidelong glances.

At last a soldier from a distant fire came

into this circle of light. He studied for a time the man who sat apart. Then he hesitatingly stepped closer, and said: "Got any news, Dan?"

"No," said Dan.

The new-comer shifted his feet. He looked at the fire, at the sky, at the other men, at Dan. His face expressed a curious despair; his tongue was plainly in rebellion. Finally, however, he contrived to say: "Well, there's some chance yet, Dan. Lots of the wounded are still lying out there, you know. There's some chance yet."

"Yes," said Dan.

The soldier shifted his feet again, and looked miserably into the air. After another struggle he said: "Well, there's some chance yet, Dan." He moved hastily away.

One of the men of the squad, perhaps encouraged by this example, now approached the still figure. "No news yet, hey?" he said, after coughing behind his hand.

"No," said Dan.

"Well," said the man, "I've been thinking of how he was fretting about you the night you went on special duty. You recollect? Well, sir, I was surprised. He couldn't say enough about it. I swan, I don't believe he slep' a wink after you left, but just lay awake cussing special duty and worrying. I was surprised. But there he lay cussing. He——"

Dan made a curious sound, as if a stone had wedged in his throat. He said: "Shut up, will you?"

Afterward the men would not allow this moody contemplation of the fire to be interrupted.

"Oh, let him alone, can't you?"

"Come away from there, Casey!"

"Say, can't you leave him be?"

They moved with reverence about the immovable figure, with its countenance of mask-like invulnerability.

VII.

After the red round eye of the sun had stared long at the little plain and its burden, darkness, a sable mercy, came heavily upon it, and the wan hands of the dead were no longer seen in strange frozen gestures.

The heights in front of the plain shone with tiny camp-fires, and from the town in the rear, small shimmerings ascended from the blazes of the bivouac. The plain was a black expanse upon which, from time time, dots of light, lanterns, floated slowly here and there. These fields were long steeped in grim mystery.

Suddenly, upon one dark spot, there was a resurrection. A strange thing had been groaning there, prostrate. Then it suddenly dragged itself to a sitting posture, and became a man.

The man stared stupidly for a moment at the lights on the hill, then turned and contemplated the faint coloring over the town. For some moments he remained thus, staring with dull eyes, his face unemotional, wooden.

Finally he looked around him at the corpses dimly to be seen. No change flashed into his face upon viewing these men. They seemed to suggest merely that his information concerning himself was not too complete. He ran his fingers over his arms and chest, bearing always the air of an idiot upon a bench at an almshouse door.

Finding no wound in his arms nor in his chest, he raised his hand to his head, and the fingers came away with some dark liquid upon them. Holding these fingers close to his eyes, he scanned them in the same stupid fashion, while his body gently swayed.

The soldier rolled his eyes again toward the town. When he arose, his clothing peeled from the frozen ground like wet paper. Hearing the sound of it, he seemed to see reason for deliberation. He paused and looked at the ground, then at his trousers, then at the ground.

Finally he went slowly off toward the faint reflection, holding his hands palm outward before him, and walking in the manner of a blind man.

VIII.

The immovable Dan again sat unaddressed in the midst of comrades, who did not joke aloud. The dampness of the usual morning fog seemed to make the little camp-fires furious.

Suddenly a cry arose in the streets, a shout of amazement and delight. The men making breakfast at the fire looked up quickly. They broke forth in clamorous exclamation: "Well! Of all things! Dan! Dan! Look who's coming! Oh, Dan!"

Dan the silent raised his eyes and saw a

man, with a bandage of the size of a helmet about his head, receiving a furious demonstration from the company. He was shaking hands, and explaining, and haranguing to a high degree.

Dan started. His skin of bronze flushed to his temples. He seemed about to leap from the ground, but then suddenly he sank back, and resumed his impassive gazing.

The men were in a flurry. They looked from one to the other. "Dan! Look! See who's coming!" some cried again. "Dan! Look!"

He scowled at last, and moved his shoulders sullenly. "Well, don't I know it?"

But they could not be convinced that his eyes were in service. "Dan! Why can't you look? See who's coming!"

He made a gesture then of irritation and rage. "Curse it! Don't I know it?"

The man with a bandage of the size of a helmet moved forward, always shaking hands and explaining. At times his glance wandered to Dan, who sat with his eyes riveted.

After a series of shiftings, it occurred naturally that the man with the bandage was very near to the man who saw the flames. He paused, and there was a little silence. Finally he said: "Hello, Dan."

"Hello, Billie."

COME, POET, COME!

By Arthur Hugh Clough.

Come, Poet, come!
A thousand laborers ply their task,
And what it tends to scarcely ask,
And trembling thinkers on the brink
Shiver, and know not how to think.
To tell the purport of their pain,
And what our silly joys contain;
In lasting lineaments portray
The substance of the shadowy day;
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,
And make our meaning clear in verse:
Come, Poet, come! for but in vain
We do the work or feel the pain,
And gather up the seeming gain,
Unless before the end thou come
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, Poet, come!
To give an utterance to the dumb,
And make vain babblers silent, come;
A thousand dupes point here and there,
Bewildered by the show and glare;
And wise men half have learned to doubt
Whether we are not best without.
Come, Poet; both but wait to see
Their error proved to them in thee.

Come, Poet, come!
In vain I seem to call. And yet
Think not the living times forget.
Ages of heroes fought and fell
That Homer in the end might tell;
O'er grovelling generations past
Upstood the Doric fane at last;
And countless hearts on countless years
Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears;
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome
The pure perfection of her dome.
Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead had sown,
The dead forgotten and unknown.

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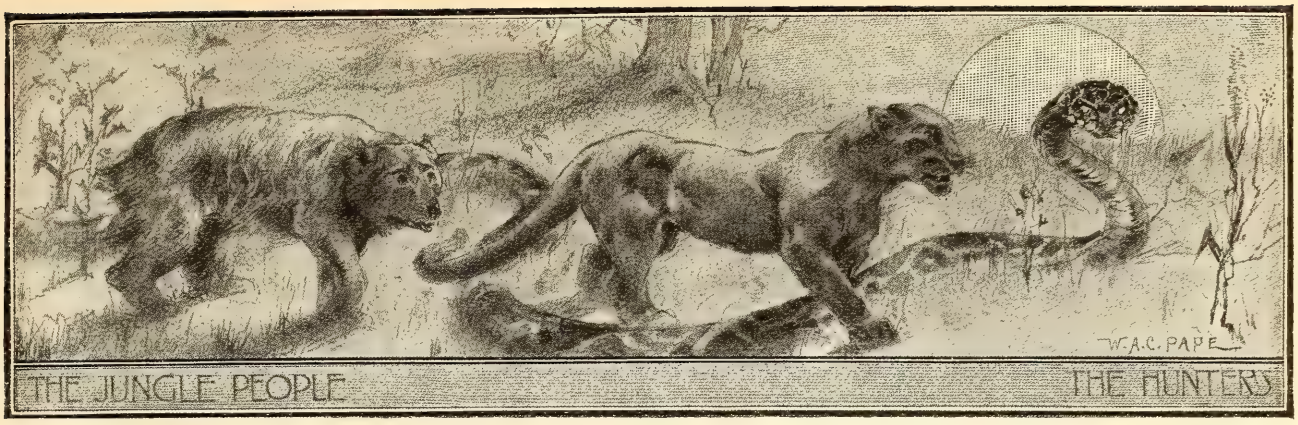

"IN THE RUKH."

MOWGLI'S INTRODUCTION TO WHITE MEN.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-Room Ballads," etc.

The Only Son lay down again and dreamed that he dreamed a dream,
The last ash dropped from the dying fire with the click of a falling spark,
And the Only Son woke up again and called across the dark:
"Now, was I born of womankind and laid in a mother's breast?
For I have dreamed of a shaggy hide whereon I went to rest.
And was I born of womankind and laid on a father's arm?
For I have dreamed of long white teeth that guarded me from harm.
Oh, was I born of womankind and did I play alone?
For I have dreamed of playmates twain that bit me to the bone.
And did I break the barley bread and steep it in the tyre?
For I have dreamed of a youngling kid new-riven from the byre.
An hour it lacks and an hour it lacks to the rising of the moon,
But I can see the black roof-beams as plain as it were noon.
'Tis a league and a league to the Lena Falls, where the trooping sambhur go;
But I can hear the little fawn that bleats behind the doe.
'Tis a league and a league to the Lena Falls, where the crop and the upland meet;
But I can smell the warm wet wind that whispers through the wheat!"

—*The Only Son.*

OF the wheels of public service that turn under the Indian Government, there is none more important than the Department of Woods and Forests. The reboisement of all India is in its hands—or will be when Government has the money to spend. Its servants wrestle with wandering sand-torrents and shifting dunes: wattling them at the sides, damming them in front, and pegging them down atop with coarse grass and unhappy pine after the rules of Nancy. They are responsible for all the timber in the state forests of the Himalayas, as well as for the denuded hillsides that the monsoons wash into dry gullies and aching ravines, each cut a mouth crying aloud what carelessness can do. They experiment with battalions of foreign trees, and coax the blue-gum to take root and, perhaps, dry up the canal fever. In the plains the chief part of their duty is to see that the belt fire-lines in the forest reserves are kept clean, so that, when drouth comes and the cattle starve, they may throw the reserve open to the villager's herds and allow the man himself to gather sticks. They poll and lop for the stacked railway fuel along the

Note.—This tale, published in "Many Inventions" (D. Appleton & Co.), 1893, was the first written of the Mowgli stories, though it deals with the closing chapters of his career—namely, his introduction to white men, his marriage and civilization, all of which took place, we may infer, some two or three years after he had finally broken away from his friends in the jungle (*vide* "The Spring Running," Second Jungle Book). Those who know the geography of India will see that it is a far cry from Seeonee to a Northern forest reserve; but though many curious things must have befallen Mowgli, we have no certain record of his adventures during those wanderings. There are, however, legends.—*Rudyard Kipling.*

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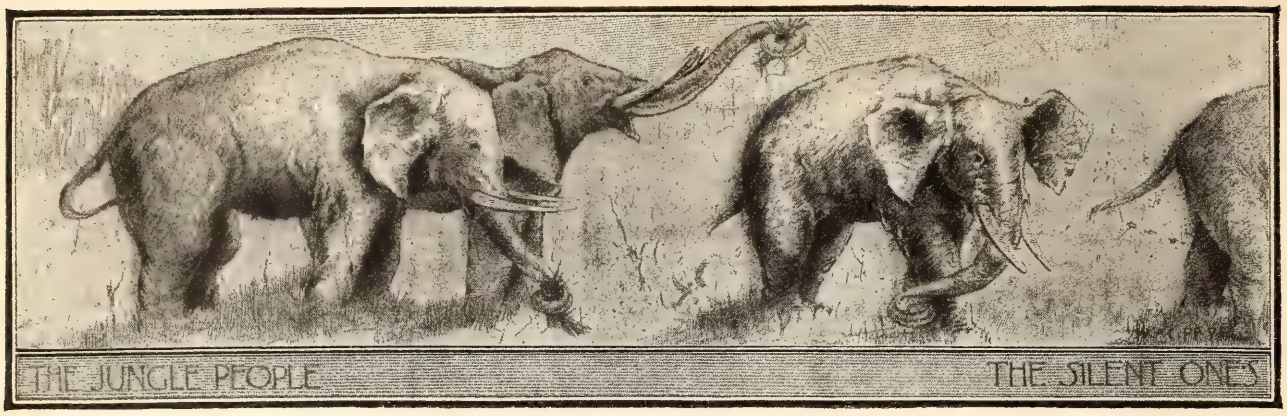


lines that burn no coal; they calculate the profit of their plantations to five points of decimals; they are the doctors and midwives of the huge teak forests of Upper Burma, the rubber of the Eastern jungles, and the gall-nuts of the South; and they are always hampered by lack of funds. But since a forest officer's business takes him far from the beaten roads and the regular stations, he learns to grow wise in more than wood-lore alone; to know the people and the polity of the jungle; meeting tiger, bear, leopard, wild-dog, and all the deer, not once or twice after days of beating, but again and again in the execution of his duty. He spends much time in saddle or under canvas—the friend of newly planted trees, the associate of uncouth rangers and hairy trackers—till the woods that show his care in turn set their mark upon him, and he ceases to sing the naughty French songs he learned at Nancy, and grows silent with the silent things of the undergrowth.

Gisborne of the Woods and Forests had spent four years in the service. At first he loved it without comprehension, because it led him into the open on horseback and gave him authority. Then he hated it furiously, and would have given a year's pay for one month of such society as India affords. That crisis over, the forests took him back again, and he was content to serve them, to deepen and widen his fire-lines, to watch the green mist of his new plantations against the older foliage, to dredge out the choked stream, and to follow and strengthen the last struggle of the forest where it broke down and died among the long pig-grass. On some still day the grass would be burned off, and a hundred beasts that had their homes there would rush out before the pale flames at high noon. Later, the forest would creep forward over the blackened ground in orderly lines of saplings, and Gisborne, watching, would be well pleased. His bungalow, a thatched, white-walled cottage of two rooms, was set at one end of the great *rukh* and overlooking it. He made no pretence at keeping a garden, for the *rukh* swept up to his door, curled over in a thicket of bamboo, and he rode from his veranda into its heart without the need of any carriage drive.

Abdul Gafur, his fat Mohammedan butler, fed him when he was at home, and spent the rest of the time gossiping with the little band of native servants whose huts lay behind the bungalow. There were two grooms, a cook, a water-carrier, and a sweeper, and that was all. Gisborne cleaned his own guns and kept no dog. Dogs scared the game, and it pleased the man to be able to say where the subjects of his kingdom would drink at moonrise, eat before dawn, and lie up in the day's heat. The rangers and forest-guards lived in little huts far away in the *rukh*, only appearing when one of them had been injured by a falling tree or a wild beast. There Gisborne was alone.

In spring the *rukh* put out few new leaves, but lay dry and still, untouched by the finger of the year, waiting for rain. Only there was then more calling and roaring in the dark on a quiet night, the tumult of a battle-royal among the tigers, the bellowing of an arrogant buck, or the steady wood-chopping of an old boar sharpening his tushes against a bole. Then Gisborne laid aside his little-used gun altogether, for it was to him a sin to kill. In summer, through the furious May heats, the *rukh* reeled in the haze, and Gisborne watched for the first sign of curling smoke that should betray a forest fire. Then came the rains with a roar, and the *rukh* was blotted out in fetch after fetch of warm mist, and the broad leaves drummed the night through under the big drops; and there was a noise of running water, and of juicy green stuff crackling where the wind struck it, and

MOWGLI PRESENTS HIMSELF.

the lightning wove patterns behind the dense matting of the foliage, till the sun broke loose again and the *rukh* stood with hot flanks smoking to the newly washed sky. Then the heat and the dry cold subdued everything to tiger-color again. So Gisborne learned to know his *rukh* and was very happy. His pay came month by month, but he had very little need for money. The currency notes accumulated in the drawer where he kept his home letters and the re-capping machine. If he drew anything, it was to make a purchase from the Calcutta Botanical Gardens, or to pay a ranger's widow a sum that the Government of India would never have sanctioned.

Payment was good, but vengeance was

also necessary, and he took it when he could. One night of many nights a runner, breathless and gasping, came to him with the news that a forest-guard lay dead by the Kanye stream, the side of his head smashed in as though it had been an egg-shell. Gisborne went out at dawn to look for the murderer. It is only travellers, and now and then young soldiers, who are known to the world as great hunters. The forest officers take their *shikar* as part of the day's work, and no one hears of it. Gisborne went on foot to the place of the kill. The widow was wailing over the corpse as it lay on a bedstead, while two or three men were looking at foot-prints on the moist ground. "That is the Red One," said a man. "I knew he would turn to man in time, but surely there is game enough even for him. This must have been done for blood's-lust."

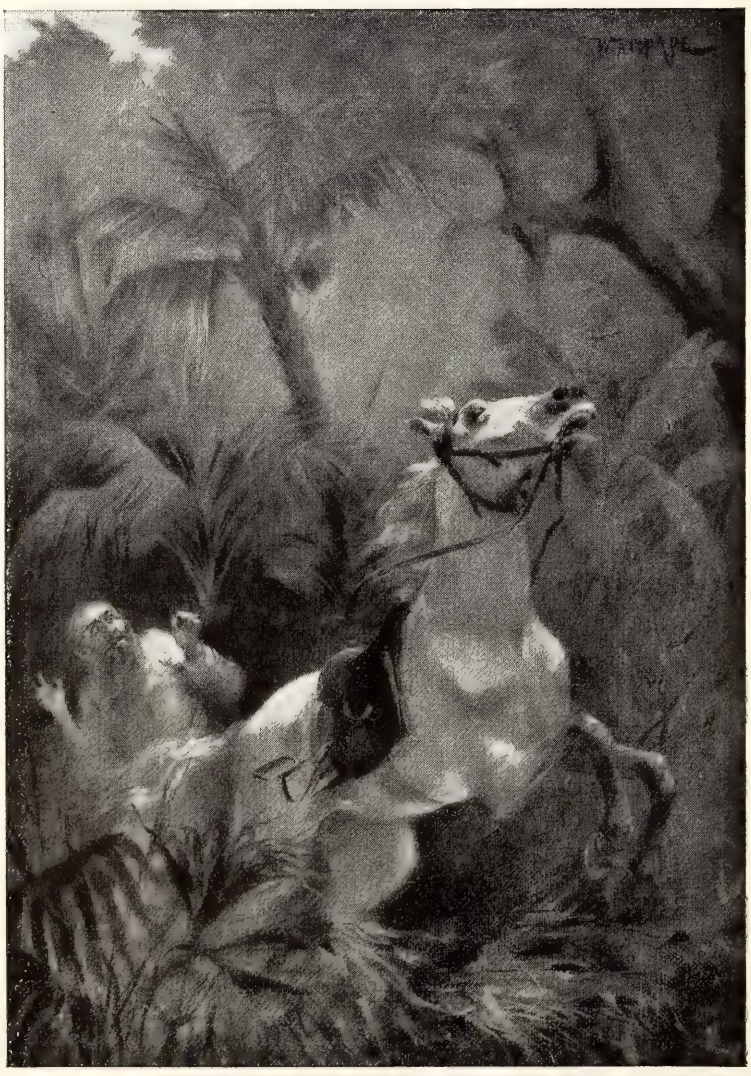
"The Red One lies up in the rocks at the back of the *sal* trees," said Gisborne. He knew the tiger under suspicion.

"Not now, sahib, not now. He will be raging and ranging to and fro. Remember that the first kill is a triple kill always. Our blood makes them mad. He may be behind us even as we speak."

"He may have gone to the next hut," said another. "It is only four *koss*. Wallah, who is this?"

Gisborne turned with the others. A man was walking down the dried bed of the stream, naked except for the loin-cloth, but crowned with a wreath of the tasselled blossoms of the white convolvulus creeper. So noiselessly did he move over the little pebbles, that even Gisborne, used to the soft-footedness of trackers, started.

"The tiger that killed," he began without any salute, "has gone to drink, and now he is asleep under a rock beyond that hill." His voice was clear and bell-like, utterly different from the usual whine of the native, and his face, as he lifted it in the sunshine, might have been that of an angel strayed among the woods. The widow ceased wailing above the corpse and looked round-eyed at the



ABDUL GAFUR AND THE WHITE MARE.

THE JUNGLE PEOPLE THE SEEONEE PACK

stranger, returning to her duty with double strength.

"Shall I show the sahib?" he said simply.

"If thou art sure——" Gisborne began.

"Sure indeed. I saw him only an hour ago—the dog. It is before his time to eat man's flesh. He has yet a dozen sound teeth in his evil head."

The men kneeling above the footprints slunk off quietly, for fear that Gisborne should ask them to go with him, and the young man laughed a little to himself.

"Come, sahib," he cried, and turned on his heel, walking before his companion.

"Not so fast. I cannot keep that pace," said the white man. "Halt there. Thy face is new to me."

"That may be. I am but newly come into this forest."

"From what village?"

"I am without a village. I came from over there." He flung out his arm towards the north.

"A gipsy, then?"

"No, sahib; I am a man without caste, and for matter of that without a father."

"What do men call thee?"

"Mowgli, sahib. And what is the sahib's name?"

"I am the warden of this *rukh*—Gisborne is my name."

"How? Do they number the trees and the blades of grass here?"

"Even so; lest such gipsy fellows as thou set them afire."

"I! I would not hurt the jungle for any gift. That is my home."

He turned to Gisborne with a smile that was irresistible, and held up a warning hand.

"Now, sahib, we must go a little quietly. There is no need to wake the dog, though he sleeps heavily enough. Perhaps it were better if I went forward alone and drove him down-wind to the sahib."

"Allah! Since when have tigers been driven to and fro like cattle by naked men?" said Gisborne, aghast at the man's audacity.

He laughed again softly. "Nay, then, come along with me, and shoot him in thy own way with the big English rifle."

Gisborne stepped in his guide's track; twisted, crawled, and clomb and stooped and suffered through all the many agonies of a jungle-stalk. He was purple and dripping with sweat when Mowgli at the last bade him raise his head and peer over a blue baked rock near a tiny hill pool. By the water-side lay the tiger, extended and at ease, lazily licking clean again an enormous elbow and fore-paw. He was old, yellow-toothed, and not a little mangy, but, in that setting and sunshine, imposing enough.

Gisborne had no false ideas of sport where a man-eater was concerned. This thing was vermin, to be killed as speedily as possible. He waited to recover his breath, rested the rifle on the rock, and whistled. The brute's head turned slowly not twenty feet from the rifle-mouth, and Gisborne planted his shots, business-like, one behind the shoulder and the other a little below the eye. At that range the heavy bones were no guard against the rending bullets.

"Well, the skin was not worth keeping at any rate," said he, as the smoke cleared away, and the beast lay kicking and gasping in the last agony.

"A dog's death for a dog," said Mowgli quietly. "Indeed there is nothing in that carrion worth the taking away."

"The whiskers. Dost thou not take the whiskers?" said Gisborne, who knew how the rangers valued such things.

"I? Am I a lousy *shikarri* of the jungle to paddle with a tiger's muzzle? Let him lie. Here come his friends already."

A dropping kite whistled shrilly over-

head, as Gisborne snapped out the empty shells, and wiped his face.

"And if thou art not *shikarri*, where didst thou learn thy knowledge of the tiger-folk?" said he. "No tracker could have done better."

"I hate all tigers," said Mowgli curtly. "Let the sahib give me his gun to carry. Arré, it is a very fine one. And where does the sahib go now?"

"To my house."

"May I come? I have never yet looked within a white man's house."

Gisborne returned to his bungalow, Mowgli striding noiselessly before him, his brown skin glistening in the sunlight.

He stared curiously at the veranda and the two chairs there, fingered the split bamboo shade curtains with suspicion, and entered, looking always behind him. Gisborne loosed a curtain to keep out the sun. It dropped with a clatter, but almost before it had touched the flagging of the veranda, Mowgli had leaped clear and was standing with heaving chest in the open.

"It is a trap," he said quickly.

Gisborne laughed. "White men do not trap men. Indeed thou art altogether of the jungle."

"I see," said Mowgli, "it has neither catch nor fall. I—I never beheld these things till to-day."

He came in on tip-toe and stared with large eyes at the furniture of the two rooms. Abdul Gafur, who was laying lunch, looked at him with deep disgust.

"So much trouble to eat, and so much trouble to lie down after you have eaten!" said Mowgli with a grin; "we do better in the jungle. It is very wonderful. There are very many rich things here. Is the sahib not afraid that he may be robbed? I have never seen such wonderful things." He was staring at a dusty Benares brass plate on a rickety bracket.

"Only a thief from the jungle would rob here," said Abdul Gafur, setting down a plate with a clatter. Mowgli opened his eyes wide and stared at the white-bearded Mohammedan.

"In my country, when goats bleat very loud, we cut their throats," he returned cheerfully. "But have no fear, thou. I am going."

He turned and disappeared into the *rukh*. Gisborne looked after him with a laugh that ended in a little sigh. There was not much outside regular work to interest a forest officer, and this son of the forest, who seemed to know tigers as other people know dogs, would have been a diversion.

"He's a most wonderful chap," thought Gisborne; "he's like the illustrations in the Classical Dictionary. I wish I could have made him a gun-boy. There's no fun in shikarring alone, and this fellow would have been a perfect *shikarri*. I wonder what in the world he is."

That evening he sat on the veranda under the stairs, smoking as he wondered. A puff of smoke curled from the pipe-bowl. When it cleared he was aware of Mowgli sitting with arms crossed on the veranda edge. A ghost could not have drifted up more noiselessly. Gisborne started, and let the pipe drop.

"There is no man to talk to out there in the *rukh*," said Mowgli; "I came here, therefore." He picked up the pipe and returned it to Gisborne.

"Oh," said Gisborne; and, after a long pause, "What news is there in the *rukh*? Hast thou found another tiger?"

"The nilghai are changing their feeding-ground against the new moon, as is their custom. The pig are feeding near the Kanye River now, because they will not feed with the nilghai, and one of their sows has been killed by a leopard in the long grass at the water-head. I do not know any more."

"And how didst thou know all these things?" said Gisborne, leaning forward

THE FOUR WOLVES DANCING BEFORE MOWGLI AND ABDUL GAFUR'S DAUGHTER.

and looking at the eyes that burned in the starlight.

"How should I not know? The nilghai has his custom and his use, and a child knows that pig will not feed with him."

"I do not know this," said Gisborne.

"Tck! Tck! And thou art in charge—so the men of the huts tell me—in charge of all this *rukh*." He laughed to himself.

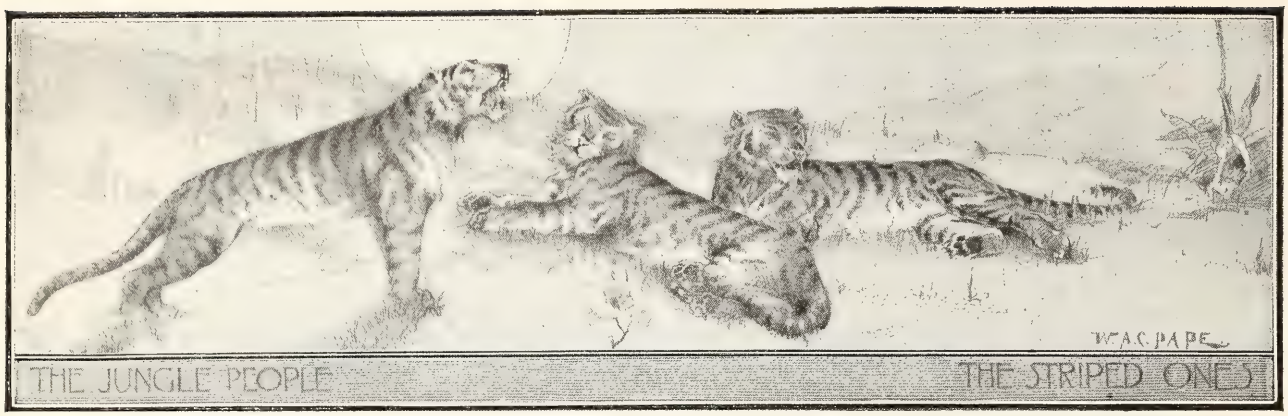
"It is well enough to talk and to tell child's tales," Gisborne retorted, nettled at the chuckle; "to say that this and that goes on in the *rukh*. No man can deny thee."

"As for the sow's carcass, I will show thee her bones to-morrow," Mowgli returned, absolutely unmoved. "Touching the matter of the nilghai, if the sahib will sit here very still I will drive one nilghai up to this place, and by listening to the sounds carefully, the sahib can tell whence that nilghai has been driven."

"Mowgli, the jungle has made thee mad," said Gisborne. "Who can drive nilghai?"

"Still—sit still, then. I go."

"Gad, the man's a ghost," said Gisborne; for Mowgli had faded out into the darkness, and there was no sound of feet. The *rukh* lay out in great velvety folds in the uncertain shimmer of the star-dust—so still that the least little wandering wind among the tree-tops came up as the sigh



of a child sleeping equably. Abdul Gafur in the cook-house was clicking plates together.

"Be still there," shouted Gisborne, and composed himself to listen as a man can who is used to the stillness of the *rukh*. It had been his custom, to preserve self-respect in his isolation, to dress for dinner each night, and the stiff white shirt front creaked with his regular breathing till he shifted a little sideways. Then the tobacco of a somewhat foul pipe began to purr, and he threw the pipe from him. Now, except for the night-breath in the *rukh*, everything was dumb.

From an inconceivable distance, and drawled through immeasurable darkness, came the faint echo of a wolf's howl. Then silence again for, it seemed, long hours. At last, when his feet below the knee had lost all feeling, Gisborne heard something that might have been a crash far off through the undergrowth. He doubted until it was repeated again and yet again.

"That's from the west," he muttered; "there's something on foot there." The noise increased—crash on crash, plunge on plunge—with the thick grunting of a hotly pressed nilghai, flying in panic terror and taking no heed to his feet.

A shadow blundered out from between the tree trunks, wheeled back, turned again grunting, and, with a clatter on the bare ground, dashed up almost within reach of his hand. It was a bull nilghai, dripping with dew—his withers hung with a torn trail of creeper, his eyes shining in the light from the house. The creature checked at sight of the man, and fled along the edge of the *rukh* till he melted in the darkness. The first idea in Gisborne's bewildered mind was the indecency of thus dragging out for inspection the big blue bull of the *rukh*—the putting him through his paces in the night, which should have been his own.

Then said a level voice at his ear:

"He came from the water-head, where he was leading the herd. From the west he came. Does the sahib believe now, or shall I bring up the herd to be counted? The sahib is in charge of this *rukh*."

Mowgli had reseated himself on the veranda, breathing a little quickly. Gisborne looked at him with open mouth. "How was that accomplished?" he said.

"The sahib saw. The bull was driven—driven as a buffalo is. Ho! ho! he will have a fine tale to tell when he returns to the herd."

"That is a new trick to me. Canst thou run as swiftly as the nilghai, then?"

"The sahib has seen. If the sahib needs more knowledge at any time of the movings of the game, I, Mowgli, am here. This is a good *rukh*, and I shall stay."

"Stay, then, and if thou hast need of a meal at any time my servants shall give thee one."

"Yes, indeed, I am fond of cooked food," Mowgli answered quickly. "No man may say that I do not eat boiled and roast as much as any other man. I will come for that meal. Now, on my part, I promise that the sahib shall sleep safely in his house by night, and no thief shall break in to carry away his so rich treasures."

The conversation ended itself on Mowgli's abrupt departure. Gisborne sat long smoking, and the upshot of his thoughts was that in Mowgli he had found at last that ideal ranger and forest-guard for whom he and the Department were always looking.

"I must get him into the Government service somehow. A man who can drive nilghai would know more about the *rukh* than fifty men. He's a miracle—a *lusus naturæ*—but a forest-guard he must be if he'll only settle down in one place," said Gisborne.

Abdul Gafur's opinion was less favor-

"GISBORNE HAD JUST TIME TO STRIKE UP MULLER'S RIFLE."

able. He confided to Gisborne at bedtime that strangers from God-knew-where were more than likely to be professional thieves, and that he personally did not approve of naked outcasts who had not the proper manner of addressing white people. Gisborne laughed and bade him go to his quarters, and Abdul Gafur retreated growling. Later in the night he found occasion to rise up and beat his thirteen-year-old daughter. Nobody knew the cause of dispute, but Gisborne heard the cry.

Through the days that followed, Mowgli came and went like a shadow. He had established himself and his wild housekeeping close to the bungalow, but on the edge of the *rukh*, where Gisborne, going out on to the veranda for a breath of cool air, would see him sometimes sitting in the moonlight, his forehead on his knees, or lying out along the fling of a branch, closely pressed to it as some beast of the night. Thence Mowgli would throw him a salutation and bid him sleep at ease, or descending, would weave prodigious stories of the manners of the beasts in the *rukh*. Once he strayed into the stables, and was found looking at the horses with deep interest.

"That," said Abdul Gafur pointedly, "is sure sign that some day he will steal one. Why, if he lives about this house, does he not take an honest employment? But no, he must wander up and down like a loose camel, turning the heads of fools and opening the jaws of the unwise to folly." So Abdul Gafur would give harsh orders to Mowgli when they met, would

bid him fetch water and pluck fowls, and Mowgli, laughing unconcernedly, would obey.

"He has no caste," said Abdul Gafur. "He will do anything. Look to it, sahib, that he does not do too much. A snake is a snake, and a jungle gipsy is a thief till the death."

"Be silent, thou," said Gisborne. "I allow thee to correct thy own household if there is not too much noise, because I know thy customs and use. My custom thou dost not know. The man is, without doubt, a little mad."

"Very little mad indeed," said Abdul Gafur. "But we shall see what comes thereof."

A few days later on, his business took Gisborne into the *rukh* for three days. Abdul Gafur, being old and fat, was left at home. He did not approve of lying up in rangers' huts, and was inclined to levy contributions in his master's name of grain and oil and milk from those who could ill afford such benevolences. Gisborne rode off early one dawn, a little annoyed that his man of the woods was not at the veranda to accompany him. He liked him—liked his strength, fleetness, and silence of foot, and his ever-ready open smile; his ignorance of all forms of ceremony and salutations, and the child-like tales that he would tell (and Gisborne would credit now) of what the game was doing in the *rukh*. After an hour's riding through the greenery, he heard a rustle behind him, and Mowgli trotted at his stirrup.

"We have a three days' work toward," said Gisborne, "among the new trees."

"Good," said Mowgli. "It is always good to cherish young trees. They make cover if the beasts leave them alone. We must shift the pig again."

"Again? How?" Gisborne smiled.

"Oh, they were rooting and tusking among the young *sal* last night, and I drove them off. Therefore I did not come to the veranda this morning. The pig should not be on this side of the *rukh* at all. We must keep them below the head of the Kanye River."

"If a man could herd clouds he might do that thing; but, Mowgli, if, as thou sayest, thou art herder in the *rukh* for no gain and for no pay——"

"It is the sahib's *rukh*," said Mowgli, quickly looking up.

Gisborne nodded thanks, and went on:

"Would it not be better to work for pay from the Government? There is a pension at the end of long service."

"Of that I have thought," said Mowgli, "but the rangers live in huts with shut doors, and all that is all too much a trap to me. Yet I think——"

"Think well, then, and tell me later. Here we will stay for breakfast."

Gisborne dismounted, took his morning meal from his home-made saddle bags, and saw the day open hot above the *rukh*. Mowgli lay in the grass at his side, staring up to the sky.

Presently he said in a lazy whisper: "Sahib, is there any order at the bungalow to take out the white mare to-day?"

"No; she is fat and old, and a little lame beside. Why?"

"She is being ridden now, and *not* slowly, on the road that runs to the railway line."

"Bah, that is two *koss* away. It is a woodpecker."

Mowgli put up his forearm to keep the sun out of his eyes.

"The road curves in with a big curve from the bungalow. It is not more than a *koss*, at the farthest, as the kite goes, and sound flies with the birds. Shall we see?"

"What folly! To go a *koss* in this sun to see a noise in the forest."

"Nay, the pony is the sahib's pony. I meant only to bring her here. If she is not the sahib's pony, no matter. If she is, the sahib can do what he wills. She is certainly being ridden fast."

"And how wilt thou bring her here, madman?"

"Has the sahib forgotten? By the road of the nilghai, and no other."

"Up, then, and run, if thou art so full of zeal."

"Oh, I do not run!" He put out his hand to sign for silence, and, still lying on his back, called aloud thrice—with a long, gurgling cry that was new to Gisborne.

"She will come," he said at the end. "Let us wait in the shade." The long eyelashes drooped over the wild eyes as Mowgli began to doze in the morning hush. Gisborne waited patiently. Mowgli was surely mad, but as entertaining a companion as a lonely forest officer could desire.

"Ho! ho!" said Mowgli lazily, with shut eyes. "He has dropped off. Well, first the mare will come and then the man." Then he yawned as Gisborne's pony stallion neighed. Three minutes later Gisborne's white mare, saddled, bridled, but riderless, tore into the glade where they were sitting, and hurried to her companion.

"She is not very warm," said Mowgli, "but in this heat the sweat comes easily. Presently we shall see her rider, for a man goes more slowly than a horse—especially if he chance to be a fat man and old."

"Allah! This is the devil's work," cried Gisborne, leaping to his feet, for he heard a yell in the jungle.

"Have no care, sahib. He will not be hurt. He also will say that it is devil's work. Ah! Listen! Who is that?"

It was the voice of Abdul Gafur, in an agony of terror, crying out upon unknown things to spare him and his gray hairs.

"Nay, I cannot move another step," he howled. "I am old and my turban is lost. Arré! Arré! But I will move. Indeed I will hasten. I will run! Oh, Devils of the Pit, I am a Mussulman!"

The undergrowth parted and revealed Abdul Gafur, turbanless, shoeless, with his waist-cloth unbound, mud and grass in his clutched hands, and his face purple.

He saw Gisborne, yelled anew, and pitched forward, exhausted and quivering, at his feet. Mowgli watched him with a sweet smile.

"This is no joke," said Gisborne sternly. "The man is like to die."

"He will not die. He is only afraid. There was no need that he should have come out of a walk."

Abdul Gafur groaned and rose up, shaking in every limb.

"It was witchcraft! Witchcraft and devildom!" he sobbed, fumbling with his hand in his breast. "Because of my sin I have been whipped through the woods by devils. It is all finished. I repent. Take them, sahib!" He held out a roll of dirty paper.

"What is the meaning of this, Abdul Gafur?" said Gisborne, already knowing what would come.

"Put me in the jail-khana—the notes are all here—but lock me up safely that no devils may follow. I have sinned against the sahib and his salt which I have eaten, and but for those accursed wood-demons, I might have bought land afar off and lived in peace all my days." He beat his head upon the ground in an agony of despair and mortification. Gisborne turned the roll of notes over and over. It was his accumulated back pay for the last nine months—the roll that lay in the drawer with the home letters and the re-capping machine. Mowgli watched Abdul Gafur, laughing noiselessly to himself. "There is no need to put me on the horse again. I will walk home slowly with the sahib, and then he can send me under guard to the jail-khana. The Government gives many years for this offence," said the butler sullenly.

Loneliness in the *rukh* affects very many ideas about very many things. Gisborne stared at Abdul Gafur, remembering that he was a very good servant, and that a new butler must be broken into the ways of the house from the beginning, and at the best would be a new face and a new tongue.

"Listen, Abdul Gafur," he said. "Thou hast done great wrong, and altogether lost thy *izzat* and thy reputation. But I know that this came upon thee suddenly."

"Allah! I had never desired the notes before. The Evil took me by the throat while I looked."

"That also I can believe. Go, then, back to my house, and when I return I will send the notes by a runner to the bank, and there shall be no more said. Thou art too old for the jail-khana. Also thy household is guiltless."

For answer Abdul Gafur sobbed between Gisborne's cowhide riding-boots.

"Is there no dismissal, then?" he gulped.

"That we shall see. It hangs upon thy conduct when we return. Get upon the mare and ride slowly back."

"But the devils! The *rukh* is full of devils!"

"No matter, my father. They will do thee no more harm unless indeed the sahib's orders be not obeyed," said Mowgli. "Then, perchance, they may drive thee home—by the road of the nilghai."

Abdul Gafur's lower jaw dropped as he twisted up his waist-cloth, staring at Mowgli.

"Are they *his* devils? His devils! And I thought to return and put the blame upon this warlock!"

"That was well thought of, Huzrut; but before we make a trap we see first how big the game is that may fall into it. Now *I* thought no more than that a man had taken one of the sahib's horses. I did not know that the design was to make me a thief before the sahib, or my devils had haled thee here by the leg. It is not too late now!"

Mowgli looked inquiringly at Gisborne, but Abdul Gafur waddled hastily to the white mare, scrambled on her back, and fled, the woodways crashing and echoing behind him.

"That was well done," said Mowgli.

"But he will fall again unless he holds by the mane."

"Now it is time to tell me what these things mean," said Gisborne, a little sternly. "What is this talk of thy devils? How can men be driven up and down the *rukh* like cattle? Give answer."

"Is the sahib angry because I have saved him his money?"

"No; but there is trick work in this that does not please me."

"Very good. Now, if I rose and stepped three paces into the *rukh*, there is no one, not even the sahib, could find me till I choose. As I would not willingly do this, so I would not willingly tell. Have patience a little, sahib, and some day I will show thee everything, for, if thou wilt, some day we will drive the buck together. There is no devil-work in the matter at all. Only I know the *rukh* as a man knows the cooking-place in his house."

Mowgli was speaking as he would speak to an impatient child. Gisborne, puzzled, baffled, and not a little annoyed, said nothing, but stared on the ground and thought. When he looked up the man of the woods had gone.

"It is not good," said a calm voice from the thicket, "for friends to be angry. Wait till the evening, sahib, when the air cools."

Left to himself thus, dropped as it were in the heart of the *rukh*, Gisborne swore, then laughed, remounted his pony, and rode on. He visited a ranger's hut, overlooked a couple of new plantations, left some orders as to the burning of a patch of dry grass, and set out for a camping-ground of his own choice, a pile of splintered rocks roughly roofed over with branches and leaves, not far from the banks of the Kanye stream. It was twilight when he came in sight of his resting-place, and the *rukh* was waking to the hushed ravenous life of the night.

A camp-fire flickered on the knoll, and there was the smell of a very good dinner in the wind.

"Um," said Gisborne, "that's better than cold meat at any rate. Now the only man who'd be likely to be here'd be Muller, and, officially, he ought to be looking over the Changamanga *rukh*. I suppose that's why he's on my ground."

The gigantic German who was the head of the woods and forests of all India, Head Ranger from Burma to Bombay, had a habit of flitting bat-like without warning from one place to another, and turning up exactly where he was least looked for. His theory was that sudden visitations, the discovery of shortcomings, and a word-of-mouth upbraidment of a subordinate were infinitely better than the slow processes of correspondence, which might end in a written and official reprimand—a thing in after years to be counted against a forest officer's record. As he explained it: "If I only talk to my boys like a Dutch uncle, dey say, 'It was only dot damned old Muller,' and dey do better next dime. But if my fat head-clerk he write and say dot Muller der Inspecdor-General fail to onderstand and is much annoyed, first dot does no goot because I am not dere, and second der fool dot comes after me he may say to my best boys, 'Mein Gott! you haf been wigged by my bredecessor.' I tell you der big brass-hat pizness does not make der trees grow."

Muller's deep voice was coming out of the darkness behind the firelight as he bent over the shoulders of his pet cook. "Not so much sauce, you son of Belial! Worcester sauce he is a gondiment, and not a fluid. Ah, Gisborne, you haf come to a very bad dinner. Where is your camp?" and he walked up to shake hands.

"I'm the camp, sir," said Gisborne. "I didn't know you were about here."

Muller looked at the young man's trim figure. "Goot! That is very goot! One horse and some cold things to eat. When I was young I did my camp so. Now you shall dine with me. I went into Headquarters to make up my report last month. I haf written half—ho! ho!—and der rest I haf leaved to my glerks and come out for a walk. Der Government is mad about dose reports. I dold der Viceroy so at Simla."

Gisborne chuckled, remembering the many tales that were told of Muller's conflicts with the Supreme Government. He was the chartered libertine of all the offices, for as a forest officer he had no equal.

"If I find you, Gisborne, sitting in your bungalow und hatching reports to me about der blantations instead of riding der blantations, I will transfer you to der middle of der Bikaneer Desert to reforest *him*. I am sick of reports und chewing paper when we should do our work."

"There's not much danger of my wasting time over my annuals. I hate 'em as much as you do, sir."

The talk went over at this point to professional matters. Muller had some questions to ask, and Gisborne orders and hints to receive, till dinner was ready. It was the most civilized meal that Gisborne had

eaten for months. No distance from the base of supplies was allowed to interfere with the work of Muller's cook, and that table spread in the wilderness began with devilled small fresh-water fish, and ended with coffee and cognac.

"Ah!" said Muller at the end, with a sigh of satisfaction as he lighted a cheroot and dropped into his much-worn camp-chair. "When I am making reports I am freethinker und atheist, but here in der *rukh* I am more dan Christian. I am bagan also." He rolled the cheroot-butt luxuriously under his tongue, dropped his hands on his knees, and stared before him into the dim, shifting heart of the *rukh*, full of stealthy noises—the snapping of twigs like the snapping of the fire behind him, the sigh and rustle of a heat-bended branch recovering her straightness in the cool night, the incessant mutter of the Kanye stream, and the under-note of the many-peopled grass uplands out of sight beyond a swell of hill. He blew out a thick puff of smoke, and began to quote Heine to himself.

"Yes, it is very goot. Very goot. Yes, I work miracles, and, by Gott, dey come off too. I remember when dere was no *rukh* more big than your knee, from here to der plough-lands, und in drought-time der cattle ate bones of dead cattle up and down. Now der trees haf come back. Dey were planted by a free-thinker, because he know just de cause dot made der effect. But der trees dey had der cult of der Old Gods. 'Und der Christian gods howl loudly.' Dey could not live in der *rukh*, Gisborne."

A shadow moved in one of the bridle-paths—moved and came out into the starlight.

"I haf said true. Hush! Here is Faunus himself come to see der Inspecdor-General. Himmel, he is der god! Look!"

It was Mowgli, crowned with a wreath of white flowers, and walking with a half-peeled branch—Mowgli, very mistrustful of the firelight and ready to fly back to the thicket on the least alarm.

"That's a friend of mine," said Gisborne. "He's looking for me. Ohé, Mowgli!"

Muller had barely time to gasp before the man was at Gisborne's side, crying: "I was wrong to go. I was wrong, but I did not know then that the mate of him that was killed by this river was awake looking for the slayer. Else I should not have gone away. She tracked thee from the back-range, sahib."

"He is a little mad," said Gisborne, "and he speaks of all the beasts about here as if he was a friend of theirs."

"Of course—of course. If Faunus does not know, who should know?" said Muller gravely. "What does he say about tigers?—dis god who knows you so well."

Gisborne relighted his cheroot, and before he had finished the story of Mowgli and his exploits it was burned down to mustache-edge. Muller listened without interruption. "Dot is not madness," he said at last, when Gisborne had described the driving of Abdul Gafur. "Dot is not madness at all."

"What is it, then? He left me in a temper this morning because I asked him to tell how he did it. I fancy the chap's possessed in some way."

"No, dere is no bossession, but it is most wonderful. Normally dey die young—dese beople. Und you say now dot your thief-servant did not say what drove der pony, und of course der nilghai he could not speak."

"No; but, confound it, there wasn't anything. I listened, and I can hear most things. The bull and the man simply came headlong—mad with fright."

For answer Muller looked Mowgli up and down from head to foot, then beckoned him nearer. He advanced as a buck treads a tainted trail.

"There is no harm," said Muller in the vernacular. "Thy arm."

He ran his hand down to the elbow, felt that, and nodded. "So I thought. Now the knee." Gisborne saw him feel the knee-cap and smile. Two or three white scars just above the ankle caught his eye.

"Those came when thou wast very young?" he said.

"Ay," Mowgli answered with a smile. "They were love-tokens from the little ones." Then to Gisborne over his shoulder. "This sahib knows everything. Who is he?"

"Dot comes after, my friend. Now where are *they?*" said Muller.

Mowgli swept his hand round his head in a circle.

"So! And thou canst drive nilghai? See! There is my mare in her pickets. Canst thou bring her to me without frightening her?"

"Can I bring the mare to the sahib without frightening her!" Mowgli repeated, raising his voice a little above its normal pitch. "What is more easy, if the heel-ropes are loose."

"Loosen the head and heel-pegs,"

shouted Muller to the groom. They were hardly out of the ground before the mare, a huge black Australian, flung up her head and cocked her ears.

"Careful! I do not wish her driven into the *rukh*," said Muller.

Mowgli stood still fronting the blaze of the fire—in the very form and likeness of that Greek god who is so lavishly described in the novels. The mare whickered, drew up one hind leg, found that the heel-ropes were free, and moved swiftly to her master, on whose bosom she dropped her head, sweating lightly.

"She came of her own accord. My horses will do that," cried Gisborne.

"Feel if she sweats," said Mowgli.

Gisborne laid a hand on the damp flank.

"It is enough," said Muller.

"It is enough," Mowgli repeated, and a rock behind him threw back the word.

"That's uncanny enough, isn't it?" said Gisborne.

"No; only wonderful—most wonderful. Still you do not know, Gisborne?"

"I confess I don't."

"Well, den, I shall not tell. He says dot some day he will show you what it is. It would be gruel if I told. But why he is not dead I do not understand. Now listen thou." Muller faced Mowgli, and returned to the vernacular. "I am the head of all the *rukhs* in the country of India and farther across the Black Water. I do not know how many men be under me—perhaps five thousand, perhaps ten. Thy business is this—to wander no more up and down the *rukh* and drive beasts for sport or for show, but to take service under me, who am the Government in the matter of woods and forests, and to live in this *rukh* as a forest-guard; to drive the villagers' goats away when there is no order to feed them in the *rukh*; to admit them when there is an order; to keep down as thou canst keep down the boar and the nilghai when they become too many: to tell Gisborne Sahib how and where the tigers move, and what game there is in the forests; and to give sure warning of all the fires in the *rukh*, for thou canst give warning more quickly than any other. For that work there is a payment each month in silver, and at the end, when thou hast gathered a wife and cattle, and, may be, children, a pension. What answer?"

"That's just what I——" Gisborne began.

"My sahib spoke this morning of such a service. I walked all day alone considering the matter, and my answer is ready here. I serve, *if* I serve, in this *rukh* and no other; *with* Gisborne Sahib and with no other."

"It shall be so. In a week comes the written order that pledges the honor of the Government for the pension. After that thou wilt take up thy hut where Gisborne Sahib shall appoint."

"I was going to speak to you about it," said Gisborne.

"I did not want to be told when I saw that man. Dere will never be a forest-guard like him. He is a miracle. I tell you, Gisborne, some day you will find it so. He is blood-brother to every beast in der *rukh!*"

"I should be easier in my mind if I could understand him."

"Dot will come. Now I tell you dot only once in my service, and dot is thirty years, haf I met a boy dot began as this man began. Und he died. Sometimes you hear of dem in der census reports, but dey all die. Dis man haf lived, and he is an anachronism, for he is before der Iron Age, and der Stone Age. Look here, he is at der beginnings of der history of man—Adam in der Garden, und now we want only an Eva! No. He is older dan dot child-tale, shust as der *rukh* is older dan der gods. Gisborne, I am bagan now, once for all."

Through the rest of the long evening Muller sat smoking and smoking, and staring and staring into the darkness; his lips moving in multiplied quotations, and great wonder upon his face. He went to his tent, but presently came out again in his majestic pink sleeping-suit, and the last words that Gisborne heard him address to the *rukh* through the deep hush of midnight were these, delivered with immense emphasis:

> "'Dough we shivt und bedeck und bedrape us,
> Dou art noble und nude und andeek;
> Libidina dy moder, Briapus
> Dy fader, a god und a Greek.'

Now I know dot, bagan *or* Christian, I shall never know the inwardness of der *rukh*."

. . . . . .

It was midnight in the bungalow a week later when Abdul Gafur, ashy gray with rage, stood at the foot of Gisborne's bed, and whispering bade him awake.

"Up, sahib," he stammered. "Up and bring thy gun. Mine honor is gone. Up and kill before any see!"

The old man's face had changed, so that Gisborne stared stupidly.

"It was for this, then, that that jungle outcast helped me to polish the sahib's table, and drew water and plucked fowls. They have gone off together for all my beatings, and now he sits among his devils dragging her soul to the Pit. Up, sahib, and come with me!"

He thrust a rifle into Gisborne's half-wakened hand, and almost dragged him from the room on to the veranda.

"They are there in the *rukh;* even within gun-shot of the house. Come softly with me."

"But what is it? What is the trouble, Abdul?"

"Mowgli, and his devils. Also my own daughter," said Abdul Gafur. Gisborne whistled and followed his guide. Not for nothing, he knew, had Abdul Gafur beaten his daughter of nights, and not for nothing had Mowgli helped in the housework a man whom his own powers, whatever those were, had convicted of theft. Also, a forest wooing goes quickly.

There was the breathing of a flute in the *rukh*, as it might have been the song of some wandering wood-god, and, as they came nearer, a murmur of voices. The path ended in a little semicircular glade, walled partly by high grass and partly by trees. In the centre, upon a fallen trunk, his back to the watchers, and his arm round the neck of Abdul Gafur's daughter, sat Mowgli, newly crowned with flowers, playing upon a rude bamboo flute, to whose music four huge wolves danced solemnly on their hind legs.

"Those are his devils," Abdul Gafur whispered. He held a bunch of cartridges in his hand. The beasts dropped to a long-drawn, quavering note, and lay still, with steady green eyes glaring at the girl.

"Behold," said Mowgli, laying aside the flute. "Is there anything of fear in that? I told thee, little Stout-heart, that there was not, and thou didst believe. Thy father said—and oh, if thou couldst have seen thy father being driven by the road of the nilghai!—thy father said that they were devils; and by Allah, who is thy God, I do not wonder that he so believed."

The girl laughed a little rippling laugh, and Gisborne heard Abdul grit his few remaining teeth. This was not at all the girl that Gisborne had seen with a half-eye slinking about the compound veiled and silent; but another—a woman full blown in a night, as the orchid puts out in an hour's moist heat.

"But they are my playmates and my brothers, children of that mother that gave me suck, as I told thee behind the cook-house," Mowgli went on. "Children of the father that lay between me and the cold at the mouth of the cave when I was a little naked child. Look," a wolf raised his huge head, slavering at Mowgli's feet, "my brother knows that I speak of them. Yes, when I was a little child, he was a cub rolling with me on the clay."

"But thou hast said that thou art human born," cooed the girl, nestling closer to the shoulder. "Thou art human born?"

"Said! Nay, I know that I am human born, because my heart is in thy hold, little one." The head dropped under Mowgli's chin. Gisborne put up a warning hand to restrain Abdul Gafur, not in the least impressed by the wonder of the sight.

"But I was a wolf among wolves none the less till a time came when those of the jungle bade me go because I was a man."

"Who bade thee go? That is not like a true man's talk."

"The very beasts themselves.* Little one, thou wouldst never believe that telling, but so it was. The beasts of the jungle bade me go, but these four followed me because I was their brother. Then was I a herder of cattle among men, having learned their language. Ho! ho! The herds paid toll to my brothers, till a woman, an old woman, beloved,† saw me playing by night with my brethren in the crops. They said that I was possessed of devils, and drove me from that village with sticks and stones, and the four came with me by stealth and not openly. That was when I had learned to eat cooked meat and to talk boldly. From village to village I went,‡ heart of my heart, a herder of cattle, a tender of buffaloes, a tracker of game, but there was no man that dared lift a finger against me twice." He stooped down and patted one of the heads. "Do thou also like this. There is neither hurt nor magic in them. See, they know thee."

"The woods are full of all manner of devils," said the girl with a shudder.

"A lie, a child's lie," Mowgli returned confidently. "I have lain out in the dew

*See "Mowgli's Brothers" (Jungle Book).

†The scornful allusion here is clearly to Buldeo the Shikarri, who (*vide* "Tiger-Tiger," Jungle Book) interfered with Mowgli when the latter was skinning Shere Khan. It is not easy to understand the reference to "playing by night with my brethren," unless, indeed, Mowgli while among the villagers had stolen out to gambol with Grey Brother, and was under suspicion of wizardry before the fight with Shere Khan.—R. K.

‡It is to be observed that Mowgli here makes no reference to the circumstances of The Spring Running; but evidently he wandered far among men after his return to Messua's hut (*vide* Second Jungle Book).—R. K.

under the stars and in the dark night, and I know. The jungle is my house. Shall a man fear his own roof-beams or a woman her man's hearth? Stoop down and pat them."

"They are dogs and unclean," she murmured, bending forward with averted head.

"Having eaten the fruit, now we remember the Law!" said Abdul Gafur bitterly. "What is the need of this waiting, sahib. Kill!"

"H'sh, thou. Let us learn what has happened," said Gisborne.

"That is well done," said Mowgli, slipping his arm around the girl afresh. "Dogs or no dogs, they were with me through a thousand villages."

"Ahi, and where was thy heart then? Through a thousand villages. Thou hast seen a thousand maids. I—that am—that am a maid no more, have I thy heart?"

"What shall I swear by? By that Allah of whom thou speakest?"

"Nay, by the life that is in thee, and I am well content. Where was thy heart in those days?"

Mowgli laughed a little. "In my belly, because I was young and always hungry. So I learned to track and to hunt, sending and calling my brothers back and forth as a king calls his armies. Therefore I drove the nilghai for the foolish young sahib, and the big fat mare for the big fat sahib, when they questioned my power. It were as easy to have driven the men themselves. Even now"—his voice lifted a little—"even now I know that behind me stand thy father and Gisborne Sahib. Nay, do not run, for no ten men dare move a pace forward. Remembering that thy father beat thee more than once, shall I give the word and drive him again in rings through the *rukh?*" A wolf stood up, and the bristles on his neck lifted.

Gisborne felt Abdul Gafur tremble at his side. Next, his place was empty, and the fat man was skimming down the glade.

"Remains only Gisborne Sahib," said Mowgli, still without turning; "but I have eaten Gisborne Sahib's bread, and presently I shall be in his service, and my brothers will be his servants to drive game and carry the news. Hide thou in the grass."

The girl fled; the tall grass closed behind her and the guardian wolf that followed, and Mowgli, turning with his three retainers, faced Gisborne as the forest officer came forward.

"That is all the magic," he said, pointing to the three. "The fat sahib knew that we who are born among wolves run on our elbows and our knees for a season. Feeling my arms and legs, he felt the truth which thou didst not know. Is it so wonderful, sahib?"

"Indeed it is all more wonderful than magic. These, then, drove the nilghai?"

"Ay, as they would drive Eblis if I gave the order. They are my eyes and more to me."

"Look to it, then, that Eblis does not carry a double rifle. They have yet something to learn, thy devils, for they stand one behind the other, so that two shots would kill the three."

"Ah, but they know they will be thy servants as soon as I am a forest-guard."

"Guard or no guard, Mowgli, thou hast done a great shame to Abdul Gafur. Thou hast dishonored his house and blackened his face."

"For that, it was blackened when he took thy money, and made blacker still when he whispered in thy ear a little while since to kill a naked man. I myself will talk to Abdul Gafur, for I am a man of the Government service, with a pension. He shall make the marriage by whatsoever rite he will, or he shall run once more. I will speak to him in the dawn. For the rest, the sahib has his house, and this is mine. It is time to sleep again, sahib."

Mowgli turned on his heel and disappeared into the grass, leaving Gisborne alone. The hint of the wood-guard was not to be mistaken, and Gisborne went back to the bungalow, where Abdul Gafur, torn by rage and fear, was raving aloud.

"Peace, peace," said Gisborne, shaking him, for he looked as though he were going to have a fit. "Muller Sahib has made the man a forest-guard, and, as thou knowest, there is a pension at the end of that business, and it is Government service."

"He is an outcast—a dog among dogs; an eater of carrion! What pension can pay for that?"

"Allah knows, and thou hast heard that the mischief is done. Wouldst thou blaze it to all the other servants? Make the *shadi* swiftly, and the girl will make him a Mussulman. He is very comely. Canst thou wonder that after thy beatings she went to him?"

"Did he say that he would chase me with his beasts?"

"So it seemed to me. If he be a wizard, he is at least a very strong one."

Abdul Gafur thought awhile, and then broke down and howled, forgetting that he was a Mussulman:

"Thou art a Brahmin. I am thy cow. Make thou the matter plain, and save my honor if it can be saved!"

A second time then Gisborne plunged into the *rukh* and called Mowgli. The answer came from high over head, and in no submissive tones.

"Speak softly," said Gisborne, looking up. "There is yet time to strip thee of thy place and hunt thee with thy wolves. The girl goes back to her father's house to-night. To-morrow there will be the *shadi*, by the Mussulman law, and then thou canst take her away. Bring her to Abdul Gafur."

"I hear." There was a murmur of two voices conferring among the leaves. "Also, we will obey—for the last time."

. . . . . .

A year later Muller and Gisborne were riding through the *rukh* together, talking of their business. They came out among the rocks near the Kanye stream, Muller riding a little in advance. Under the shade of a thorn thicket sprawled a naked brown baby, and from the brake immediately behind him peered the head of a gray wolf. Gisborne had just time to strike up Muller's rifle, and the bullet tore spattering through the branches above.

"Are you mad?" thundered Muller. "Look!"

"I see," said Gisborne quietly. "The mother's somewhere near. You'll wake the whole pack, by Jove!"

The brushes parted once more, and a woman, unveiled, snatched up the child.

"Who fired, sahib?" she cried to Gisborne.

"This sahib. He had not remembered thy man's people."

"Not remembered! But indeed it may be so, for we who live with them forget that they are strangers at all. Mowgli is down the stream catching fish. Does the sahib wish to see him? Come out, ye lacking manners. Come out of the bushes, and make your service to the sahib."

Muller's eyes grew rounder and rounder. He swung himself off the plunging mare and dismounted while the jungle gave up four wolves who fawned round Gisborne. The mother stood nursing her child and spurning them aside as they brushed against her bare feet.

"You were quite right about Mowgli," said Gisborne. "I meant to have told you, but I've got so used to these fellows in the last twelve months that it slipped my mind."

"Oh, don't apologize," said Muller. "It's nothing. Gott in Himmel! 'Und I work miracles—und dey come off too!'"

AND THEN?

By Gertrude Hall.

And then?—Then when the roses
  Were ripe, they went to seed.
And then?—Was seen a white scar
  Where once a wound did bleed.

And then?—After a little,
  Hope found she might not stay.
And then?—Then as the year waned
  The swallows went away.

And then?—They laid the hero
  Among forgotten men
Low in the lone God's-acre,
  Beneath a stone.—And then?

GRANT AS A COLONEL.

CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN GRANT AND HIS CHAPLAIN.—REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES.

By James L. Crane,

Late Chaplain of the Twenty-first Illinois, U. S. V.

[The author of these reminiscences served as chaplain of the Twenty-first Illinois—Grant's first command in the Civil War—throughout the three months during which Grant held the colonelcy. He died in 1879, while serving as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Shelbyville, Illinois. He seems to have written out the reminiscences near the close of the war. They furnish one of the most graphic pictures of Grant thus far given to the public.]

GRANT is about five feet ten inches in height, and will weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. He has a countenance indicative of reserve, and an indomitable will, and a persistent purpose. In dress he is indifferent and careless, making no pretensions to style or fashionable military display. Had he continued colonel till now, I think his uniform would have lasted till this day, for he never used it, except on dress parade, and then seemed to regard it a good deal as David did Saul's armor. He usually wore a plain blue blouse coat, and an ordinary black felt hat, and never had about him a single mark to distinguish his rank. While he is reserved in his intercourse with strangers, yet in the quiet circle of friends, especially when the cares and duties of office are over, he is free, frank, communicative, and agreeable in the highest degree. He regards smoking as a luxury; and if he takes a pride in anything, apart from the success of his enterprises, it is in his horsemanship. In his estimation a good horse is next to a good soldier.

"His body is a vial of intense existence;" and yet when a stranger saw him in a crowd, he would never think of asking his name. He is no dissembler, no assumer of snob dignity; he has more than ordinary freedom from selfishness, and appears to no one as an ambitious man. He is a sincere, thinking, *real* man; by *real* we mean that he does not take to shows, shams, or "flourishes," but to realities.

He is always cheerful; no toil, cold, heat, hunger, fatigue, or want of money depresses him. He was just as buoyant while a colonel, away from paymasters, looking after bushwhackers in Missouri, and with scarce money enough to prepay a letter or buy a pipe full of kinnikinick, as he is as the hero of a hundred battles, and the commander-in-chief of the finest army in the world, and with the wealth of the nation at his command.

In action he is bold and daring, almost to a fault, and the excitement of the contest fires the whole man. Yet he never loses his self-control, and the influence of discipline and training can be seen in his most rapid movements. He goes to battle as though a charitable country was watching him; as though he felt intensely the responsibility of his station—that hundreds and thousands of hearts were resting, for weal or woe, upon his decisions and movements.

In private he is magnanimous, having a special regard for the feelings and interests of others. He has no desire to rise by the fall of others; no glorying over another's abasement; no exulting over another's tears. He went forth to the field of strife only at the call of his country, and he strikes at her bidding, smites at her command; and when the rebellion shall cry "enough," and his country shall bid him retire, he will quietly and dutifully return and repose on the bosom he has so bravely defended.

He does his work at the time, and he requires all under his command to be equally prompt. I was walking over the encampment with him one morning after breakfast. It was usual for each company to call the roll at a given hour; it was now, probably, half an hour after the time for that duty. The colonel was quietly smoking his old meerschaum, and talking and walking leisurely along, when he noticed a company drawn up in line, and the roll being called. He instantly drew his pipe from his mouth, and exclaimed: "Captain, this is no time for calling the roll; order your men to their quarters immediately."

GENERAL GRANT.

Drawn from a photograph by H. F. Warren, of Waltham, Massachusetts, now in the old State House, Boston.

The command was instantly obeyed, and the colonel resumed his smoking, and walked on conversing as quietly as if nothing had happened. For this violation of discipline those men went without rations that day, excepting what they gathered up privately from among their friends of other companies. Such a breach of order was never witnessed in the regiment afterward while he was colonel. This promptness is one of Grant's characteristics, and it is one of the causes of his success. A want of this *coming to time* has been the cause of many of the disasters that have attended our arms. A general is behind time with his division or corps, and the day is lost. We may conjecture that the battle of Bull Run would have resulted in our favor had Patterson been prompt to intercept the reënforcements of the enemy, as he was directed.

Grant would correct, and, if necessary, punish any want of conformity to rule, or neglect of orders, or infraction of regulations, in as cool and unruffled a manner as you would give directions to your gardener before breakfast.

On one of our marches, while passing through one of those small towns where the grocery is the principal establishment, some of the lovers of intoxication had broken or glided away from our lines, and filled their canteens with whiskey, and soon were reeling and ungovernable under its influence. While apparently stopping the regiment for rest, Grant passed quietly along the ranks, and took each canteen, and whenever he detected the odor, emptied the liquor on the ground with as much nonchalance as he would empty his pipe, and had the offenders tied behind the baggage wagons till they had sobered into soldierly propriety. On this point his orders were imperative—no whiskey or intoxicating beverages were allowed in his camp.

Right here I would notice the report that once obtained some circulation, that Grant was a lover of ardent spirits himself, and that he indulged too freely in their use. Of this report I would say that I was with him for the most part of three months, in all sorts of weather, marches, and exposure; we ate at the same table,

often slept in the same tent, and sat around the same camp-fire; and I never knew him to allow ardent spirits in the regiment, nor did I ever know him even to taste them in any form. I have seen him in company with his superiors in office, where wine and brandy were freely passing, and, when offered to him, he invariably refused; usually remarking that he never indulged in anything stronger than coffee and tobacco.

His promptness and energy in correcting errors, and reforming abuses in his regiment, sometimes led his men, especially those who were guilty, to feel that he was hard and severe beyond necessity. But while he was thus vigilant and active in enforcing strict discipline, yet he was not unfeeling nor indifferent in regard to the sufferings which the necessary penalties of camp-life brought upon unsophisticated and unintentional offenders.

When we halted at Salt River, Missouri, two of our young bloods, supposing that it was necessary to show their hatred to the rebellion by some valorous exploit, had hardly pitched their tents when they started off, on their own responsibility, to seek for the enemies of the Union. They left in the afternoon, stayed all night, and came back next day with flying colors, bringing with them a "secesher" and two of his horses. Grant was seated by the door of his tent when the two heroes brought the trophies of their victory before him. He did not rise from his seat, nor pull his pipe from his mouth, but quietly asked the boys: "Who gave you permission to be absent from camp?"

"Nobody; we just thought we'd go out and look after some 'seceshers,' and we've found this feller and brought him up;" and they pointed triumphantly to the prisoner, who was still sitting on his horse, and looked as if he expected to be shot before he could say his prayers.

"I'll attend to your case first," said the colonel; and the flush of victory began to fade from their faces as he continued: "Captain, you will take these boys, and have them tied to a tree for six hours, for leaving camp without permission."

The boys looked crestfallen, and disappeared in company with the captain. After the colonel had questioned the trembling farmer, and his professions of attachment to the Union were found to be satisfactory, and he freely took the oath of allegiance, he set him at liberty, and leisurely resumed his smoking, and in half a minute looked as though nothing unusual had happened. Then turning to me, with apparently no aim in his remark, he inquired:

"Chaplain, what do you think of camp-life by this time?"

"It is entirely a new phase of life to me, Colonel, and I have hardly been able to come to a definite conclusion yet."

"What did you think of the conduct of those two young men?" he asked, as coolly as if he were inquiring about the weather.

"I think the young men were not intentionally guilty of a violation of discipline; the method was irregular, but they, doubtless, thought they were doing a good thing for the country."

"Do you think I punished them too severely?"

"Well, Colonel, I do not know that I am prepared to judge of what is too severe in military life."

"I don't ask you for a military opinion; I ask for your opinion as a citizen. Chaplains are not supposed to be military men; they are supposed to carry into camp the same feelings and views of justice and right they had in civil life." And he raised his eyes as if to see whether I were appreciating his remarks.

"As you have asked me for a candid opinion, I will give it. I think the punishment of those boys was not proportioned to their offence. If it were I, six hours tied up to a tree would be a serious business. I think it was rather too severe on the boys, Colonel."

"But, Chaplain, suppose we were surrounded by an enemy, and men were allowed to stray from camp; they would be taken prisoners or lose their lives in such a case."

"That appears reasonable, Colonel; but we are not near an enemy. Besides, the boys are in a new position, and know not exactly what is expected of them, and had no idea what they were bringing on themselves."

"But we should so prepare when the enemy is at a distance that we may be ready when he is near at hand."

"That is true, sir; yet I still think a milder punishment for unwitting offenders would as effectually work the same result."

The colonel stroked his beard with his left hand, a habit to which he is accustomed when there is the slightest interruption to the current of his thoughts, and he puffed his smoke with renewed vigor, and, reflecting a moment, called out:

"Orderly, go and tell the guard to release those boys tied to the trees; they have been punished long enough."

His honesty is above suspicion. I regard him as one of the most incorruptible men in the nation. He allowed no man to take, unlawfully, a single cent from the government, if he had the power to prevent it. Therefore he never was a great favorite with contractors and cotton speculators. He had no patience or time to stop and parley with any one who was trying to make a *nice thing* off of the miseries of the country and the hardships of the soldiery.

In the early part of the war it was too common for some colonels and generals to detail favorites to go away on government business, and at government expense, while in reality they were going on a visit home, or to some rendezvous of pleasure, purely for their own gratification. No doubt, in this way the government has been defrauded of thousands of dollars. None of this would Grant ever permit. He claimed that his faith to his country, in this respect, should be kept as sacred as his faith to a partner in business. It was refreshing to an honest man's soul to see how coolly he could refuse all such applicants. When they attempted to argue that their double dealing was justifiable, he would dryly reply: "I wish no further conversation on that point;" and turn from them with the most perfect unconcern. No amount of talent or personal influence, or influence of friends in high life, could for a moment swerve him from his conscientious integrity. He is

"Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man."

In the afternoon of a very hot day in July, 1861, while the regiment was stationed in the town of Mexico, Missouri, I had gone to the cars, as they were passing, and procured the "Daily Missouri Democrat," and seated myself in the shadow of my tent to read the news. In the telegraphic column I soon came to the announcement that Grant, with several others, was made brigadier-general. In a few minutes he came walking that way, and I called to him:

"Colonel, I have some news here that will interest you."

"What have you, Chaplain?"

"I see that you are made brigadier-general."

He seated himself by my side, and remarked:

"Well, sir, I had no suspicion of it. It never came from any request of mine. That's some of Washburn's work. I knew Washburn in Galena. He was a strong Republican, and I was a Democrat, and I thought from that he never liked me very well. Hence we never had more than a business or street acquaintance. But when the war broke out I found that he had induced Governor Yates to appoint me mustering officer of the Illinois volunteers, and after that had something to do in having me commissioned colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment, and I suppose this is more of his work." And he very leisurely rose up and pulled his black felt hat a little nearer his eyes, and made a few extra passes at his whiskers, and walked away about his business with as much apparent unconcern as if some one had merely told him that his new suit of clothes was finished.

Grant belongs to no church organization, yet he entertains and expresses the highest esteem for all the enterprises that tend to promote religion. When at home he generally attended the Methodist Episcopal church, with which some of the members of his family were connected. While he was colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment he gave every encouragement and facility for securing a prompt and uniform observance of religious services, and was generally found in the audience listening to preaching.

Shortly after I came into the regiment, our mess were one day taking their usual seats around the dinner table, when Colonel Grant remarked:

"Chaplain, when I was at home, and ministers were stopping at my house, I always invited them to ask a blessing at the table. I suppose that a blessing is as much needed here as at home; and if it is agreeable with your views, I should be glad to have you ask a blessing every time we sit down to eat."

The inexcusable and foolish practice of using profane language, a practice too common in the army, and even among intelligent officers, is a habit to which Grant never degraded himself. I never heard him use anything like an oath under the most provoking excitements.

He was at heart and in expression an anti-slavery man, yet he had but little sympathy with the previous movements and opinions of the so-called ultra-Abolitionists. He believed slavery to be an anomaly in a free government like ours; that its tendency was subversive of the best interests of the master and the enslaved, and our common prosperity as a

nation; that it hindered the development of the highest interests of humanity; that it promoted aristocracy and a privileged class; that it encouraged idleness and an inclination to rely upon others to do what we ought to do ourselves; that it resulted in one man lording it over the consciences of others where God alone should be supreme; that it resulted in denying the slave the rights of his moral nature, annihilated his capacity for improvement, shut out the light of truth, and bound his soul in the chains of hopeless ignorance and degradation.

Yet he did not regard the present war as being commenced on the part of the national government for the purpose of interfering with slavery, but for the purpose of enforcing the laws, suppressing the rebellion, and maintaining the Union entire and the Constitution inviolate. He often remarked, however, that he believed slavery would die with this rebellion, and that it might become necessary for the government to suppress it as a stroke of military policy.

While we were at Mexico, Missouri, a slave came to our headquarters one afternoon, fleeing from his master. He was greatly frightened and fatigued, and while panting and puffing with the heat, he inquired, in half frantic tones:

"Whar's de cunnel?"

"This is the colonel," said I, pointing to him sitting by my side.

"What will you have, sir?" said Grant.

"I—I's—Mr.—Mr. Cunnel, I's had to run'd away, sah. Massa's orful hawd on me, sah. He's close onto me, sah. Kin yo help me, cunnel?"

"Can't help you, sir; we are not here to look after negroes, but after rebels. You must take care of yourself."

The discomfited negro dropped his head and exclaimed, half as if talking to himself:

"Lawd, I's afeerd massa 'll be onto me!"

His eyes stood out full an eighth of an inch farther than usual, and he trembled from head to foot. As he was about turning away, I beckoned to him to come around behind the tent. I took him to our cooking-department and filled his pockets with cold biscuits and meat, and gave him a half dollar, and told him to make for the woods close by, and steer northeast, and not to consider himself safe till he had crossed the Mississippi River. He bent himself nearly to the ground in his manifestations of gratitude. I went with him and passed him through the guards; and his running for the woods was after the manner of the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, and would have refreshed the soul of a conductor of the "underground railroad."

He had not been gone more than an hour or two when his master and another man made their appearance, inquiring after the fugitive. To the master Grant made about the same reply that he had to the slave—that we were not here to look after negroes, but after rebels.

The pursuers evidently did not relish the reply, and were about to turn away with angry mutterings, when Grant desired to know whether they were opposed to the rebellion, and in favor of the Union. They were inclined to be evasive in answering that question, as Grant had been in communicating intelligence about the missing negro. They were finally informed that they could not leave our lines without taking the oath of allegiance.

There was a strong mutual attachment between Grant and the men of his regiment, without any undue familiarity. The colonel who had first been in command of the regiment was one of those jolly, roistering, merry-making men whom the boys would call a clever fellow. Hence, when Grant took command he found his men almost in a state of complete demoralization, each man in the regiment having, apparently, as much authority as another. It was a sort of disorderly mass, a hodge-podge of entanglements, an unsystematic, unarranged hurly-burly of officers and privates. Not that there was, by any means, an unusual deficiency of moral and intelligent men in the regiment; but that these, from the nature of the circumstances, quietly kept themselves in the background, while the boisterous and wayward elements blustered and rejoiced in their privileges.

In less than ten days after Grant took command, all this complicated confusion was brought to order and subordination by his quiet, unostentatious vigor and vigilance. Every man felt that he had a colonel that must be obeyed and respected; and hence they all soon became strongly attached to him, with the exception of a few who disliked any restraints upon their waywardness.

Shortly after Grant was made general, our regiment was moved to Ironton, Missouri, where he was appointed to the command of the post, which numbered at our arrival about three thousand men. The regiment was now commanded by J. W.

S. Alexander, who had been our lieutenant-colonel, and on whose shoulders the *eagle* fell on the promotion of Grant. The reader will pardon me for digressing long enough to say that Alexander was one of nature's noblemen, a brave, intelligent, patriotic soldier, and a true, upright, Christian gentleman in all relations of life. He was affable and courteous in all his deportment, and diligent and persevering in effecting his purposes. He lost his life boldly leading his men against the enemy at the battle of Chickamauga.

While we were going down from St. Louis to Ironton in the cars, Grant took a seat by my side, and commenced conversation about the probable length of the war, and also about his new appointment. Then he requested that I take a position on his staff, to which I replied:

"General, I appreciate the offer very highly, but my business in life is to preach; and I have acquired such notions of rank since I came into the army that I don't think I can come down to the position, for I am on the staff of a higher officer."

"That is true, Chaplain, that's true; but I did not know but you might be willing to change your mode of life during the war."

"I am ready to make any effort to put down this rebellion, and would shoulder the musket if necessary; but I am nearly forty years old, General, and I think it would hardly be prudent to change my occupation now, especially as there are many who are more competent, and who would be glad to take the place you have kindly offered to me."

"The fact is, Chaplain, the kind of men who want the position are not the kind of men I want; these gay, swelling, pompous adventurers don't suit my fancy. I want men who have some conscience."

"You are on the right track, General, and you'll find them, doubtless, in time."

"Well, Chaplain, if you will not take a permanent position on my staff, will you stay with me a few weeks till I have time to make my selection?"

I stayed with him the two or three weeks he remained at Ironton. At the end of that time I went with him to St. Louis, to procure some tents and other travelling equipage necessary to prepare the several regiments for marching southward.

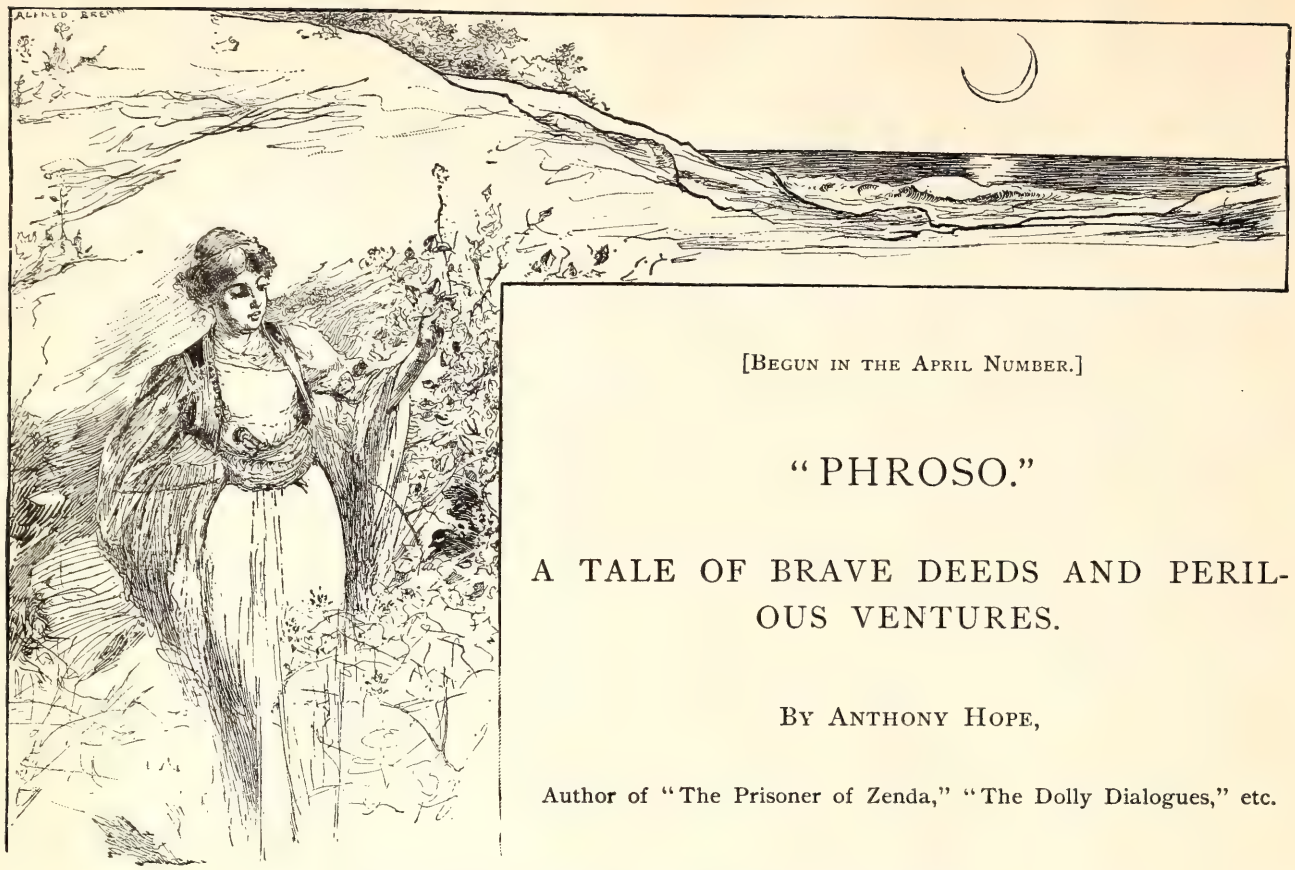
We started from Ironton about dusk one evening, and walked up to Pilot Knob to take the cars. Ten regiments were encamped in the neighborhood at this time. Pilot Knob is a mile and a half from Ironton. While we were leisurely measuring the distance, and had gone half way, we were met by three soldiers, who ordered us to halt. Grant told them they had no business to halt men at that point. One of the men was in his shirt-sleeves, and was without arms, and drunk. The other two had muskets, and appeared to be sober. Grant ordered the two with muskets to arrest the drunken man. The drunken man ordered them, with an oath of prodigious energy, to charge on us with their bayonets, and they did it. We retreated in good order. But the pointed steel was offensively close to me, and I called out: "This is General Grant, commander of the post; you better be careful."

But the man in shirt-sleeves replied, with a vehemence surpassing my own: "Grant ——! I don't know him. You can't fool me, boss. Go in, boys!"

But his comrades refused to *go in*, and shouldered arms, and started off toward Ironton. The man in shirt-sleeves cursed them for cowards, and tried to take from one of them his gun, that he might charge on us in person. But he was too drunk. When we reached the depot, Grant ordered a sergeant and seven soldiers to go in pursuit of the men who had met us, and bring them back to their quarters, and place them under guard, and keep them on bread and water till he should return from St. Louis. I have wondered how long they were fed on bread and water, for Grant never returned to Ironton; General Prentiss took his place there.

We reached St. Louis, and after considerable labor and management, and confronting a whole host of little moguls and august Italian and Hungarian lieutenants, and orderlies and captains and corporals, and carriers and riders and musketeers, and swordsmen, waiters, and ushers, doorkeepers, hostlers, and bootblacks, which Frémont had as a body-guard, Grant finally succeeded in getting the necessary stores and equipments. We were waiting at the Planter's House, expecting to return on the next train, when Grant received orders to go immediately to Jefferson City and take command there. As we parted, he took me by the hand, and said, with considerable feeling: "Remember me to the Twenty-first; am sorry to leave them. Good-by, Chaplain; don't forget me."

"Good-by, General; don't forget *me*. You are going up in this world; manage it so that you will keep on going up when you leave it. Good-by, General."



[Begun in the April Number.]

"PHROSO."

A TALE OF BRAVE DEEDS AND PERILOUS VENTURES.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

Lord Charles Wheatley, having taken leave in London (in a parting not overcharged with emotion) of Miss Beatrice Hipgrave, to whom he is to be married in a year; of her mother, Mrs. Kennett Hipgrave, and of Mr. Bennett Hamlyn, a rich young man who gives promise of seeing that Miss Hipgrave does not wholly lack a man's attentions in the absence of her lover,—sets out to enter possession of a remote Greek island, Neopalia, which he has purchased of the hereditary lord, Stefanopoulos. But on arriving he finds himself anything but welcome. He and his companions,—namely, his cousin, Denny Swinton; his factotum, Hogvardt; and his servant, Watkins,—are at once locked up; and though released soon, it is with a warning from the populace, headed by Vlacho, the innkeeper, that if found on the island after six o'clock the next morning, their lives will not be worth much. Toward midnight, little disposed to sleep, and curious to look about somewhat before leaving the island, they stroll inland, and come by chance upon the manor-house, still and apparently deserted. Curiosity drives them to enter. They find Lord Stefanopoulos, whom Vlacho had reported to them as recently dead of a fever, not dead, but on the point of dying—from a dagger wound. And the wound, they learn from his own lips, was given him by his nephew, Constantine, in a tumult that arose a few hours before when the people came up to protest against the sale of the island, and to persuade the lord to send the strangers away. Constantine, it further appears, is making them all their trouble, having come to the island just ahead of them to that end, after learning their plans by overhearing Wheatley talking in a London restaurant. In the darkness, on their way up, they have met a man and a woman going toward the village. The man, by his voice, they knew to be Constantine. The woman, they now learn, was the Lady Euphrosyne, cousin of Constantine and heiress to the island. From talk overheard between her and Constantine, she had seemed to be, while desirous of their departure, also anxious to spare them harm. In full possession of the house, they decide to stand siege, though scant of provisions and ammunition, and armed only with their own revolvers and a rifle left behind by Constantine. Soon Stefanopoulos dies, and by an old serving-woman they send warning to Constantine that he shall be brought to justice for his crime. Thus passes the night. Next morning Wheatley's attention is engaged by a woman studying them through a field-glass from before a small cottage, higher up the mountain. Then Vlacho, the innkeeper, presents himself for a parley, of which nothing comes but the disclosure that Constantine is pledged to marry Euphrosyne, while already secretly married to another woman. The evening falls with the "death-chant" sounding in the air—a chant made by Alexander the Bard when an earlier Lord Stefanopoulos was killed by the people for having tried to sell the island. With nightfall comes an attack. The besieged secure a prisoner—the Lady Euphrosyne, or "Phroso," as it proves, in boy's apparel. The discovery, made by Wheatley a few hours later in a midnight reconnoissance, and communicated to Phroso, that the woman at the cottage is Constantine's wife, and that Constantine is plotting to get rid of her, in order to marry Phroso and thus secure lordship of the island, at once establishes a friendship between the two that promises soon to grow tender. But, because it is a sacred family secret, Phroso refuses to disclose to Wheatley the door to a subterranean passage from the house, of which he has learned from a family history. He rushes off for a pickaxe, intending to dig into floors and walls until he finds the door. When he returns Phroso has disappeared; a ripple of laughter proves her near by, but he cannot tell where. Lord Wheatley himself tells the story.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRET OF THE STEFANOPOULOI.

WAS this a pantomime? For a moment I declared angrily that it was little better; but the next instant changed the current of my feelings, transforming irritation into alarm and perplexity into the strongest excitement. For Phroso's laugh ended—ended as a laugh ends that is suddenly cut short in its career of mirth—and there was a second of absolute stillness. Then from the front of the house, and from the back, came the sharp sound of shots, three in rapid succession in front, four be-

hind. Denny rushed out from the kitchen, rifle in hand.

"They're at us on both sides!" he cried, leaping to his perch at the window and cautiously peering round. "Hogvardt and Watkins are ready at the back. They're firing from the wood," he went on. Then he fired. "Missed; confound it!" he muttered. "Well, they don't come any nearer; I'll see to that."

Denny was a sure defence in front. I turned toward the kitchen, for more shots came from that direction, and, although it was difficult to do worse than harass us from there, our perpendicular bank of rock being a difficult obstacle to pass in face of revolver fire, I wanted to see that all was well and to make the best disposition against this unexpected onset. Yet I did not reach the kitchen. Halfway to the door that led to it I was arrested by a cry of distress. Phroso's laugh had gone, but the voice was again hers. "Help!" she cried. "Help!" Then came a chuckle from Denny at the window and a triumphant "Winged him, by Jove!"—and then from Phroso again, "Help!"—and at last an enlightening word, "Help! Under the staircase! Help!"

At this summons I left my friends to sustain the attack, or the feigned attack; for I began to suspect that it was no more than a diversion, and that the real centre of operations was "under the staircase." Thither I ran. The stairs rose from the centre of the right side of the hall, and led up to the gallery; they rose steeply, and a man could stand upright up to within four feet of the spot where the staircase sprang from the level floor. I was there now; and under me I heard no longer voices, but a kind of scuffle. The pick was in my hand, and I struck savagely again and again on the boards, for I did not doubt now that there was a trap-door, and I was in no mind to spend my time seeking for its cunning machinery. Yet, when knowledge failed, chance came to my help; at the fifth or sixth blow I must have touched the spring, for the boards yawned, leaving a space of about three inches. Dropping the pick, I fell on my knees, and seized the edge nearest me. With all my strength I tugged and pulled. But I must be wrong, for Phroso had not my strength, and she had worked the spring in an instant, silently, and, as it appeared, without difficulty. It must be the other side. That was it. At the lightest touch the boards rolled away, seeming to curl themselves up under the base of the staircase, and there was revealed to me an aperture four feet long by three broad, and a flight of stone steps.

I seized my pick again, and took a step downward. I heard nothing except the noise of retreating feet. I went on. Down six steps I went; then the steps ended, and I was on an incline. At that moment I heard again, only a few yards from me, "Help!" I sprang forward. A loud curse rang out, and a shot whistled by me. The open trap-door gave a glimmer of light. I was in a narrow passage, and a man was coming at me. I did not know where Phroso was, but I took the risk. I fired straight at him, having shifted my pick to the left hand. The aim was true; he fell prone on his face before me. I jumped on and over his body, and ran along the dark passage, for I still heard retreating steps. But then came a voice I knew, the voice of Vlacho, the innkeeper. "Then, stay where you are, curse you!" he cried savagely. There was a thud, as though some one fell heavily to the ground, a cry of pain, and then the rapid running of feet that fled, now at full pace and unencumbered. Vlacho, the innkeeper, had heard my shot, and had no stomach for fighting in that rat-run, with a girl in his arms to boot. And I, pursuing, was brought up short by the body of Phroso, which lay, white and plain to see, across the narrow passage.

"Are you hurt?" I cried eagerly.

"He flung me down violently," she answered. "But I'm not hurt otherwise."

"Then I'll go after him," I cried.

"No, no, you mustn't. You don't know the way, you don't know the dangers; there may be more of them at the other end."

"True," said I. "What happened?"

"Why, I came down to hide from you, you know. But directly I reached the foot of the steps Vlacho seized me. He was crouching there with Spiro—you know Spiro. And they said, 'Ah, she has saved us the trouble!' and began to drag me away. But I would not go, and I called to you. And I twisted my feet round Vlacho so that he couldn't go fast; then he told Spiro to catch hold of me, and they were just carrying me off when you came. Vlacho kept hold of me while Spiro went to meet you, and——"

"It seems," I interrupted, "that Constantine was less scrupulous about that oath than you were. Or how did Vlacho and Spiro come here?"

"Yes, he must have told them," she admitted reluctantly.

"Well, come along, come back; I'm

wanted," said I. And (without asking leave, I fear) I caught her up in my arms and began to run back. I jumped again over Spiro—friend Spiro had not moved—and regained the hall.

"Stay there, under the stairs; you're sheltered there," I said hastily to Phroso. Then I called to Denny: "What cheer, Denny?" Denny turned round with a radiant smile. I don't think he had even noticed my absence.

"Prime," said he. "This is a rare gun of old Constantine's; it carries a good thirty yards further than any they've got, and I can pick 'em off before they get dangerous. I've got one and winged another, and the rest have retired a little way to talk it over."

Seeing that things were all right in that quarter, I ran into the kitchen. It was well that I did. We were indeed in no danger from that side, at all events; the attack was evidently no more than a feint. There was desultory firing from a safe distance in the wood. I reckoned there must be four or five men hidden behind trees and emerging every now and then to pay us a compliment. But they had not attempted a rush. The mischief was quite different, being just this, that Watkins, who was not well instructed in the range of firearms, was cheerfully emptying his revolver into space and wasting our precious cartridges at the rate of about two a minute. He was so magnificently happy that it went to my heart to stop him, but I was compelled to seize his arm and command him very peremptorily to wait till there was something to fire at.

"I thought I'd show them that we were ready for them, my lord," said he, apologetically.

I turned impatiently to Hogvardt.

"Why did you let him make a fool of himself like that?" I asked.

"He would miss, anyhow, wherever the men were," observed Hogvardt philosophically. "And," he continued, "I was busy myself."

"What were you doing?" I asked, in a scornful tone.

Hogvardt made no answer in words. But he pointed proudly to the table. There I saw a row of five long and strong saplings; to the head of each of these most serviceable lances there was bound strongly, with thick wire, wound round again and again, a long, keen, bright knife.

"I think these may be useful," said Hogvardt, rubbing his hands, and rising from his seat with the sigh of a man who had done a good morning's work.

"The cartridges would have been more useful still," said I, severely.

"Yes," he admitted, "if you would have taken them away from Watkins. But you know you wouldn't, my lord. You'd be afraid of hurting his feelings. So he might just as well amuse himself while I made the lances."

I have known Hogvardt for a long while, and I never argue with him. The mischief was done; it was no use wasting more words over it. I shrugged my shoulders.

"Your lordship will find the lances very useful," said Hogvardt, fingering one of them most lovingly.

The attack was dying away now both in front and rear. My impression was amply

confirmed. It had been no more than a device for occupying our attention while those two daring rascals, Vlacho and Spiro, armed with the knowledge of the secret way, made a sudden dash upon us, either in the hope of getting a shot at our backs and finding shelter again before we could retaliate, or with the design of carrying off Phroso. Her jest had forestalled the former idea, if it had been in their minds, and they had then endeavored to carry out the latter. Indeed, I found afterward that it was the latter on which Constantine laid more stress, for a deputation of the islanders had come to him, proposing that he should make terms with me as a means of releasing their lady. Now, since last night, Constantine, for reasons which he could not disclose to the deputation, was absolutely precluded from treating with me; he was therefore driven to make an attempt to get Phroso out of my hands in order to satisfy her people. This attempt I had happily frustrated for the moment. But my mind was far from easy. Provisions would soon be gone; ammunition was scanty; against an attack by day, our strong position, aided by Denny's coolness and marksmanship, seemed to protect us pretty effectually; but I could feel no confidence as to the result of a grand assault under the protecting shadow of the night. And now that Constantine's hand was being forced by the islanders' anxiety for Phroso, I was afraid that he would not wait long before attempting a decisive stroke.

"I wish we were well out of it," said I despondently, as I wiped my brow.

All was quiet. Watkins appeared with bread, cheese, and wine.

"Your lordship would not wish to use the cow at luncheon?" he asked, as he passed me on his way to the hall.

"Certainly not, Watkins," I answered, smiling. "We must save the cow."

"There is still a goat, but she is a poor, thin creature, my lord."

"We shall come to her in time, Watkins," said I.

But if I was depressed, the other three were very merry over their meal. Danger was an idea which found no hospitality in Denny's brain; Hogvardt was as cool a hand as the world held; Watkins could not believe that Providence would deal unkindly with a man of my rank. They toasted our recent success, and listened with engrossed interest to my account of the secret of the Stefanopouloi. Phroso sat a little apart, saying nothing, but at last I turned to her and asked, "Where does the passage lead to?"

She answered readily enough; the secret was out through Constantine's doing, not hers, and the seal was removed from her lips.

"If you follow it to the end it comes out in a little cave in the rocks on the seashore, near the creek where the Cypriote fishermen come."

"Ah," I cried, "it might help us to get there?"

She shook her head, answering:

"Constantine is sure to have that end strongly guarded now, because he knows that you have the secret."

"We might force our way."

"There is no room for more than one man to go at a time, and besides—" She paused.

"Well, what besides?"

"It would be certain death to try to go in the face of an enemy," she answered.

Denny broke in at this point.

"By the way, what of the fellow you killed? Are we going to leave him there, or must we get him up?"

Spiro had been in my mind, and now I said to Phroso:

"What did they do with the body of Stefan Stefanopoulos? There was not time for them to have taken it to the end of the way, was there?"

"No, they didn't take it to the end of the way," said she. "I will show you, if you like. Bring some torches; you must keep behind me, and right in the middle of the path."

I accepted her invitation eagerly, telling Denny to keep guard. He was very anxious to accompany us, but another and more serious attack might be in store, and I would not trust the house to Hogvardt and Watkins alone. So I took a lantern in lieu of a torch, and prepared to follow. At the last moment Hogvardt thrust into my hand one of his lances.

"It will very likely be useful," said he. "A thing like that is always useful."

I would not disappoint him, and I took the lance. Phroso signed to me to give her the lantern, and preceded me down the flight of stairs.

"We shall be in earshot of the hall?" I asked.

"Yes, for as far as we are going," she answered; and she led the way into the passage. I prayed her to let me go first, for it was just possible that some of Constantine's ruffians might still be there.

"I don't think so," she said. "He would tell as few as possible. You see, we have always kept the secret from the islanders.

I think that if you had not killed Spiro he would not have lived long after knowing it."

"The deuce!" I exclaimed. "And Vlacho?"

"Oh, I don't know. Constantine is very fond of Vlacho. Still, perhaps some day—" The unfinished sentence was expressive enough.

"What use was the secret?" I asked, as we groped our way slowly along and edged by the body of Spiro, that lay, six feet of dead clay, in the path.

"In the first place, we could escape by it," she answered, "if any tumult arose in the island. That was what Stefan tried to do, and would have done had not his own kindred been against him and overtaken him here in the passage."

"And in the second place?" I asked.

Phroso stopped, turned around and faced me.

"In the second place," she said, "if any one of the islanders became very powerful—too powerful, you know—then the ruling lord would show him great favor; and as a crowning mark of his confidence he would bid him come by night and learn the great secret; and they two would come together down this passage. But the lord would return alone."

"And the other?"

"The body of the other would be found two, three, four days or a week later, tossing on the shores of the island," answered Phroso. "For look!" She held the lantern high above her head, so that its light was projected in front of us and I could see fifteen or twenty yards ahead.

"When they reached here, Stefanopoulos and the other," she went on, "Stefanopoulos would stumble and feign to twist his foot, and he would pray the other to let him lean a little on his shoulder. Thus they would go on, the other a pace in front, the lord leaning on his shoulder. The lord would hold the torch, but he would not hold it up, as I hold the lantern, but down to the ground, so that it should light no more than a pace or two ahead. And when they came there—do you see, my lord—there?"

"I see," said I; and I believe I shivered a bit.

DENNY.

"When they came there, the torch would suddenly show the change, so suddenly that the other would start and be for an instant alarmed, and turn his head round to the lord, to ask what it meant."

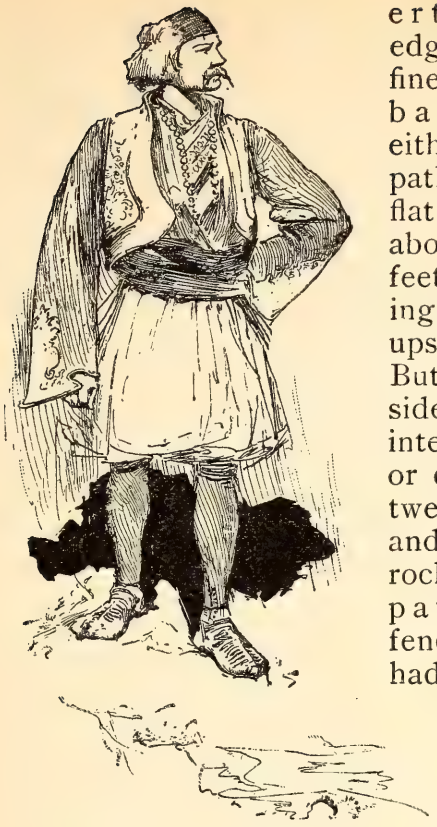
Phroso paused in her recital of the savage, simple, sufficient old trick.

"Yes?" said I. "And at that moment?"

"The lord's hand on his shoulder," she answered, "that had rested lightly, would grow heavy as lead, and with a great sudden motion the other would be hurled forward, and—the lord would be alone again with the secret, and alone the holder of power on Neopalia."

This was certainly a pretty secret of empire, and none the less although the empire it protected was but nine miles long and five broad. I took the lantern from Phroso's hand, saying, "Let's have a look."

I stepped a pace or two forward, prodding the ground with Hogvardt's lance before I moved my feet. Thus I came to the spot where the Stefanopoulos used, with a great sudden motion, to propel his enemy down. For here the rocks, that had hith-



CONSTANTINE.

erto narrowly edged and confined the path, bayed out on either side. The path ran on, a flat rock track about a couple of feet wide, forming the top of an upstanding cliff. But on either side there was an interval of seven or eight feet between the path and the walls of rock; and the path was unfenced. Even had the Stefanopoulos held his hand, and given no treacherous impulse, it would have needed a cool-headed man to walk that path by the dim glimmer of a torch. For, kneeling down and peering over the side, I saw below me, some seventy feet down, as I judged, the dark gleam of water, and I heard the low moan of its wash. Then Phroso said:

"If the man escaped the sharp rocks, he would fall into the water, and then if he could not swim he would sink at once; but if he could swim, he would swim round and round and round, like a fish in a bowl, till he grew weary, unless he chanced to find the only opening, and if he found that and passed through he would come to a rapid, where the water runs swiftly, and he would be dashed on the rocks. Only by a miracle could he escape death by one or other of these ways. So I was told when I was of age to know the secret. And it is certain that no man who fell into the water has escaped alive, although their bodies come out."

"Did Stefan's body come out?" I asked, peering at the dark water with a fascinated gaze.

"No, because they tied weights to it before they threw it down, and so with the head. Stefan is there at the bottom. Perhaps another Stefanopoulos is there also, for his body was never found. He was caught by the man he threw down, and the two fell together."

"Well, I'm glad of it," said I with emphasis, as I rose to my feet. "I wish the same thing had always happened"

"Then," remarked Phroso with a smile, "I should not be here to tell you about it."

"Hum," said I. "At all events, I wish it had generally happened. For a more villainous contrivance I never heard of in all my life. We English are not accustomed to this sort of thing."

Phroso looked at me for a moment with a strange expression of eagerness, hesitation, and fear. Then she suddenly put out her hand and laid it on my arm.

"I will not go back to my cousin, who has wronged me, if—if I may stay with you," she said.

"If you may stay!" I exclaimed, with a nervous sort of laugh.

"But will you protect me—will you stand by me? Will you swear not to leave me here alone on the island? If you will, I will tell you another thing—a thing that would certainly bring me death if it were known I had told."

"Whether you tell me, or whether you don't," said I, "I'll do what you ask."

"Then you are not the first Englishman who has been here. Seventy years ago there came an Englishman here, a daring man, a lover of our people and a friend of the great Byron. Orestes Stefanopoulos, who ruled here then, loved him very much, and brought him here and showed him the path and the water under it. And he, the Englishman, came next day with a rope, and fixed the rope at the top and let himself down. And somehow—I do not know how—he came safe out to the sea, past the rocks and the rapids. But, alas, he boasted of it! And when the thing became known, all the family came to Orestes and asked him what he had done. And he said: 'Dine with me this night, and I will tell you.' For he saw that what he had done was known. So they all dined together, and Orestes told them what he had done, and how he did it for love of the Englishman. And they said nothing, but looked sad, for they loved Orestes. But he did not wait for them to kill him, as they were bound to do; but he took a great flagon of wine, and poured into it the contents of a small flask. And his kindred said: 'Well done, Lord Orestes!' Then they all rose to their feet, and drank to him. And he drained the flagon to their good fortune, and went and lay down on his bed and turned his face to the wall and died."

I paid less attention to this new episode in the family history of the Stefanopouloi than it perhaps deserved; my thoughts were

with the Englishman, not with his too generous friend. Yet the thing was handsomely done, on both sides handsomely done.

"If he got out!" I cried, gazing at Phroso's face.

"Yes, I mean that," said she, simply. "But it must be dangerous."

"It's not exactly safe where we are," I said, smiling. "And Constantine will be guarding the proper path. By Jove, we'll try it!"

"And I must come with you. For if you go that way and escape, Constantine will kill me."

"You've just as good a right to kill Constantine."

"Still, he will kill me. You'll take me with you?"

"To be sure I will," said I.

Now, when a man pledges his word he ought, to my thinking, to look straight and honestly in the eyes of the woman to whom he is promising. Yet I did not look into Phroso's eyes, but stared awkwardly over her head at the walls of rock. Then, without any more words, we turned back and went toward the secret door. But I stopped at Spiro's body, and said to Phroso:

"Will you send Denny to me?"

She went, and when Denny came we took Spiro's body and carried it to where the walls bayed, and we flung it down into the dark water below. And I told Denny of the Englishman who had come alive through the perils of the hidden chasm. He listened with eager attention, nodding his head at every point of the story.

"There lies our road, Denny," said I, pointing with my finger. "We'll go along it to-night."

Denny looked down, shook his head, and smiled.

"And the girl?" he asked suddenly.

"She comes, too," said I.

We walked back together, Denny being unusually silent and serious. I thought that even his audacious courage was a little dashed by the sight and the associations of that grim place; so I said:

"Cheer up. If that other fellow got through the rocks, we can!"

"Oh, hang the rocks!" said Denny scornfully. "I wasn't thinking of them."

"Then what are you so glum about?"

"I was wondering," said Denny, loosing my arm, "how Beatrice Hipgrave would get on with Euphrosyne."

I looked at Denny. I tried to feel angry, or even, if I failed in that, to appear angry. But it was no use. Denny was imperturbable. I took his arm again.

"Thanks, old man," said I. "I'll remember."

For, when I considered the very emphatic assertions that I had made to Denny before we left England, I could not honestly deny that he was justified in his little reminder.

"BUT THE LAST STEP HAD TO BE TAKEN. I CRAWLED FROM THE SHELTER OF THE TREES."

CHAPTER VIII.

A KNIFE AND A ROPE.

Some modern thinkers, I believe, or perhaps, to be quite safe, I had better say some modern talkers, profess to estimate the value of a life by reference to the number of distinct sensations which it enables them to experience. Judged by a similar standard my island had been up to the present time a brilliant success; it was certainly fulfilling the functions which Mrs. Kennett Hipgrave had appropriated to it, by whiling away the time that must elapse before my marriage with her daughter and providing occupation for my thoughts during this weary interval. The difficulty was that the island seemed disinclined to restrict itself to this modest sphere of usefulness; it threatened to monopolize me, and to leave very little of me or my friends by the time that it had finished with us.

For, although we maintained our cheerfulness, our position was not encouraging.

Had matters been anything short of desperate above ground, it would have been madness to plunge into that watery hole whose egress was unknown to us, and to take such a step on the off chance of finding at the other end the Cypriote fishermen and obtaining from them either an alliance, or, if that failed, the means of flight. Yet we none of us doubted that to take the plunge was the wiser course. I did not believe in the extreme peril of the passage, for, on further questioning, Phroso told us that the Englishman had come through not only alive and well, but also dry. Therefore, there was a path; and along a path that one man can go, four men can go; while Phroso, again attired at my suggestion in her serviceable boy's suit, was the equal of any of us. So we left considering whether, and fell to the more profitable work of asking how, to go. Hogvardt and Watkins went off at once to the point of departure, armed with a pick, a mallet, some stout pegs, and a long length of rope. All save the last were ready on the premises, and that last formed always part of Hogvardt's own equipment; he wore it round his waist, and I believe slept in it, like a mediæval ascetic. Meanwhile Denny and I kept watch, and Phroso, who seemed out of humor, disappeared into her own room.

Our idea was to reach the other end of our journey somewhere about eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Phroso told us that this hour was the most favorable for finding the fishermen; they would then be taking a meal before launching their boats for the fishing grounds. Three hours seemed ample time to allow for the journey, for the way could hardly, however rich it were in windings, be more than three or four miles long. We determined, therefore, to start at five. At four Hogvardt and Watkins returned from the underground passage. They had driven three stout pegs into excavations in the rocky path, and built them securely in with stones and earth. The rope was tied fast and firm round the pegs, and the moistness of it showed its length to be sufficient. I wished to descend first, but I was at once overruled. Denny was to lead, Watkins was to follow, then came Hogvardt, then Phroso, and lastly myself. We arranged all this as we ate a good meal. Then each man stowed away a portion of goat—the goat had died the death that morning—and tied a flask of wine about him. It was a quarter to five, and Denny rose to his feet, flinging away his cigarette.

"That's my last!" said he, regretfully regarding his empty case.

His words sounded ominous, but the spirit of action was upon us, and we would not be discouraged. I went to the hall door and fired a shot, and then did the like at the back. Having thus spent two cartridges on advertising our presence, we made without delay for the passage, and with my own hand I closed the door behind us. The secret of the Stefanopouli would thus be hidden from profane eyes in the very likely event of the islanders finding their way into the house in the course of the next few hours.

I persuaded Phroso to sit down some little way from the chasm and wait till we were ready for her; we four went on. Denny was a delightful boy to deal with on such occasions. He wasted no time in preliminaries. He gave one lusty pull at the rope; it stood the test. He cast a rapid eye over the wedges; they were strong, and strongly imbedded in the rock. He laid hold of the rope.

"Don't come after me till I shout," said he, and he was over the side. The lantern showed me his descending figure, while Hogvardt and Watkins held the rope ready to haul him up in case of need. There was one moment of suspense; then his voice came, distant and cavernous.

"All right. There's a broad ledge—a foot and a half broad, twenty feet above the water, and I can see a glimmer of light that looks like the way out."

"This is almost disappointingly simple," said I.

"Would your lordship desire me to go next?" asked Watkins.

"Yes, fire away, Watkins," said I, now in high good humor.

"Stand from under, sir," called Watkins to Denny, and over he went.

A shout announced his safe arrival. I laid down the lantern, and took hold of the rope.

"I must hang on to you, Hog," said I. "You carry flesh, you see."

Hogvardt was calm, smiling, and leisurely.

"When I'm down, my lord," he said, "I'll stand ready to catch the young lady. Give me a call before you start her off."

"All right," I answered. "I'll go and fetch her directly."

Over went old Hogvardt. He groaned once; I suppose he grazed against the wall; but he descended with perfect

safety, and Denny called: "Now we're ready for her, Charlie. Lower away!" And I, turning, began to walk back to where I had left Phroso.

My island—and I can hardly resist personifying it in the image of some charming girl, full of tricks and surprises, yet all the while enchanting—had now behaved well for two hours. The limit of its endurance seemed to be reached. In another five minutes Phroso and I would have been safely down the rope and the party reunited at the bottom, with a fair hope of carrying out at least the first part of the enterprise prosperously. But it was not to be. My eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom, and when I went back I left the lantern standing by the rope. Suddenly, when I was still a few yards from Phroso, I heard a curious noise—a sort of shuffling sound, rather like the noise made by a rug or carpet drawn along the floor. I stood still and listened, turning my head round to the chasm. The noise continued for a minute. I took a step in the direction of it. Then a thing occurred which looked very strange. The lantern appeared to get up, raise itself a foot or so in the air, keeping its light toward me, and threw itself over the chasm! At the same instant there was a rasp. Heavens, it was a knife on the rope. A cry came from far down in the chasm. I darted forward. I rushed to where the walls bayed and the chasm opened.

The shuffling sound had begun again; and in the middle of the isolated path I saw a dark object. It must be the figure of a man—a man who had watched our proceedings, unobserved by us, and seized this chance of separating our party. For a moment—a fatal moment—I stood aghast, doing nothing. Then I drew my revolver, and fired—once—twice—thrice. The bullets whistled along the path, but the dark figure was no longer to be seen there. But in an instant came an answering shot from across the bridge of rock. Denny shouted wildly to me from below. I fired again; there was a groan, but two shots flashed at the very same moment. There were two men there—perhaps more. I stood again for a moment, undecided. But I could do no good there. I turned and ran fairly and fast. "Come, come," I cried, when I reached Phroso. "Come back! Come back! They've cut the rope, and they'll be on us directly."

Amazed, she yet rose as I bade her. We heard feet running along the passage. They would be across the bridge now. Would they stop and fire down the chasm? No, they were coming on. And we also went on; a touch of Phroso's practised fingers opened the door for us. I turned, and in wrath gave the pursuers one more shot. Then I ran up the stairs and shut the door behind us. We were in the hall again, but Phroso and I alone.

A hurried story told her all that had happened. Her breath came quick, and her cheek flushed.

"The cowards!" she said. "They dared not attack us when we were all together!"

"They will attack us before very long now," said I, "and we can't possibly hold the house against them. Why, they may open that trap-door any moment."

Phroso stepped quickly toward it, and stooping, for an instant examined it. "Yes," she said, "they may. I can't fasten it. You spoilt the fastening with your pick."

Hearing this, I stepped up close to the door, and I called out: "The first man who looks out is a dead man."

No sound came from below. Either they were too hurt to attempt the attack, or more probably they preferred the safer and surer way of surrounding us and overwhelming us by numbers from outside. Indeed we were at our last gasp now, and I flung myself despondently on to a chair, but I kept my finger on my weapon and my eye on the trap-door.

"They cannot get back—our friends—and we cannot get to them," said Phroso.

"No," said I. Her simple statement was terribly true.

"And we cannot stay here!" she pursued.

"They'll be at us in an hour or two at most, I warrant. Those fellows will carry back the news that we are alone here."

"And if they come?" she said, fixing her eyes on me.

"They won't hurt you, will they?"

"I don't know what Constantine would do; but I don't think the people will let him hurt me, unless——"

"Well, unless what?"

She hesitated, looked at me, looked away again. I believe that my eyes were now guilty of neglecting the trap-door, which I ought to have watched.

"Unless what?" I said again. But Phroso grew red and did not answer.

"Unless you're so foolish as to try and protect me, you mean?" I said. "Unless you refuse to give them back what Constantine offers to win for them—the island?"

"They will not let you have the island," she said, in a low voice. "I dare not face them and tell them it is yours."

"Do you admit it's mine?" I asked eagerly.

A slow smile dawned on Phroso's face; she held out her hand to me. Ah, Denny, my conscience, why were you at the bottom of the chasm? I seized her hand and kissed it.

"Between friends," she said softly, "there is no thine or mine."

Ah, Denny, where were you? I kissed her hand again—and dropped it like a red-hot coal.

"But I can't say that to my islanders," said Phroso, smiling.

Charming as it was, I wished she had not said it to me. I wished that she would not speak as she spoke, or look as she looked, or to be what she was. I forgot all about the trap-door. The island was piling sensations on me.

At last I got up and went to the table. I found there a scrap of paper on which Denny had drawn a fancy sketch of Constantine (to whom, by the way, he attributed hoofs and a tail). I turned the blank side uppermost, and took my pencil out of my pocket. I was determined to put the thing on a business-like footing; so I began, "Whereas"—which has a cold, legal, business-like sound.

"Whereas," I wrote in English, "this island of Neopalia is mine, I hereby fully, freely, and absolutely give it to the Lady Euphrosyne, niece of Stefan Georgios Stefanopoulos, lately lord of the said island—Wheatley." And I made a copy underneath, in Greek, and, walking across to Phroso, handed the paper to her, remarking, in a rather disagreeable tone, "There you are. That'll put all straight, I hope." Then I sat down again, feeling out of humor. I did not like giving up my island, even to Phroso. Moreover I had the strongest doubts whether my surrender would be of the least use in saving my skin.

I do not know that I need relate what Phroso did when I gave her back her island. These southern races have picturesque but extravagant ways. I did not know where to look while she was thanking me, and it was as much as I could do not to call out, "Do stop!" However, presently she did stop, but not because I asked her. She was stayed by a sudden thought that had been in my mind all the while, but now flashed suddenly into hers.

"But Constantine?" she said. "You know his—his secrets! Won't he still try to kill you?"

Of course he would, if he valued his own neck. For I had sworn to see him hanged for one murder, and I knew that he meditated another.

"Oh, don't you bother about that," said I. "I expect I can manage Constantine."

"Do you think I'm going to desert you?" she asked in superb indignation.

"No, no, of course not," I protested, rather in a fright. "I shouldn't think of accusing you of such a thing."

"You know that's what you meant," said Phroso, a world of reproach in her voice.

"My dear lady," said I, "getting you into trouble won't get me out of it, and getting you out may get me out. Take that paper in your hand and go back to your people. Say nothing about Constantine just now; play with him. You know what I've told you, and you won't be deluded by him. Don't let him see that you know anything of the woman at the cottage. It won't help you, it may hurt me, and it will certainly bring her into greater danger; for if nothing has happened to her already, yet something may, if his suspicions are aroused."

"I am to do all this! And what will you do, my lord?"

"I say, don't call me 'my lord.' We say 'Lord Wheatley.' What am I going to do? I'm going to make a run for it."

"But they'll kill you!"

"Then shall I stay here?"

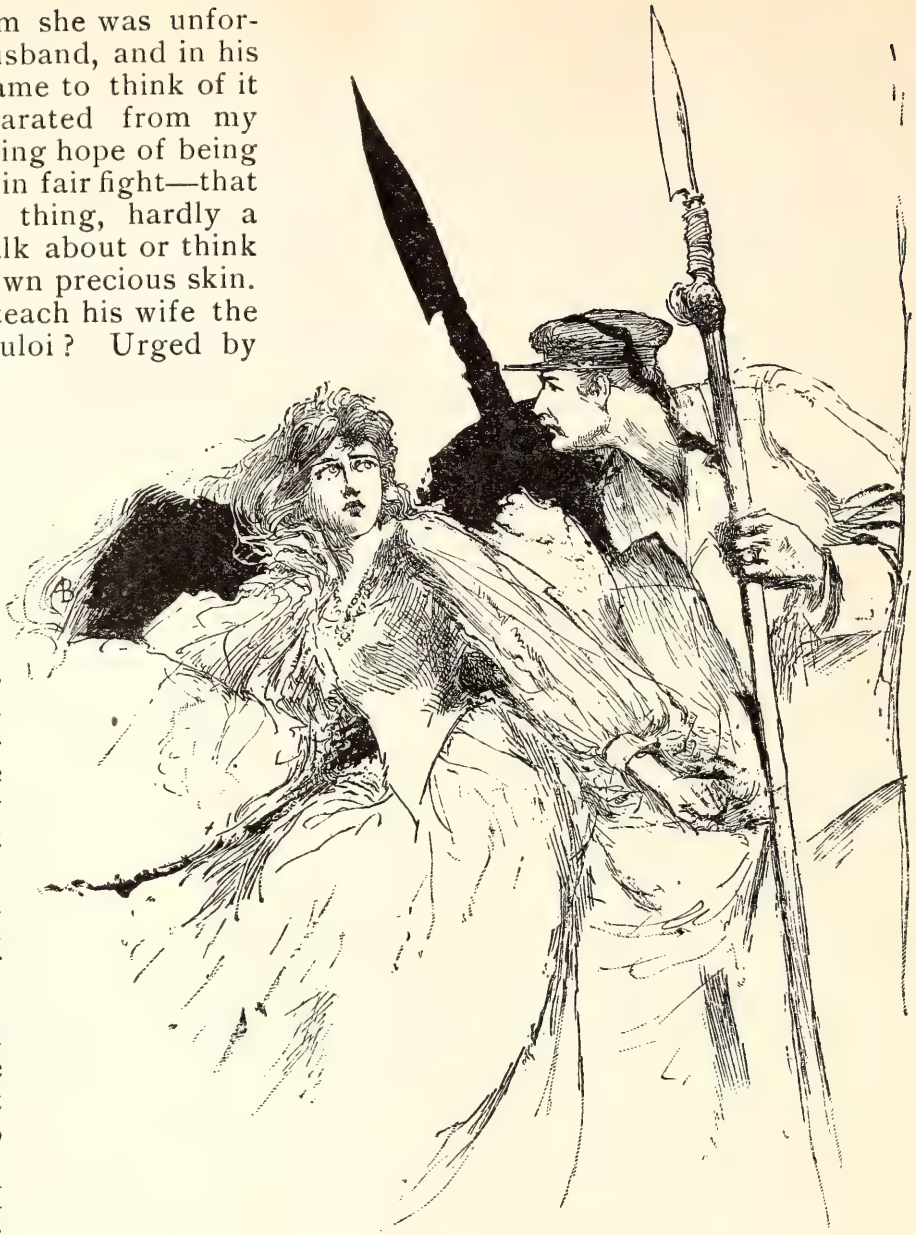
"Yes, stay here."

"But Constantine's fellows will be here before long."

"You must give yourself up to them and tell them to bring you to me. They couldn't hurt you then."

Well, I wasn't sure of that, but I pretended to believe it. The truth is that I dared not tell Phroso what I had actually resolved to do. It was a risky job, but it was a chance, and it was more than a chance. It was very like an obligation that a man had no right to shrink from discharging. Here was I planning to make Phroso comfortable; that was right enough. And here was I planning to keep my own skin whole; well, a man does no wrong in doing that. But what of that unlucky woman on the hill? I knew friend Constantine would take care that Phroso should not come within speaking distance of her. Was nobody to set her on guard? Was I to leave her to her blind

trust in the ruffian whom she was unfortunate enough to call husband, and in his tool, Vlacho? Now I came to think of it—now that I was separated from my friends and had no lingering hope of being able to beat Constantine in fair fight—that seemed hardly the right thing, hardly a thing I should care to talk about or think about, if I did save my own precious skin. Would not Constantine teach his wife the secret of the Stefanopouloi? Urged by these reflections, I made up my mind to play a little trick on Phroso, and feigned to accept her suggestion that I should rely on her to save me. She evidently had great confidence in her influence, now that she held that piece of paper. I had less confidence in it, for it was clear that Constantine wielded immense power over these unruly islanders, and I thought it likely enough that they would demand from Phroso a promise to marry him as the price of obeying her. Then, whether Constantine did or did not promise me my life, I felt sure that he would do his best to rob me of it.



"'NOT A WORD!' I SAID, LAYING MY HAND ON HER SHOULDER."

Well, time pressed. I rose and unbolted the door of the house. Phroso sat still. I looked along the road. I saw nobody, but I heard the blast of the horn that had fallen on my ears once before and had proved the forerunner of an attack. Phroso also heard it, for she sat up, saying, "Hark, they are summoning all the men to the town! That means they are coming here."

But it meant something else also to me; if all the men were summoned, there would be fewer for me to elude in the wood.

"Will they all go?" I asked, as though in mere curiosity.

"All who are not on some duty," she answered.

I had to hope for the best, but Phroso went on in distress:

"It means that they are coming here—here, to take you."

"Then you must lose no time in going," said I, and I took her hand and gently raised her to her feet. She stood there for a moment, looking at me. I had let go her hand, but she took mine again now, and she said, with a sudden vehemence and a rush of rich deep red on her olive cheek:

"If they kill you, they shall kill me, too."

The words gushed impetuously from her, but at the end there was a choke in her throat.

"No, no, nonsense," said I. "You've got the island now. You mustn't talk like that."

"I don't care—" she began, and stopped.

"Besides, I shall pull through," said I.

She dropped my hand, but she kept her eyes on mine.

"And if you get away?" she asked. "What will you do? If you get to Rhodes, what will you do?"

"All I shall do is to lay an information against your cousin and the innkeeper. The rest are ignorant fellows, and I bear them no malice. Besides, they are your men now."

"And when you have done that?" she asked gravely.

"Well, that'll be all there is to do," said I, with an attempt at playful gayety. It was not a very happy attempt.

"Then you'll go home to your own people?"

"I shall go home. I've got no people in particular."

"And shall you ever come to Neopalia again?"

"I don't know. Yes, if you invite me."

She regarded me intently for a full minute. She seemed to have forgotten the blast of the horn that summoned the islanders. I also had forgotten it, and I saw nothing but the perfect oval face crowned with clustering hair, and framing deep liquid eyes. Then she drew a ring from her finger.

"You have fought for me," she said. "You have risked your life for me. Will you take this ring from me? And once I tried to stab you. Do you remember, my lord?"

I bowed my head, and Phroso set the ring on my finger.

"Wear it till a woman you love gives you one to wear instead," said Phroso, with a little smile. "And then go to the edge of your island—you are an islander, too, are you not? so we are brethren—go to the edge of your island and throw it into the sea; perhaps my dear friend, the sea, will bring it back, a message from you to me. For I think you will never again come to Neopalia."

I made no answer, and we walked together to the door of the house, and paused again for a moment on the threshold.

"See, the blue sea!" said Phroso. "Is it not—is not your island—a beautiful island? If God brings you safe to your own land, my lord, as I will pray him to do on my knees, think kindly of your island and of one who dwells there."

The blast of the horn had died away. The setting sun was turning blue to gold on the quiet water. The evening was very still; we stood looking from the threshold of the door, under the portal of the house that had seen such strange wild doings, and had so swiftly made for itself a place forever in my life and memory.

I glanced at Phroso's face. Her eyes were set on the sea, her cheek had gone pale again, and her lip was quivering. Suddenly came a loud, sharp note on the horn.

"It is the signal for the start," said she. "I must go, or they will be here in heat and anger, and I shall not be able to stop them. And they will kill my lord. No, I will say 'my lord.'"

She moved to leave me. I had answered nothing to all she had said. What was there that an honorable man could say? Was there one thing? I told myself (too eager to tell it to myself) that I had no right to presume to say that. And anything else I would not say.

"God bless you," I said, as she moved away, and I caught her hand and again lightly kissed it. "My homage to the lady of the island," I whispered.

Her hand dwelt in mine a moment, briefer than our divisions of time can reckon, fuller than is often the longest of them. Then with one last look, questioning, appealing, excusing, protesting, confessing, aye, and (for my sins) hoping, she left me, and stepped along the rocky road in the grace and glory of her youth and beauty. I stood watching her, forgetting the woman at the cottage, forgetting my own danger, forgetting even the peril she ran whom I watched—forgetting everything save the old that bound me and the new that called me. So I stood till she vanished from my sight; and still I stood, for she was there though the road hid her. I was roused at last only by a great cry, of surprise, of fierce joy and triumph, that rent the still air of the evening and echoed back in rumblings from the hill. The Neopalians were greeting their rescued lady.

Then I turned, snatched up Hogvardt's lance again, and fled through the house, to do my errand. For I would save that woman, if I could; and my own life was not mine to lose any more than it was mine to give to whom I would. I recollect that, as I ran through the kitchen and across the compound, making for the steps in the bank of rock, I said, "God forgive me!"

CHAPTER IX.

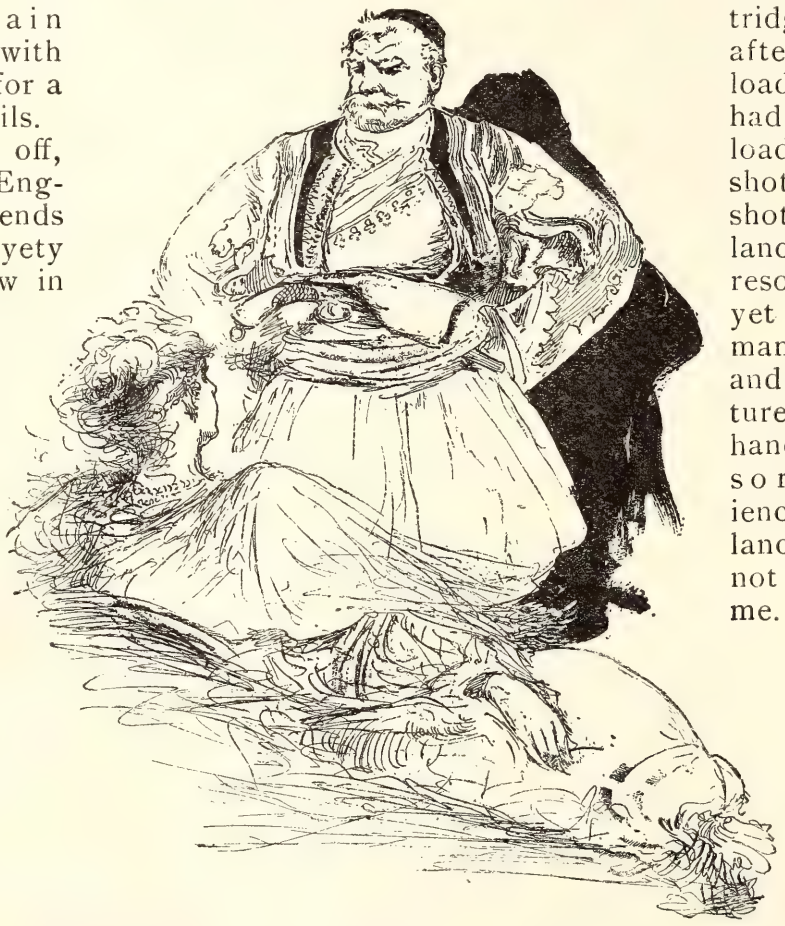
HATS OFF TO ST. TRYPHON!

A MAN'S mind can move on more than one line, and even the most engrossing selfish care may fail entirely to occupy it or to shut out intruding rivals. Not only should I have been wise, but I should have

chosen, in that risky walk of mine through the wood that covered the hill-slope, to think of nothing but its risk. Yet countless other things exacted a share of my thoughts. Sometimes I was with Denny and his faithful followers, threading dark and devious ways in the bowels of the earth, avoiding deep waters on one side, sheer falls on the other, losing the track, finding it again, deluded by deceptive glimmers of light, finding at last the true outlet; now received hospitably by the Cypriote fishermen, now fiercely assailed by them; again finding none of them; now making allies of them; now carried prisoners by them to Constantine; again scouring the sea with vain eagerness for a sight of their sails.

Then I was off, far away, to England, to my friends there, to the gayety of London, now in its full rushing tide, to Mrs. Hipgrave's exclusive receptions, to Beatrice's gay talk and pretty insolence, to Hamlyn's gilded dulness, in rapid survey of all the panorama that I knew so well. Then I would turn back to the scene I had left, and again bid my farewell under the quiet sky, in prospect of the sea that turned to gold. So I passed back and forward till I seemed myself hardly a thinking man, but rather a piece of blank glass, across which the myriad mites of the kaleidoscope chased one another, covering it with varying colors, but none of them imparting their hue to it. Yet all this time, by the strange division of mental activity of which I have spoken, I was crawling cautiously but quickly up the mountain side, with eyes keen to pierce the dusk that now fell, with ears apt to find an enemy in every rustling leaf and a hostile step in every woodland sound. But I had seen no real foes yet. Ah! Hush! I dropped on my knees. Away there on the right—what was it leaning against that tree trunk? It was a tall, lean man; his arms rested on a long gun, and his face was towards the old gray house.

Would he see me? I crouched lower. Would he hear me? I was as still as dead. Spiro had been in the passage. But then I felt stealthily for the butt of my revolver; and a recollection so startling came to me that I nearly betrayed myself by some sudden movement. In the distribution of burdens for our proposed journey, Denny had taken the case containing the spare cartridges that remained after we had all reloaded. But now I had only one barrel loaded—only one shot left. That one shot and Hogvardt's lance were my only resources. I crouched yet lower; but the man was motionless, and presently I ventured to move on my hands and knees, sorely inconvenienced by the long lance, but determined not to leave it behind me. I passed another sentry a hundred yards or so away on the left; but his head was sunk on his breast, and he took no notice of me. I breathed a little more freely as I came within fifty feet of the cottage.



"THEN VLACHO SAID, IN SULLEN, RESOLUTE TONES, 'I'LL NOT GO WITHOUT YOU. . . . COME!'"

Immediately about the house nobody was in sight. This, however, in Neopalia did not always mean that nobody was near, and I abated none of my caution. But the last step had to be taken. I crawled from the shelter of the trees and crouched on one knee on the level space round the cottage. The cottage door was open. I listened, but heard nothing. Well, I meant to go in; and my entrance would be none the easier for waiting. A quick dart was safest; in a couple of bounds I was across, in the veranda, through the door, in the house. I closed

the door noiselessly behind me, and stood there, Hogvardt's lance ready for the first man I saw. But I saw none. I was in a narrow passage; there were doors on either side of me. Listening again, I heard no sound from either side. I opened the door to the right. I saw a small square room; the table was spread for a meal, three places being laid, but the room was empty.

I turned to the other door and opened it. This room was darker, for heavy curtains, drawn, no doubt, earlier in the day, to keep out the sun, had not been drawn back, and the light was very dim. For a while I could make out little, but, my eyes growing more accustomed to the darkness, I soon perceived that I was in a sitting-room, sparsely and rather meanly furnished. Then my eyes fell on a couch, which stood against the wall opposite me; and on the couch lay a figure. It was the figure of a woman; I heard now the slight but regular sound of her breath. She was asleep. This must be the woman I sought. But was she a sensible woman? Or would she scream when I waked her, and bring those tall fellows out of the wood? In hesitation I stood still and watched her. She slept like one who was weary, but not at peace; restless movements, and, now and again, broken, incoherent exclamations witnessed to her disquiet. Presently her broken sleep passed into half-wakeful consciousness, and she sat up, looking round her with a dazed glance.

"Is that you, Constantine?" she asked, rubbing her hand across her eyes. "Or is it Vlacho?"

With a swift step I was by her.

"Neither. Not a word," I said, laying my hand on her shoulder.

I was, I dare say, an alarming figure, with the butt of my revolver peeping out of my pocket, and Hogvardt's lance in my left hand. But she did not cry out.

"I am Wheatley. I have escaped from the house there," I went on, "and I've come here because there's something I must tell you. You remember our last meeting?"

She looked at me still in amazed surprise, but with a gleam of recollection.

"Yes, yes. You were—we went to watch you—yes, at the restaurant?"

"You went to watch and to listen? Yes, I supposed so. But I've been near you since then. Do you remember the man who was on your veranda?"

"That was you?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes, it was. And while I was there I heard——"

"But what are you doing here? This house is watched. Constantine may be here any moment, or Vlacho."

"I'm as safe here as I was down the hill. Now listen! Are you this man's wife, as he called you that night?"

"Am I his wife? Of course I am his wife. How else could I be here?" The indignation expressed in her answer was the best guarantee of its truth, and became her well. And she held her hand up to me, as she had to the man himself in the restaurant, adding: "There is his ring."

"Then listen to me, and don't interrupt," said I brusquely. "Time's valuable to me, and even more, I fear, to you."

Her eyes were alarmed now, but she listened in silence, as I bade her. I told her briefly what had happened to me, and then I set before her more fully the conversation between Constantine and Vlacho, which I had overheard. She clutched the cushions of the sofa in her clenched hand, her breathing came quick and fast, her eyes gleamed at me even in the gloom of the curtained room. I don't believe that in her heart she was surprised at what she heard. She had mistrusted the man; her demeanor the first time I had seen her went far to prove that. She received my story rather as a confirmation of her own suspicions than as a new and startling revelation. She was fearful, excited, strung to a high pitch; but astonished she was not, if I read her right. And when I ended, it was not astonishment that clenched her lips and brought to her eyes a look that I think Constantine himself would have shrunk from meeting. I had paused at the end of my narrative, but I recollected one thing more. I must warn her about the secret passage; for that offered her husband too ready and easy a way of relieving himself of his burden. But now she interrupted me.

"This girl?" she said. "I have not seen her. What is she like?"

"She is very beautiful," said I, simply. "She knows what I have told you, and is on her guard. You need fear nothing from her. It is your husband whom you have to fear."

"He would kill me?" she asked, with a questioning glance.

"You have heard what he said," I returned. "Put your own meaning on it."

She sprang to her feet.

"I can't stay here; I can't stay here. Merciful heaven, they may come any moment! Where are you going? How are

you going to escape? You are in as much danger as I am."

"I believe in even greater," said I. "I was going straight from here down to the sea. If I can find my friends, we'll go through with the thing together. If I don't find them, I shall hunt for a boat. If I don't find a boat—well, I'm a good swimmer, and I shall live as long in the water as in Neopalia, and die easier, I fancy."

She was standing now, facing me, and she laid her hand on my arm.

"You stand by women, you Englishmen," she said. "You won't leave me to be murdered?"

"You see I am here. Doesn't that answer your question?"

"My God, he is a fiend! Will you take me with you?"

What could I do? Her coming gave little chance to her, and robbed me of almost all prospect of escape. But of course I could not leave her.

"You must come if you see no other way of escape," said I.

"Why, what other is there? If I avoid him he will see I suspect him. If I appear to trust him, I must put myself in his power."

"Then we must go," said I. "But it's a thousand to one that we don't get through."

I had hardly spoken when a voice outside said: "Is all well?" and a heavy step echoed in the veranda.

"Vlacho!" she hissed, in a whisper. "Vlacho! Are you armed?"

"In a way," said I, with a shrug. "But there are at least two besides him. I saw them in the wood."

"Yes, yes, true. There are four generally. It would be death. Here, hide behind the curtains. I will try to put him off for the moment. Quick, quick!"

She was hurried and eager, but I saw that her wits were clear. I stepped behind the curtains, and she drew them close. I heard her fling herself again on the couch. Then came the innkeeper's voice, his roughness softened in deferential greeting. At the same time a strong smell of *eau de cologne* pervaded the room.

"Am I well?" said Madame Stefanopoulos, fretfully. "My good Vlacho, I am very ill. Should I sit in a dark room and bathe my head with this stuff if I were well?"

"My lady's sickness grieves me beyond expression," said Vlacho, politely. "And the more so because I am come from my Lord Constantine with a message for you."

"It is easier for him to send messages than to come himself," she remarked with an admirable pretence of resentment.

"Think how occupied he has been with this pestilent Englishman," said the plausible Vlacho. "We have had no peace. But at last I hope our troubles are over. The house is ours again."

"Ah, you have driven them out?"

"They fled themselves," said Vlacho. "But they are separated, and we shall catch them. Yes, we know where to look for most of them."

"Then you've not caught any of them yet? How stupid you are."

"My lady is severe. No, we have caught none as yet."

"Not even Wheatley himself?" she asked. "Has he shown you a clean pair of heels?"

Vlacho's voice betrayed irritation as he answered:

"We shall find him in turn also, though heaven knows where the rascal has hidden himself."

"You are really very stupid," said Francesca; and I heard her sniff her perfume. "And the girl?" she went on.

"Oh, we have her safe and sound," laughed Vlacho. "She will give no more trouble."

"Why, what will you do with her?"

"You must ask my lord that," said Vlacho. "If she will give up the island, perhaps nothing."

"Ah, well, I take very little interest in her. Is not my husband coming to supper, Vlacho?"

"To supper here, my lady? Surely, no. The great house is ready now. That is a more fitting place for my lady than this doghole! I am here to escort you there; and there my lord will sup with you. Oh, it is a grand house!"

"A grand house!" she echoed scornfully. "Why, what is there to see in it?"

"Oh, many things," said Vlacho. "Yes, secrets, my lady! And my lord bids me say that from love of you he will show you to-night the great secret of his house. He desires to show his love and trust in you, and will therefore reveal to you all his secrets."

When I, behind the curtain, heard the ruffian say this, I laid firmer hold on my lance. But the lady was equal to Vlacho.

"You are very melodramatic with your secrets," she said contemptuously. "I am tired, and my head aches. Your secrets will wait; if my husband will not come and

sup with me, I'll sup alone here. Tell him I can't come, please, Vlacho."

"But my lord was most urgent that you should come," said Vlacho.

"I would come if I were well," said she.

"But I could help you. If you would permit, I and my men would carry you down all the way on your couch."

"My good Vlacho, you are very tedious, you and your men. And my husband is tedious also, if he sent all these long messages. I am ill, and I will not come. Is that enough?"

"My lord will be very angry if I return alone," pleaded Vlacho humbly.

"I will write a certificate that you did your best to persuade me," she said, with a scornful laugh.

I heard the innkeeper's heavy feet move a step or two across the floor. He was coming nearer to where she lay on the couch.

"I dare not return without you," said he.

"Then you must stay here and sup with me."

"My lord does not love to be opposed."

"Then, my good Vlacho, he should not have married me," she retorted.

She played the game gallantly, fencing and parrying with admirable tact, and with a coolness wonderful for a woman in such peril. My heart went out to her, and I said to myself that she should not want for any help that I could give.

She had raised her voice on the last words, and her defiant taunt rang out clear and loud. It seemed to alarm Vlacho.

"Hush, not so loud!" he said hastily; and there was the hint of a threat in his voice.

"Not so loud!" she echoed. "And why not so loud? Is there harm in what I say?"

I wondered at Vlacho's sudden alarm. The idea shot into my head—and the idea was not a pleasant one—that there must be people within earshot, perhaps people who had not been trusted with Constantine's secrets, and would, for that reason, do his bidding better.

"Harm? No, no harm; but no need to let every one hear," said Vlacho, confusedly and with evident embarrassment.

"Every one! Who is here, then?"

"I have brought one or two men to escort my lady," said he. "With these cut-throat Englishmen about" (bravo, bravo, Vlacho!) "one must be careful."

A scornful laugh proclaimed her opinion of his subterfuge, and she met him with a skilful thrust.

"But if they do not know, yes, and are not to know, that I am the wife of Constantine, how can I go to the house and stay with him?" she asked.

"Oh," said he, ready again with his plausible half-truths, "that is one of the secrets. Must I tell my lady part of it? There is a most excellent hiding-place in the house, where my lord can bestow you most comfortably. You will want for nothing, and nobody will know that you are there, except the few faithful men who have guarded you here."

"Indeed, if I am still to be a stowaway, I'll stay here," said she. "If my lord will announce me publicly to all the island as his wife, then I will come and take my place at the head of his house. But without that I will not come."

"Surely you will be able to persuade him to that yourself," said Vlacho. "But dare I make conditions with my lord?"

"You will make them in my name," she answered. "Go and tell him what I say."

A pause followed. Then Vlacho said, in sullen, resolute tones:

"I'll not go without you. I was ordered to bring you, and I will. Come!"

I heard the sudden rustle of her dress as she drew back, then a little cry, "You're hurting me."

"You must come," said Vlacho. "I shall call my men and carry you."

"I will not come," she said in low tones, resolute and fierce.

Vlacho laughed. "We'll see about that," said he; and his heavy steps sounded on the floor.

"What are you going to the window for?" she cried.

"To call Demetri and Kortes to help me," said he. "Or will you come!"

I drew back a pace, resting against the window-sill; Hogvardt's lance was protruded before me. At that moment I asked nothing better than to bury its point in the fat innkeeper's flesh.

"You will repent it if you do what you say," said she.

"I shall repent it more if I do not obey my lord," said Vlacho. "See my hand is in the curtains. Will you come, my lady?"

"I will not come," said she.

There was one last short interval. I heard them both breathing, and I held my own breath. My revolver rested in my pocket; the noise of a shot would be fatal. With God's help I would drive the lance home with one silent, sufficient thrust.

There would be a rogue less in the world and another chance for her and me.

"As you will, then," said the innkeeper.

The curtain-rings rattled along the rod, the heavy hanging gave back, the moon that was newly risen streamed full in Vlacho's eyes and on the pale strained face behind him. He saw me; he uttered one low exclamation. His hand flew to his belt; he drew a pistol and raised it. But I was too quick for him. I drove the great hunting-knife on the end of Hogvardt's sapling full and straight into his breast.

With a groan he flung his arms over his head and fell sideways, half-supported by the curtain, till the fabric was rent away from the rings and fell over his body, enveloping him in a thick pall. I drew my lance back. The force of the blow had overstrained Hogvardt's wire fastenings; the blade was bent to an angle with the shaft and shook loosely from side to side. Vlacho's blood began to curl in a meandering trickle from beneath the curtain. Madame Stefanopoulos glared at me speechless. But my eyes fell from her to the floor, and there I saw two long black shadows. A sudden and desperate inspiration seized me. She was my ally, I hers; if both were held guilty of this act we could render no service to each other. If she were still unsuspected—and nobody except myself had heard her talk with Vlacho—she might yet help herself and me.

"Throw me over," I whispered in English. "Cry for help!"

"What?"

"Cry! The men are there. You may help me afterwards."

"What, pretend——?"

"Yes. Quick!"

"But they'll——"

"No, no. Quick, for God's sake, quick!"

"God help us," she whispered. Then she cried loudly: "Help! Help! Help!"

I sprang toward her! There was the crash of a man leaping through the window. I turned. Behind him I saw Demetri, standing in the moonlight. Other figures hurried up; feet pattered on the hard ground. The man who had leapt in, a very tall, handsome, and athletic fellow, whom I had not seen before, held to my head a long, old-fashioned pistol. I let my hands drop to my side, and faced him with a smile on my lips. It must be death to resist—death to me and death to my new friend; surrender might open a narrow way of safety.

"I yield," said I.

"Who are you?" he cried.

"I am Lord Wheatley," I answered.

"But did you not fly to the—?" He stopped.

"To the passage," said I. "No, I came here. I was trying to escape. I came in while madame here was asleep, and hid behind the curtain."

"Yes, yes," said she. "It is so, Kortes. It is as he says; and then Vlacho came——"

"And," said I, "when the lady had agreed to go with Vlacho, Vlacho came to the window to call you; and, by misadventure, sir, he came on me behind the curtain. And—won't you see whether he is dead?"

"Kill him, Kortes, kill him!" cried Demetri, fiercely and suddenly, from the window.

Kortes turned round.

"Peace," said he. "The man has yielded. Do I kill men who have yielded? The lady of the island and my Lord Constantine must decide his fate; it is not my office. Are you armed, sir?"

It went to my heart to give up that last treasured shot of mine. But he was treating me as an honorable man. I handed him my revolver, with a bow, saying:

"I depend on you to protect me from that fellow and the rest till you deliver me to those you speak of."

"In my charge you are safe," said Kortes; and he stepped down and lifted the curtain from Vlacho's face. The innkeeper stirred and groaned. He was not dead yet. Kortes turned round to Demetri.

"Stay here and tend him. Do what you can for him. When I am able I will send aid to him. But I do not think he will live."

Demetri scowled. He seemed not to like the part assigned to him.

"Are you going to take this man to my Lord Constantine?" he asked. "Leave another with Vlacho, and let me come with you, my lord."

"Who should better stay with Vlacho than his nephew Demetri?" asked Kortes with a smile. (This relationship was a new light to me.) "I am going to do what my duty is. Come, no questioning. Do not I command, now Vlacho is wounded?"

"And the lady here?" asked Demetri.

"I am not ordered to lay a finger on the

lady," answered Kortes. "Indeed I do not know who she is."

Francesca interposed with great dignity:

"I will come with you," said she. "I have my story to tell when this gentleman is put on his trial. Who I am you will know soon."

Demetri had climbed in at the window. He passed me with a savage scowl, and I saw that one side of his head was bound with a blood-stained bandage. He saw me looking at it.

"Aye," he growled. "I owe you the loss of half an ear."

"In the passage?" I hazarded, much pleased.

"I shall pay the debt," said he, "or see it paid handsomely for me by my lord."

"Come," said Kortes, "let us go."

Fully believing that the fact of Kortes being in command instead of Demetri had saved me from instant death, I was not inclined to dispute his orders. I walked out of the house, and took the place he indicated to me in the middle of a line of islanders, some ten or twelve in number. Kortes placed himself by my side, and Madame Stefanopoulos walked on his other hand. The islanders maintained absolute silence. I followed their example. But my heart, I must confess, beat as I waited to see in what direction our column was to march. We started down the hill toward the house. If we were going to the house, I had perhaps twenty minutes to live, and the lady who was with us would not long survive me. In vain I scanned Kortes's comely, grave face. He marched with the impassive regularity of a grenadier, and displayed much the same expressionless steadiness of face. Nearer to the fatal house we came. But my heart gave a sudden leap of hope and excitement, for Kortes cried, softly, "To the right." We turned down the path that led up from the town, leaving the house on the left. We were not going straight to death, and every respite was pregnant with unforeseen chances of escape. I touched Kortes on the shoulder.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To the town," he answered.

Again in silence we pursued our way down the hillside. The path broadened, and the incline became less steep; a few lights twinkled from the sea, that now spread before us. Still we went on. Then I heard the bell of a church strike twelve. The strokes ended, but another bell began to ring. Our escort stopped with one accord. They took off their caps and signed the cross on their breasts. Kortes did the same as the rest. I looked at him in question, but he said nothing till the caps were replaced and we were on our way again. Then he said:

"To-day is the feast of St. Tryphon. Did you not know?"

"No," said I. "St. Tryphon I know, but his feast is not kept always on this day."

"Always on this day in Neopalia," he answered, and he seemed to look at me as though he were asking me some unspoken question.

The feast of St. Tryphon might have interested me very much at any ordinary time, but just now my study of the customs of the islanders had been directed into another channel, and I did not pursue the subject. Kortes walked in silence some little way farther. We had now reached the main road, and were descending rapidly toward the town. I saw again the steep narrow street, empty and still in the moonlight. We held on our way till we came to a rather large square building which stood back from the road, and had thus escaped my notice when we passed it on the evening of our arrival. Before this Kortes stopped. "Here you must lodge with me," said he. "Concerning the lady I have no orders."

Madame Stefanopoulos caught my arm.

"I must stay too," said she. "I cannot go back to my house."

"It is well," said Kortes calmly. "There are two rooms."

The escort ranged themselves outside the building, which now appeared to be either a sort of barrack or place of confinement. We three entered. At a sign from Kortes, Madame Stefanopoulos passed into a large room on the right. I followed him into a smaller room, scantily furnished, and flung myself in exhaustion on a wooden bench that ran along the wall. For an instant Kortes stood regarding me. His face seemed to express hesitation, but the look in his eyes was not unfriendly. The bell, which had continued to ring till now, ceased. Then Kortes said to me in a low voice:

"Take courage, my lord. For a day you are safe. Not even Constantine would dare to kill a man on the feast of St. Tryphon."

And before I could answer he was gone; I heard the bolt of the door run home. I was a prisoner.

Yet I took courage, as he bade me.

Four and twenty hours' life was more than I had been able to count on for some time past. So I also doffed my hat in honor of the holy St. Tryphon. And presently I lifted my legs on the bench, took off my coat, made a pillow of it, and went to sleep.

CHAPTER X.

THE JUSTICE OF THE ISLAND.

HELPLESSNESS brings its own peculiar consolation. After a week's planning and scheming what you will do to the enemy, it is a kind of relief to lie with your arms by your side and wonder what the enemy may be pleased to do to you. This relaxation was vouchsafed to my brain when I awoke in the morning and found the sun streaming into the whitewashed cell-like room. It was the feast of St. Tryphon—all praise to him!—and Kortes said that I could not be killed that day. I doubted Constantine's scruples, yet perhaps he would not venture to outrage the popular sentiment of Neopalia. But nothing forbade my being killed to-morrow. Well, to-morrow is to-morrow, and to-day is to-day, and there will be that difference between them so long as the world lasts. I stretched myself and yawned luxuriously. I was, strangely enough, in a hopeful frame of mind. I made sure that Denny had found his way safely, and that the Cypriote fishermen had been benevolent. I proved to myself that with Constantine's exposure his power would end. I plumed myself on having put Vlacho *hors du combat.* I believe I said to myself that villainy would not triumph, that honest men would come by their own, and that unprotected beauty would find help from heaven; which showed that relics of youth hung about me and (I am afraid it depends on this rather) that I was feeling very well after my refreshing sleep.

Alas! my soothing reveries were rudely interrupted.

> At a touch sweet pleasure melteth,
> Like to bubbles when rain pelteth!

and at the sound of a gruff voice outside my dreams melted, and harsh reality was pressing hard on me again, crushing hope into resignation, buoyancy into a grim resolve to take what came with courage.

"Bring him out," cried the voice.

"It's that brute Demetri," said I to myself, wondering what had become of my friendly jailer, Kortes.

A moment later half a dozen men filed into the room, Demetri at their head. I asked him what he wanted. He answered only with a command that I should get up. "Bring him along," he added to his men; and we walked out into the street.

Evidently Neopalia was *en fête.* The houses were decked with flags; several windows exhibited pictures of the saint; women in their best attire, gay and spotlessly clean, were filing along the road, holding their children by the hand. Everybody made way for our procession, many whispers and pointed fingers proving the interest and curiosity which it was my unwilling privilege to arouse. For about a quarter of a mile we mounted the road, then we turned suddenly down to the left and began to descend again towards the sea. Soon now we arrived at the little church whose bell I had heard. Here we halted; and presently another procession emerged from the building. An old white-bearded man headed it, carrying a large picture of St. Tryphon; the old man's dress was little different from that of the rest of the islanders, but he wore the cap of a priest. He was followed by some attendants, the women and children fell in behind him, three or four cripples brought up the rear, praying as they went and stretching out their hands towards the sacred picture which the old man carried. At a sign from Demetri we also put ourselves in motion again, and the whole body of us thus made for the seashore. But some three hundred yards short of the water I perceived a broad level spot, covered with short rough turf, and surrounded for about half its circuit by a crescent-shaped bank two or three feet high. On this bank sat some twenty people, and grouped round it was the same ragged, picturesque group of armed peasants that I had seen gather in the street on the occasion of our arrival.

(To be continued.)

ST. JOHN LEADING THE VIRGIN MARY FROM THE TOMB. FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM DYCE, R. A.

Presented to the National Gallery, London, in 1894.

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD.—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, HOLMAN HUNT, AND JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.—DYCE A PRECURSOR, MADOX BROWN AN ALLY.—BURNE-JONES AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE GROUP.

By Will H. Low.

PAINTING is like a spiral spring following a circle, ever returning to the same point. But with the progress of technical ability the return to the place of departure has an upward tendency, and the artist recommences, more fully equipped for his world-old task, at a higher point than his predecessor. The nineteenth century has witnessed at least one such return for every period of thirty years. In France—with David, the return to the classic source; with Delacroix, to the freedom of conception inspired by nature; in England—Constable's research of truth in the open air, with its influence on the Continental painters, and about 1850 the Pre-Raphaelite return to the principles of the primitive painters. In Germany there had also been an effort to hark back to purer motives and more primitive forms of art as early as 1820. Friedrich Overbeck may be called the leader of this movement, the followers of which gained the name of Nazarenes. It was influenced as much by religion as by art, and having to do almost exclusively with subjects expressed by slavish subjection of method to that of the early Christian painters, it was without lasting impression on the painting of the century. The Pre-Raphaelite movement in England, with its superficial resemblance to that of the Nazarenes, was, however, distinctly modern. The painters of Italy, from the time when Giotto broke the yoke of the old Byzantine art to the moment when Ra-

THE ANNUNCIATION. FROM A PAINTING BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

This picture was purchased for the National Gallery, London, in 1886. Reproduced by permission of F. Hollyer.

ROSA TRIPLEX. FROM A PAINTING BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Reproduced by permission of F. Hollyer.

phael, in 1508, went to Rome from Florence, had depended on their individual interpretation of nature. Raphael, from an intimate acquaintance with the remains of Greek art formed at Rome, developed a style which was in itself eclectic and which later men adopted. In the course of three centuries the academic ideal had become, and to a degree remains, an impossible blending, to put it roughly, of the form of Michael Angelo, the style of Raphael, and the color of Titian. It was the masters of this pre-Raphaelite period—more specifically, some engravings from the frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli in the Campo Santo at Pisa—which gave form and direction to a group of students in the Royal Academy in 1848.

The leader of this little group was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, born May 12, 1828, at 38 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, London. He was the son of an Italian poet whose patriotism had caused his exile and refuge in London, where he married the daughter of an Italian physician whose wife was of English birth.

Rossetti was therefore more English than his birthplace alone comported, and to whatever degree his art was influenced by that of Italy, he is essentially English in his painting. After a short stage in a private art school, following five years of general education at King's College School, he entered the antique class at the Royal Academy in 1846. He never entered the life class of the Academy, nor there or elsewhere accepted or acquired the groundwork of knowledge of form which long academic study might have given him. About this time he met Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais, and together they virtually formed the confraternity whose mystic initials, P. R. B., were to startle London art two years later. The Pre-Raphaelite brethren added to their numbers four other men—James Collinson, a

painter; Thomas Woolner, a sculptor; the critic F. G. Stephens, and William Michael Rossetti, Dante Gabriel's brother.

A precursor of the new movement, though working undoubtedly in unconscious sympathy, was William Dyce, who died in 1864. Born in Aberdeen in 1806, he had, after studying at home, perfected his education on the Continent. In Rome he made the acquaintance of Overbeck, and his work, somewhat akin to that of the "Nazarenes," was largely modelled on that of Perugino and the young Raphael—before the latter went to Rome and developed his magistral style. Dyce, however, had too much the temperament of an artist to be overcome by influences such as this, and his work remains fresh and original—more like a contemporary than a follower of the Umbrian masters. His series of frescoes in the Houses of Parliament count among the best in that not altogether successful attempt at decorative art; and the "St. John leading the Virgin Mary from the Tomb," in the National Gallery, is a work sincere in sentiment, with a subdued harmony of color nowhere observable in the arid productions of Overbeck or Schnorr. He was, moreover, equipped with a solid foundation of education in art, which enabled him to draw and paint as few English painters of his time could do.

This ignorance of the *trade* of the painter, if one can thus translate that useful French word *métier*, was to be a serious stumbling-block to more than one of the P. R. B.; but for the moment, at the exhibition of 1849, the triad of painters threw down their gauntlets like a trinity of Galahads, strong because their faith was pure and their purpose earnest. Rossetti sent his picture, "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," to the free exhibition afterwards known as the Portland Gallery; and Holman Hunt his "Rienzi," and John Everett Millais his "Lorenzo and Isabella," to the Royal Academy. These works were looked at with interest divided with derision, as were their pictures of the following year, one of which was the "Annunciation" by Rossetti, reproduced herewith. The third year the storm broke about their heads. Their pictures were even removed from the exhibition, to quell the excitement. The critics assailed them, their ally Stephens replied, and the younger Rossetti wrote in defence of their principles. In 1850 a little periodical, entitled "The Germ," appeared as the organ of the brotherhood. Four numbers only were published, which are now eagerly sought by collectors. In 1851 John Ruskin espoused their cause, and in succinct phrase defined their principles. "To paint nature as it is around them, with the help of modern science," was his explanation; and so truly do the circling years bring us back to the starting point that, with nearly half a century of interval, the same motto is inscribed on the banner of new-born impressionism. The end of the two schools is the same; the means are very different. Starting from a point of insufficient education (perhaps in that condition of absolute *naïveté* which many painters newly converted to the new beliefs profess to envy), the study of nature with the Pre-Raphaelites was without direction: the painful erection of the coral insect bit by bit, detail added to detail, without a comprehensive grasp of the whole and due relation of one part to the other. The Impressionists, on the contrary, grasp the horns of the dilemma at the other end. Their endeavor is to see nature as a whole, to subordinate detail; and their recourse to "modern science" in the division of rays of color, though felt and groped for by the Pre-Raphaelites, is much more decided, as befits the progress which has been made in the study of the laws of color since 1850.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement was undoubtedly the fruit of the poetic spirit which, ineffectually stifled at the death of Keats, now sprung up anew. This spirit, seeking means of expression, followed the immutable laws of art, and sought the protean source of nature. Greater veracity in landscape painting was, as we have seen, a generation old, but the figure painters lagged behind. Two of the three men who bore the brunt of the fray, Rossetti and Holman Hunt, were innocent of academical training. The third, Millais, was a prize student of the Academy, and so essentially a student that his whole connection with the movement was but a transitory stage in his development. Never, therefore, was a revolution started by men less prepared with weapons, and the few works produced which can be classed as belonging to Pre-Raphaelitism pure and simple, are more worthy in intention than in execution. The intention, however, was so evident that the never severely critical public of England were at once interested.

Two admirable results followed: First, the younger painters were influenced to return to nature; and, secondly, sentiment

CHRIST WASHING ST. PETER'S FEET. FROM A PAINTING BY FORD MADOX BROWN.

This painting was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1852, and is now in the National Gallery, London.

displaced anecdote as subject for pictures. The disciples of the school in many cases commenced as did the founders, with a painful registration of detail; honest facts reproduced without order or sequence. But, with few exceptions, those whose talent and training were strong rose above this somewhat servile attitude, and their art, the art of England in general, made a distinct advance. Though lacking the *métier* which is almost the common property of the French painters, they had from the beginning a personal expression which school could not have given them, and which possibly school might have stifled. The tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind, doubtless inherited from some foggy ancestor in the North, to be obscure and involved, to confuse thought which can be expressed by painting with thought which should be expressed by writing, often marred their work, and there an infusion of Gallic clarity would not have come amiss. By the public which they addressed, however, this was rather accounted a virtue, even as a tendency to obscurity in Browning has its stanch defenders.

As literature was one of the mainstays of the school, Rossetti's pictures were often appropriately accompanied by sonnets. Holman Hunt's more prosaic art was reënforced by pamphlets—one a tract of twelve pages; and though Millais's lightly renounced allegiance to the cult found it unnecessary to make such personal profession of faith, others did it for him, and from Ruskin's vivid English down through the list of the younger writers of the time literature stood champion for the new art. The art in turn repaid the service; for all of that splendid school of illustrators, which commenced with the drawings made for an edition of Tennyson by the brother-

THE SCAPEGOAT. FROM A PAINTING BY W. HOLMAN HUNT.

The original painting is now in the possession of W. Cuthbert Quilter, Esq., M. P. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1856. "And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited."—LEVITICUS xvi, 22.

hood, and continued through the "Cornhill Magazine" and "Punch" down to this day, when fortunately the latter periodical still possesses Du Maurier, were tinctured with the spirit of the Pre-Raphaelites.

This would suggest that the spirit had become, at even an early date, somewhat diffused, and such in fact was the case. As though with the decision of youth, their first assertion was over-emphatic, as early as 1852 they sought to welcome within their fold Ford Madox Brown, a painter of as thorough training as the best schools of the time could give. The honor of election to the brotherhood Madox Brown declined, though in apparent contradiction to this refusal is the fact that, with the exception of Holman Hunt, he was the most consistent exponent of their doctrines throughout life. It would seem, therefore, that the best expression of the spirit of the P. R. B. was, to speak critically, given by two men, Dyce and Madox Brown, who were respectively before and after the founders of the brotherhood. This opinion bears simply on the technical side of their work; for of the romantic spirit which had an equal part in the new movement Dyce had none, and Madox Brown but little. It is significant that both these men were of Continental training, and while rejecting all post-Raphaelistic formulæ, they had in common the advantage of a more thorough artistic education than was then obtainable in England; even Millais, a prize student, did not possess it.

Ford Madox Brown was born in France, at Calais, of English parents, April 16, 1821. He passed all his early life on the Continent; first in Belgium, following at Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, in succession, the studies of the schools of art. In Paris, where he passed three years, from 1841 to 1844, and in Rome, where he went in 1845, he continued to study. His first picture which attracted general attention, "The Last of England," was exhibited in London in 1852. It depicts a young man and woman, emigrants of a refined type, gazing sadly at the receding shores of their country. It has, in common with the works of the P. R. B., a remarkable degree of detail, every accessory object represented having some bearing on the elucidation of the story of the picture. The painter's technical power is, however, sufficient to keep the minor details in due subjection, and the picture was accepted both by the brotherhood and the public as a triumphal exposition of the soundness of the principles of the new school.

The same year (1852) Brown exhibited at

the Royal Academy "Christ washing St. Peter's Feet," here reproduced. This picture, since the death of the painter, October 11, 1893, has been placed in the National Gallery. It entitles Madox Brown to a place among the best of the painters of his time, being the product of a virile mind, deeply penetrated with the sentiment of his subject and technically equipped to render his vision.

Madox Brown, however, never enjoyed widespread reputation. Some time after his return to England he was intrusted with a series of decorations for the town hall of Manchester, which, working in the spirit of the early painters, occupied him for many years. This kept him aloof from exhibitions, though in 1865 a large collection of his studies and pictures was exhibited at a gallery in Piccadilly. In 1891 a subscription was started among the painters and amateurs of England to commission him to paint a picture especially for the National Gallery. At his death, two years later, the picture was not completed, and the money subscribed, four thousand five hundred dollars, was used to purchase the "Christ washing St. Peter's Feet."

To Madox Brown the young Rossetti turned for counsel in 1848, and the best of his little store of technical knowledge came from this association with the well-trained painter. The richly endowed nature of Rossetti would have been in all probability restive under any system of art education, for to him the thought of the picture was paramount. The system which he accepted at first, of sincere reliance on nature, gave to his early pictures, like the "Annunciation," the *naïve* charm of the primitive masters. But this was soon swept away by his sensuous love of decorative color, and in his later works we feel the influence of the Venetian painters to a marked degree. Through all his work as a poet and painter, Rossetti kept a strongly personal character; and though, in point of fact, he had little of the "earnestness of the men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries," for which Ruskin praised him and his followers, in the sense of adherence to nature, he avoided still more the mannerisms current in the art of his predecessors. Of his life, which in busy London was at times that of a recluse; of his romantic marriage, the early death of his wife, and the

THE SIXTH DAY. ONE OF A SERIES OF PAINTINGS SYMBOLIZING THE DAYS OF CREATION, BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.

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somewhat unpleasant story of the placing of his manuscript poems in her coffin, from whence they were recovered in 1870 for publication, there is no space to write now. Withdrawing almost entirely from public exhibition, a man morbid, and in his later days driven by physical pain to the abuse of narcotics, Rossetti continued to his death (April 9, 1882) to exercise a strong influence on English art. Strange mannerisms of drawing, quaint charm of composition, and deep harmonious though somewhat cloying color, were the chief characteristics of his later work. Ill-health and a progressive interest in poetry, rather than painting, made him avoid the execution of compositions of importance during his later years, though the "Dante's Dream" of 1870 is of that character. The greater part of his work of this period, however, consisted of half-length figures of women, generally heroines of old romance, of which the "Rosa Triplex" in these pages is a fairly good example.

John Everett Millais, as has been hinted already, was simply a bird of passage in the artistic choir of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Holman Hunt, however, has never departed from his early faith; and only last summer, in the International Art Exhibition in Venice, the painter, now nearly seventy years old, reasserted the convictions of his art as strenuously as when at his majority he joined the P. R. B. To-day, to speak frankly, with the progress which has been made in the direction which these men indicated, albeit this progress has been accomplished through other and more scientific means, work which, like Hunt's, is accomplished by a painful study of detail, seems lacking not only in freshness through over-elaboration, but in directness as well. It is artistically infirm, like a phrase spelt out letter by letter by a mute, instead of the clear expression of well-chosen words. Conviction as sincere as that of Holman Hunt, however, is rare, and when it is joined, as in his case, to great technical ability of a self-taught nature and to imagination which, if prosaic, is extremely genuine, the man is well worth study.

The life of William Holman Hunt, from the period of his birth in London, April 6, 1827, is comprised chiefly in the titles of the works he has executed and in the mention of the arduous journeys which he has made to seek the local truths which are the foundation of his pictures. In the main, his subjects have been inspired by the Bible. In the portrayal of these themes, Syria and Egypt have been visited many times. He has lived for long periods at Jerusalem, and in the "Scapegoat," which is printed here, much of the impressiveness of the picture is given by the background carefully painted from nature on the dreary border of the Dead Sea. This picture, which has not escaped ridicule on the part of the irreverent, touches upon the verge of the pictorially impossible, and is, for that reason, typical of the danger of confounding the written with the painted thought. In the original picture, aided by its color perhaps, there is, however, a poignant sentiment which is fairly convincing; and there can be no question that, however much one may quarrel with the method employed in its rendering, it is painted with mastery, and is as it is because the painter so willed it.

Of Sir Edward Burne-Jones much has been written, and many of his pictures, through reproduction, are familiar. A later comer to the camp of Rossetti, he has achieved a success which is almost popular. To him belongs the credit of having widened the sphere of influence of the Pre-Raphaelites, and of having induced a public which in the main was inclined to scoff, to remain and pray at the altar of gently mystic æstheticism. His ethereal beings, not too ascetically Christian nor too indecorously pagan, mark the happy medium of an art which scorns the realism of to-day, denies the existence of sun or atmosphere, and yet, through types of heads, partly through an expression of discontent with recent and dearly bought victories, remains modern. Lacking the robust fibre which, despite an exotic hot-house bloom, was at the root of Rossetti's art, with none of the honest painstaking of Holman Hunt, with less of the primitive spirit than Dyce, and inferior in virility of imagination and training to Madox Brown (we may omit Millais as simply an interesting accidental sojourner with the group), Burne-Jones represents the eclecticism which the years foster. He combines many of the merits of the P. R. B. and avoids many of their faults. Strict adherence to their teachings could hardly bring another result than is seen in Burne-Jones, and which is admirable. But their best influence has been less direct; the return to nature which they influenced, has borne a flower which they might not recognize, but which is nevertheless their own, since through their efforts "most can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed."

MARK TWAIN'S BIRTHPLACE, FLORIDA, MO.

From a photograph by Marion M. Berry, Monroe City, Mo.

PORTRAITS OF MARK TWAIN.

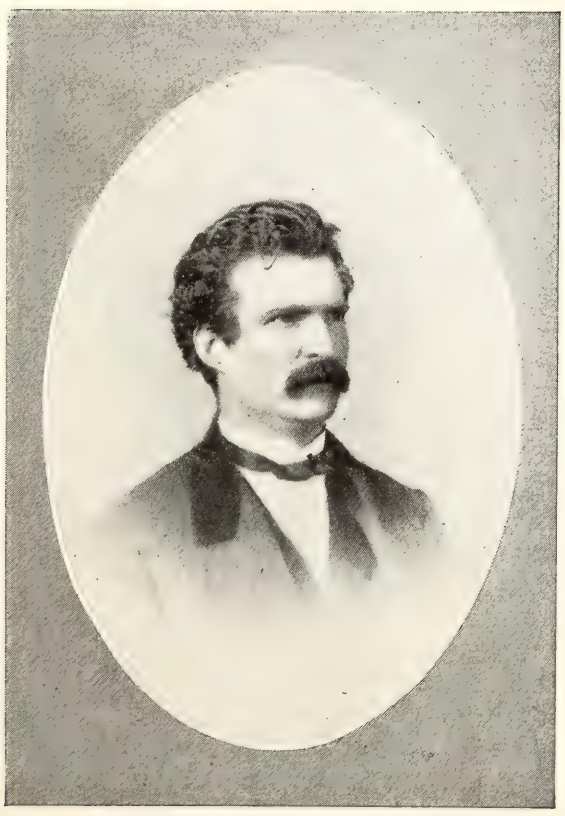
WHEN a few months ago, because of the failure of a publishing house in which he was a partner, Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") set out to traverse the whole width of America and the Pacific Ocean, into Australia, on a two years' lecturing tour, it was generally remarked as a hard necessity—at his time of life. He had turned, or was just turning, sixty; and while sixty, for men of fair physical endowment, is by no means old, it is still an age at which most men would more than shrink from such an enterprise. To Mark Twain, however, it probably seemed no very considerable matter, for he has been a wide journeyer all his life. While born at Florida, Missouri (November 30, 1835), he was reared at Hannibal, Missouri, on the banks of the Mississippi; at thirteen he became apprenticed to a printer, and during the next few years, in pursuit of his craft, he wandered to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and even New York. Then he became a pilot on the Mississippi River. Thus much going to and fro Mark Twain had accomplished while yet a youth. In 1861 he went to Nevada; a few years later to California, and finally to the Sandwich Islands. First he served as clerk to his brother, the Secretary of the Territory of Nevada; then he was a newspaper reporter and editor; he ventured unsuccessfully in mining, and not unsuccessfully in lecturing. From the Sandwich Islands he began to work eastward again, and in 1867 reached New York, and published his first book, "The Jumping Frog and other Sketches," and then set out on that tour of Europe which yielded the material for "Innocents Abroad."

"Innocents Abroad" was published in 1869, and since then Mark Twain's humor has been a wine that needed no bush. In three years the book sold to the number of one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies. Mark Twain is sometimes reputed to be a reluctant worker; he at least has not been an eager publisher. Even the success of "Innocents Abroad" did not tempt him to press again for several years. Then he put forth "Roughing It"; and a year later, in conjunction with Charles Dudley Warner, "The Gilded Age." By this time he had married, and "settled down" at Hartford, Connecticut. But the settling down was nominal merely. He became a professional lecturer, and travelled widely winter after winter. Then he went often to Europe, making long sojourns there. Consequently, setting off at sixty on a lecturing tour to Australia, was for him little more than a resumption of the habit of a life.

It is not for the public, however, to repine when Mark Twain is forced to undertake a new journey; for his journeys have been largely the occasion of his books. To the list of these he added, in 1876, "Adventures of Tom Sawyer"; in 1880, "A Tramp Abroad"; in 1884, "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn"; in 1889, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur;" since which have come "The Prince and the Pauper," "Pudd'n Head Wilson," and "Joan of Arc." The last was first published anonymously, and only within a few weeks has been authentically announced as his.

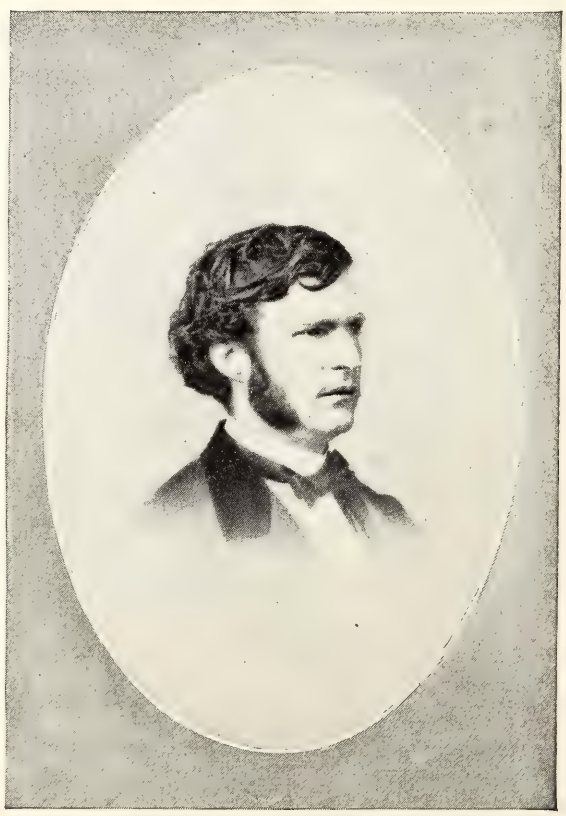
Mark Twain is one of two representatives in permanent literature of a now all but extinct, but in its day a most picturesque and interesting, class—the itinerant printers. The "tramp" printer, who still exists in some degree, is but a degenerate and rude survival of this class, and gives no true impression of what the class was in its best estate. The older race, with whom it was a point of honor to abide nowhere for long, were men of singular cleverness and ingenuity of mind. They *read* the matter they put into type, which the printer of to-day seems rarely to do; and thus, and by observation on their wide travels, they became a race of philosophers. They could write for the papers on which they served, as well as set type; and much of the wit and wisdom of the newspaper columns was of their contribution. Most of their writing was for the day; but in the case of Mark Twain it developed, by slow degrees, to the quality of literature. And it did the same in the case of Walt Whitman. To the strict vocation of printer, indeed, Mark Twain gave only a few years, and these of his youth; but his way of life and his attitude toward life have ever remained in spirit those of the old roving fraternity of the "stick."

Men of information and ideas, these old printers were; but, of course, they were in no sense men of the study. And herein, again, Mark Twain is of their kind. He is a man of literary cultivation, and even, it is said, in some measure a scholar; and, in writing his books, he sweats at a desk, and pulls his hair, after the fashion of the strict man-of-letters. But for all that he is a man who lives and experiences, rather than one who conceives and records; and all accounts agree that he is even better entertainment in private life than on the platform or in his books. Either where, however, he is so good—so free and gracious and wholesome—that one may hope he will live until the series of his portraits has become twice as long as the by no means meagre one presented here.



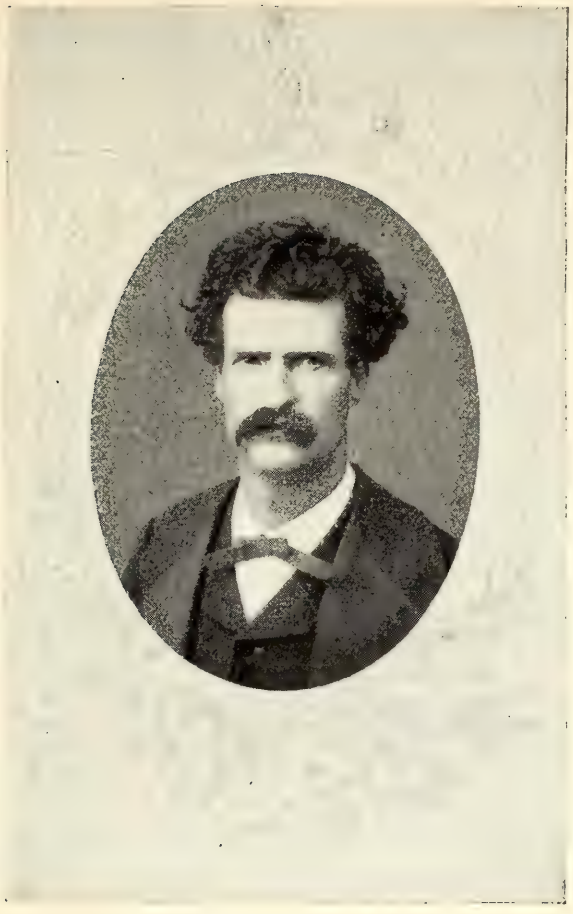
MARK TWAIN IN 1868. AGE 33.

From a photograph by Edouart, San Francisco, Cal.; by permission of S. E. Moffett, San Francisco.



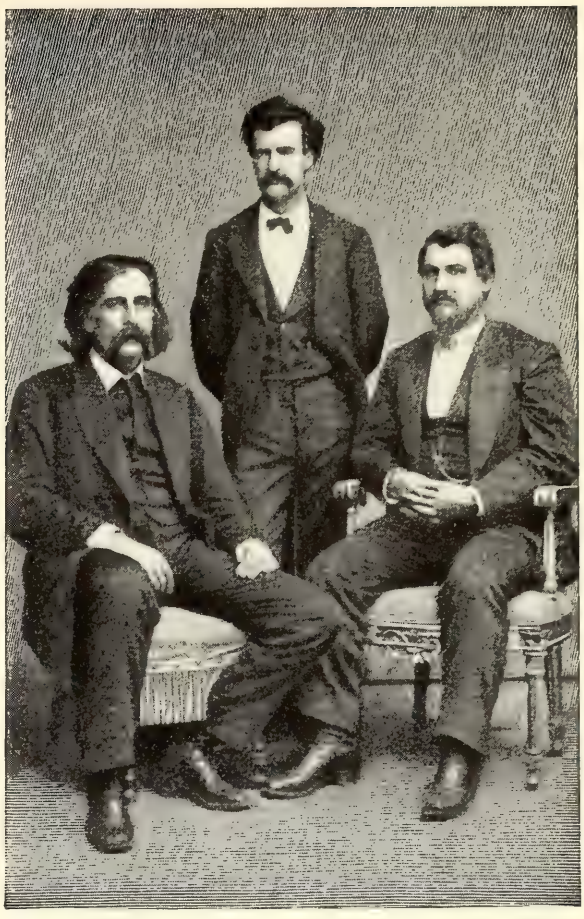
MARK TWAIN IN 1870. AGE 35.

From a photograph by Edouart, San Francisco, Cal.; by permission of Emily R. Schmidt, Hannibal, Mo.



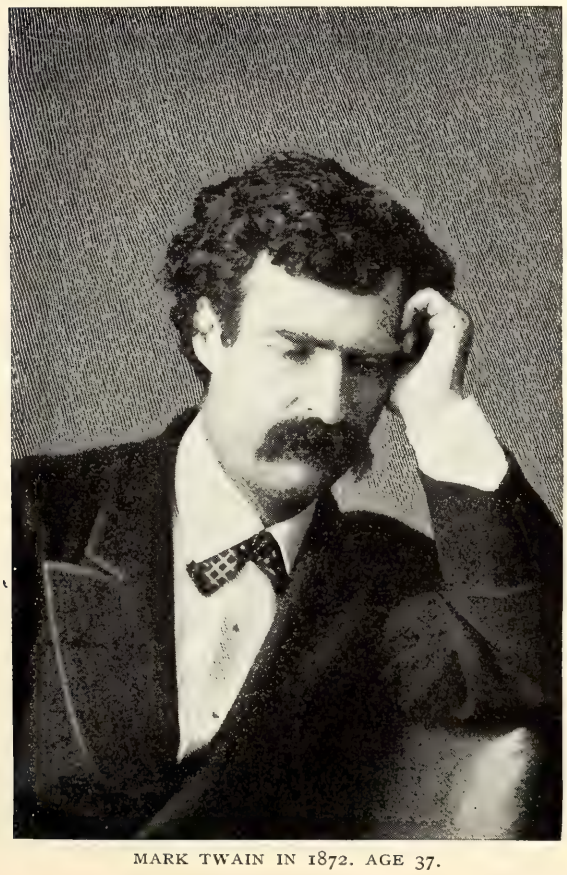
MARK TWAIN IN 1867. AGE 32.

From a photograph by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople; by permission of S. E. Moffett, San Francisco.



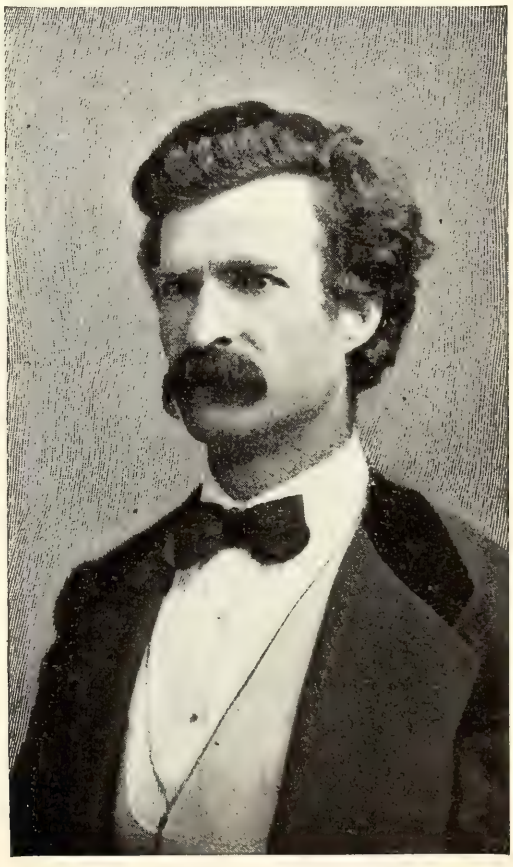
JOSH BILLINGS, MARK TWAIN, AND PETROLEUM V. NASBY, IN 1868.

From a photograph taken by H. J. Smith, in 1868; by permission of S. E. Moffett, San Francisco.



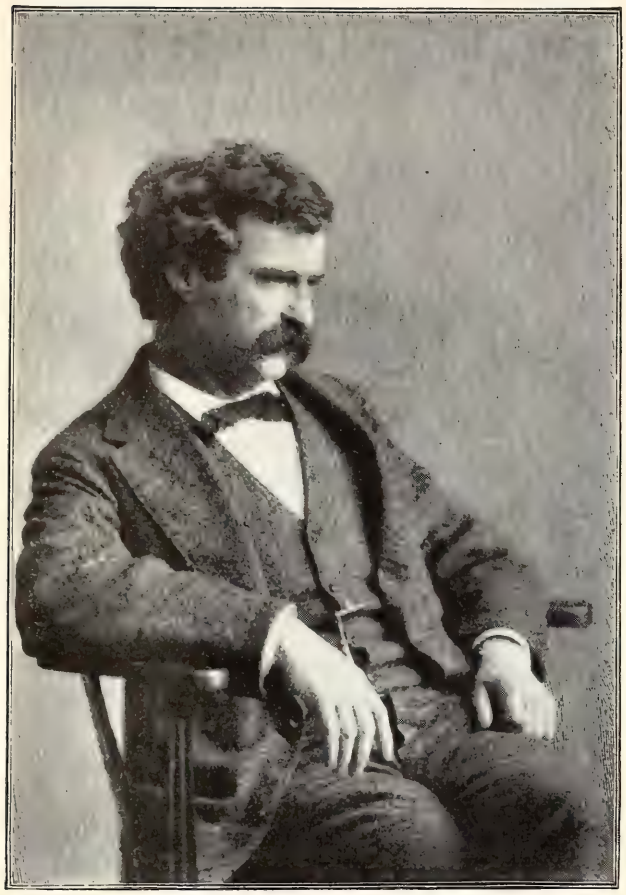
MARK TWAIN IN 1872. AGE 37.

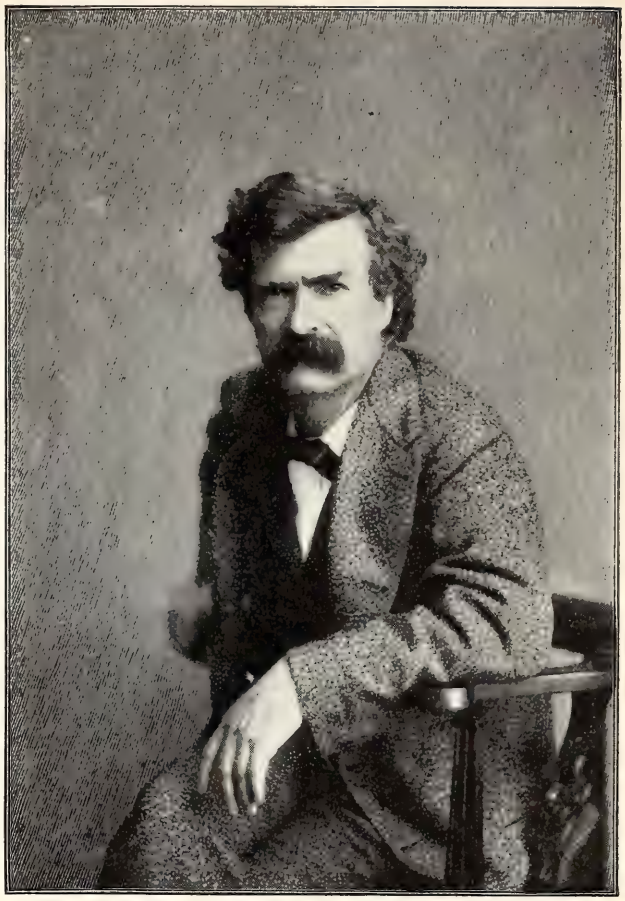
From a photograph by W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton; by permission of S. E. Moffett, San Francisco.

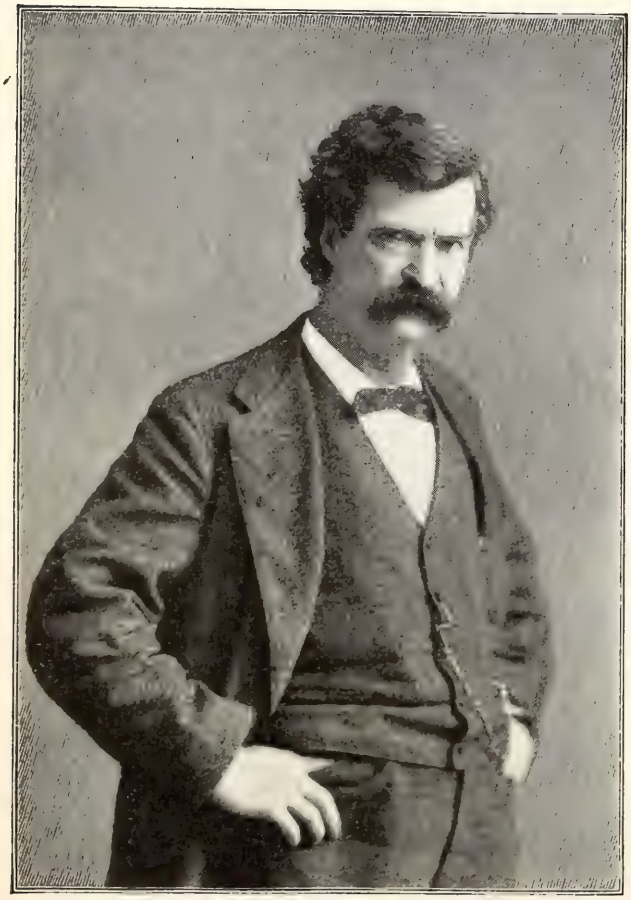


MARK TWAIN ABOUT 1873. AGE 38.

From a photograph by Gurney, New York; by permission of Davis Garber, New York.

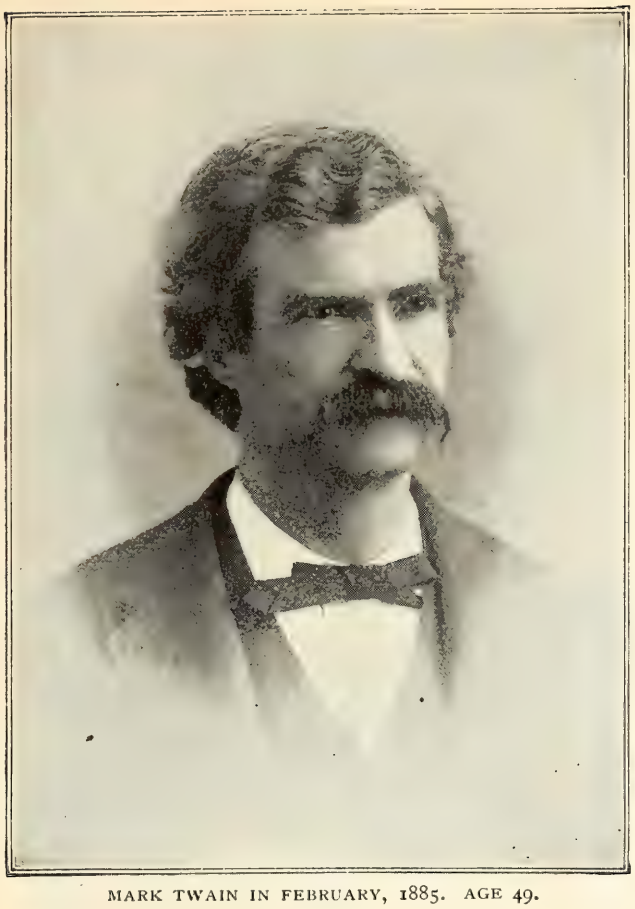






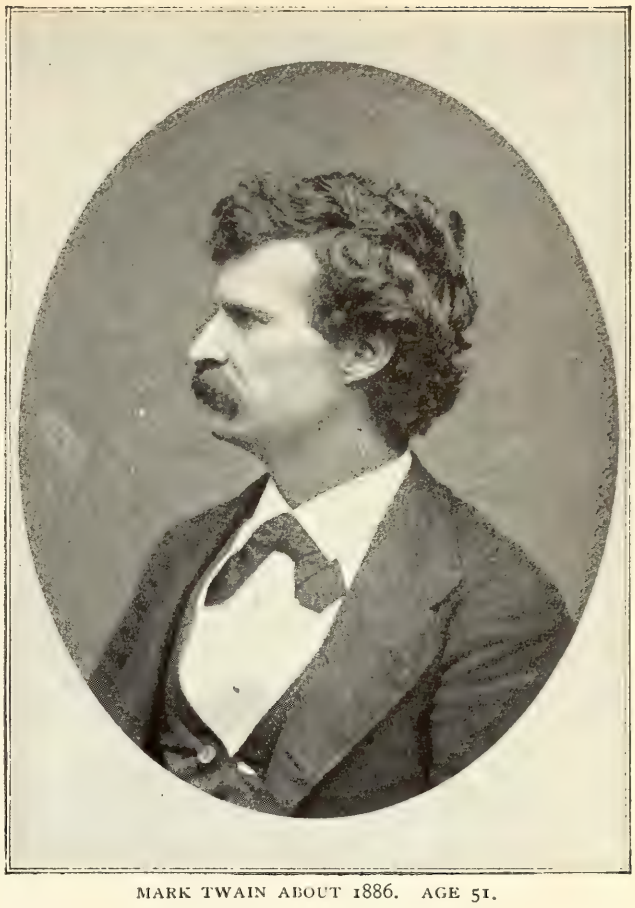
MARK TWAIN ABOUT 1884. AGE 49.

The four portraits shown on this page were taken at the same time, by Horace L. Bundy, Hartford, Conn.



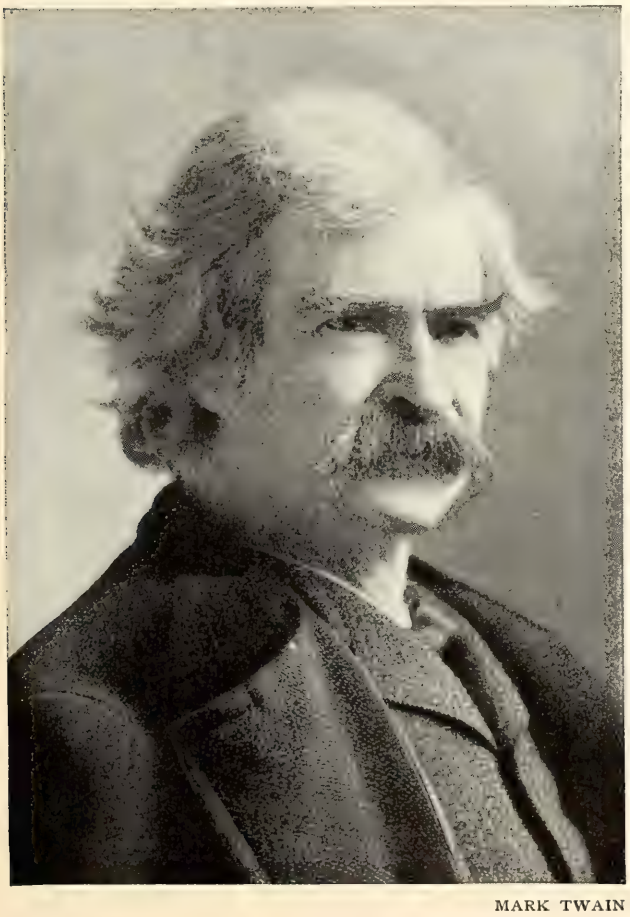
MARK TWAIN IN FEBRUARY, 1885. AGE 49.

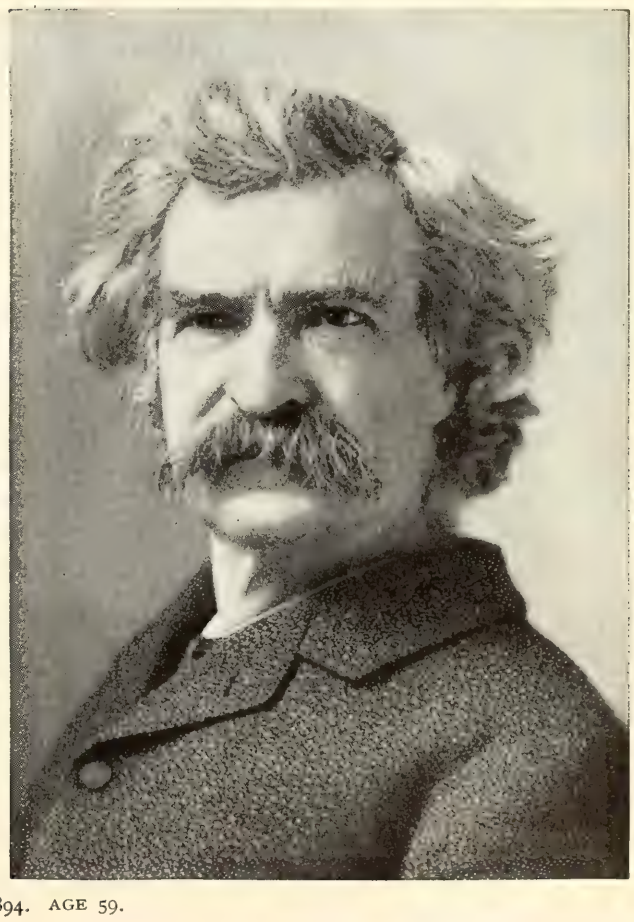
From a photograph by Ringgold, Quincy, Ill.; by permission of S. E. Moffett, San Francisco.



MARK TWAIN ABOUT 1886. AGE 51.

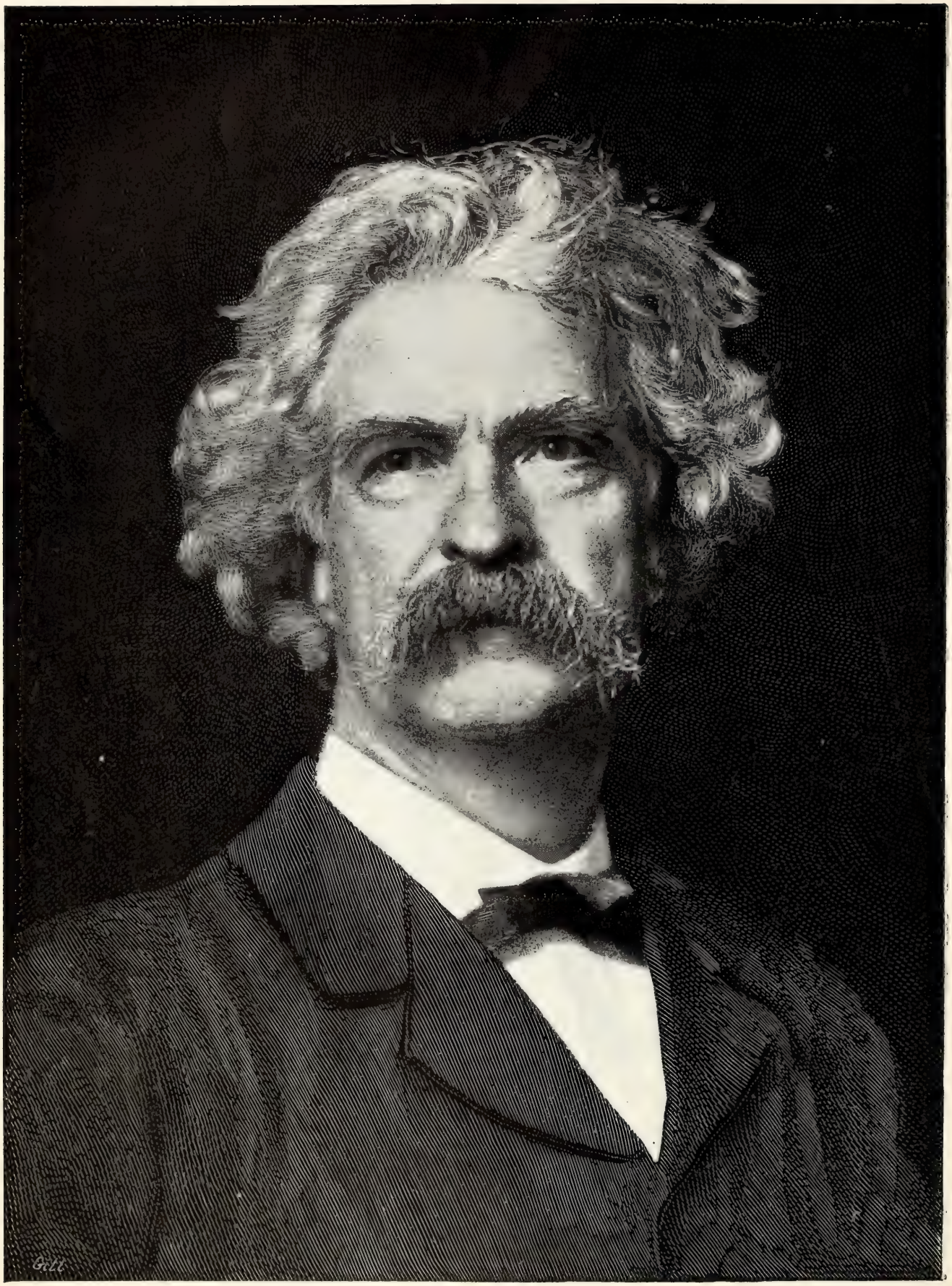
From a photograph by Warren, Boston, Mass.; by permission of S. E. Moffett, San Francisco.





MARK TWAIN IN 1894. AGE 59.

These two portraits were taken by Sarony, New York, at the same time.



MARK TWAIN AT THE PRESENT TIME.

From a photograph, by Falk & Co., taken at Sydney, Australia, and here reproduced by the courtesy of "The Book Buyer." This is Mark Twain's latest portrait.

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

CONCLUSION OF LINCOLN'S TERM IN CONGRESS.—FIDELITY TO FRIENDS CAUSES LINCOLN TO LOSE THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE.—REFUSES THE GOVERNORSHIP OF OREGON.—DECIDES TO GIVE HIS WHOLE ATTENTION TO LAW.—LINCOLN'S LIFE IN SPRINGFIELD.—ADOPTS A PLAN OF SELF-CULTURE.

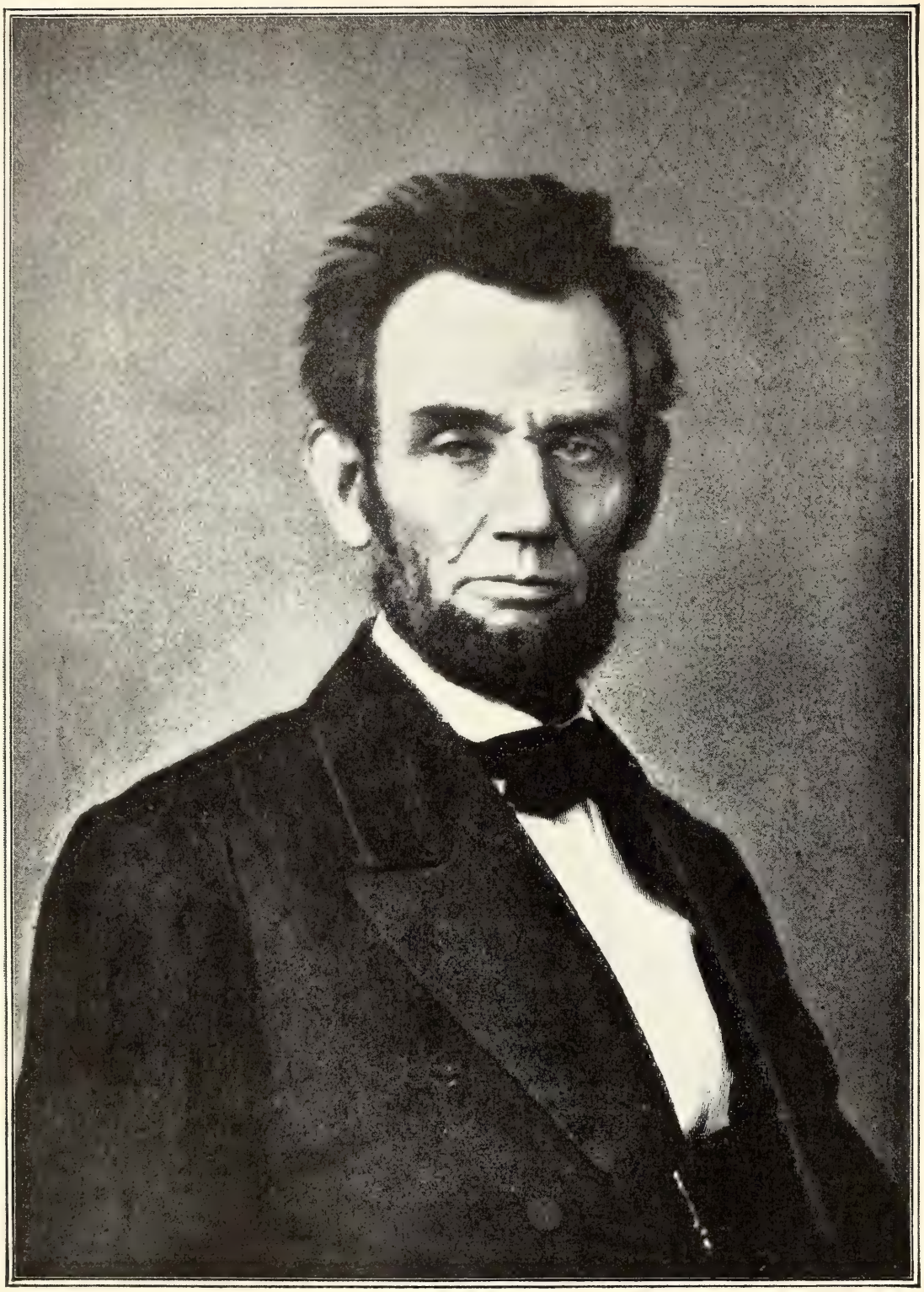
THE first impression of slavery which Abraham Lincoln received was in his childhood days in Kentucky. So great an evil did his father and mother hold it, that to escape it they were willing to leave their Kentucky home and move to a free State. Thus their boy's first notion of the institution was that it was something to flee from.

In his new home in Indiana the lad heard the debate on slavery go on. When he removed from Indiana into Illinois, he continued to hear it. In his trip in 1831 to New Orleans he saw slavery in its most terrible feature. As a young legislator he found the citizens of his town, and his fellows in the legislature, ready to condemn as "dangerous agitators" those who dared call it an evil; even saw them secretly sympathize with outlawry against Abolitionists. So keenly did he feel the danger of the attitude of the Illinois Assembly on the question, that in 1837 he was one of the two members of the body who alone were willing publicly to declare "that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy."

From time to time, as he travelled on the Mississippi and the Ohio, he saw its effects: runaway slaves, underground railway stations, masters and men tracking negroes, the occasional capture of a man or woman to be taken back to the South, trials of fugitives—all the features common in those years, particularly in the States bordering on bond territory. In 1847 he was

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, ATTENDED BY LINCOLN.

From a photograph recently taken for this magazine. This edifice was built in 1842–43 (supplanting an older building), and was the First Presbyterian Church until 1870. Here the Lincoln family had a pew, and Mr. Lincoln was an occasional attendant. The building, now occupied by the German Lutherans, still stands. It was in this church that Mr. Lincoln delivered an address before the Springfield Bible Society sometime during the forties. Mr. James C. Conkling, who is still living at Springfield, was present. "Lincoln took his place in the pulpit," says Mr. Conkling, "and spoke at some length on the Bible. When he had finished, he came down and slid into the seat with me. He was somewhat puzzled to understand why he had been selected to talk about the Bible. 'I don't know why on earth,' he whispered, 'they got me to make this kind of a speech unless it was to milk the Gentiles.'"—*J. McCan Davis.*



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From a photograph published by E. & H. T. Anthony in 1865, and kindly loaned by J. Eastman Chase of Boston, Massachusetts.

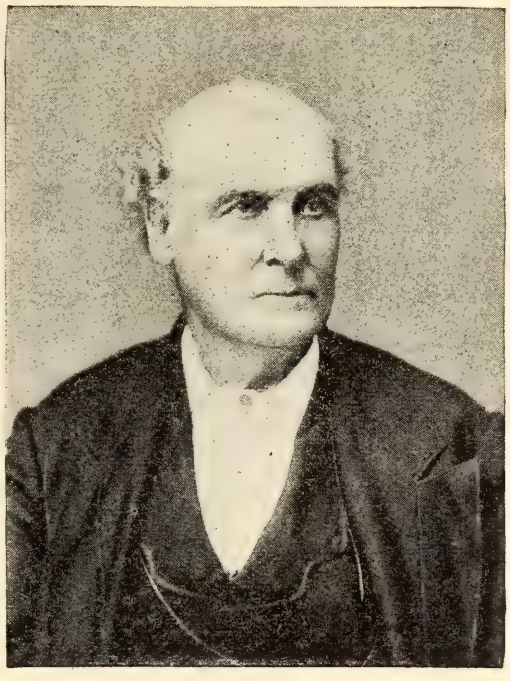
even engaged to defend a slave-owner's claim, a case which he lost, the negro being allowed to go free.

It was not until 1844 and 1845, however, that the matter became, by the annexation of Texas, an important element in his political life. When in 1847 he went to Congress, it was already evident that the Mexican War would be settled by the acquisition of large new territory. What was to be done with it? The North had tried to forestall the South by the "Wilmot Proviso," declaring that whatever territory was acquired should be free forever. From first to last Lincoln voted for it. "I may venture to say that I voted for it at least forty times during the short time I was there," he said in after years.

At the close of his first session in Con-

gress* Lincoln went to New England to make a series of campaign speeches for General Taylor, the Whig candidate for President. Such was the temper he met in New England in 1848, and such its influence upon him, that he said to Seward—with whom he had spoken in Tremont Temple, Boston: "Governor Seward, I have been thinking about what you said in your speech. I reckon you are right. We have got to deal with this slavery question, and got to give much more attention to it hereafter than we have been doing."

The realization that a question ought to be solved always impelled Lincoln to attempt its solution; and when in December, two months after his visit to New England, he went back to Washington for the second session of the Thirtieth Congress, he had resolved to do something regarding slavery. He seems to have seen but two things at that moment which could constitutionally be done. The first was to allow the slave-holder no more ground than he had; to accomplish this he continued to vote for the Wilmot Proviso. The second was to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. Over ten years before, in 1837, Lincoln had declared, in the Assembly of Illinois, that the Congress of the United States had the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised unless at the request of the people of the District. When he went to Washington in 1847 he found a condition of things which made him feel that Congress ought to exercise the power it had. There had existed for years in the city a slave market: "a sort of negro livery stable, where droves of negroes were collected, temporarily kept, and finally taken to Southern markets, precisely like droves of horses," Lincoln said in describing it in later years; and this frightful place was in view from the windows of the Capitol. Morally and intellectually shocked and irritated by this spectacle, Lincoln brooded over it until now, in the second session of his term, he decided to ask that Congress exercise the power he had affirmed ten years before belonged to it, and on January 16, 1849, he drew up and presented a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, "with the consent of the voters of the District and with compensation to owners."



JUDGE JOSEPH GILLESPIE.

From a photograph loaned by Mrs. Josephine Gillespie Prickett. Joseph Gillespie was born in New York City in 1809, and moved to Illinois in 1819. There he studied law and began to practise in 1837. In 1840 he was elected a member of the General Assembly, and renewed a friendship with Lincoln which had begun in the Black Hawk War, through which Gillespie served. In 1847 he was elected to the State Senate, where he remained eight years. From 1861 to 1873 he was on the Circuit Court bench. He died in 1886. Judge Gillespie was throughout life a stanch Whig and a strong supporter of Lincoln. He was also a friend of Mr. Cyrus Edwards, whom he regarded as his preceptor. When the trouble between Edwards and Lincoln occurred in 1849 over the General Land Office, Gillespie was the confidant of each and did his best to heal the breach. He did not succeed until 1860, when Mr. Lincoln was nominated for President. Then Edwards promised Gillespie to "bury the hatchet with Lincoln." This he did, even running on the same ticket for the State Legislature. Gillespie was at this time the Republican candidate for Congress. The information for this note was furnished by the daughter of Judge Gillespie, Mrs. Josephine Gillespie Prickett of Edwardsville, Illinois.

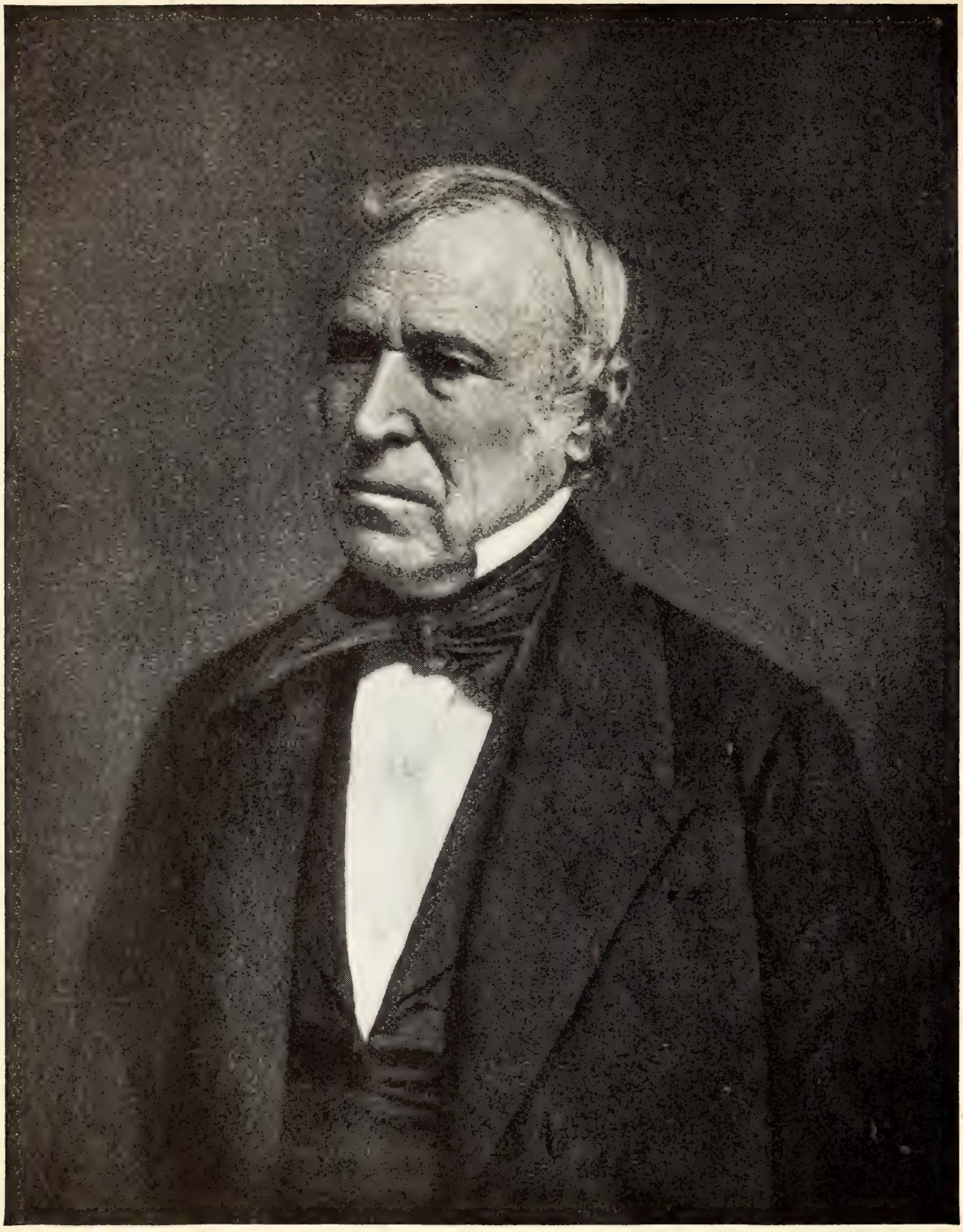
The bill caused a noise in the House, but came to naught, as indeed at that date any similar bill was bound to do. It showed, however, more plainly than anything Lincoln had done so far in Congress his fearlessness when his convictions were aroused. Even so extreme an Abolitionist as Joshua R. Giddings approved of the bill.

LINCOLN RETURNS TO SPRINGFIELD.

The inauguration of Taylor on March 4, 1849, ended Lincoln's congressional career. The principle, "turn about is fair play," which he had insisted on in 1846 when working for the nomination for himself, he regarded as quite as applicable now.

It was not because he did not desire to return to Congress. "I made the declaration that I would not be a candidate

* See McClure's Magazine for May.



ZACHARY TAYLOR, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FROM 1849 TO 1853.

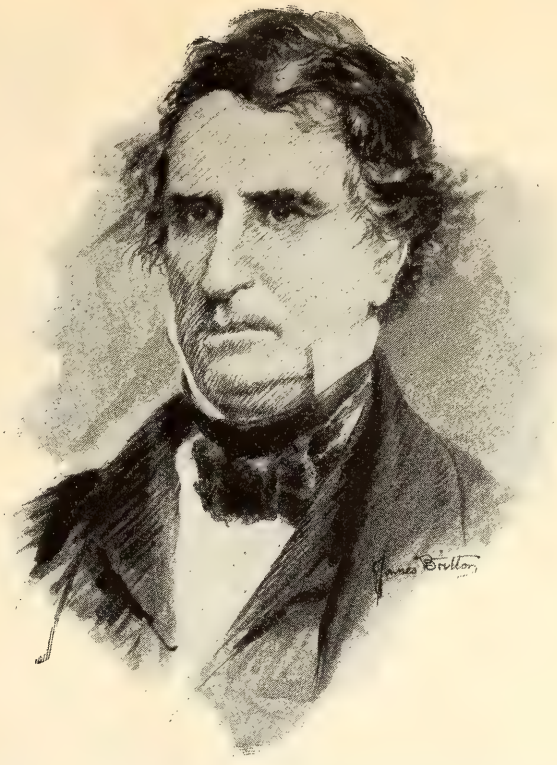
From a carbon reproduction, by Sherman & McHugh of New York City, of a daguerreotype in the collection of Peter Gilsey, Esq., through whose courtesy it is here published.

again," he wrote Herndon in January, 1848, "more from a wish to deal fairly with others, to keep peace among our friends, and to keep the district from going to the enemy, than from any cause personal to myself; so that if it should happen that nobody else wishes to be elected, I could not refuse the people the right of sending me again. But to enter myself as a competitor of others, or to authorize anyone so to enter me, is what my word and honor forbid."

And yet he was not willing to leave public life. The term in Washington had

only increased his fondness for politics. It had given him, too, a touch of that fever for public office from which so few men who have served in Congress ever entirely recover. The Whigs owed much to him, and there was a general disposition to gratify any reasonable ambition he might have. "I believe that, so far as the Whigs in Congress are concerned, I could have the General Land Office almost by common consent," he wrote Speed; "but then Sweet and Don Morrison and Browning and Cyrus Edwards all want it, and what is worse, while I think I could easily take it myself, I fear I shall have trouble to get it for any other man in Illinois."

Although he feared his efforts would be useless, he pledged his support to his friend,



JUSTIN BUTTERFIELD, LINCOLN'S COMPETITOR FOR THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Justin Butterfield, one of the great lawyers of the early days in Illinois, was born at Keene, New Hampshire, in 1790; was educated at Williams College, taught school, and in 1812 was admitted to the bar. He practised law at Adams, Jefferson County, New York, at Watertown, at Sackett's Harbor, and at New Orleans, Louisiana. In 1835 he removed to Chicago, where he became at once the acknowledged leader of the bar. In 1841 he was appointed United States District Attorney for the District of Illinois. In 1849 President Taylor appointed him Commissioner of the General Land Office. This was the office which Mr. Lincoln sought at that time. Lincoln had the indorsement of practically all the Whig members of Congress, but Mr. Butterfield's good fortune in having the friendship of Daniel Webster appears to have gotten him the appointment, although his victory has been attributed to his "superior despatch in reaching Washington by the northern route." Mr. Butterfield held the office until disabled by paralysis in 1852. He died in Chicago in 1855.—*J. McCan Davis.*

Cyrus Edwards. While Lincoln was looking after his interests, a candidate appeared who was most objectionable to the Whigs, General Justin Butterfield.* Lincoln did all he could to defeat Butterfield save the one thing necessary—ask the position for himself. This he would not do until he learned that Edwards had no chance. Then he applied; but it was too late. Butterfield had secured the office while Lincoln had been holding back.†

Lincoln declared that he had no regrets about the way the General Land Office went, but, if he had not, his Whig friends in Washington had. They determined to do something for him, and in the summer of 1849 summoned him to the capital to urge him to accept the governorship of Oregon. The Ter-

*The following letter, which has never before been published, shows how Lincoln felt about Butterfield's pretensions to the General Land Office. This letter is owned by Mrs. Josephine G. Prickett, Judge Gillespie's daughter, and is here reproduced by her courtesy:

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, *May* 19, 1849.

DEAR GILLESPIE: Butterfield will be Commissioner of the General Land Office, unless prevented by strong and speedy efforts. Ewing is for him, and he is only not appointed yet because Old Zach. hangs fire. I have reliable information of this. Now, if you agree with me that his appointment would dissatisfy rather than gratify the Whigs of this State, that it would slacken their energies in future contests, that his appointment in '41 is an old sore with them which they will not patiently have reopened—in a word, that his appointment now would be a fatal blunder to the administration and our political men, here in Illinois, write Mr. Crittenden to that effect. He can control the matter. Were you to write Ewing I fear the President would never hear of your letter. This may be mere suspicion. You might write directly to Old Zach. You will be the best judge of the propriety of that. Not a moment's time is to be lost.

Let this be confidential except with Mr. Edwards and a few others whom you know I would trust just as I do you.

Yours as ever,
A. LINCOLN.

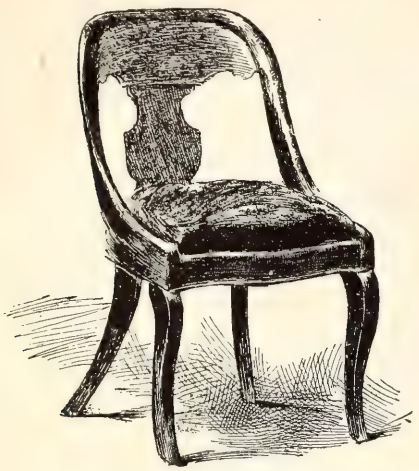
†When Edwards found that Lincoln had finally applied for the place, he accused him of treachery. Lincoln was deeply hurt by the suspicion, and wrote the following letter to Judge Gillespie of Illinois, a friend of his and of Edward's. This letter, which has never before been published, is owned by the daughter of Judge Gillespie, Mrs. Josephine G. Prickett of Edwardsville, Illinois, and is here printed through her courtesy.

SPRINGFIELD, *July* 13, 1849.

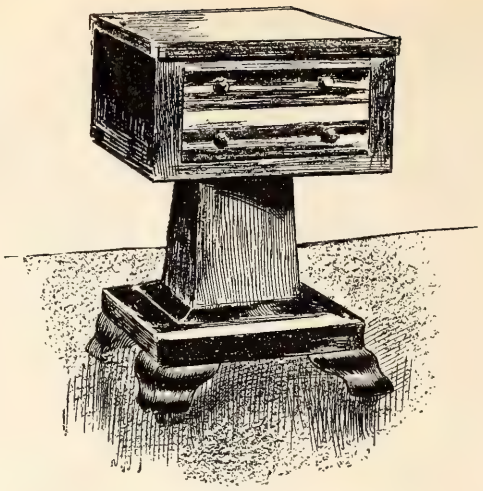
DEAR GILLESPIE: Mr. Edwards is unquestionably offended with me in connection with the matter of the General Land Office. He wrote a letter against me which was filed at the Department.

The better part of one's life consists of his friendships; and, of them, mine with Mr. Edwards was one of the most cherished. I have not been false to it. At a word I could have had the office any time before the Department was committed to Mr. Butterfield—at least Mr. Ewing and the President say as much. That word I forbore to speak, partly for other reasons, but chiefly for Mr. Edwards's sake—losing the office that he might gain it. I was always for [him]; but to lose his *friendship*, by the effort for him, would oppress me very much, were I not sustained by the utmost consciousness of rectitude. I first determined to be an applicant, unconditionally, on the 2d of June; and I did so then upon being informed by a telegraphic despatch that the question was narrowed down to Mr. B. and myself, and that the Cabinet had postponed the appointment three weeks for my benefit. Not doubting that Mr. Edwards was wholly out of the question, I, nevertheless, would not then have become an applicant had I supposed he would thereby be brought to suspect me of treachery to him. Two or three days afterwards a conversation with Levi Davis convinced

ritory would soon be a State, it was believed, and Lincoln would then undoubtedly be chosen to represent it in the United States Senate. Unquestionably, a splendid political prospect was thus opened. Many of Lincoln's friends advised him to accept; his wife, however, disliked the idea of life in the far West, and on her account he refused the place.



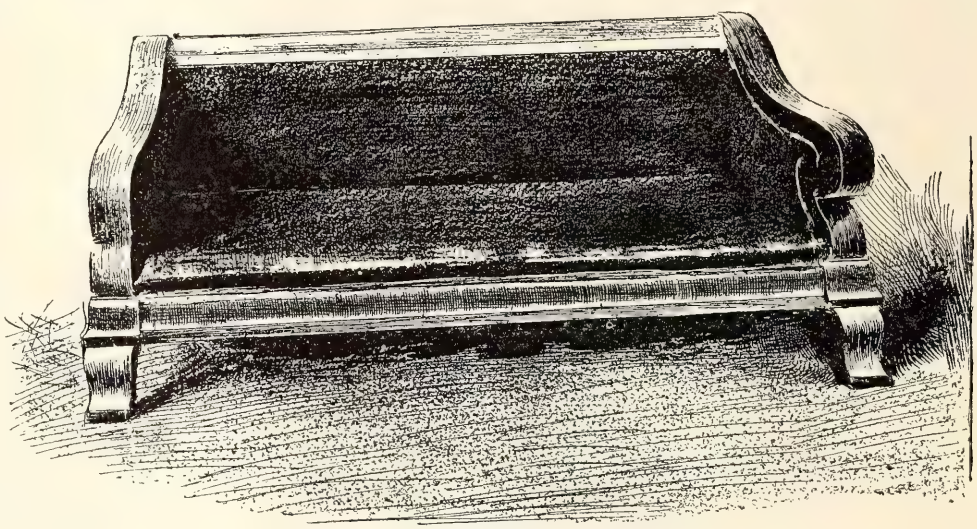
CHAIR FROM LINCOLN HOME.



WORK-TABLE FROM LINCOLN HOME.

LINCOLN DECIDES TO RETURN TO THE LAW.

The events of the summer of 1849 seemed to Lincoln to end his political career. He had no time to brood over his situation, however. The necessity of earning a livelihood was too imperative. His financial obligations were, in fact, considerable. The old debt for the New Salem store still hung over him; he had a growing family; and his father and mother, who were still living in Coles County, whither they had moved in 1831, were dependent upon him for many of the necessaries, as well as all the comforts, of their lives. At intervals ever since he had left home he had helped them; now to save their land from the foreclosing of a mortgage, now to pay their doctor's bills, now to add to the cheerfulness of their home.



SOFA FROM THE LINCOLN HOME IN SPRINGFIELD.

This sofa, as well as the work-table and chair, is owned by Messrs. Vanuxem & Potter of Philadelphia, and is in their law offices in that city. The sofa, which is of mahogany veneer, upholstered with hair-cloth, was made to order for Lincoln, he being unable to find one ready made which was *long enough* for his use. When Lincoln left Springfield for Washington much of the furniture in his house was sold. This sofa was bought by Mr. John E. Roll, who sold it to the Lincoln Memorial Collection. The price paid was one hundred dollars. For several days after the sale the sofa stood in front of a store in Springfield, the idle taking turns in sitting on "an old sofa worth a hundred dollars."

me Mr. Edwards was dissatisfied; but I was then too far in to get out. His own letter, written on the 25th of April, after I had fully informed him of all that had passed, up to within a few days of that time, gave assurance I had that entire confidence from him which I felt my uniform and strong friendship for him entitled me to. Among other things it says: "Whatever course your judgment may dictate as proper to be pursued shall never be excepted to by me." I also had had a letter from Washington saying Chambers, of the *Republic*, had brought a rumor there, that Mr. E. had declined in my favor, which rumor I judged came from Mr. E. himself, as I had not then breathed of his letter to any living creature. In saying I had never, before the 2d of June, determined to be an applicant, *unconditionally*, I mean to admit that, before then, I had said, substantially, I would take the office rather than it should be lost to the State, or given to one in the State whom the Whigs did not want; but I aver that in every instance in which I spoke of myself I intended to keep, and now believe I did keep, Mr. E. above myself. Mr. Edwards's first suspicion was that I had allowed Baker to overreach me, as his friend, in behalf of Don Morrison. I know this was a mistake; and the result has proved it. I understand his view now is, that if I had gone to open war with Baker I could have ridden him down, and had the thing all my own way. I believe no such thing. With Baker and some strong man from the Military tract and elsewhere for Morrison, and we and some strong men from the Wabash and elsewhere for Mr. E., it was not possible for either to succeed. I believed this in March, and I *know* it now. The only thing which gave either any chance was the very thing Baker and I proposed—an adjustment with themselves.

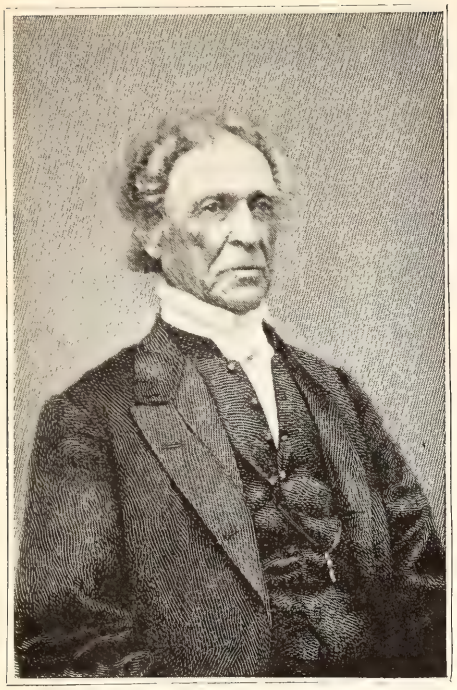
You may wish to know how Butterfield finally beat me. I cannot tell you particulars now, but will when I see you. In the meantime let it be understood I am not greatly dissatisfied—I wish the office had been so bestowed as to encourage our friends in future contests, and I regret exceedingly Mr. Edwards's feelings towards me. These two things away, I should have no regrets—at least I think I would not. Write me soon. Your friend, as ever, A. LINCOLN.

LINCOLN HOME, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

From a photograph made by A. J. Whipple of Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Lincoln and one of his sons stand inside the fence. The Lincoln residence in Springfield was purchased by Mr. Lincoln from the Rev. Charles Dresser in 1844. It was built by Mr. Dresser in 1839. Originally it was a story and a half in height; it was painted white, with green window blinds and white chimneys. At the time of its purchase by Lincoln, it was one of the most attractive cottages in Springfield. Though now near the centre, it then stood on the very outskirts of the place. Beyond on the south was the open prairie, and here, in 1840 and 1844, the Whigs were wont to gather in monster mass meetings. During Mr. Lincoln's absence—it is said while he was at Washington, in Congress—Mrs. Lincoln had the house raised to two stories; and, according to a familiar tradition, Lincoln, upon reaching home, not knowing anything about the improvement, stopped a stranger in front of his place and gravely inquired: "My friend, can you tell me whether Mr. Lincoln lives in these parts?" The house has not been materially changed since then. For many years after Mr. Lincoln moved away in 1861, it was occupied by numerous and often indifferent tenants. It was vacant much of the time, haunted by tramps and thieves. In 1883 Captain O. H. Oldroyd, now of Washington, District of Columbia, with admirable public spirit, rented the house and threw open its doors to the public. He maintained it at his own expense until 1887, when the State of Illinois, by the gift of Robert Lincoln, became owner of the place, and appointed Captain Oldroyd its first custodian. It has since been open to the public.—*J. McCan Davis.*

He was equally kind to his other relatives, visiting them and aiding them in various ways. Among these relatives were two cousins, Abraham and Mordecai, the sons of his uncle Mordecai Lincoln, who lived in Hancock County, in his Congressional district. At Quincy, also in his district, lived with his family a brother of his mother—Joseph Hanks. Lincoln never went to Quincy without going to see his uncle Joseph and "uncle Joe's Jake," as he called one of his cousins. "On these occasions," writes one of the latter's family, Mr. J. M. Hanks of Florence, Colorado, "mirth and jollity abounded, for Mr. Lincoln indulged his bent of story-telling to the utmost, until a late hour." His half-brother, John Johnston, he aided for many years. His help did not always take the form of money. Johnston was unthrifty and always in debt, and consequently restless and discontented. In 1851 he was determined to borrow money or sell his farm, and move to Missouri.

"What can you do in Missouri better than here?" Lincoln wrote Johnston in regard to his contemplated removal. "Is the land any richer? Can you there, any more than here, raise corn and wheat and oats without work? Will anybody there, any more than here, do your work for you? If you intend to go to work,



DR. PETER AKERS.—AN ILLINOIS PREACHER TO WHOM LINCOLN FREQUENTLY LISTENED.

From a photograph loaned by W. J. Lane of Jacksonville, Illinois. Dr. Akers was one of the leading men in his Church in his day. He was a serious student of prophecy and himself frequently declared the overthrow of slavery, which he abhorred. Lincoln heard Dr. Akers make this prophecy not only in 1837, on the occasion referred to in the article, but again in 1857 in Mechanicsburg, Illinois. Dr. Akers before his death wrote the following brief and characteristic autobiography:

"I, Peter Akers, was born, Wednesday, September 1st, A.D. 1790, in Campbell County, Virginia—went through a collegiate course of education—then studied *law*, and practised law four years. I then, under deep conviction, as a seeker of religion, joined the M. E. Church, on the 25th of March, Sunday, 1821; got religion Sunday, the 24th of June, the same year; began to preach Friday, July 20th, same year. Then, on Sunday, the 4th of April, 1824, I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit—was 'filled with all the fulness of God.' See it stated in 'The Guide to Holiness' for April, 1870. I am in my eighty-sixth year, and this day, Wednesday, March 8, 1876, finishes for me, in this world, thirty-one thousand two hundred and thirty-five days. Thanks be to God for 'the *love* of Christ which passeth knowledge.'"—*P. A.*

there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere. Squirming and crawling about from place to place can do no good. You have raised no crop this year; and what you really want is to sell the land, get the money, and spend it. Part with the land you have, and, my life upon it, you will never after own a spot big enough to bury you in. Half you will get for the land you will spend in moving to Missouri, and the other half you will eat, drink, and wear out, and no foot of land will be bought. Now, I feel it my duty to have no hand in such a piece of foolery."

This advice did not prevent Johnston trying to sell a small piece of land on which Mr. Lincoln had paid the mortgage in order to secure it to his step-mother during her life. When Mr. Lincoln received this proposition, he wrote the following letter, which has never before been published:*

"SPRINGFIELD, *November* 25, 1851.

"DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of the 22d is just received. Your proposal about selling the east forty acres of land is all that I want or could claim for *myself;* but I am not satisfied with it on *mother's* account. I want her to have her living, and I feel that it is my duty, to some extent, to see that she is not wronged. She had a right of dower (that is, the use of one-third for life) in the other two forties; but, it seems, she has already let you take that, hook and line. She now has the use of the whole of the east forty as long as she lives, and if it be sold, of course she is entitled to the interest on *all* the money it brings as long as she lives; but you propose to sell it for three hundred dollars, take one hundred away with you, and leave her two hundred at eight per cent., making her the *enormous* sum of sixteen dollars a year. Now, if you are satisfied with treating her in that way, I am not. It is true that you are to have that forty for two hundred dollars *at* mother's death; but you are not to have it *before.* I am confident that land can be made to produce for mother at least thirty dollars a year, and I cannot, to oblige any living person, consent that she shall be put on an allowance of sixteen dollars a year.

"Yours, etc.,

"A. LINCOLN."

It was these obligations which made Lincoln resume at once the practice of the law. He decided to remain in Springfield, although he had an opportunity to go in with a well-established Chicago lawyer For many reasons life in Springfield was satisfactory to him. He had bought a home there in 1844, and was deeply attached to it. There, too, he was surrounded by scores of friends who had known him since his first appearance in the town, and to many of whom he was related by marriage; and he had the good will of the community. In short, he was a part of Springfield. The very children knew him, for there was not one of them for whom he had not done some kind deed. "My first strong impression of Mr. Lincoln," says a lady of Springfield, "was made by

* We owe the right to publish this interesting letter to the courtesy of Mr. William H. Lambert of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in whose fine collection of Lincolniana it belongs.

one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. It was an epoch of my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day I was to go came, but as the hour of the train approached, the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on, I realized, in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate, my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"'Why, what's the matter?' he asked, and I poured out all my story.

"'How big's the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big.' And he pushed through the gate and up to the door. My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied. 'Oh, ho,' he cried; 'wipe your eyes and come on quick.' And before I knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was down stairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, fast as his long legs could carry him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-by, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."

This sensitiveness to a child's wants made Mr. Lincoln a most indulgent father. He continually carried his boys about with him, and their pranks, even when they approached rebellion, seemed to be an endless delight to him. Like most boys, they loved to run away, and neighbors of the Lincolns tell many tales of Mr. Lincoln's captures of the culprits. One of the prettiest of all these is a story told of an escape Willie once made, when three or four years old, from the hands of his mother, who was giving him a tubbing. He scampered out of the door without the vestige of a garment on him, flew up the street, slipped under a fence into a great green field, and took across it. Mr. Lincoln was sitting on the porch, and discovered the pink and white runaway as he was cutting across the greensward. He stood up, laughing aloud, while the mother entreated him to go in pursuit; then he started in chase. Halfway across the field he caught the child, and gathering him up in his long arms, he covered his rosy form with kisses. Then mounting him on his back, the chubby legs around his neck, he rode him back to his mother and his tub.

It was a frequent custom with Lincoln, this of carrying his children on his shoulders. He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father, and the species of tyranny they exercised over him, are still subjects of talk in Springfield. Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children crying, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied; "I've got three walnuts and each wants two."

CHURCH-GOING HABITS—COURSE OF SELF-CULTURE.

There was no institution in Springfield in which Lincoln had not taken an active interest in the first years of his residence; and now that he had decided to remain in the town, he resumed all his old relations, from the daily visits to the drug-stores on the public square, which were the recognized rendezvous of Springfield politicians and lawyers, to his weekly attendance at the First Presbyterian Church. That he was as regular in his attendance on the latter as on the former, all his old neighbors testify. In fact, Lincoln, all his life, went regularly to church. The serious attention which he gave the sermons he heard is shown in a well-authenticated story of a visit he made in 1837, with a company of friends, to a camp-meeting held six miles west of Springfield at the "Salem Church." The sermon on this occasion was preached by one of the most vigorous and original individuals in the pulpit of that day—the Rev. Dr. Peter Akers. In this discourse was a remarkable and prophetic passage, long remembered by those who heard it. The speaker prophesied the downfall of castes, the end of tyrannies, and the crushing out of slavery. As Lincoln and his friends returned home there was a long discussion of the sermon.

"It was the most instructive sermon, and he is the most impressive preacher, I have ever heard," Lincoln said. "It is wonderful that God has given such power to men. I firmly believe his interpretation of prophecy, so far as I understand it, and especially about the breaking down of civil and religious tyrannies; and, odd

as it may seem, when he described those changes and revolutions, I was deeply impressed that I should be somehow strangely mixed up with them." *

If Lincoln was not at this period a man of strictly orthodox beliefs, he certainly was, if we accept his own words, profoundly religious. In the letters which passed between Lincoln and Speed in 1841 and 1842, when the two men were doubting their own hearts and wrestling with their disillusions and forebodings, Lincoln frequently expressed the idea to Speed that the Almighty had sent their suffering for a special purpose. When Speed finally acknowledged himself happily married, Lincoln wrote to him: "I always was superstitious; I believe God made me one of the instruments of bringing your Fanny and you together, which union I have no doubt he had foreordained." Then, referring to his own troubled heart, he added: "Whatever He designs He will do for me yet. 'Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord,' is my text just now."

Only a few months after Lincoln decided to settle permanently in Springfield his father, Thomas Lincoln, fell dangerously ill. Lincoln in writing to John Johnston, his half-brother, said: "I sincerely hope father may recover his health, but, at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and He will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in Him."

Lincoln's return to the law was characterized by a marked change in his habits. He gave much more attention to study than he ever had before. His colleagues in Springfield and on the circuit noticed this change. After court closed in the town on the circuit, and the lawyers were gathered in the bar-room or on the veranda of the tavern, telling stories and chaffing one another, Lincoln would join them, though often but for a few minutes. He would tell a story as he passed, and while they were laughing at its climax, would slip away to his room to study. Frequently this study was carried on far into the night. "Placing a candle on a chair at the head of the bed," says Mr. Herndon, "he would study for hours. I have known him to study in this position until two o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile, I and others who chanced to occupy the same room would be safely and soundly asleep." Although he worked so late, "he was in the habit of rising earlier than his brothers of the bar," says Judge Weldon. "On such occasions he was wont to sit by the fire, having uncovered the coals, and muse, ponder, and soliloquize."

But it was not only the law that occupied him. He began a serious course of self-education, studying mathematics, astronomy, poetry, as regularly as a schoolboy who had lessons to recite. In the winter of 1849–50 he even joined a club of a dozen gentlemen of Springfield who had begun the study of German, the meetings of the class being held in his office.*

Much of Lincoln's devotion to study at this period was due to his desire to bring himself in general culture up to the men whom he had been meeting in the East. No man ever realized his own deficiencies in knowledge and experience more deeply than Abraham Lincoln, nor made a braver struggle to correct them. He often acknowledged to his friends the consciousness he had of his own limitations in the simplest matters of life.

Mr. H. C. Whitney, one of his old friends, gives a pathetic example of this.

Once on the circuit his friends missed him after supper. When he returned, some one asked where he had been. "Well, I have been to a little show up at the Academy," he said.

"He sat before the fire," says Mr. Whitney, "and narrated all the sights of that most primitive of county shows, given chiefly to school children. Next night he was missing again; the show was still in town, and he stole in as before, and entertained us with a description of new sights —a magic lantern, electrical machine, etc. I told him I had seen all these sights at school. 'Yes,' said he sadly, 'I now have an advantage over you, for the first time in my life seeing these things which are, of course, common to those who had, what I did not, a chance at an education when they were young.'"

It was to make up for the "chance at an education" which he did not have in youth that Abraham Lincoln at forty years of age, after having earned the reputation of being one of the ablest politicians in Illinois, spent his leisure.

* Incident related by the Rev. Wm. Rutledge, D.D., of Jacksonville, Ill.

* Dr. A. W. French, Springfield, Illinois: unpublished MS., "Lincoln Studies German."

THE LOCOMOTIVE THAT LOST HERSELF.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "A Thousand-mile Ride on the Engine of a 'Flyer,'" etc.

ENGINE 13 had been designed by a genius who was called a crank. He was the inventor of some of the most useful tools and appliances in use in the shops. He was an enthusiast. If he had not been, his design would never have been accepted by the superintendent of motive power and machinery. He claimed that his new locomotive would steam better, pull harder, and run faster than any engine on the K. P. She was so constructed that she could run farther on a tank of water, the enthusiast said, than an ordinary locomotive would run on two; and that was good, for water was scarce on the plains. She had patent lubricators and balanced valves, new inventions at that time, and being fresh painted and handsome, she was regarded as a good "catch" by the engineers of the Smoky-Hill division. The genius who designed her had been sent East to the locomotive works, to superintend her construction; and long before the engine was completed, the mechanics employed upon her had arrived at the conclusion that the Western engineer was as crazy as a jack snipe.

As the locomotive neared completion the enthusiasm of her designer increased. A quiet, undemonstrative enthusiasm, it was, that seemed to possess the soul of the inventor and to fill his life with all that he needed. Upon her growing skeleton he worked himself weary, and then rested himself in quiet contemplation of his ideal engine; and finally, when the wheels were placed beneath her frame, he began to see her as she should appear when completed. One morning when the workmen came they found Hansen's bed in the engine tank. From that day forward he worked about her by day, and slept, if he slept at all, upon her at night.

"UPON HER GROWING SKELETON HE WORKED HIMSELF WEARY."

Oscar Hansen, a Dane, had yellow hair and a very poor stand of clay-colored whiskers. Like writing and painting geniuses, he allowed his hair and beard to grow and blow as they would, and the result was that he was about as unhandsome a man as one would meet in a lifetime. All this was nothing to Hansen. He lived in his work, and believed that in time he would run away from Stevenson, Franklin, and all the rest.

When the 13 arrived at Kansas City, Hansen was with her, and he remained with her day and night until she was taken out to be limbered up for her trial trip. He insisted upon handling her himself, and would not allow the locomotive engineer to touch the throttle until the master mechanic came to him personally and remonstrated. It was evident from the very first that the engine was not right, and the engineer told Hansen so at the close of the first day with her.

Hansen became so angry that he threatened to kill the engineer if he ever dared to repeat what he had said. Every day for nearly a week the new engine was raced around the yards, and never for a moment did Hansen leave her. His wild hair became wilder, his deep eyes sank deeper into his head, and his thin white face became almost horrible to see. At the end of a week it was decided to put the 13 on the Denver Express for her trial trip, and Hansen surprised the master mechanic by asking to be allowed to run her.

"But you are not a locomotive engineer," urged the official, "and I couldn't think of allowing you to handle the engine. You may go with her, if you wish; but the engineer must have full control of the locomotive."

Hansen went sullenly out, and climbed up into the cab. When the conductor came with the orders, he glanced into the cab, and asked: "Who's his whiskers?"

"That fellow with the tired look and troubled tresses," answered the engineer, "is the idiot who designed this machine."

Hansen had, by insisting upon running the new locomotive himself, incurred the displeasure of every engineer on the road, and as this remark was meant for him to hear, he heard it. When the conductor left the engine, Hansen crossed over to the driver's side and said: "If you don't make time to-day, I'll run her myself, and I'll send you where you won't want a fireman."

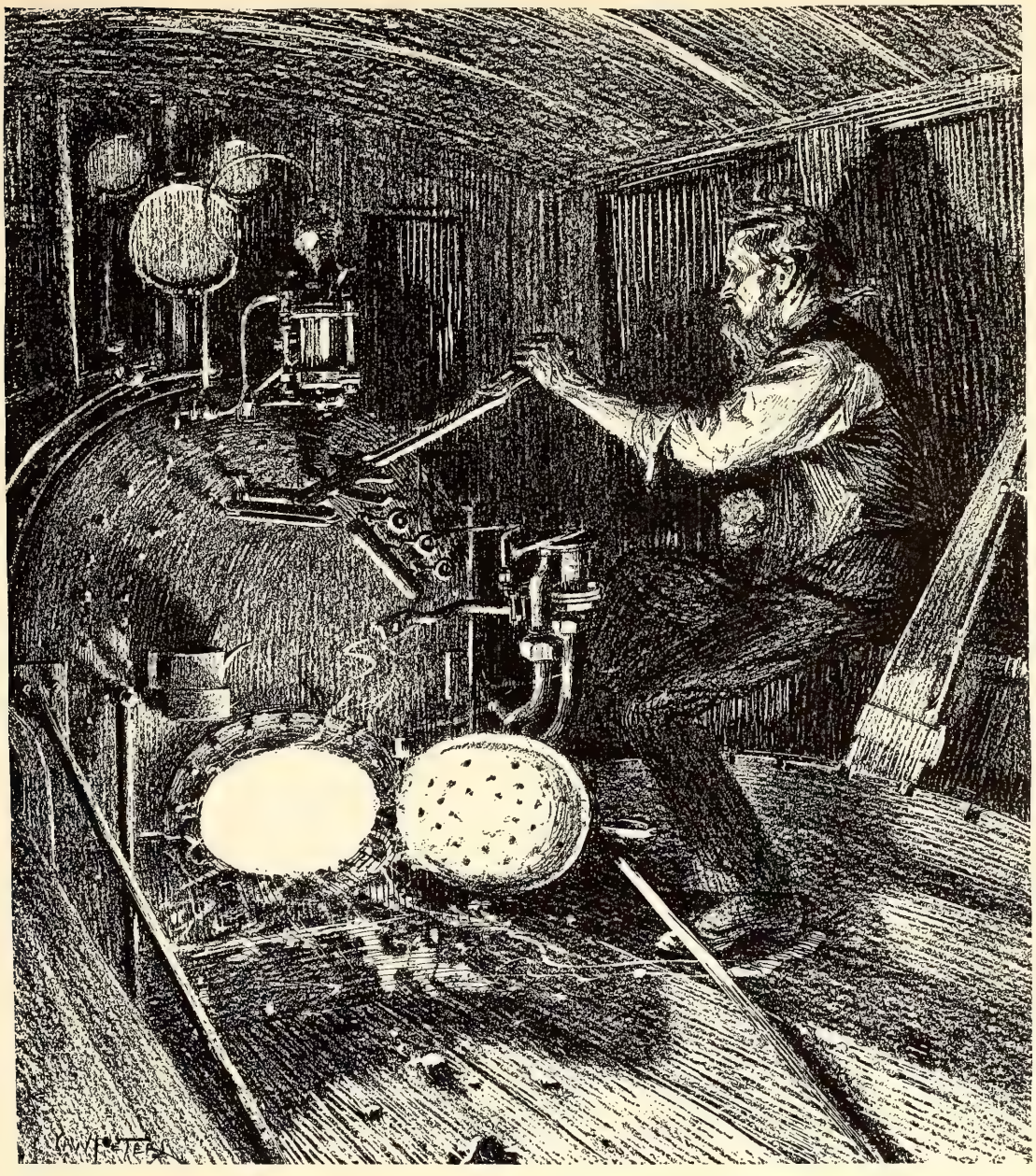
The driver only laughed, for the sanity of the inventor had been a debatable question ever since his return with the new engine.

The train to which the 13 was coupled was a heavy one, for Colorado was at that time just beginning to "boom." In the first run, of seven miles, they lost five minutes, but Hansen was too much taken up with watching his machine to take note of the time. Her boiler was foaming, as new boilers usually do; her main pins were hot, and so was her engineer. The first stop was at a small town, and when the conductor gave the signal to go, the engineer was still on the ground pouring tallow on the pins. Hansen became frantic at what, to him, seemed unnecessary delay, and springing to the driver's side he pulled the throttle wide open without releasing the air-brakes. The engine lurched forward, and when the slack was gone, her wheels began to revolve at a frightful rate. The engineer sprang into the cab, and found Hansen working frantically in a vain effort to shut off steam, and concluded at a glance that the throttle had been left partly open, and that the high pressure of steam had forced it out. Now, when the engineer, fireman, and Hansen all seized the lever to force the throttle in, they sprung the stem, and the thing could not be closed. The engineer released the air with the hope that the train might be started, and in that way the engine could be cooled down without doing any great damage. But the wheels were now revolving at such a rate that the engine had no adhesive power, and the train stood still. Five, ten, fifteen seconds went by, and still the three men worked, each in another's way, trying to shut off steam. A solid stream of fire was rolling out of the stack, and such sprays of sparks came from the drivers that they looked like living flames.

Pushing Hansen and the fireman out of his way, the engineer opened both injectors; and what with the cold water going in and the fire going out, the mad machine cooled rapidly, and in a few moments ground harshly and came to a stop. It was found, upon examination, that the drivers had dug great holes in the steel rails, and that the tires on the back pair of driving-wheels, already well heated by the furnace, had loosened by expansion and slipped nearly off the wheels. In a little while the throttle was cooled and closed, and a fresh fire was made; but when they gave the engine steam she refused to move. She was uncoupled, and still refused to go; and then they saw that her tires had cooled and clasped the fire-box, and the fire-box, expanding, held them there and ocked the wheels.

When they had put out her fire, the wheels let loose, so that a yard engine could drag her back to the round-house. All the way her scarred wheels ground and ground against her frame, while Hansen sat in the tank with his thin yellow whiskers full of coal dust, and nobody but he knew that he had opened the throttle.

During the weeks that followed, while the 13 was being repaired, having her tires turned down to remove the slivers of steel, and getting reset and repainted, Hansen never left her for a single hour. His condition became so pitiable that the engineers, who had at first looked upon him with contempt, now spoke kindly to him or gave him no attention at all. He rarely ever washed now; his yellow beard was dark with coal dust, and his death-hued face was splotched with soot and black oil.



"SPRINGING TO THE DRIVER'S SIDE, HE PULLED THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN."

By the time the 13 was ready for the road, Hansen was almost ready for an undertaker; and when the master mechanic saw him, he gave orders that the inventor must not be allowed to go out on the engine, which was to take out the fast freight, a night run of some importance.

Hansen had hoped, even boasted, that the 13 should never be coupled into anything plainer than a mail car, and now when he learned that she was going out on a freight run he was frantic. Formerly he had insisted upon running the engine only; now he wanted to run the road. When the foreman told him, as kindly as he could, that no one would be allowed in the cab of the 13 except the engineer and the fireman, the inventor glared fiercely for a moment, then turned and entered the office of the master mechanic. He did not wait to be ushered in, but strode to the chief's desk, and informed the head of the motive power department that engine 13 would not go out on freight; that when she did go out she would pull a passenger train, and that he, Hansen, would be the engineer.

The master mechanic was forced to be firm with the man, who, up to now, he had avoided or humored; and he told him plainly that the orders given concerning the new engine would certainly be carried out, and that if he became too troublesome he would be locked up. Hansen raved like a madman, and all the clerks in the office were unable to seize and hold him. "She is my life!" he shrieked. "I have put my soul into her, and I will never allow her to go out of my sight—you will be guilty of murder if you separate us."

As the mad inventor fought he frothed at the mouth, and the perspiration that almost streamed from his forehead washed white furrows down his face. It was not until the special officer came with hand-cuffs that Hansen could be controlled; and as the 13 rolled slowly across the turn-table, he was led away to the lock-up. He became perfectly quiet now, and when they reached the "Cooler," as it was called, the officer removed the hand-cuffs and turned to unlock the door. Hansen, taking advantage of this opportunity, turned quickly and bolted, and was many yards away before the officer, rattling away at the padlock, knew that his prisoner had escaped.

The officer very naturally supposed that Hansen would return to the shops, but he did not. He made straight for the freight yards, where the 13 stood steaming, all coupled up and ready to pull out on her night run over the plains. The engineer had finished oiling, and had gone into the little telegraph office where the conductor was getting orders. The fireman, who was in the cab looking after the engine, saw Hansen come leaping over the strings of flat and coal cars, with his beard sweeping round his neck, and his yellow hair blown back from his bare head. As the inventor sprang upon the engine the fireman seized him, only to be hurled out over the coal tank by the desperate Dane. Having freed himself from the fireman, Hansen gave two sharp blasts—"off brakes"—and opened the throttle. The sudden jerk broke the train in two, four cars from the engine; and before the astonished engineer could reach the head end the engine was in motion. The mad driver knew enough to open the sand lever, and with a few exhausts the short train was moving so fast that the trainmen were unable to reach it. Out, over the switches, already set for the fast freight, and down the main line dashed the wild driver, while a flood of fire came from the stack and rained upon the roofs of cars and switch shanties along the line. Flagmen, coming out at crossings to cheer the fast freight with a white signal of "all right," saw the grim face of Hansen leaning from the cab; saw his white teeth shining, and his yellow hair streaming back over his shoulders, as the engine dashed by. Farmers along the line saw a great shower of sparks falling in their fields, and in her wake the wild engine left a sea of burning stubble where red flames leaped from shock to rick.

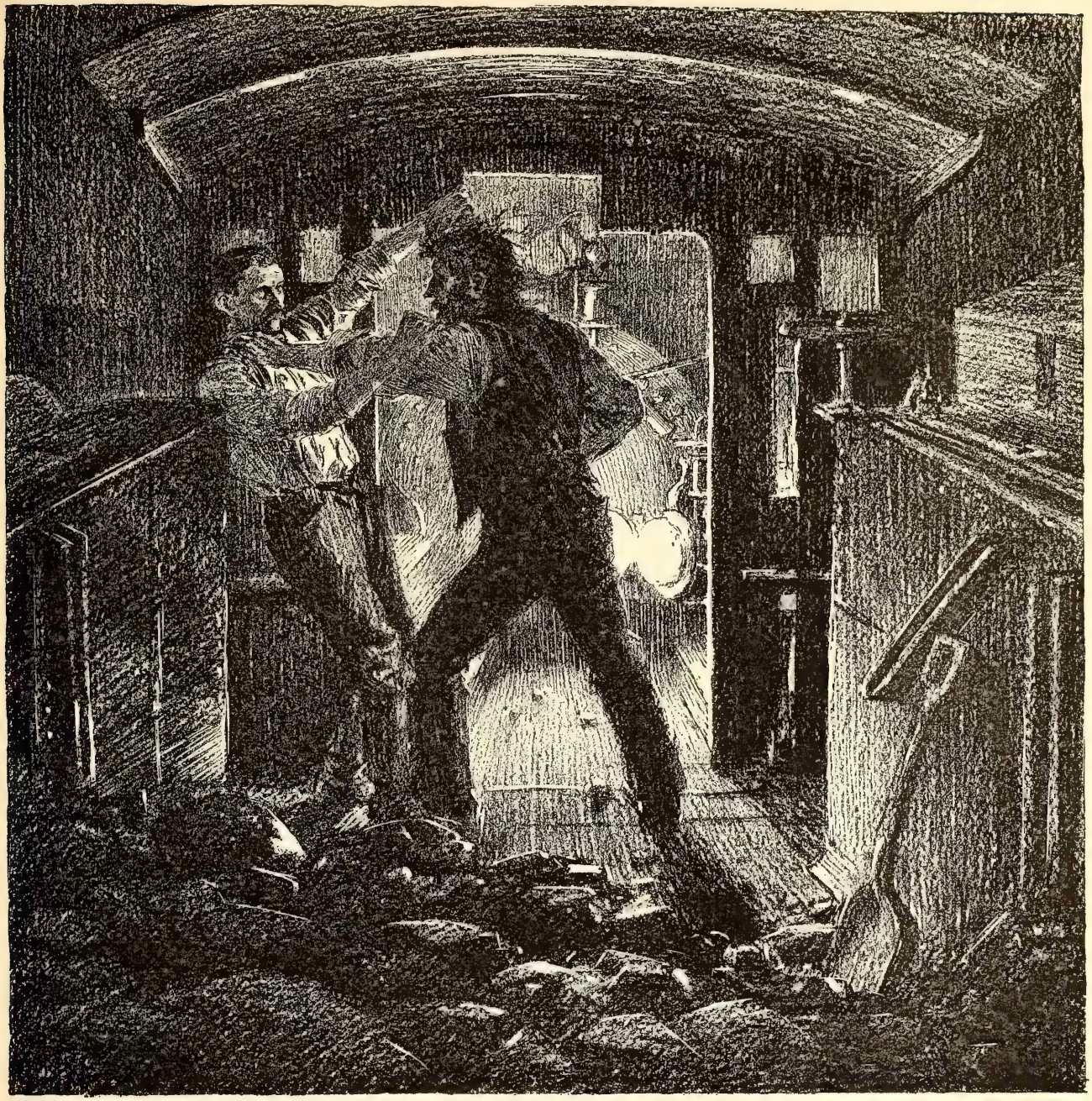
When the fireman, dazed and stunned, had been picked up and revived, he told them what had happened, and a despatch was sent to the first station out to "ditch" the 13, which had broken loose from her train and was running wild. This station was the meeting point for the fast freight and the incoming express, and if the wild engine was allowed to pass, she must surely collide with the passenger train. The operator who was on duty looking out for these two important trains, realized the situation at a glance, and opened the switch at the farther end of the siding to allow the 13 to go into the ditch beyond the depot.

Because it was a junction point, the station was located at the foot of a long slope, down which Hansen drove at a frightful rate. Whatever of speed he had lost by losing fire and wasting steam, he now regained on the downward grade. So great was the speed of the train that when the engine struck the first switch she left the track and plunged into the depot, carrying the four loaded cars with her. The fourth car contained giant powder for the miners in the mountains, and this now exploded with terrific force. The agent and his assistant had stationed themselves near the other switch to witness the performance of the wild engine when she should leave the rail, and so escaped death. Hansen's escape was almost miraculous. The engine, in turning over, threw him upon the roof of the low station, the roof was blown away by the explosion, and Hansen was carried out into the prairie. The special engine and crew that followed upon her blazing trail found the 13 buried in the burning station, and Hansen lying unconscious upon the star-lit plain.

The blackened fields had been plowed and prepared for another crop, the station was being rebuilt, and the company's claim agent was busy settling with the farmers along the line, before Hansen was able to walk out in the garden back of the company's hospital. It seemed to him, he said, that he had been ill all his life, and that all he knew was the short life he had lived in the hospital. Back of that all was a blank, save that he had a faint notion that he had lived before, and that the world out of which he had come was made up of one great sorrow from which he had narrowly escaped.

"Is that my name?" he asked of the attendant one day when his reason had returned.

"Sure," said the nurse, "your name vas Oscar—don't you know your own name?"



"THE FIREMAN SEIZED HIM, ONLY TO BE HURLED OUT OVER THE COAL TANK BY THE DESPERATE DANE."

"Oh! yes," said the patient wearily, "I had forgotten. What's my other name, Oscar what?"

The attendant was about to reply when the surgeon, entering, gave sign for the man to be quiet. "Restless," said the doctor, taking the patient's hand, and the sick man caught at the word, the meaning of which his wreck of a mind scarcely comprehended, and repeated: "Reslis—Oscar Reslis—that's a nice-sounding name."

"Yes," said the surgeon, deciding to let it go at that; "Oscar Reslis is a very pretty name."

The physical condition of the patient improved rapidly enough now, but his mental condition continued to puzzle the chief surgeon and his staff. He was quiet enough, and seemed anxious to be alone—away from the other patients and the attendants. He would sit for hours thinking, thinking, hard and long, upon the great problem of life, and trying to make out how he came to be. The attendants had been instructed to keep a close watch upon the sick man, and this, as his reasoning powers returned, Hansen detected. "Why do you follow me all the while?" he asked of his German keeper one day when the latter had trailed him down in the garden.

"To se so dot you none skedattle—flew der coop—see? Dat vas it."

"Tell me, Fritz," Hansen pleaded, "where did I live before I came here?"

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed the German, "you dink I vas one fool? Der doc tell

me I shall not speak mit you about your past life. He say I must use say nix, une blay as I don't lisen, see?"

"Then tell me why they brought me here."

"Oh! I mus nit, I mus nit speak mit you about your sickness, der doc sais; because, he say, it will make you nut fly off. You see it is nit goot for you to know so much, because you been wronk in der cope—see? Dot vos it. Doc sais you must not told a man vat is crazy dot he been crazy, for dot makes him sometimes still more crazy yet again already. Dot is it. So I vill not say anoder veard from you."

Oscar thought a great deal over his conversation with Fritz, and as the days went by he began to realize that he was a prisoner; that he had been a prisoner once before, either in this world or the other; that he had escaped; and he must escape again. All his time was now occupied in forming plans by which he might free himself from his captors, who had no right, according to his way of reasoning, to hold him.

One night when Fritz was asleep, Oscar dressed himself, slid down the rain-spout, and reached the garden. By the help of some grape-vines that grew there, he was able to scale the wall; and once free, he ran away with all his might, not caring where his legs carried him so they bore him away from his prison. It happened that as he reached the yard a freight train was pulling out, and seeing that it was leaving the town, he boarded it and rode away. Upon some flat cars in this train there were a number of narrow-gauge locomotives going out to a mountain road then being built in the new West, and in the fire-box of one of these engines Hansen hid. The train had been out three days, and was almost in sight of the Rocky Mountains, when Hansen was forced by hunger from his hiding-place. He was put off at an eating-station, and the boarding boss took care of him. He said his name was Oscar Reslis; and when he was strong enough to work he was put into the kitchen as dish-washer. But being sober and industrious, he was soon promoted to be second cook. At the end of the year, when the cook got drunk and lost his place, Oscar was make chief cook at one of the best-known eating-houses on the K. P. He was a little queer in his actions, but they all attributed his eccentricities to his long fast in the fire-box of the dead engine, and treated him with greater consideration than he would otherwise have received.

When they had hammered the kinks out of her warped and twisted frame, and smoothed the dents out of her boiler, the luckless locomotive was rebuilt, painted, and rolled out over the turn-table with the same unlucky number on her headlight. Nobody wanted her now. New and beautiful as she was, not an engineer asked to be allowed to run her. After she had been broken in again, and the travelling engineer had passed upon her fitness for the road, she was ordered out on local freight. She had no serious trouble for some months, but any number of minor accidents were charged up to her in the conductor's delay reports, and the work-book in the round-house was written full of her troubles. At the end of the year it was found that she had burned more coal, used more oil, had more repairs, cost more money, made less mileage, and injured more people than any engine on the Smoky-Hill division. She was placed in the hands of one of the most experienced engineers, but she made the same bad record, if not a worse one; and neither engineer nor master mechanic was able to put a hand upon her and say: "Here she is wrong." Her trouble could not be located, and most of the men gave it up, declaring that Hansen had "hoo-dooed" her. One day her throttle flew open and stuck, as it had upon her first trip, causing her to run away, kill her engineer, and injure a number of trainmen. After that she was put upon a construction train, and made to drag outfit cars from station to station along the line. But even here she had to be followed up by a machine-shop to keep her on her wheels.

In time she came to be the talk of the whole system. If a man had a special or a fast freight behind him, he would invariably ask the despatcher where the 13 was, and he looked for her at every curve until he had found and passed her. She was always due to jump the track or lay down between stations in the face of the fast express. She became so notoriously unlucky that men were hardly held responsible for her capers. Wrecks that would have cost the driver of another engine ten days were not reported; and even serious accidents her engineer was not called upon to explain. So long as she remained at the other end of the line, the master mechanic was satisfied. She was a "hoo-doo."

Meanwhile Oscar Reslis had become an expert cook, and had many friends at the little Western town that was a flag station when he stopped there to break his long

fast. His mind seemed clearer, but he was less cheerful. A settled melancholy seemed fixed upon him, which none of his associates was able to understand. He believed in the transmigration of souls. Where he had lived, he said, he had been deeply wronged and persecuted. He had passed through a great sorrow, and to his acquaintances it seemed that he had been purified by pain. He lived such a simple, sinless life that those about him believed in him and in the faith he held, and in time he had a number of converts to what they called the "Reslis religion." He was constantly preaching. "Strive hard, strive hard," he would say to those about him. "Remember that all the good you do in this life will count for you in the life to come. The more you suffer here the more you will enjoy there—be patient."

One sultry summer day, when all the help were complaining of the heat in the kitchen, the patient cook surprised them by beginning to sing, as he went about his work, a thing he had never done before.

"I think I shall go away soon," he said, when the second cook asked the cause of his apparent happiness.

"Where? Oh! that I do not know; but to a better place than this, I hope. Not that this is a bad world; but we must advance,—go on and up, up and on, until we reach the perfect life."

Suddenly there came through the open windows two shrill blasts of a locomotive whistle, and instantly Hansen's face grew joyously bright.

"There she is! There she is!" he cried, bounding out of the kitchen, and clearing the back fence at a single leap. And now he beheld the old 13 just pulling out with three or four outfit cars and an old, rickety caboose behind her. She was so covered with alkali, dust, and grease, that her number could not be seen; but he had heard her voice, and knew her. The fireman was busy at the furnace, the engineer was looking back to see that the yard men closed the switch behind him; and so the cook climbed into the cab unobserved. When the fireman came out of the coal tank and found the man there, he concluded that the engineer had given him permission to ride; and when the engineer looked over and saw the fireman fixing a seat for the "dead-head," he thought the two men must be friends, and, as few people ever came into the cab, he was rather pleased to find a man reckless enough to ride the 13.

The Dane's face told plainly how glad he was to find the lost idol of his heart. Dirty, disgraced—almost despised—drudging along in front of her wretched train of rickety, dust-covered cars, she was still beautiful to him.

The engineer was doing the best he could with the old scrap heap, for there was a passenger train coming from the west, and the first siding was nearly ten miles away. It had been raining down the line the night before, and the parched plain was fresh and cool. Both the engineer and the fireman were much interested in the bare-headed passenger, who seemed about as happy as a man can get and live. He took note of every move made by the engineer, smiling when the engine blew off steam, and frowning when the driver handled the throttle or lever in a rough or careless manner.

"Guess this is your first ride on a locomotive, eh?" asked the driver.

"My first ride?" cried Hansen. "Don't you know me? I made this engine, and they took her from me, and locked me up in a prison; but I shall never leave her again. I shall scour her jacket, polish her bell, repaint her, and she shall pull the Denver Express."

"If I don't b'leve it's the crazy Dane," said the engineer. "Wher'd you git 'im?"

"I didn't git 'im at all," said the fireman. "Wher'd you git 'im?"

"Is that what they call me over there—back there where we used to live?" asked Hansen, almost pathetically.

The engineer made no reply; the fireman shook the grates, and looked out over the plain, where the scant grass, taking courage from the recent rain, made a feeble effort to look green and cheerful.

"Open her up," shouted Hansen. "Don't be afraid of her. We shall push right on to the end of the run—until we find a round-house—and some tools, and then we will rebuild her. How handsome she will look when she comes out. We will paint her black this time—all black—all but her bell; and that shall shine like burnished gold. Black will become us now, for we have passed through great trials since our separation. How they have abused you, my noble steel," continued the man, glancing along the boiler and up at the stack.

The engine began to roll and plunge fearfully now, and the driver, looking out, saw that the rain had been very heavy, and that the track was almost unsafe. But he dare not slow down because of his close meeting point with the east-bound

express. Instead of being frightened at the capers of the rolling, plunging engine, the Dane seemed delighted, and leaned far out on the fireman's side, and shouted and laughed as the world went by. Although the track was clear and straight, the driver kept a constant lookout, for he had no air, and the way the train was rolling it would be difficult for the trainmen to get to the brakes, and when they did get to them they were apt to be out of repair. Occasionally they crossed deep, narrow gullies on wooden bridges that shook as the engine struck them. These waterless streams in the West are treacherous. It is not enough to say that they are dry one hour and bank-full the next; for they will often fill to overflowing in a single minute. The water at times will roll down in a solid wall ten or twelve feet high. There had been a cloudburst here, and suddenly the driver saw the sagging rails hanging over a deep ravine. The bridge was gone, and there was no possible show for them. "Jump!" he shouted, and the fireman leaped out into the prairie, and the engine plunged head first into the stream, now almost dry. The three or four outfit cars piled in on top of the engine, and filled up the gap, while the caboose, breaking her coupling, leaped over the wreck, and was thrown out on the plain beyond the washout.

When the fireman had pulled himself together, and the conductor and brakemen had crawled from the wrecked caboose, bruised and bleeding, they went in search of the engineer and the crazy Dane. What they found, and failed to find, is well known to thousands of railroad men. It has become a part of the history of the road and of the West. There in the bed of the narrow stream they found the outfit cars all in a heap. The stream—only eight or ten inches of clear water—was rippling through and around the wreck; but the locomotive was gone, and so was her driver, and so was the Dane. The men stared at one another, and when the fireman told them that the crazy inventor was on the engine, they were seized with a strange terror, and they all turned and scrambled up the bank. Far down the plain they saw the smoke of a locomotive, and they thought that the crazy Dane must have caused the 13 to leap over the washout. It must be so, for the engine had disappeared, and this discovery served only to increase their bewilderment.

Presently the conductor thought of his running orders and of the east-bound express, which they were running to meet at the siding only a mile beyond the washout, and, securing a soiled flag from the old caboose, he ran with all his might to meet and flag the approaching train. The arrival of the express explained away the smoke they had seen, and made it plain to the crew of the work-train that their engine had not escaped, but that she was somewhere in the quicksand of the little stream. It was some time before the crew and the passengers of the express could bring themselves to believe the story told by the bewildered freight crew. They went down into the stream, waded into the water, and found the sand firm enough to hold a man up, and some of the passengers said the men were crazy, and would not believe the tale they told. What wonder then, if these men who were there only a few minutes after the wreck doubted this story, that men laugh to-day when the enterprising newsboy points out the place where the engine went down and disappeared in the sand?

The railway officials, however, did not doubt the story, and they came and dug and drifted, prospected, and ploughed around in the desert sands all night and all the next day. After the bridge had been rebuilt they went at it in earnest. For days and weeks and months they worked away, digging and sounding in the sand, and when thousands of dollars had been expended they gave it up. The lost locomotive has never been found.*

* The following letters, recently received by the author, will be of interest to the reader:

Office of the General Superintendent,
UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

DENVER, COLORADO, *March* 1, 1896.

CY WARMAN, Esq., Washington, D. C.

The lost locomotive of which you inquire went down in Sand Creek, a few hours' run east of Denver, and although thousands of dollars have been expended by the company, the engine has never been found.

Respectfully yours,
W. A. DEUEL, *General Supt., U. P. Ry.*

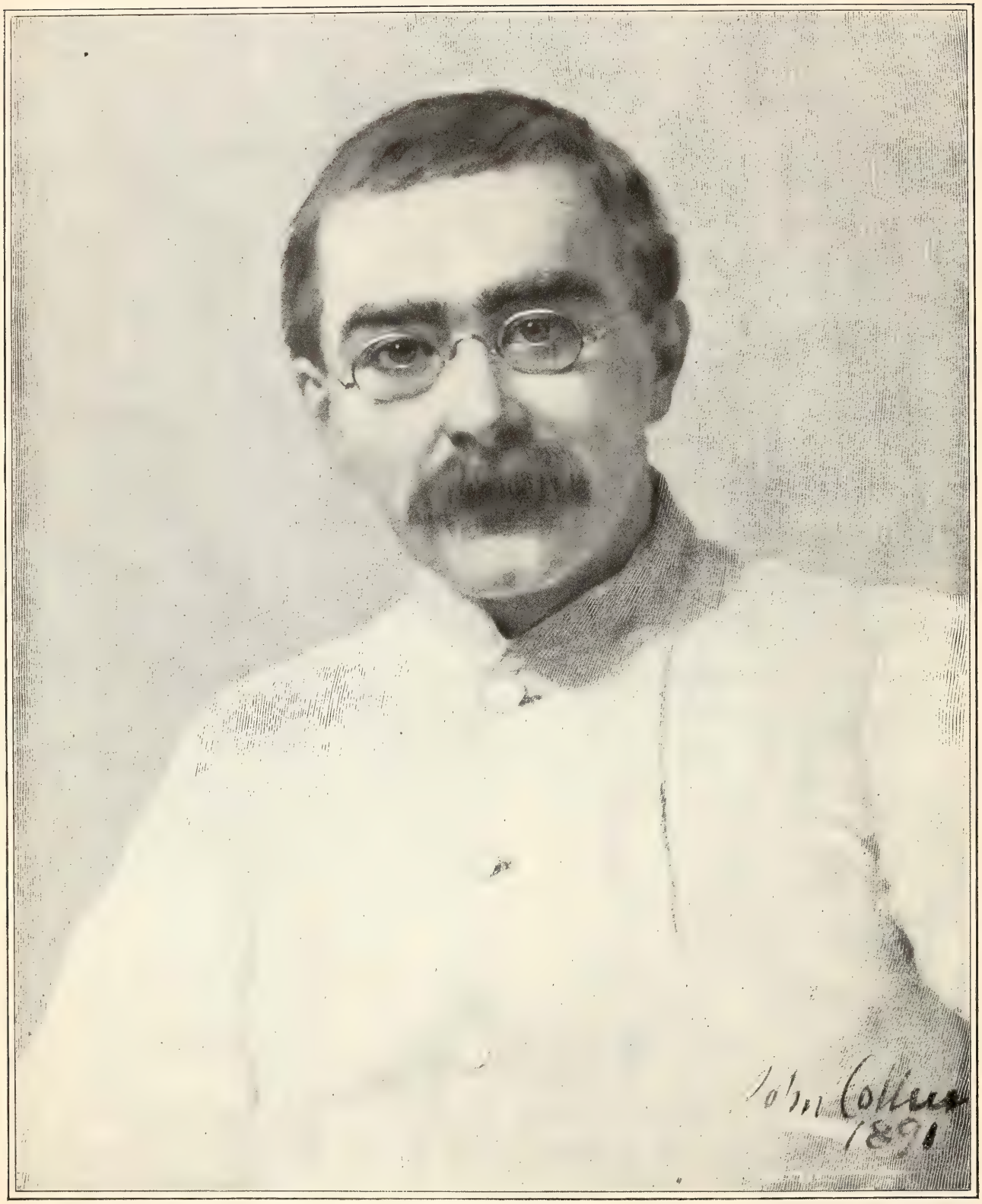
THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD COMPANY.
(Treasury Department.)

DENVER, COLORADO, *March* 21, 1896.

MR. CY WARMAN, Washington, D. C.

My Dear Cy: I remember the story of the engine going down in Sand Creek; and, so far as I know, it has never been recovered.

With best wishes, I am, hastily, sincerely yours,
J. W. GILLULY, *Treasurer of the D. & R. G. RR.*



RUDYARD KIPLING.

From a portrait by the Hon. John Collier, exhibited in the Royal Academy for 1891. Reproduced by kind permission of the artist.

McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VII. JULY, 1896. No. 2.

KIPLING IN INDIA.

REMINISCENCES BY THE EDITOR OF THE NEWSPAPER ON WHICH KIPLING SERVED AT LAHORE.

By E. Kay Robinson,

Formerly editor of the "Civil and Military Gazette," Lahore.

ALTHOUGH my official relations with Kipling did not commence till the autumn of 1886, our acquaintance on paper opened almost immediately after my arrival in India in January, 1885. I had written some dog-Latin verses in the "Pioneer" of Allahabad, to which paper I had gone out as assistant editor, and signed them with my initials "K. R.," being unaware that Kipling, who was assistant editor of the "Civil and Military Gazette" of Lahore, was in the habit of sending verses to the "Pioneer," signed "R. K." I was unaware, indeed, of Kipling's existence, until I received a courteous letter from him, saying that he had been undeservedly complimented (!) upon the Latin verses, which, owing to the similarity of our initials, were being attributed to him. I looked up the files of the paper for some of his work, and after reading it appreciated the honor done to my verses in the mistake.

The next incident which brought us into correspondence might also have annoyed a writer without Kipling's modesty and good temper. He had been commissioned to write a Christmas poem for the "Pioneer," and he sent a copy of verses. They were harmonious, but instead of reflecting the traditional spirit of Yule-tide, they satirized the incongruity of Christmas festivity in India, in the midst of an alien, heathen, and poverty-stricken people. The poem was altogether so "unchristmassy" that it would have been rejected had it not passed through my hands in the "Pioneer" office. I wrote a parody of it, verse by verse, taking the same dolorous view of Christmas in London as Kipling had taken of Christmas in India; and, whereas he had suggested that only our brethren in England, with their holly and mistletoe, could really enjoy Christmas, I implied that India, with its blue skies and bright sunshine, was the place where the festive season might actually be worth enjoying. The two poems were published side by side as "Dyspeptic Views of Christmas," signed respectively "R. K." and "K. R." Instead of being irritated by this perversion of the sentiment he had intended seriously, Kipling wrote me a letter of thanks.

Shortly afterwards I obtained a month's leave, and visited, among other places, Lahore, where I made the acquaintance of the Kipling family. A more charming circle it would be hard to find. John Lockwood Kipling, the father, a rare, genial soul, with happy artistic instincts, a polished literary style, and a generous, cynical sense of humor, was, without exception, the most delightful companion I had ever met. Mrs. Kipling, the mother, preserved all the graces of youth, and had

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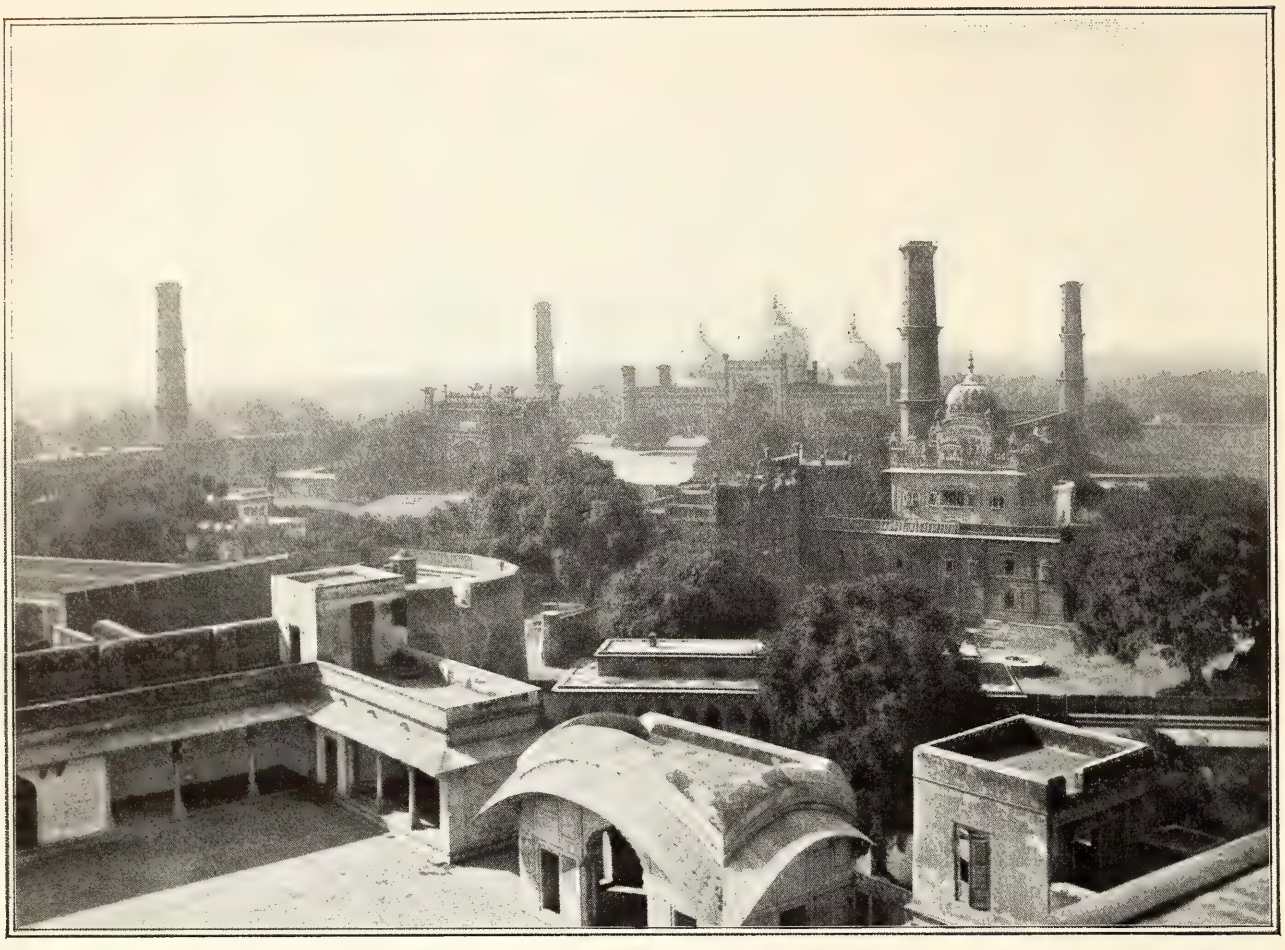


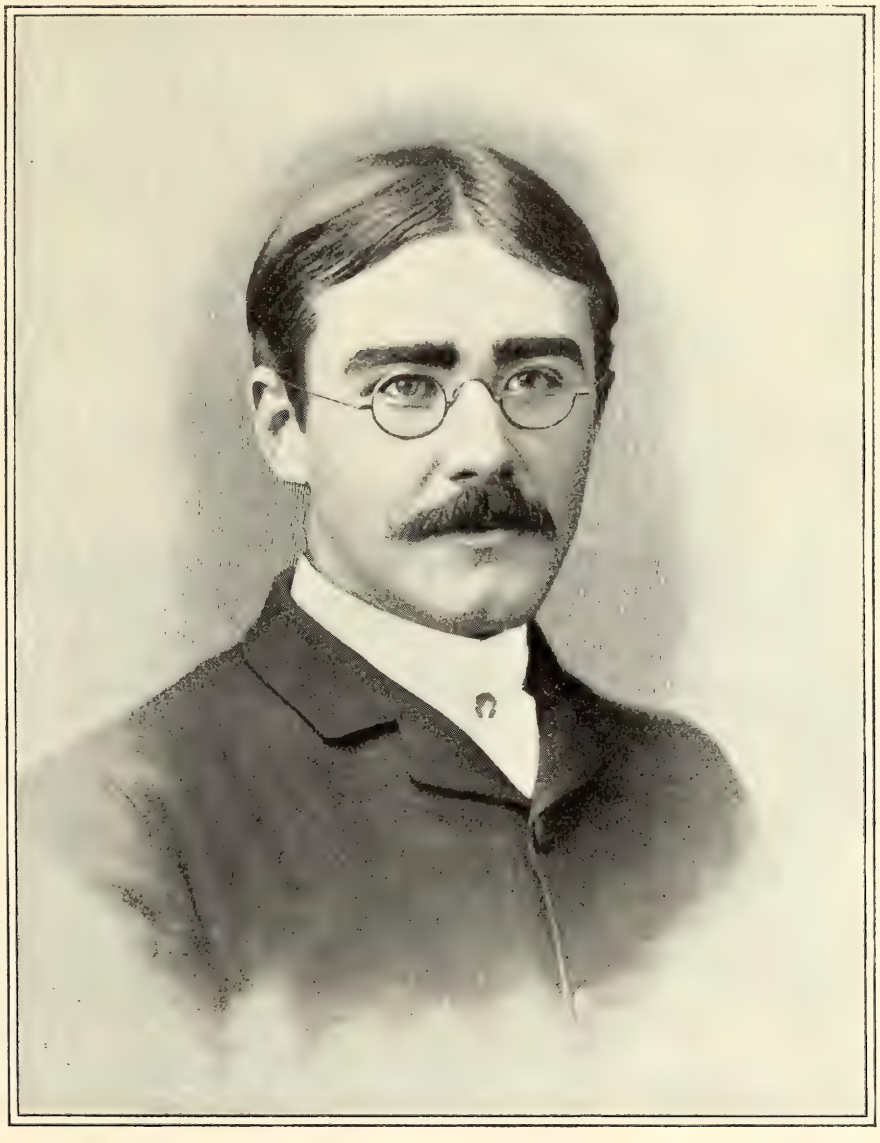
A VIEW OF LAHORE FROM THE PALACE IN THE FORT.

From a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.

a sprightly, if occasionally caustic wit, which made her society always desirable. Miss Kipling, the sister, now Mrs. Fleming, inherits all her mother's vivacity and possesses a rare literary memory. I believe that there is not a single line in any play of Shakespeare's which she cannot quote. She has a statuesque beauty, and in repose her face is marvellously like that of Mary Anderson. With Kipling himself, I was disappointed at first. At the time of which I am writing, early in 1886, his face had not acquired the character of manhood, and contrasted somewhat unpleasantly with his stoop (acquired through much bending over an office table), his heavy eyebrows, his spectacles, and his sallow Anglo-Indian complexion; while his jerky speech and abrupt movements added to the unfavorable impression. But his conversation was brilliant, and his sterling character gleamed through the humorous light which shone behind his spectacles, and in ten minutes he fell into his natural place as the most striking member of a remarkably clever and charming family. It was a domestic quartette. They had combined, by the way, in the previous year, to produce "The Quartette," a Christmas publication of unusual ability; and each of the four had individually attained to almost as much literary fame as can be won in India.

It was inevitable that such a family, placed in such surroundings, should yield an atmosphere of domestic approval warm enough to be liable to encourage eccentric growth in Kipling's budding genius. He was compelled, however, to work daily in a newspaper office, under a man who appreciated his talent very little, and kept him employed on work for the most part utterly uncongenial; and this may have acted as a salutary antidote. Nevertheless, it is almost pathetic to look through the "Civil and Military Gazette" of that time and note where Kipling's bright humor only flashed out in the introductory lines to summaries of government reports, dry semi-political notes, and the side-headings of scissors-and-paste paragraphs. This, however, was the maximum of literary display usually allowed to him; and it seemed such waste of genius that I strongly urged him to go to England, where he would win real fame, and possibly wealth, instead of the few hundred depreciated rupees per month which are the guerdon of Anglo-Indian journalism. To all such suggestions he always returned the

answer that when he *knew* he could do good work, it would be time for him to strive for a place in the English world of letters, and that, in any case, the proprietors of the "Civil and Military Gazette" had taken him on trust, a boy fresh from school, and he would serve them loyally, like Jacob in the Bible, for his full seven years. Whether he gained or lost thereby in the long run I do not know; but that I personally gained

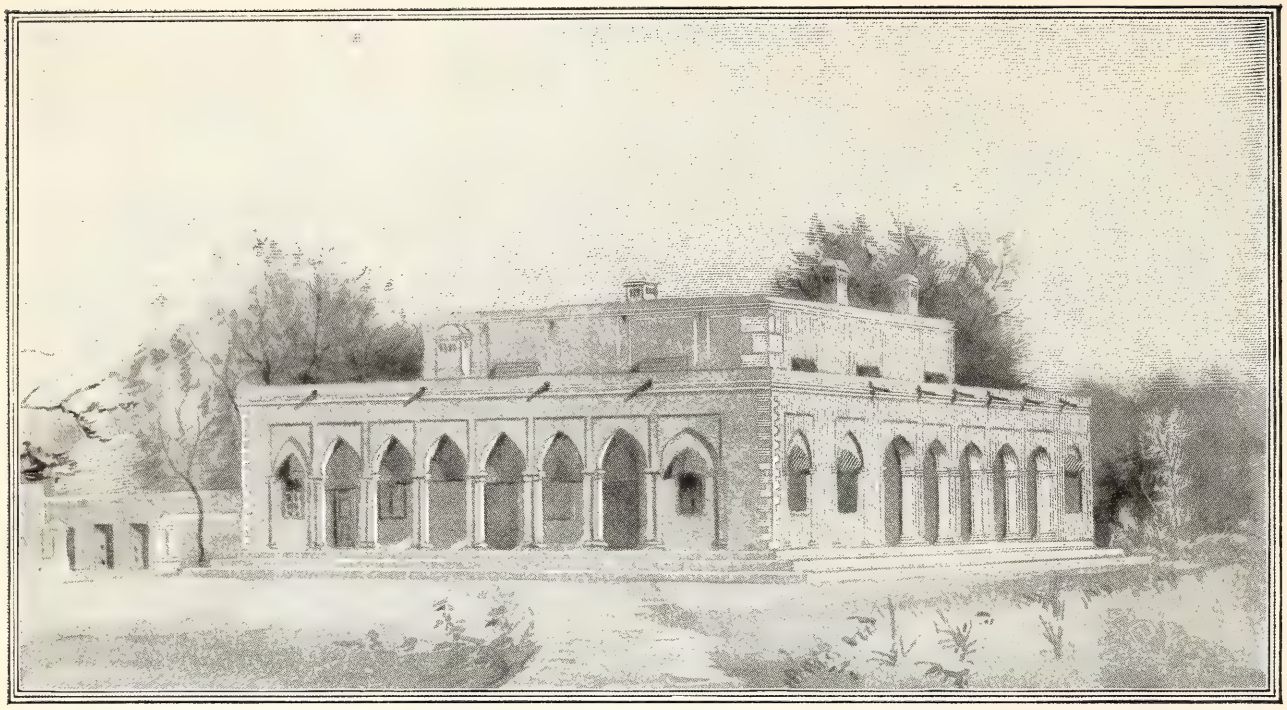


RUDYARD KIPLING AT ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

From an unpublished photograph by Bourne and Shepherd, Simla. Owned by Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, Rudyard Kipling's father.

is certain, for to Kipling's refusal to leave India was due the fact that when I subsequently arrived at Lahore to take over the editorship of the "Civil and Military Gazette" I found him still there as assistant.

I also found a letter awaiting me from the chief proprietor, in which he expressed the hope that I would be able to "put some sparkle into the paper." When the staff of a journal consists of two men only, one of whom is Kipling, such an exhortation addressed to the other doubtless seems curious. But, as I have said above, Kipling had been discouraged from "sparkling." My predecessor in the editorship of the "Civil and Military Gazette" had done his best to make a sound second-rate journalist out of the youngster by keeping his nose at the grindstone of proof-reading, scissors-and-paste work, and the boiling down of government Blue Books into summaries for publication. But Kipling had the buoyancy of a cork, and, after his long office work, had still found spare energy to write those charming sketches and poems which in "Soldiers Three" and the "Departmental Ditties" gave him such fame as can be won in the narrow world of Anglo-India. The privilege which he most valued at this time was the permission to send such things as his editor refused for the "Civil and Military Gazette" to other papers for publica-



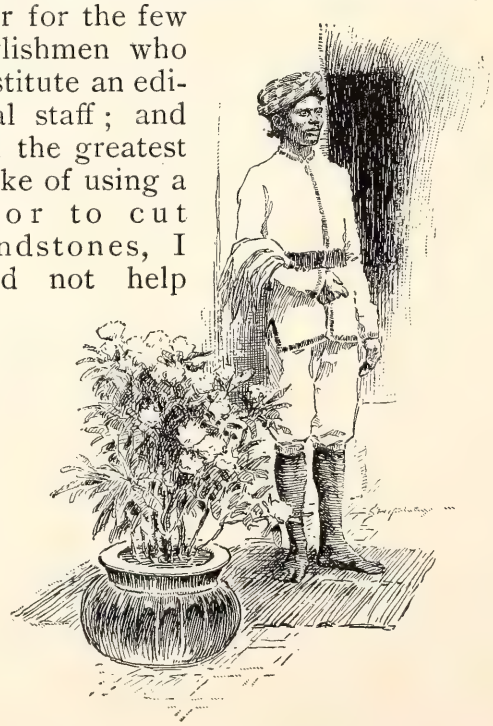
THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY THE KIPLINGS AT LAHORE.

From a drawing by Baga Ram. Owned by Mr. John Lockwood Kipling.

tion. These papers used to publish and pay for them gladly, and the compliments and encouragement with which more sympathetic critics treated his work, partly consoled him for the efforts made in his own office to curtail his exuberant literature.

Whatever may have been the reason for the repression to which Kipling had been subjected before my arrival at Lahore, the fact explains why I, instead of he, should have been asked to put some "sparkle" into the paper. I read the letter to him, and we agreed that champagne had more of the desired quality than anything else we could think of; and as the "Sind and Punjab Hotel" happened to be opposite our office, I sent over for a bottle, and we inaugurated our first day's work together by drinking to the successful sparkle of "the rag" under its new management. Among many cherished scraps of paper lost in a despatch box which was stolen from me in Italy, that land of thieves, on my way back from India, was a drawing in red ink, perpetrated partly by Kipling and partly by myself, of this initiatory symposium. I knew that Kipling was predestined to fame, and I kept this sketch as the first result of our collaboration. It represented our two selves seated at the office table, with champagne bottle and glasses, and was headed "Putting Some Sparkle Into It." There were several fox-terriers (of sorts) in the picture—Kipling's "Vic," "Joe," my property, and "Buz," a delightful performing terrier, belonging to somebody else, that had attached itself to us and our dogs, and used to come to office every morning, after gnawing through the rope with which its master's dog-keeper endeavored to prevent its straying. Kipling was absurdly devoted to "Vic," and she appears and reappears, often under her own name, in many of his stories. She was a dog with many human points, and an entertaining companion. Her breed too was reputed excellent, but she looked wonderfully like a nice clean suckling pig.

Journalism in India is uncommonly hard labor for the few Englishmen who constitute an editorial staff; and with the greatest dislike of using a razor to cut grindstones, I could not help



AN INDIAN FOOTMAN.

burdening Kipling with a good deal of daily drudgery. My experience of him as a newspaper hack suggests, however, that if you want to find a man who will cheerfully do the office work of three men, you should catch a young genius. Like a blood horse between the shafts of a coal wagon, he may go near to bursting his heart in the effort, but he'll drag that wagon along as it ought to go. The amount of "stuff" that Kipling got through in the day was indeed wonderful; and though I had more or less satisfactory assistants after he left, and the staff grew with the paper's prosperity, I am sure that more solid work was done in that office when Kipling and I worked together than ever before or after.

A ROOM IN THE KIPLING HOUSE AT LAHORE.

From a photograph owned by Mr. John Lockwood Kipling.

There was one peculiarity of Kipling's work which I really must mention; namely, the amount of ink he used to throw about. In the heat of summer white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over like a Dalmatian dog. He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently and deep into the ink-pot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly. When he darted into my room, as he used to do about one thing or another in connection with the contents of the paper a dozen times in the morning I had to shout to him to "stand off;" otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make, and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send the penful of ink—he always had a *full* pen in his hand—flying over me. Driving or sometimes walking home to breakfast in his light attire plentifully besprinkled with ink, his spectacled face peeping out under an enormous, mushroom-shaped pith hat, Kipling was a quaint-looking object. This was in the hot weather, when Lahore lay blistering month after month under the sun, and every white woman and half of the white men had fled to cooler altitudes in the Himalayas, and only those men were left who, like Kipling and myself, *had* to stay. So it mattered little in what costume we went to and from the office. In the winter, when "society" had returned to Lahore, Kipling was rather scrupulous in the matter of dress, but his lavishness in the matter of ink changed not with the seasons.

He was always the best of good company, bubbling over with delightful humor, which found vent in every detail of our day's work together; and the chance visitor to the editor's office must often have carried away very erroneous notions of the amount of

work which was being done when he found us in the fits of laughter that usually accompanied our consultations about the make-up of the paper. This is my chief recollection of Kipling as assistant and companion. And I would place sensitiveness as his second characteristic. Although a master of repartee, for instance, he dreaded dining at the club, where there was one resident member who disliked him and was always endeavoring to snub him. Kipling's retorts invariably turned the tables on his assailant and set us all in a roar ; and, beside this, Kipling was popular in the club, while the other was not. Under such circumstances, an ordinary man would have courted the combat and enjoyed provoking his clumsy opponent. But the man's animosity hurt Kipling, and I knew that he often, to avoid the ordeal, dined in solitude at home when he would infinitely have preferred dining with me at the club.

For a mind thus highly strung the plains of India in the hot weather make a bad abiding-place ; and many of Kipling's occasional verses and passages in the Indian stories tell us how deep he drank at times of the bitterness of the dry cup that rises to the lips of the Englishman in India in the scorching heat of the sleepless Indian night. In the dregs of that cup lies madness ; and the keener the intellect, and the more tense the sensibilities, the greater the danger. I suffered little in the hot weather, day or night ; and yet Kipling, who suffered much at times, willingly went through trials in pursuit of his art which nothing would have induced me to undergo. His "City of Dreadful Night" was no fancy sketch, but a picture burned into his brain during the suffocating night-hours that he spent exploring the reeking dens of opium and vice in the worst quarters of the native city of Lahore ; while his "City of Two Creeds" was another picture of Lahore from the life —and the death—when he watched Mussulman and Hindu spending the midnight hours in mutual butchery.

While possessing a marvellous faculty for assimilating local color without apparent effort, Kipling neglected no chance and spared no labor in acquiring experience that might serve a literary purpose. Of the various races of India, whom the ordinary Englishman lumps together as "natives," Kipling knew the quaintest details respecting habits, language, and distinctive ways of thought. I remember well one long-limbed Pathan, indescribably filthy, but with magnificent mien and features—Mahbub Ali, I think, was his name—who regarded Kipling as a man apart from all other "Sahibs." After each of his wanderings across the unexplored fringes of Afghanistan, where his restless spirit of adventure led him, Mahbub Ali always used to turn up travel-stained, dirtier and more majestic than ever, for confidential colloquy with "Kuppeleen Sahib," his "friend ;" and I more than fancy that to Mahbub Ali, Kipling owed the wonderful local color which he was able to put into the story of "The Man who Would be King."

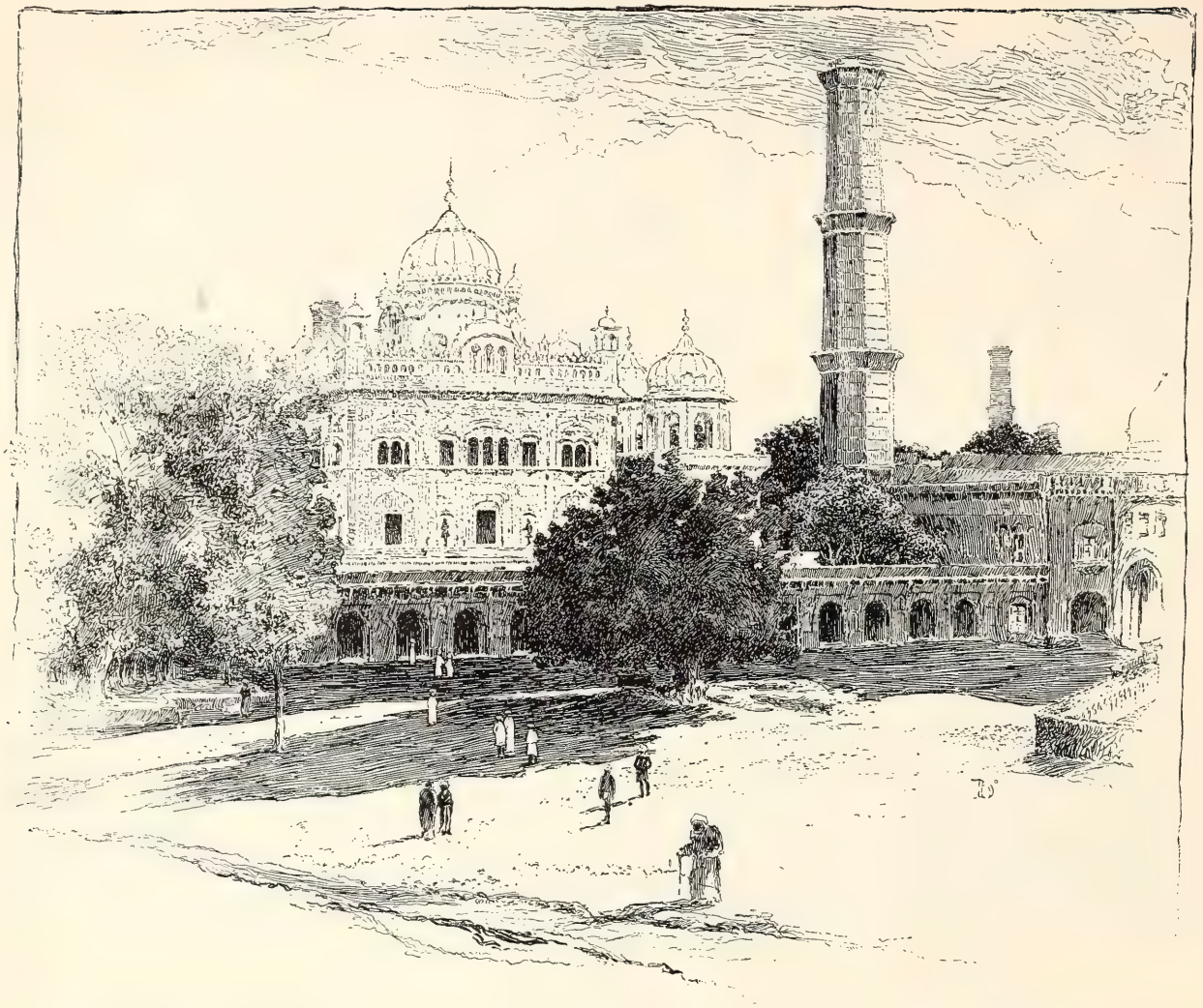
And Mahbub Ali, peace to his ashes, was only one link in the strange chain of associations that Kipling riveted round himself in India. No half-note in the wide gamut of native ideas and custom was unfamiliar to him : just as he had left no phase of white life in India unexplored. He knew the undercurrent of the soldiers' thoughts, in the whitewashed barracks on the sun-burnt plain of Mian Mir, better than sergeant or chaplain. No father confessor penetrated more deeply into the thoughts of fair but frail humanity than Kipling, when the frivolous society of Anglo-India formed the object of his inquiries. The "railway folk," that queer colony of white, half white and three-quarters black, which remains an uncared-for and discreditable excrescence upon British rule in India, seemed to have unburdened their souls to Kipling of all their grievances, their poor pride, and their hopes. Some of the best of Kipling's work is drawn from the lives of these people ; although to the ordinary Anglo-Indian, whose social caste restrictions are almost more inexorable than those of the Hindu whom he affects to despise on that account, they are as a sealed book. Sometimes, taking a higher flight, Kipling has made Viceroys and Commanders-in-Chief, Members of Council and Secretaries to Government his theme, and the flashes of light that he has thrown upon the inner workings of the machinery of government in India have been recognized as too truly colored to be intuitive or aught but the light of knowledge reflected from the actual facts. No writer, for instance, could have excited, as Kipling did, Lord Dufferin's curiosity as to how the inmost councils of the State had thus been photographed, without having somehow or other caught a glimpse of things as they were for at least one moment. It is this which is the strongest attribute of Kipling's mind : that it photographs, as it were, every detail of passing scenes that can have any future utility for literary reference or allusion. He was able, however he might be engaged, to make mental excursions of

A LOOP IN THE DARJEELING RAILWAY, IN THE HIMALAYAS.

From a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.

various kinds while still pursuing the even tenor of the business in hand.

In sporting matters, for instance, I suppose nothing is more difficult than for a man who is no "sportsman"—in the exclusive sense of the men who carry the scent of the stables and the sawdust of the ring with them wherever they go—to speak to these in their own language, along their own lines of thought. Of a novelist who writes a good sporting story, it is considered praise to say that "none but a real sportsman could have written it." But Kipling was no sportsman and an indifferent horseman; yet his sporting verses always took the sporting world in India (where sport takes precedence of almost every other form of human activity) by storm. I recollect in particular one case, in which a British cavalry regiment, once famous in the annals of sport and quartered at Umballa, formerly renowned as the headquarters of military steeple-chasing in India, published an advertisement of their steeple-chases and, to attract number rather than quality of entries, stated that the fences were "well sloped" and "littered on the landing side," or something to that effect. Now, if Kipling had ridden a steeple-chase then, I imagine the odds would have been against his and the horse's arriving at the winning post together. In India he could only have seen a few second-class steeple-chases in the way that the ordinary spectator sees them. But he wrote a poem upon this advertisement, reminding the regiment of what they had been, and of what Umballa had once been, in sport, and filled with such technicalities of racing and stable jargon that old steeple-chasers went humming it all over every station in upper India and swearing that it was the best thing ever written in English. It was a bitter satire on the degeneracy in sport of the cavalry officers who "sloped" and "littered" their fences to make the course easy and safe. To the non-sporting reader the technical words gave good local color, and might or might not have been rightly used. But what impressed me was that a sporting "Vet," who had lived in the pigskin almost all his life, should have gone wandering about the Lahore Club asking people, "Where does the youngster pick it all up?" As for the bitterness of the satire, it is enough to say that, many years after, an officer of the regiment,



LAHORE: TOMB OF RUNJEET SINGH, SIKH RULER OF THE COUNTRY, WITH THE GREAT MOSQUE, ERECTED BY THE MOGUL EMPEROR AURUNGZEBE, IN THE BACKGROUND.

Drawn from a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.

finding the verses in the scrap-book of a friend in whose house he was staying, apologized for the necessity of tearing the page out and burning it.

It was to Kipling's powers of satire, indeed, that his early fame in India was mainly due. The poems that made up his "Departmental Ditties" were personal and topical in their origin, and gained tenfold in force for readers who could supply the names and places. There have been Davids and Uriahs in all ages and countries; and the poem "Jack Barrett Went to Quetta" may be taken as applicable to all. But those who had known the real "Jack Barrett," good fellow that he was, and the vile superior and faithless wife who sent him "on duty" to his death, felt the heat of the spirit which inspired Kipling's verse in a way that gave those few lines an imperishable force. "Jack Barrett" was the type of Kipling's most successful earlier verse. His short stories of frivolous Anglo-Indian society are equally true to life. The light-hearted, or rather heartless, *amours* of Simla must have been witnessed at close range if one would thoroughly appreciate Kipling's picturesque travesties of the wiles and the wooings of Mrs. Hauksbee and the rest. Every one in Northern India knew who these ladies were; and the knowledge gave a particular interest to the "Plain Tales from the Hills." As an instance of Simla "local color," I might note the one phrase of "black-and-yellow wasps." All wasps are black and yellow—at least all English wasps are—but those who knew Simla when Kipling wrote of it would recollect that *the* social "wasp" of Simla society, the original "Mrs. Hauksbee," in fact, used to be conspicuous at the dances at Viceregal Lodge for the magnificent costumes of black and yellow with which she draped her slim-waisted figure.

Kipling took life as it came, generally with merriment; and every evening during the "season," dressed as to gloves etc. with rather scrupulous care for India, where considerable latitude in social costume prevails, he might have been seen, mounted on a

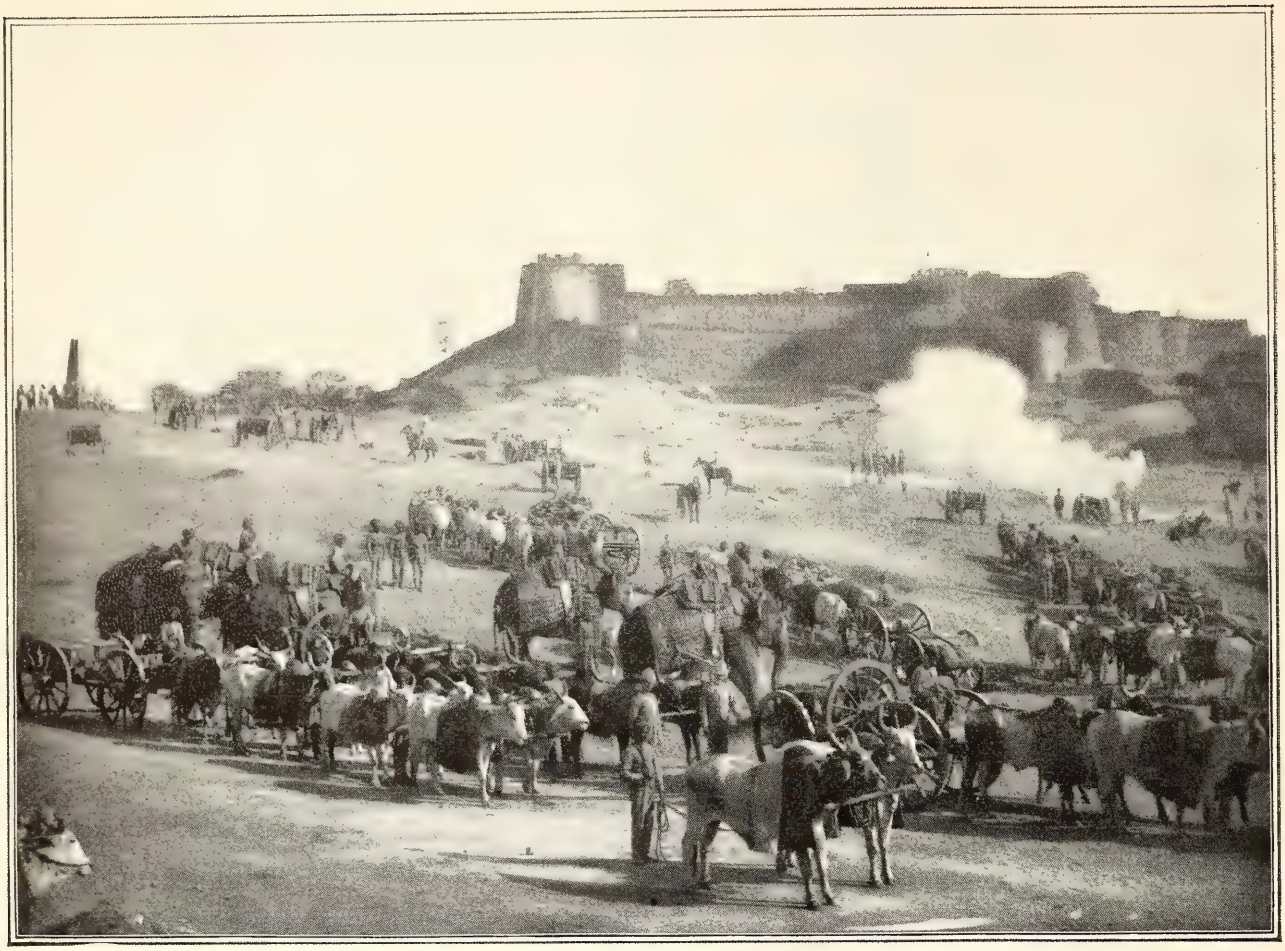
swish-tailed chestnut Arab—with which he never established fully confidential relations—trotting along the "Mall," as the chief road in up-country Indian stations is called, to the "Hall," where "society" forgathered.

One day when we were dressing in the morning, I heard Kipling shouting and went into his room. His face was pale with horror, and he was tightly clasping one leg above the knee. "There's a snake," he gasped, "inside my trousers, and I think I've got him by the head. Put your hand up from below and drag him out." I observed that Kipling only "thought" he had it by the head, and that its head might really be at the other end, in which case—— but, before I had finished, I saw the horror in his face relax and give place to a puzzled look, succeeded by fits of laughter. Endeavoring to ascertain by the sense of touch whether it was the head he was grasping, he discovered that it did not really feel like any part of a snake at all. In fact it had a buckle; and he realized that his braces had been dangling inside the garment when he put it on! But the danger of snakes in Lahore was real enough, and the place was rich in scorpions. I had been stung by a scorpion in bed one morning, and Kipling aided me in the afternoon in a scorpion hunt. We found twenty-six under the matting in the veranda outside my bedroom door, besides a few centipedes; and we put the lot into a large tumbler and filled it up with whiskey. Wasps may also be almost classed among the dangers of Anglo-Indian life in the Punjab. Fatal results occasionally result from their stings, and they swarm everywhere; so Kipling and I waged war upon the wasps which studded the "farash" trees outside the house with their untidy nests. Other of our researches into natural history concerned "Obadiah," a tame crow which we had picked up in a crippled condition in the road. He became our "Office Crow," and we had just determined to open a column in the paper for "Caws by the Office Crow," upon politics and things in general, when Kipling was translated from Lahore to Allahabad, and left me to become assistant editor of the "Pioneer."

For the latter paper he undertook a tour

THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE.

From a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.



THE NATIVE FORTRESS OF JHANSI, CENTRAL INDIA, WITH A TROOP OF BRITISH ARTILLERY DRILLING BEFORE IT.

From a photograph owned by Mr. W. Henry Grant, New York.

of the native states of India, and wrote a series of humorous letters under the heading "Letters of Marque," republished (without Kipling's consent) in volume form. Several incidents in his travels in some of the native states showed that he possessed considerable resource and physical courage: a fact which was not new to me, for in the course of his duties as assistant editor at Lahore, he once had to engage in bodily combat with an irate and inebriated photographer who invaded the office, and, in spite of the superior bulk of his enemy, Kipling emerged from the struggle triumphant. On another occasion I recollect a convivial party of about a dozen men about to separate in the small hours of the morning, when some one suggested "drawing" Kipling, whose house was close by. They proceeded thither, and stealthily entered Kipling's sleeping-room. As a rule, when a man is thus favored by a surprise visit from a party of his friends in the dead of night, he is at first alarmed, and afterwards effusively friendly. But Kipling was out of his bed in an instant, and before the foremost of the intruders had mastered the geography of the room in the dark, he felt the cold barrel of a revolver at his temple. This led to explanations, and as the party filed out of the house again, it did not seem as if the laugh had been on their side.

Having, to my own great delight, "discovered" Kipling (though his name was already a household word throughout India) in 1886, I thought that the literary world at home should share my pleasure. He was just then publishing his first little book in India; but the "Departmental Ditties" were good enough, as I thought at the time, and as afterwards turned out, to give him a place among English writers of the day. So I obtained eight copies, and distributed them, with recommendatory letters, among the editors of English journals of light and leading. So far as I could ascertain, not a single one of those papers condescended to say a word about the unpretentious little volume. It had not come, I suppose, through "the proper channel," *i.e.*, from the advertising publisher.

Some years later Kipling launched himself in England with several volumes, including a new edition of "Departmental Ditties," ready for the advertising publisher. Then the advertising publisher discovered his value, and sent his books to the literary journals; the literary journals dis-

covered his merit, and recommended him to the British public, and the British public hastened to buy his works. Out of sight of the English press, Kipling had worked like a grub of genius, in a remote corner of the Indian Empire, spinning a golden web out of which only stray strands floated ownerless now and then into the side-columns of English papers. Without in any way destroying their English copyright value, he had been able in India to publish and revise and republish his work with the aid of the criticism of the most cultured audience to which an English writer can appeal. In Anglo-India there are no uneducated readers, for ninety-nine per cent. of the men out there have passed difficult competitive examinations to get there. When he left India I often offered to bet with men out there who dissented from my estimate of his power, any amount they liked to name within my means, that before a year had passed he would be one of the most famous writers in England. None of them dissented to the extent of taking my bet, and the result justified their caution.

When I knew Kipling in India he was bubbling over with poetry, which his hard day's office work gave him no time to write. The efforts of the native police-band in the public gardens at Lahore to discourse English music to a sparse gathering of native nurses and infants would awaken, as we passed, some rhythm with accompanying words in his mind, and he would be obviously ill at ease because he could not get within reach of pen and ink. Whether Kipling would ever have been much of a musician, I cannot say ; but I know that all the poems he wrote during the years we worked together—many of the "Departmental Ditties," for instance—were written not only *to* music, but *as* music. I have before me now one of Kipling's poems of the "Departmental Ditty" order which was never published. One of India's "little wars" was in progress, and our special correspondent had telegraphed that, on account of our newspaper's comments on the composition of the General's staff, he had been boycotted by the General's orders. "Here," said I, handing the telegram to Kipling, "is a subject for a nice little set of verses."

Kipling read the telegram, thought a moment ; then said : "I have it How would this do—'Rum tiddy um ti tum ti tum, Tra la la ti tum ti tum'?" (or words to that effect) hummed in notes that suggested a solo on the bugle. I was quite accustomed to having verses in their inceptional stage submitted in this shape for editorial approval ; so I said that the poem sounded excellent, and returned to my work. In twenty minutes Kipling came to me with the verses, which commenced :

> "General Sir Arthur Victorius Jones,
> Great is vermilion splashed with gold."

They were pointed and scathing ; but, as I have said, were never published, subsequent telegrams showing that our correspondent had been mistaken. Kipling always conceived his verses in that way—as a tune, often a remarkably musical and, to me, novel tune. He will always do so, I fancy ; because, only the other day in Vermont, I heard him read, or rather intone, some of his unpublished Barrack-room Ballads to original tunes, which were infinitely preferable to the commonplace melodies to which his published ballads have been unworthily set—with the exception, perhaps, of "Mandalay." When he had got a tune into his head, the words and rhyme came as readily as when a singer vamps his own banjo accompaniment.

On the principle that scarcity enhances the value of every commodity, and that men value most what they cannot get, almost all Englishmen in India, where English ladies are comparatively few, become what are called "ladies' men," and Kipling was never without friends of the other sex. Intellectual women, who are proportionately numerous in India, were especially fond of his society ; and the witty wife of a gallant colonel still frequently boasts at Simla that the dedication of Kipling's first work, "To the Wittiest Woman in India," applies to her. General opinion, however, holds that Kipling intended the phrase for his mother, and, indeed, it might have been worse applied. Another charming woman friend of Kipling's, who is now dead, but while living was especially proud of the confidence implied in the occasional submission of his manuscript for her approval, was the wife of an Anglo-Indian novelist and verse writer, now coming into English repute. And much of his keen insight into the working of the feminine mind was due to the acquaintance of these and other ladies, as well as to his home influence.

When Kipling first left India he kept up some sort of connection with me and the "Civil and Military Gazette" by writing occasional sketches for us. The pay he got for these was so small in proportion to the money he could make in England that I accepted them as tokens of friendship, which indeed they were, for me and "the rag."

LONGFELLOW IN 1832. AGE 25.

From a miniature. Redrawn by Francis Day.

PORTRAITS OF LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882. He disclosed a passion for books in his earliest boyhood, and composed verses at thirteen. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825, and in 1829 became professor of modern languages there, having spent most of the interval in Europe. He paid a second visit to Europe in 1835 and 1836, and on his return assumed a professorship in Harvard College, which he held until 1854. He published his first book in 1835. It was "Outre Mer," a collection of travel sketches previously published in the "New England Magazine." He wrote largely all the time for the periodicals, but he did not publish another book until 1839, when his prose romance "Hyperion" appeared. A little later in the same year he issued his first book of poems, "Voices of the Night." Other volumes followed at intervals of one or two years until his death. "Evangeline" was published in 1847; "Hiawatha" in 1855; "The Courtship of Miles Standish" in 1858; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," in 1863; the translation of Dante in 1867–1870; and "New England Tragedies" in 1868.

LONGFELLOW IN 1840. AGE 33.

From an early engraving loaned by Miss Alice Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW IN 1857. AGE 50.

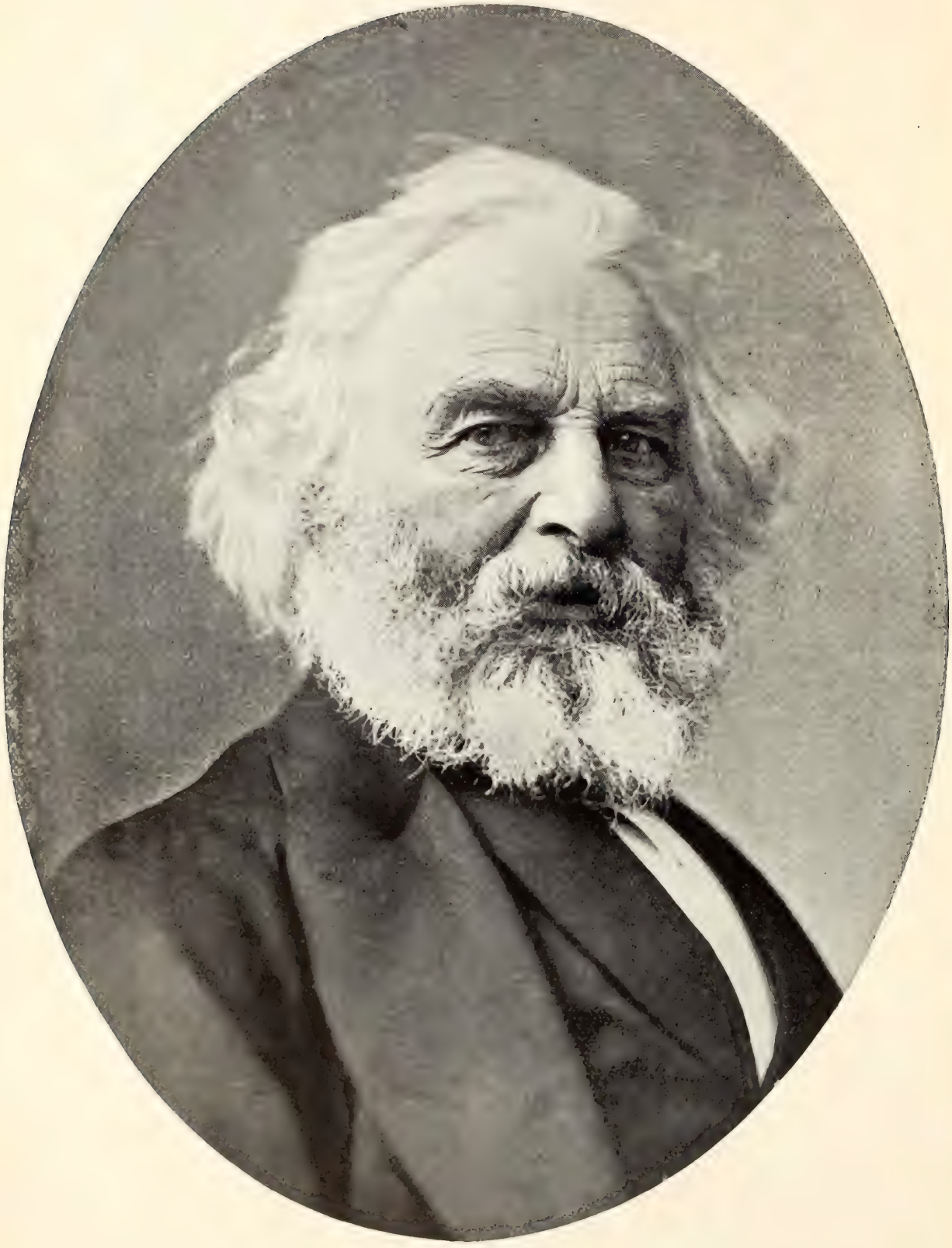
From a photograph loaned by Miss Alice Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW IN 1860. AGE 53.

From a photograph loaned by Miss Alice Longfellow.

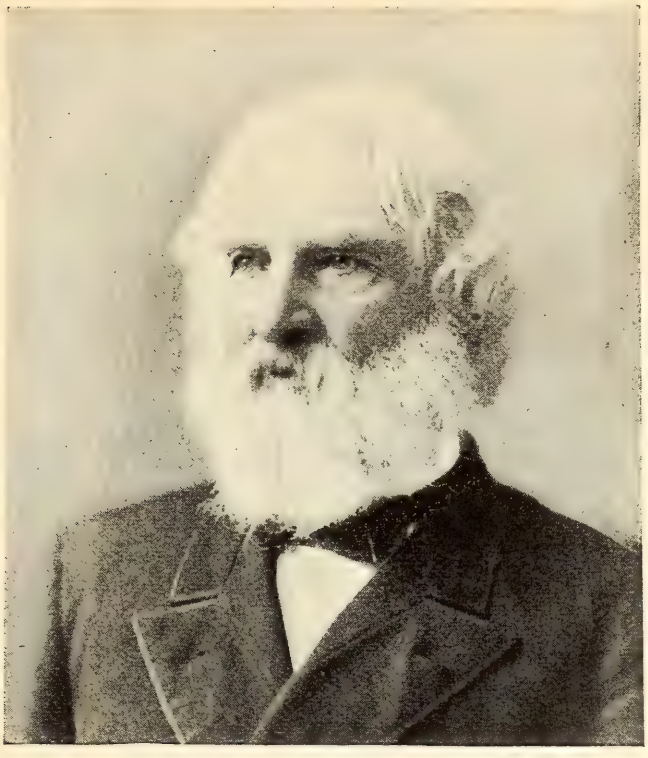
LONGFELLOW IN 1870. AGE 63.

From a photograph loaned by Miss Alice Longfellow.



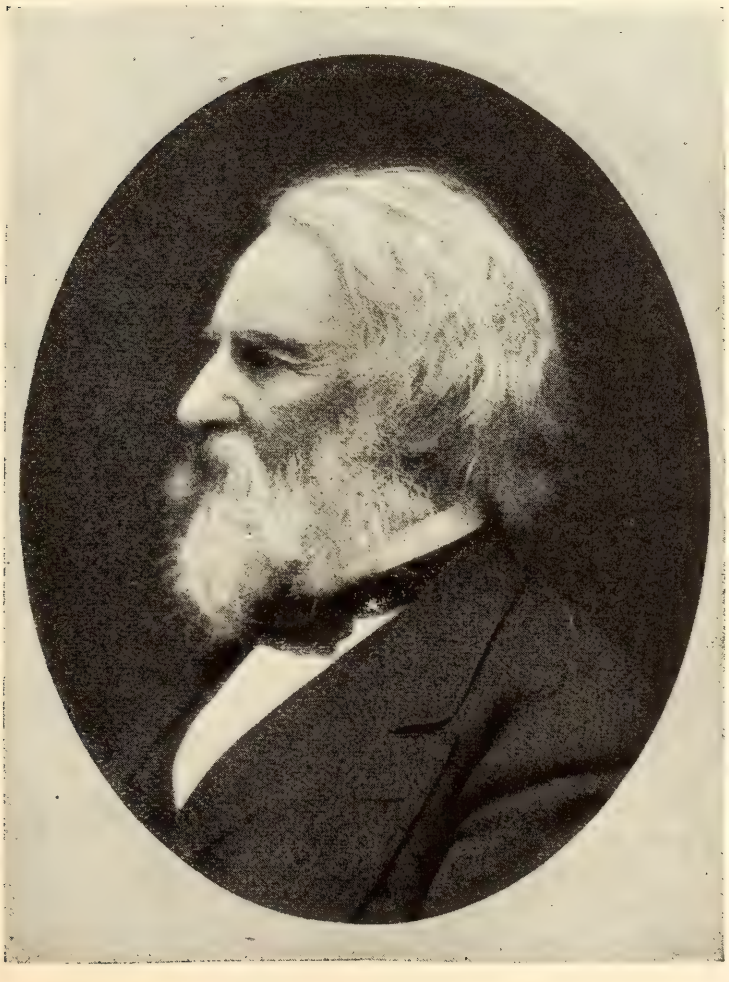
LONGFELLOW IN 1870. AGE 63.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



LONGFELLOW IN 1877. AGE 70.

From a photograph by Lamson, Portland, Maine; loaned by Miss Alice Longfellow.



LONGFELLOW IN 1878. AGE 71.

From a photograph by Conly, Boston; loaned by H. W. Fay.

LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, AND HOLMES.

PASSAGES FROM THEIR TALK AND CORRESPONDENCE.—LONGFELLOW AT THE THEATRE.—WHITTIER'S SENSE OF HUMOR.—THE BRILLIANT TALK OF DR. HOLMES, AND HIS LATER RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," etc.

OF our great pentarchy of poets, one—Lowell—I never met; and of another—Emerson—my personal knowledge, as I have said, was but of the slightest. With the remaining three I had differing degrees of friendships; and to speak of them is still a privilege full of affectionate sadness.

Longfellow, I knew less well than the others; but my few memories of him are as mellow and fair as those of yesterday's October day melting on the great horizon beyond my study windows. I think the first time that I saw him was at Mr. Fields's; my impressions are that he was ill that day, and a little under the reflection of physical suffering; and that I thought at the time that this fact accounted for the peculiar gentleness of his personality. Afterwards, when I saw him in happier conditions, I learned that this was no pathological incident, but that his atmosphere was like that of the mystic lands "where it is always afternoon." He remains in my thought as one of the gentlest men whom I ever knew. There was a certain innate serenity, quite apart from the quality of his manner—a manner which had the repose of something that it seems almost underbred to call the finest breeding, because it went beyond and below and above that. I heard Emerson once say of some one—I cannot recall of whom—that he was "expressed to gold-leaf." Mr. Longfellow could not be defined in this phrase, only because he was too genuine to appropriate it. His endowment of personal culture was so generous as to give one in contact with it the keenest delight. He seemed to me a man cultivated almost to the capacity of his nature. It was inconceivable that he could, under any stress, slip into rudeness of view, or do the incomplete thing. He was finished well-nigh to elaboration.

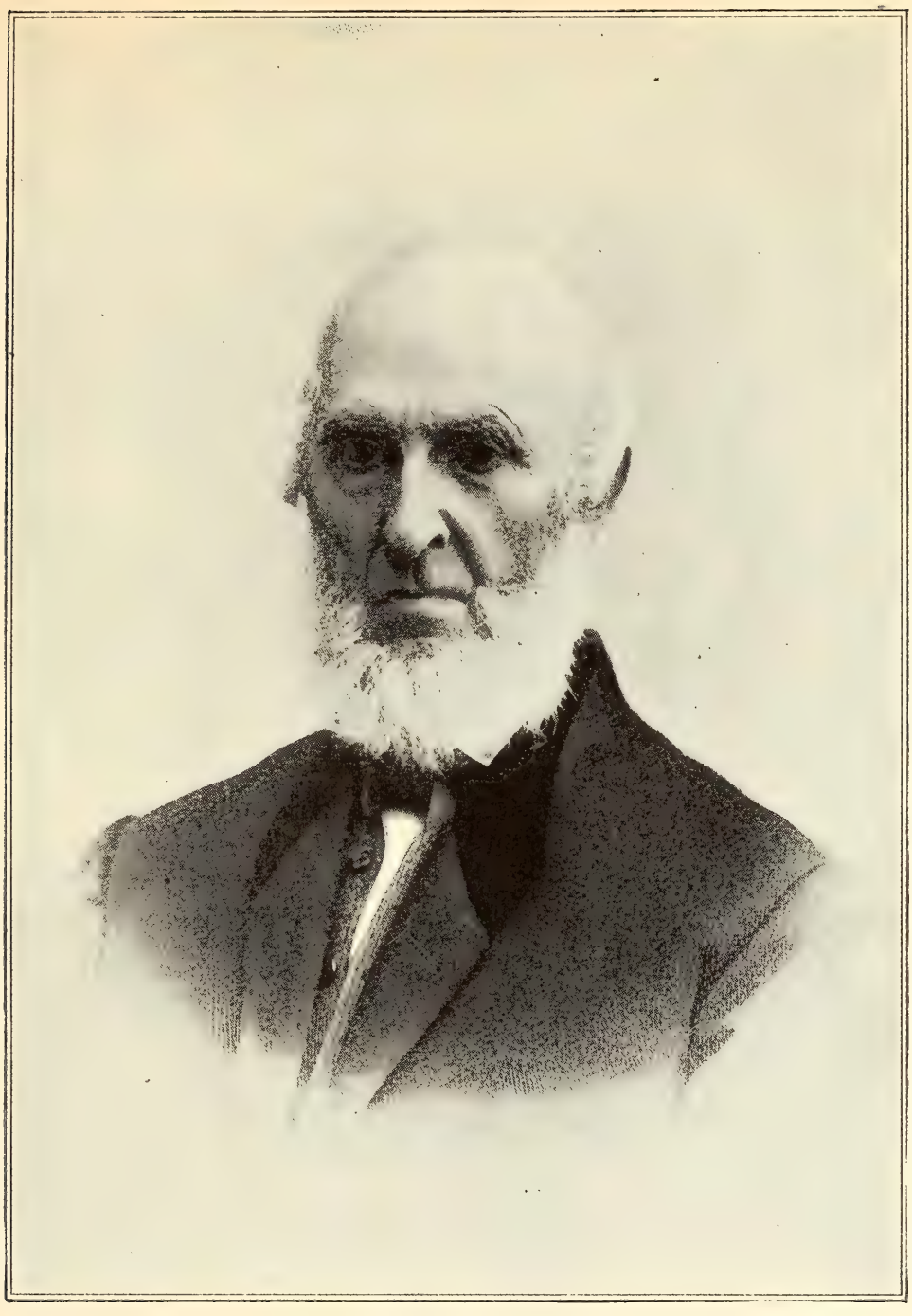
Yet, as I say, he stopped this side of gold-leaf. For he had retained his sincerity almost to the point of *naïveté;* he had preserved the spontaneity which a lesser man under his attrition with the world would have lost.

I was once in a box at the theatre in a company of friends of whom he was one. The play was a simple affair—"Hazel Kirke": there was nothing great, historic, or perhaps, in a strict sense, highly artistic about it; it was the old story of a Scotch marriage, separated lovers, a wronged girl, and a heart-broken father. There was a scene where Hazel followed her blind father about the room upon her knees, pressing the hem of his long coat to her lips; he meanwhile being ignorant of her presence, and remaining so till she had disappeared. I turned, indiscreetly enough, and looked at the poet where he sat, a little in the shadow of our box. I was astonished to see the tears—not gathering, but falling down his face. He made no effort to conceal or to check them; indeed I think he was unconscious of them. He noticed none of us; but gave his heart up to the human passion of the little play, with a simplicity and genuineness touching to see.

I remember, at another time, lunching at his house on an occasion when the guest of honor was a great actress of the higher caste. She was not an American; and, thinking to interest her, at our request, Mr. Longfellow read aloud a poem of his which treated of her own country and of its struggles for a freedom at that time unattained. When he had finished the reading, he turned, and found her in tears. I know it occurred to me at the time that an actress of her resources might have spared him that; but, probably, she too was genuine when she could be. At all events, the lady wept. I shall never forget the tone and manner in which he turned towards her.

"Oh!" he cried. "I meant to make

Note.—This paper is Number VIII. of "Chapters from a Life," begun in McClure's for December, 1895.



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From a photograph by W. C. Thompson, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

you happy! I meant to give you happiness! And I have given you pain!"

His accent on the word "pain" was like the smart of a wound. Out of strength came sweetness, and his unspoiled genius had preserved the reality of a kind heart.

The finest tribute which I ever heard offered to Longfellow was one which may not have found its way into print; for it did not come from the great of the earth, claiming their own and revering him. He had his due of that in life and in death. It would have been an honor to statesmen or to kings to be guests at the poet's table. But what sweeter thing was ever said of him than this: "If there is any person in Cambridge, or in Boston, whom he knows to be in greater need than any other of social kindness; any one obscure, overlooked, unknown, and friendless,—*that* is the person you are sure to find invited to Mr. Longfellow's house"?

Mr. Longfellow was very kind to me in certain opinions which he expressed about some of my writings not agreeable to all my readers. At the time "The Story of Avis" came out, I received from him a few letters which were the greatest possible comfort to me; for though I had not expected that book to have a wide circle of friends, yet I did hope in some measure to atone by their quality for their quantity,

Even in autobiography I could not bring myself to reprint those letters so far as they dealt with my book; but the fact that he understood my favorite heroine where smaller men might not, or did not, has been one of the pleasantest bits of subconsciousness in the life of a writer who has had her full share of misapprehension and critical abuse. I have, in fact, never met any other *man* who showed, from the author's point of view, such a marvellous intuition in the comprehension of an unusual woman; or of what the author of "Avis" tried to do in relating her history. "The Story of Avis" was a woman's book, hoping for small hospitality at the hands of men.

Mr. Longfellow came but once to my home on Gloucester harbor; but on that occasion I had the especial pleasure of pointing out to him the reef of Norman's Woe; which, though he had wrecked the schooner "Hesperus," and broken half our hearts upon it, he had, singularly enough, never seen (I think he said) before.

I remember one dull, cold day—it was a Sunday—being entertained at the charming home of Governor and Mrs. Claflin, where Mr. Whittier was also a guest; when the suggestion arose that we should drive out to see Mr. Longfellow. This we did—Mr. Whittier, Mrs. ——, and myself. Mr. Whittier was at his brightest on that drive to Cambridge; full of good stories, and good appreciation of them; more than usually cheerful, and inclined to talk happily.

We drove up to Longfellow's door; there seemed an unusual silence about the calm and gentle place. Mr. Whittier went on alone and rang the bell. It was our purpose to remain in the carriage, I think, leaving the two poets to their own great selves undisturbed by our smaller personalities. We were, therefore, astonished to see Mr. Whittier returning in a moment. He ran down the steps and sprang in with excitement, hitting his tall hat, I remember, on the carriage door, and entirely unconscious that he had done so. He was more agitated than I had ever seen him.

"Longfellow is sick!" he cried, "very sick! They are very anxious." He leaned back on the carriage cushions, much perturbed.

"It is a long time since I have seen him!" he said, drearily. His agitation remained. The drive back to Boston was a gloomy one. His vivacity was quite extinguished.

He scarcely spoke to either of us, all the way; but stared solemnly out of the window with eyes that seemed to see nothing nearer than the world to which his great friend was called. Every one who knew him can understand what his wonderful eyes must have been to look upon at such a time. We rode home, and he went out at once to his room; where his hostess always decreed that he should be sheltered from all possible intrusion. Longfellow died, if I am correct about it, two days after. To this day, I seem to see him passing on, through the seer's look in Whittier's eyes.

"It was a disappointment," he wrote, "not to be able to see Longfellow then, and much more after his death, but I am glad I went on that last Sabbath, and that thee was with me. . . . Ah, well! as Wordsworth asked, after commemorating the friends who had left him: 'Who next shall fall and disappear?' I await the answer with awe and solemnity, and yet with unshaken trust in the mercy of the All-Merciful."

Whittier was a shy and scanty visitor; and a new interior was an insurmountable trouble to him in his later years. I think he cultivated in himself a kind of chronic expectation of some time fulfilling his conditional promise to come and see me; but in point of fact he never did. I saw him at the houses of one or two old friends in town, where he had acquired a habit of flitting in and out, or else at his own home. And he wrote when he could. Sometimes long silences fell between the letters. Sometimes they succeeded each other quickly. This was as it happened. To me, my broken acquaintance with him was one of the inspirations of my life.

He was full of frolic, in a gentle way; no one of the world's people ever had a keener sense of humor. From every interview with him one carried away a good story, or a sense of having had a good time; he never darkened the day, or shadowed the heart. He inspirited. He invigorated. "I like," he wrote to a friend, "the wise, Chinese proverb: 'You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests in your hair!'"

With what boyish delight he absorbed a fresh anecdote, if it had the right ring to it, and how tenderly he economized the best of the old ones!

Most of the more amusing incidents of his personal experience have been long ago

published by the friends with whom he used to share them.

Perhaps the story about Lucy Larcom is one of them: but I venture to repeat it, as one which has vividly stayed by me.

A caller, one of "the innumerable throng that moves" to the doors of the distinguished, there to indulge the weak curiosity of an ignorance too pitiable to be angry with, made himself troublesome one day in the poet's home at Amesbury.

"I have come, sir," he said, pompously, "to take you by the hand. I have long wished to know the author of 'Hannah Binding Shoes'!"

Now, Lucy Larcom happened to be sitting, in her serene fashion, silently by the window, at that time; and Mr. Whittier turned towards her with the courtly bow into which the Quaker poet's simple manner could bend so finely, when he chose.

"I am happy," replied Mr. Whittier, waving his hand towards the lady in the window, "to have the opportunity to present thee to the author of that admirable poem—Lucy Larcom!"

It was one of Mr. Whittier's laughable reminiscences of anti-slavery days, when he was a Free-Soil candidate for Congress, that he was charged by political enemies with "ill-treating his wife!"

For so gentle a man Mr. Whittier was a very keen lance in argument.

A man who prided himself on being a disbeliever in Christianity once obtruded his views on Mr. Whittier in a blatant manner; enforcing the assertion that there was no truth in the doctrine of immortality, because he knew that he had, himself, no soul.

"Friend," replied the poet, with rippling eyes, "thee are undoubtedly right. I quite agree with thee. I am ready to admit that *thee* have no soul. But speak for thyself, friend, speak for thyself!"

As I knew Mr. Whittier in his later years, my impressions of his life are those of its most lonely period. With heartache for which there are no words, I used to come away sometimes, from glimpses of its deep, inward desolation. Friends in full measure he had; and everything possible was done in his descending years, by those who had the nearest right to minister to him, to give him comfort. But his solitude went too deep for the surface relations of life to fathom. Illness and deafness and the imperfect use of his eyes increased it heavily. He could read but very little, and could write less.

His home at Danvers was a pleasant one, full of creature comforts and womanly kindliness; but the New England winter pressed heavily about it.

"How do you spend the days?" I asked once, upon a bitter afternoon, when I had gone over from Andover to see him for an hour. He glanced over my head into the snow-storm. His face was not dreary, but wore one of its gravest looks.

"Oh," he said, patiently, "I play with the dogs; or I go out and see the horses. And then I talk to Phœbe.—And I go into my study, and sit a while."

"There is always some one to talk to," he said, in his gentle, grateful way; he spoke as if this fact were an unusual privilege.

One must have spent more than one invalid winter in a New England village to understand in the least what such isolation was to a man of his gifts and social instincts and in the deepening solitude of old age. Yet nothing could stir the roots which he had grown into the soil of his native pines.

To a friend who placed an empty cottage in Florida at his disposal, one winter, he replied:

"I thank thee for thy kind offer of the Florida cottage; but I must live if I can, and die if I must, in Yankee land."

Whittier suffered from physical disabilities,—only those who knew him well ever suspected how much; or how seriously these affected the exercise of his great powers. He was but a wretched sleeper; usually, his biographer tells us, awake before the dawn, and accustomed to sleep with his curtain raised, that he might watch the movement of the sunrise. It will be remembered how touchingly his old habit wrought upon him on the day when he fell into his last sleep; when the nurse would have drawn the shade to darken the room, and he feebly waved his hand to order it raised again, that he might not lose the final sunrise of his life.

His love of nature was always something exquisite, and as fresh as a lad's to his last hour. I find his letters to me full of such touches as these:

"These November days of Indian summer make me happy that I have lived to see them."

"I am glad to be permitted once more to see the miracle of spring."

Again, I find the page sprinkled with magnolia buds, hepaticas, and violets, and "when the golden dandelion comes, it will be really spring. I would rather see

the flowers in the world beyond than the golden streets we are told of."

But I am borrowing even these few extracts from a previous publication of his letters, which I have no right to reproduce in any fulness here.

I have often heard him say that he called five hours' sleep a fine night's rest; and that for weeks at a time he would be unable to write more than a few stanzas, or a few lines. He worked under severer physical limitations than any other of the great writers of our country; yet how wholesome, how genial, how brave his work!

> "He gave the people of his best.
> His worst he kept; his best he gave."

Like other solitary lives of the higher caste, his chief happiness was in his friendships. Of these he had many among the elect spirits, and he sustained them with remarkable fidelity. I sometimes used to think that he found it almost too hard to criticize any of his friends, or to give us friendly blame; but if so, he atoned for that by the stimulating, northwesterly courage which he was sure to have in store for us; always giving us faith in ourselves, and in our own work.

And, indeed, he could smite like the angel of exile when he would. Of this we need no other witness than his famous poem on Daniel Webster,—"Ichabod." Though it is but just to say that I heard him during the last years of his life lament, if he did not quite repent, that poem.

"I am afraid I was too severe," he would say. "Do thee think I was?"

In memorable contrast to that of our great hermit ran the life of the Beacon Street poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Yet the two were friends in the genuine sense of the word. Whittier's seclusion held many of his friendships off by a sceptre as delicate but as definite as the frosted fronds of one of his own pine-boughs. But in the case of Dr. Holmes, I know that the mutual attraction was affectionate and real.

"We are more than literary friends," Whittier once said to me of the Autocrat. "We *love* each other."

I remember one winter day lunching with Whittier at Doctor Holmes's table, no other guests being present; and I think —for me—it was the dumbest lunch at which I ever sat. I found it impossible to talk, for my speech seemed a piece of intrusion on the society of larger planets, or a higher race than ours. To listen to those two was one of the privileges of a lifetime.

They interchanged their souls—now like boys, and now like poets; merrily or gravely; Whittier shining at his happiest, and Holmes scintillating steadily.

As for that, he always did. Doctor Holmes was decidedly the most brilliant converser whom I have ever met.

It was my good fortune to receive him as a guest sometimes at Gloucester, in my summer home. For several years he acquired the kind habit of coming over from Beverly Farms to spend a day, or a few hours, on our ruder shore.

I remember that on this first call I felt moved, as one does with a new guest, to show off our attractions at Eastern Point, and that I took him, thoughtlessly enough, down into the big trap gulley in front of my chalet, where the purple lava and the bronze kelp and the green sea-weed brightened and faded beneath the rising and ebbing waves whose "high tide line" came almost to my door-step.

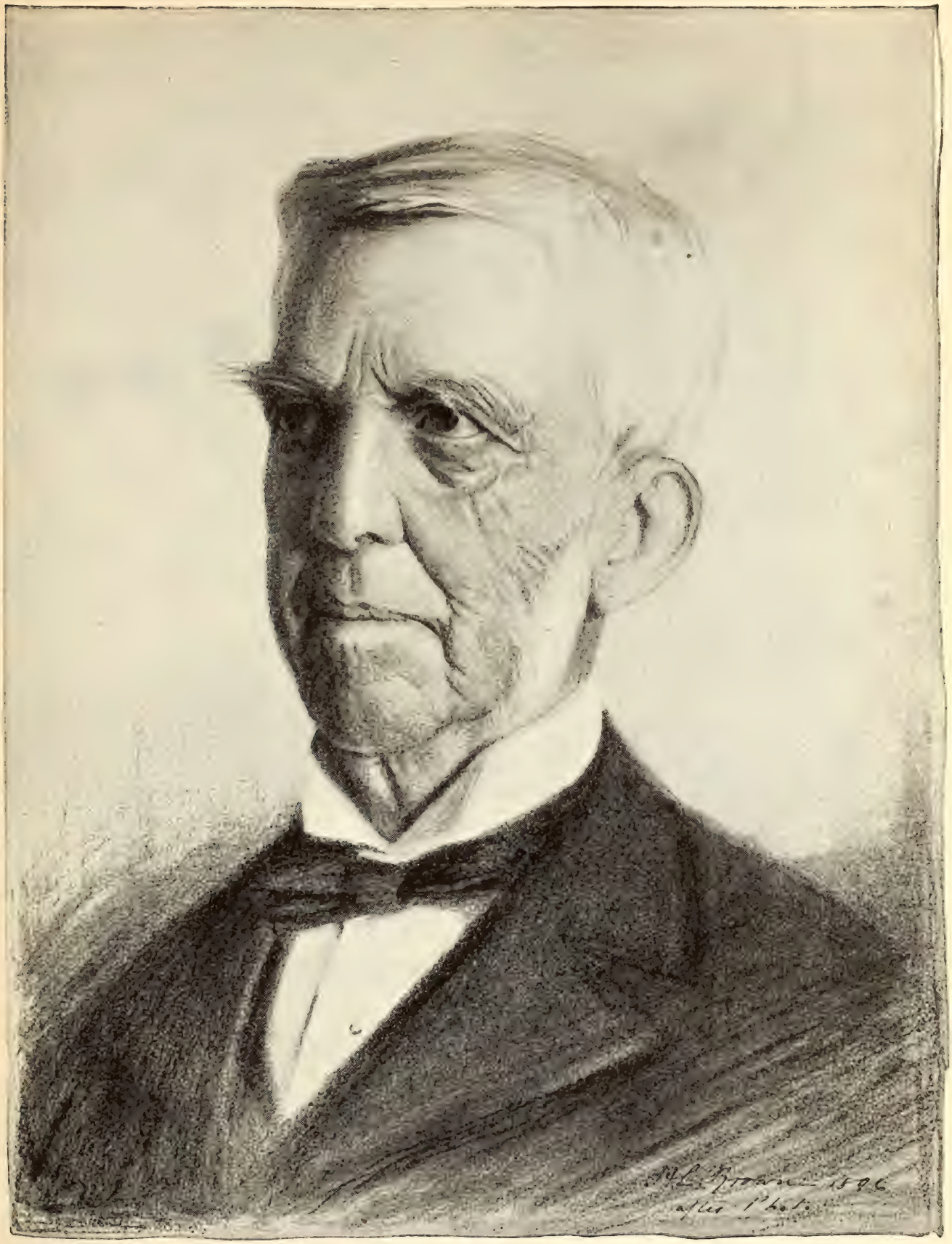
It was very rough walking; and when I saw that it was not easy for him—for he was even then an old man—I cannot say what I might not have done by way of atoning for my mistake. I do not think I had extended my hand; I had only extended my thought; which he read by that marvellous perception of his, needing to wait for neither word nor motion.

"No, no!" he cried, decidedly, "No, no, no! Don't you offer to help me! Don't you dare offer to help me! I couldn't stand that."

I had nothing for it but to let him clamber about over the jagged boulders as he would, without protest or assistance; and I thanked the heavenly fates which brought him without accident back to the piazza. Here he found the breeze which blows eternally on the Gloucester harbor too cool for him, and we retreated indoors, where it seemed to be tacitly understood that we should agree to dispense with any further out-of-door explorations; as from that time we did.

By the open door and windows we sat and talked until his train left, or his carriage came. It might have been two hours, or six; or we might have talked on for sixty, for aught I know, if this had been a world without enforced interruptions,—I wonder if there are none such?

As I look back upon those, to me, absorbing discussions, they seem to have been



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

This portrait of Dr. Holmes has a special value in that it is from an unpublished photograph which was possibly the last taken of him before his death. It was taken especially for McClure's Magazine in 1893, but was not used then, and appears in this reproduction for the first time.

either theological or religious—there is a difference—and he gave himself freely to both. They had little beginning and no end, and each year he came back as fresh as ever to the pleasant fray.

His old grievance against Andover, where, as a lad in Phillips Academy, he was unjustly punished, lay bitterly in his heart to the end of his life. I think he had mingled this wrong a little in his imagina-

tion—not in his intellect—with what he conceived to be the errors of the evangelical view of religion; and that I represented to him, at first, a liberalized and modernized Andover, with which he could "have it out." After a little, he passed all that, and our talk deepened with our acquaintance. It grew franker and graver and gentler. When I first knew him, his repugnance to orthodox Christianity, or to such aspects of it as an unfortunate personal experience had extended to him, was something more than bitter. He talked like a man who believed himself to be redressing a great moral wrong and who felt obliged to emphasize his crusade whenever he could. In the latter years of his life I saw a great change in him in this respect. He talked less of theology, and more of Christianity; less of error, and more of truth; less of other men's failure to represent the Divine life and purpose as it should be, and more of the great longings and struggle of the human heart, or of his own, to reach the Everlasting Love around whose throne are clouds and darkness.

More than once I have heard him speak of Canon Farrar's book "Eternal Hope" with an emotion touching to witness and ennobling to remember. His face broke, and the tears stirred at the mere mention of the title.

"I cannot get beyond it," he said, reverently. "'Eternal Hope'! I cannot talk about the title of that book. It moves me too much. It goes too deep."

We spoke more, as the evening of his life came on, of the more spiritual approaches to religious truth, and less of its controversial, which, I hope, dwindled in importance to him as he came nearer to the great solution of doubts and beliefs which awaits us all.

Yet he always preserved a strong demarcation of reticence about his own inner spiritual life. This, old age did not weaken in the least. He withheld as obviously as he gave.

I remember that he was approached during the very last year, or years, by a friend acting in behalf of this magazine, who had been asked to induce him, if possible, to consent to an interview with Professor Drummond and myself, upon the subject of Immortality; portions of this discussion, so far as he might select and personally revise them, were to be published.

He declined, without a moment's hesitation, saying with his quick wit: "I will neither be lured nor Mac-lured into anything of the kind!"

But in a personal letter he spoke more gravely on the matter. "Nothing would delight me more than to talk over time and eternity with you and your husband, but as to saying anything on these subjects to be *reported*, I would as soon send a piece of my spinal marrow to one of those omnivorous editors."

Doctor Holmes's appreciation of human suffering seemed to me as exquisite as almost any that I ever approached. It did not stop with his heart, but permeated his whole intellect. For so merry a man, one so brimming with fun, his sense of the universal misery was extraordinary.

"Outside, I laugh," he said to me once. "Inside, I never laugh. It is impossible. The world is too sad."

"Oh, the poor *women!*" he said again, turning to me a face broken with compassion. "It is as much as one can bear, to think of the *sufferings of women*—what they endure—what they always have—in this world!"

"How can God bear it?" he cried, at another time, suddenly starting from a silence which had fallen upon our discussion;—"this ball of anguish forever spinning around before Him—and the great hum of its misery going up to His ears!"

Yet who was so quick and warm of heart as he, to give happiness or to share it?

Out of courtesy to his biographer, I do not feel at liberty here to publish his letters; but I am tempted to select portions of one, which I am sure neither law nor gospel would forbid me to claim as my very own; and that is the letter received from him a few days after my marriage. It was one of the first—as it was one of the kindest—to reach us. I cannot give it entire, but extract:

"You have made me cry a great many times. Now you make me smile with gratification to know that you are anchored in that happy haven where the highest blessings of life are to be found by those who are fitted for its manifold experiences.

"I hope the gates of yours will never be ajar, but always wide open to all old friendships and all good influences, and always closed against every ill from which your earthly lot can be protected.

"My wishes for you are very many, my prayers are very brief, but they overflow with the sincerest desire for your happiness in this world for which you have done so much, and in that other into which you have looked with clearer eyes than ours."

The last time that he came to see us was in Gloucester, a year and a half, I think, before he died. Our little house had been moved since his last visit, and I tried to show him certain of the best changes in the landscape. He tried, politely, but it was pitifully evident that he could not see beyond the bright, marsh colors in the autumn light just outside our gate. The horizon of the sea, I am sure, was quite beyond his fading eye.

We begged him to try to get out from town and see our winter home in Newton, where we cherish some remarkable scenery; but he shook his head, pathetically, without speaking. After a moment's silence, he touched his eyes.

"I could not see it," he said. "There is no more new scenery for me, till I see the outlines of the Eternal City."

I saw him after this but twice; once at the table of our publisher and our best of friends, Mr. Houghton—I wonder, have they seen each other by this time, in the New Country?—where I thought him more than usually quiet; either ill or sad; but doing his best to give the bright wine of thought that was always expected of Doctor Holmes in society. And, by the way, how truly he loved it! "I have," he said to me once, "what I call my dinner-table intimacies. I enjoy them very much."

My last look at him was in his own study, overlooking the silver gray color of Charles River, on a winter afternoon. We talked—much in the old way—but more soberly, and ever more gently. His soul seemed to be brimming over with kindness to every form of life in this world and in the world beyond. Even the Andover schoolmaster was forgiven and forgotten. Of Andover theology he had now nothing to say. His heart seemed to be melting with tenderness; with desire to give happiness and to spare pain; and he, like one who waited, without regret or disturbance, the summons to that

> "Love Divine that stooped to share
> Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear."

He insisted on coming down-stairs with me when I left; he took my hand silently; upon his face was the look which only the aged wear when they part from younger friends; as if he dared not say, "It is the last time,"—but knew it, though I did not.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE.

From a photograph by W. C. Thompson, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

A COAST AND A CAPTURE.

A BICYCLING STORY.

By Virginia Niles Leeds.

MY brothers, Rob and Hillary, were enthusiastic wheelmen, and so was I an enthusiastic wheelwoman; but they would never allow me to accompany them unless they were going on some little snippy three-mile ride along the asphalt road, and I knew I could ride quite as well as they, if only I had the chance, and I was just longing to do so.

It isn't a bit of fun, as anyone knows, to trundle your wheel as if you were going to a funeral, and I was simply possessed to get out and race over jagged roads at a break-neck pace, and climb hills that were straight up and down, and do all sorts of blood-curdling things.

I did them all on that memorable night, and, somehow, it wasn't half the fun I expected.

Dear me! how perfectly I remember every detail!

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we had been at our country place about three weeks.

It had been an intensely warm day, so we all stayed up very late, sitting on the veranda and enjoying the little breeze that had sprung up.

A neighbor of ours, Ronald Bates, a very nice fellow, but who would be ever so much nicer if the boys didn't tease me so unmercifully about him, had come over to see me—I mean Rob—and we sat there talking until the Town Hall clock struck eleven. Then Ronald lit his lantern, and jumped on his wheel and rode away.

We lingered a little while after this; then, there being absolutely nothing else to do, all of us bade each other good night and went up to bed.

I was just about to undress when a thought struck me—a thought which, for an innocent one, had about the most horrible consequences that could be imagined.

On a chair by the window lay Rob's bicycle suit, upon which he had asked me to sew some buttons. My eye fell upon it, and then I looked out of the window.

It was the most heavenly night. The leaves were like lace-work, and hung perfectly motionless in the brilliant moonlight. The crickets and other insects were chirping lustily, and the grass and all the green things smelled delightfully sweet and fragrant in the night air. Away in front of me, as far as eye could reach, swept the smooth macadamized road, looking like a fairy path in whiteness and evenness.

They say to look at the moon too long deranges people, and that is the only way I can account for what I did.

I slipped off my pretty organdie gown as quietly and as quickly as I could, and stepped out of my buckled slippers, and in another minute I was getting into that bicycle suit. Of course Rob is taller than I, but I buttoned the cuffs of the knickerbockers around under my knees, and as the things were about like gun-cases any way, it didn't make so much difference that they were baggier still. The coat was such a dreadful misfit that I really couldn't stand it, even at midnight, so I slipped out into the hall-closet where the boys keep their things and brought in a worsted garment known as a "sweater," but which word I object to, so I call it a "perspirer."

This I pulled over my head, managing in the act to leave a few handfuls of hair intact. To my delight it filled out the coat sufficiently. Next I proceeded to my feet. I tried Rob's shoes, but they were entirely too ungainly, and I was afraid I could not pedal with such clumsy objects, so I hunted up an old pair of tennis shoes of my own. They were the biggest and the least ladylike of any of what the French would call my *chaussure*.

After this there was only my hair to be considered; but I managed that very well.

I just brushed it all up as tightly as I could at the back and sides, and pinned it securely and flatly on top; then I drew on Rob's Glengarry cap, and although a phrenologist might have thought there was something queer about the formation of my skull, I don't believe anybody else would have noticed it.

I was entirely ready now, and I took a sly peep in the mirror.

Really, I didn't make a—well, a half bad sort of boy.

But I looked very young and so small!

As a girl, I look every month of my twenty-one years, and I am not considered especially petite; but as a boy, I was one of those shallow things of about fifteen, and I looked as if my growth had been stunted.

I was not altogether displeased with my appearance—but oh! I thought, I wouldn't for the world have Ronald see me! No doubt there are some straight-laced people who will be utterly shocked to think of a young lady doing such an undignified thing; but I can only say to such people that some of the most charming heroines in fiction, whom no one has ever thought of criticising, have done the self-same thing. Take, for instance, Miss Helen Mar and Consuelo and Rosalind—doesn't every one admire them, and are they not considered three very fascinating ladies? If this argument fails, I haven't another to offer.

When I was ready, I stood for a moment irresolute. Then I gazed once more out into the moonlight. That settled it.

Nothing could have been more enticing than the night, and in two seconds more I was creeping stealthily down stairs.

The boys keep their machines in a corner of the square hall, and it did not take me any time to get one out on the porch and to close the doors after me. My own wheel I ignored. When one goes to the length of putting on boy's clothing, one ought at least to ride a boy's wheel.

I got the wrench out of the tool-bag and let the saddle down; then I calmly removed the lamp. It was too light to require one, and, besides, I was so afraid some one might recognize me.

Everything went beautifully, except that my hair seemed to be coming down, and in putting up my hand to tighten it, the wheel fell over on the porch and made a horrible crash in the stillness. I waited a moment, but nothing happened, so I hurriedly carried the machine down the steps and jumped on.

Oh, the luxury of jumping on!

The words convey nothing to those who, like myself, have always had to wait until the right pedal is just exactly at a certain angle; then, placing one foot upon it, have had to balance in mid-air, as it were, while we divided our skirt and wriggled into position on the saddle.

Nothing of that now. I gave the machine a little shove-off first, then I hopped on as easily as you please, and I felt as I fancy the slaves must have felt after the Emancipation Act.

Away we went. The road seemed like airy clouds under my wheels, and we skimmed along like a bird. The cool breeze fanned me like fairy zephyrs, and the moon, in its big, round, shimmering fulness, seemed to smile upon me and encourage me.

It was the old story of forbidden fruit. I had always enjoyed bicycling, but my former rides had been nothing to this—this stolen one, at an unconventional hour, in unconventional garb.

I could have shouted and sung for very exuberance of spirit.

But I did not propose to just trundle along—oh! dear, no!

I could do that any time, so I turned into the worst road, and putting on full speed I proceeded to "scorch." I bent like a monkey on a stick over the handle-bar, and I flew along like a thing possessed.

This I kept up for some time. Then it became a trifle warm and tedious; so I back-pedalled and reduced my speed to a pleasant, even gait.

It was so refreshing to feel the breeze again, and the whir of the wheels as they crunched over the ground was a very agreeable sound.

I had been spinning along some time, thinking the most delightful thoughts and enjoying the greatest exhilaration, when all at once I became conscious of voices behind me and the jingle of other wheels. At first I paid no attention to it, and rode complacently on, and then suddenly it came over me, from certain indications, that I was being followed—or, even worse—pursued!

What sensations came over me then!

I began at once to see my folly, and all my delightful thoughts took flight.

Who on earth could it be who was pursuing me?

Tramps, no doubt—I could hear two of them—and probably they thought I was only a little boy, and were after me to

steal my machine, and perhaps—oh! horror upon horror!—to shoot me and leave me on the road-side to die.

All the strength seemed to die out of my limbs, and I could scarcely work the pedals at all. My grip relaxed on the handle-bar, and I felt that I should drop.

Nearer and nearer the pursuers came, and I could hear the jingle of their rapidly revolving spokes.

At length they were right behind me, and I heard one say to the other in a hoarse whisper:

"Close him in on your side, and then we'll run him into the lock-up!"

Great heavens! I, Josephine Howard, run into the lock-up! It was the most frightful thing I had ever heard, and I could have died at the thought of it. But, somehow, horror seemed to give me strength, and with a great forward lunge I gripped my machine tighter and shot off a length ahead. As I did so, one of the men behind called out in a menacing voice:

"Stop thief!"

Stop thief!

And that remark was addressed to me!

I began to "scorch" now in earnest. I ducked my head, bent my shoulders, and worked the pedals with all my might and main. Fortunately, the toe-clips were on, so that my feet did not slip off, for had I lost my footing for an instant, my pursuers would have been upon me.

Over the dusty road I flew. Pebbles sprang out from beneath my whirling tires and whizzed about me like missiles. The dust was like grit between my teeth, and the perspiration was pouring off of me in streams.

But not a moment stopped or stayed I. My breath came in gasps; my muscles began to ache, and I bounced over ruts and stones.

But those demons were behind me, coming on, faster and faster, and losing no breath in conversation. It was the hottest chase I had ever known, and I thought of Indians chasing the white man on the plain, and all sorts of harrowing things that I enjoyed reading about, but which were so different in reality.

I was approaching a steep hill—a hill that I had never ridden up in my life, and which some of the men, even, walked. I never dreamed of giving in. I urged my steed forward, I stood bolt upright in the pedals, and I worked as I never knew it was in me to work.

Panting breaths were behind me.

An inward hope that I could distance them here, rose up within me.

My weight in all my own heavy garments was only a hundred and five pounds, and the wheel I was riding was a nineteen-pound racer. Surely, I thought, no man could be as light as that.

And I was right. I did lengthen the distance a trifle. I never felt so light in my life, and so unburdensome were my garments that there was absolutely nothing to hinder me.

I should just like some one to see that hill some time, and to think of me riding it for my life!

When I reached the top, I didn't seem to have a particle of breath in my body, and my mouth was so dry that my tongue could not moisten it.

I had scarcely reached the level ground when I heard the dreadful ringing of the other machines.

A little house stood on the crest of the hill, and a man put his head out of a window as the bicycles were coming along.

"What's up?" he called.

Then one of my pursuers, in a voice that was well-nigh spent, shouted out this cruel lie:

"Stop him! It's Billy, the boy-bicycle burglar!"

Monster! It was probably his own choice sobriquet! I shot ahead. Beyond the hill was a steep declivity. It looked straight up and down in the moonlight, and at any other time the sight would have appalled me.

But it never for a moment daunted me then.

I shoved off with utter recklessness, drew my feet up on the fork, and proceeded to coast.

How the wheel flew!

Everything swam before me from the rapidness of my flight, and every moment I expected to be dashed to destruction.

But I was mercifully spared, and nothing could have been more restoring or refreshing to me than that long coast. My strained muscles relaxed, the perspiration dried coolly on my brow, and the moisture came back to my lips.

But although my strength was renewed, my agony was in no wise abated, and I could see no way out of the terrible situation. I could not ride on forever, and sooner or later I should be overtaken.

Presently another horror confronted me. At the foot of the declivity lay the railroad crossing, and as I was nearing it, I heard

the shrill, warning cry of an approaching locomotive.

Everything turned black for a minute, and I saw myself an inert and mangled something lying on the rails, to be picked up by strange hands and shuddered at.

With this hideous picture in my mind, I still kept on. It was like a person rushing headlong to his doom, and yet I could not help it. Doom stared me in the face on both sides, and it was only a question of which.

Horrible as it was, the locomotive seemed preferable. Just as I reached the rails, around the rock-bound curve came the midnight train. A dark, looming, quivering phantom, shaking the earth as it thundered along, and bearing down with menace and fury upon all venturesome atoms that should stand in its way. A thin volume of black smoke trailed backwards from the smoke-stack, like a long dusky feather, and the glare of the headlight was blinding to my eyes.

My mind was almost paralyzed, and my muscles only worked mechanically.

I was too insignificant an object to be seen by the engineer, and my life was a very small thing just then.

But turn back I could not. And so with the earth jarring beneath me, the rumble of the heavy machinery in my ears, and the blinding effulgence of the headlight in my eyes, I swept my machine upon the rails.

Once, twice, thrice I bounced. My wheel zigzagged, my heart stood still; but in a moment more I was on the other side, untouched, unhurt, though shivering and shaking to the very marrow in my bones.

Something like a prayer of thanksgiving escaped me, though I had no breath nor voice to frame it. But there are silent pæans, and I daresay they are quite as acceptable as formulated orisons.

And then—oh the joy of it!—my pursuers had to wait until the whole train, which was an eastward-bound express, and a long one, had passed by. This was an inestimable advantage to me.

I would gladly have turned into another road, but, unfortunately, at that point there was none other, except along the rails, and I must perforce keep straight on, in full view, in the heavy moonlight.

Again I started. The dangers I had passed through in some way kept up my courage, though I was fearing every moment to feel the reaction.

For a few seconds I had the intense relief of hearing no echoing whir, and then, all of a sudden, it started up again, horrifying, startling in the stillness.

I redoubled my speed; I prayed for help, and my aching limbs did their best.

But my pursuers seemed to have gained strength also — possibly through their enforced wait at the rails—and they came on—nearer—nearer.

My mother and the boys had often called me lazy, and made fun of me because I could not run a long seam on the sewing-machine.

What would they have thought could they have seen me then!

I had ridden about eight miles, all at the top of my speed, and over the worst roads in our neighborhood. I had not stopped for a moment; and although there had been times when it didn't seem as if I could hold out a moment longer, still I had kept on, and my pursuers had not gained much on me.

I had lost my title to laziness forever.

Another spurt of strength came to me, and I used it all in pushing ahead.

I felt insensibly that the distance was widening, and I was encouraged.

In a little while now I should be in the village of the next town, and surely help in some form or other would come to me there.

The path that lay before me was a narrow one, and much darker than the high road, on account of the tall trees that bounded it on either side.

But the riding was not half so good, and I was obliged to turn into the footpath, on account of the sand, and ride on the embankment. It was a dangerous path, for every now and then my tires bumped against the gnarled roots of trees, and I would bounce half a foot out of the saddle.

But if only I could reach the village, there might be a policeman, or a night watchman, or someone, who might capture my pursuers and take them to the place to which they had spoken of taking me.

I resolved to speak to the first person I met, and to throw myself upon his mercy.

Anything were better than to keep up this terrible flight.

The idea of the village spurred me on. My life depended upon reaching there.

Bump! Bump! Bump!

Thank heaven! That root was passed in safety. Oh! if only there might be no more!

The men were still following. I could hear their breathing and the grinding of their chains as they came over the roots after me. They were obliged to ride

single file now, and what a sight it must have been—three creatures flying madly over a narrow, dangerous path; the chase headed by a terrified, hapless girl!

I got off the embankment first—I fairly flew from it—and once again upon the high road, I "sprinted."

They were quite a way behind, now—I could scarcely hear them. The village! The village!

A light or two glimmered beyond the trees, and I could hear the distant twanging of a banjo or some other instrument.

I was just about to cry out, in my gratitude, "Saved!" when all at once, *bzt! bzt!* sounded from beneath me, and instantly my hind tire went flat.

Then I knew it was all over; the game was up; and like the hunted fox I was run to cover. The punctured tire could be urged no farther.

After all the dangers I had passed through—the hills, both up and down, the locomotive, the embankment, and with the village so near—I was lost! I simply dropped from the wheel. I let it fall, and I fell too. Nerveless, exhausted, almost too far gone to know or care, I lay upon the roadside and gasped for breath.

Let them take me to the lock-up. I didn't mind anything at that moment.

A rattle, a clash, then a cry of "At last!" and a pair of hands laid rough hold of me.

"Look here, you young thief, you're the dandiest rider this side of Jordan; but you're trapped at last, and perhaps you'll know enough not to make a racket under a fellow's window the next time you undertake to steal his wheel!"

I looked up meekly. My cap fell off, and my hair came tumbling down.

"What!" cried out the voice of my brother Hillary, but strange to me in its utter amazement. "Josie! My little sister Josie? Why, what under the sun does this mean?"

I fell into his arms, and tried to hide my face in his neck.

My other pursuer was Ronald Bates.

GIFTS.

By Gertrude Hall.

Far better than a great gift granted,
  Is, to my thought,
A little gift not asked, not wanted,
  From one that owes one naught.

Had I the giving of some great gift,
  It should be spent
On one with never a hope to lift
  To aught so magnificent.

A WOMAN'S ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

By Annie S. Peck.

IT was early in the eighties that my attention was first called to the Matterhorn, by hearing Dr. David Jordan, now president of Leland Stanford University, describe his ascent of that mountain. He told a tale so terrible, that while my spirit was fired with a determination to see this wonderful rock pyramid if ever I went to Europe, I concluded that I should be satisfied with beholding it from below, without risking my life in its ascent. There was, however, a slight mental reservation in this decision; and when, in 1885, I first saw this magnificent rock towering above me, I was seized with an irresistible longing to attain its summit. It does, indeed, look rather formidable; yet, to one who has a taste for rock climbing, no other mountain seems so inviting. But alas! fifty dollars is a large sum to spend on a single day's pleasure; especially with a protracted stay abroad still in view. Unluckily, the idea of reimbursing myself by a lecture or a magazine article had not then dawned upon me; so I reluctantly turned my steps onward, cherishing the determination that some day I would come again and fulfil my heart's desire.

Though its execution was long delayed, the purpose then formed was never abandoned; and joyfully I sailed, at last, over the sea, on my way to the goal of my ambition. The months of June and July were delightfully spent in the midst of the picturesque scenery of the Tyrol, while revisiting a decennial performance of the Passion Play discovered at Vorder Thiersee in 1885; but my thoughts were ever turning toward Switzerland. My promenades and mountain climbs were undertaken, not merely for their own sake, but as a preparation and training for the

THE AUTHOR EQUIPPED FOR THE CLIMB.

THE VILLAGE OF ZERMATT. THE MATTERHORN IN THE BACKGROUND.

greater task before me. The ascent of the Gross Glockner, one of the most difficult snow mountains of the Eastern Alps, was, however, of no especial advantage, save for the strengthening of the muscles from so many hours of climbing, and also of the nerves, by getting used to positions of danger. Monte Cristallo, one of the Dolomites, was a much better preparation for the Matterhorn. Here one has two hours of stiff rock climbing—stiff, that is, for a beginner—though the mountain is called neither difficult nor dangerous for experienced climbers who are absolutely free from giddiness. One spot, however, styled the Böse Platte, is harder than any on the Zermatt side of the Matterhorn.

At the Hotel Mont Cervin, in Zermatt, an imposing structure of six stories, I settle myself for an indefinite period, since the conquest of the Matterhorn, except by special good fortune, is not to be achieved in a day. The following morning not a trace of the grand old mountain was visible; but presently the veil of mist parted, disclosing the familiar outlines of that massive rock, clothed in its scanty garb of snow, from which it seemed to be shaking itself free, as if despising the pure white covering in which its neighbors contentedly repose, and proudly raising its uncovered head to the sun and stars. For a week or more the weather had been changeable and bad, so that the mountain was in no condition for climbing. Though nearly all the snows of winter at once slide from its steep slopes to the glaciers at the mountain's foot, it is nevertheless true that the irregular ragged rocks allow of the lodgment of a few inches of snow here and there, enough to make the footing insecure and the handholds uncomfortable, thus increasing the danger both of freezing the extremities and of unexpectedly glissading down the mountain side. Accordingly, it is a rule of the guides to wait at least four days after a fall of snow, until it has entirely disappeared from many places, and in others, by repeated thawings and freezings, has become hard and firm. As it almost always snows on the mountains when it rains in the valleys, and occasionally when it does not, it sometimes happens that a succession of showers at intervals of a few days renders the rock mountains dangerous for weeks at a time.

Such being the condition of things in early August, there was opportunity for a good rest and a little preliminary exercise before attempting the great climb.

A quaint little village is Zermatt, with its single narrow street running from north to south, parallel to the course of the stream. In the centre of the village is a pretty Catholic church with slender tower, whence the bells chime out for frequent service. In the little cemetery to the south, among the humbler headstones of native villagers, stands the monument erected to brave Michel Croz of Chamonix, than whom no finer guide ever trod the peaks of Switzerland. Through the incompetence of another, he perished upon the neighboring mountain. Thus for all time his death will serve as a warning to climbers to be sure not only of their own capabilities, but also of the skill of all the members of their party. Just outside the consecrated ground, but still within the shadow of the church, two granite coffins mark the burial places of two other victims of the first Matterhorn tragedy. Beneath the names of Hudson and Hadow we read the inscriptions, "Yea, Father, for so it was well pleasing in thy sight," and "Be ye also ready." Here, too, are the graves of one who fell while gathering flowers on the Riffelhorn, another who perished in a crevasse of the Findelen glacier, and a third whose death occurred upon the Lyskamm. Nearer to the entrance of the village, opposite the Hotel Mont Cervin, is the English chapel, crowded every Sunday in the height of the season with worshippers. One side of this church also is lined with the graves of those who have perished in later accidents—victims of the Lyskamm, the Dent Blanche, and other mountains in the neighborhood. The inscriptions are read annually by thousands, so that those who are buried here are in a manner immortalized. The record thus preserved is calculated to inspire even the stout-hearted with dread. Accordingly, though well aware of their existence, I postponed a special visit to the graves until after returning from my mountain climb.

The narrow street of Zermatt usually wears a lively aspect. Occasionally, in good weather, one may see a genuine mountaineer setting off with his guides for some great climb; often parties on foot or mule-back, arriving or departing on the ordinary excursions of the tourist. Omnibuses hurry back and forth to the station, loungers wander idly to and fro, while the busy shopper rushes in and out of the little doorways which line the ill-paved street, opening into shops where a complete outfit, whether of eatables or wearing apparel, may be obtained by the unprovided climber, or where the tourist may purchase in endless variety pretty trinkets and souvenirs of this famous mountain resort.

No busier man can be found than the shoemaker, who will in a few days manufacture a pair of heavy mountain shoes, or in a few hours make over your old ones so that you will not know that you have ever seen them before. Nowhere else do the shoemakers so well understand the mountain trade. Sir William Conway, who on a particularly cold and windy day in 1894 made the ascent of Monte Rosa, wearing a pair of shoes just made for him in Zermatt, said that for the first time in his life under such conditions his feet were warm. Well they might be; for the wise cobbler had provided the uppers with three thicknesses of leather, while the soles were heavy in proportion. Though I had procured in America heavy boots especially for climbing, almost the first words of my guide in Zermatt were, "You must have some new shoes;" and he took me at once to the shoemaker. That busy man, however, said he would make over these. He placed a new layer of leather outside the other all around the lower part of the boot, added a heavy tap extending from toe to heel, and the heel itself he lowered and broadened. Now, surely, I thought myself well shod. What, then, was my astonishment, after climbing several mountains, at hearing my guide and an experienced English climber remark that those shoes were not half heavy enough; and that if I did any more climbing I must have some new ones. Of course the entire soles were decorated with large-headed nails, to give a more secure footing on rock and snow.

In addition to shoes, one must often procure new woollen stockings, as the guide interests himself in these also, and yours are likely not to pass his examination, your own ideas on the subject being probably as crude as in the matter of boots. If the guide is a thoroughly careful one, he will question you further as to your underwear, which must be of heavy woollen. He looks after the covering of your hands, for which large assortments of knitted gloves and mittens are provided—the former better for holding on to rocks or ropes; the latter generally preferred for warmth. Most ladies, for high climbing, wear knickerbockers, either with or without a

short skirt. A heavy sweater is usually comfortable. For the head, in addition to the broad-brimmed hat, a felt helmet or a woollen hood should be worn; at least carried. Sometimes the day is so warm as to render such extras superfluous on the top of the highest mountain; and again the wind howls with so bitter a blast that it seems to be arriving from the North Pole, and one's face, nose, and ears, if not well protected, would be frozen in a few minutes. A black woollen hood which completely enveloped my head and neck, save for the openings for sight and breath, I found most comfortable on the Breithorn, though unnecessary on the other mountains.

Then there is the ice-axe, an indispensable weapon, which in difficult snow-climbing takes the place of the alpenstock. Black spectacles and a veil, preferably white, must not be forgotten, if one wishes to avoid snow-blindness and utter ruin for one's complexion. One feels quite important while making these purchases, and much above the vulgar throng of ordinary tourists. In addition to the veil some salve for the face is requisite. A flask of brandy is a necessary precaution even for the teetotaller; cakes of chocolate are a convenient article for luncheon; condensed soup done up in capsules makes a nice bouillon; and altogether nothing is wanting for the safety and comfort of the traveller.

While waiting for his Majesty to wear a gracious and accessible mood, I decided on a preliminary climb of the Breithorn—sometimes called the Ladies' Mountain—which was valuable merely as muscular training. A few days later, as the weather continued unpropitious for the Matterhorn, in company with a charming young English girl, I made the ascent of the Wellen Kuppe, which includes a pretty bit of rock climbing along a narrow *arête* with precipices a thousand feet deep on either side, and is excellent training for the Matterhorn.

It was after a fortnight's waiting at its foot that the lion showed signs of being tractable and fine weather really set in. Then came the difficult question whether to improve the earliest possible moment, for fear of another snow storm, or to wait a day or two longer, till the condition of the mountain was still better and the risk decreased to the minimum. With much trepidation and anxiety lest the beautiful weather should not hold, we decided upon the latter course; and finally, on the morning of August 20th, we set off for the great climb.

My leading guide, Jean Baptiste Aymonod, who was kindly recommended to me by Dr. David Jordan, ranks as one of the finest in Switzerland. His name frequently occurs in "The Alps from End to End," a new book by Sir William Conway, with whom he filled a two months' engagement in 1894. Aymonod, the personification of prudence and judgment, is also unusually obliging and pleasant. He was assisted by Silvain Pession, a youth of twenty-five summers, a splendid specimen of physical strength, equally agreeable and accommodating, and capable of acting as leading guide on the most difficult mountains. With such companions, who insist upon all suitable precautions, one who is himself competent has no cause for fear.

It is the custom to devote two days to the climbing of mountains of any considerable height, both in order that the fatigue may be lessened, and that the snow and ice may be traversed as early in the day as possible, before the heat of the sun has rendered snow slopes treacherous and snow bridges insecure. We proceed in a leisurely manner, walking in the morning up to the Schwarz-see Hotel, which is situated on a broad shoulder of the great mountain, two or three hours above the village. The path at first winds along the bank of the Visp, then ascends through a pleasant wood ; and later, leaving the trees behind, in many curves climbs the steep slope, where, though the sun may be warm, the air from the glaciers is cool and bracing. The hotel, where we enjoy our luncheon, has a broad covered piazza on the south, protected by glass windows. Here one may bask in the sunshine nearly all day, enjoying a view of the grand old mountain and its glaciers, the latter invisible from below, while in other directions there is a glorious panorama of mountains whose proximity is undreamed of in the valley. Although we have ascended nearly three thousand feet, the Matterhorn appears grander and more lofty than before, remaining by far the most impressive object in our broader horizon.

After luncheon, having taken a look through the telescope, I amuse myself by chronicling my sensations before the event, lest in subsequent elation over victory they should be forgotten. While it seems to be the unanimous opinion of the thousands who yearly behold it, that the Matterhorn is a terrible mountain, to some it is fascinating in its sublimity, to others re-

pellant. The majority, however, are content to admire from a distance. Often one hears the exclamation, "Well, *I* don't want to go up."

Although one is not inclined to be timid or nervous, it is, nevertheless, a trifle depressing to receive letters full of expostulation and entreaty. "If you are determined to commit suicide, why not come home and do so in a quiet, lady-like manner? Not a moment's peace have I known since I learned that you were to attempt that terrible mountain." This is especially disagreeable if the same person has persisted in the same notion for ten years. You may never have any presentiments yourself, or if you do, you laugh them to scorn; still we all know that *other* people occasionally have one that comes true.

During the weeks of waiting I sometimes wonder if I am destined to meet an untimely end; if I shall slip (but then my guides can surely hold me); if I am strong enough to support my own weight upon the ropes; if a falling stone will hit me on the head, or, still worse, one of the guides, who may fall and drag me down also.

My guides are not particularly reassuring. They turn up their noses at the mountains in the Tyrol. (I have discovered that all guides like to regard their own mountains as the most difficult.) Aymonod at the last moment advises me to do another mountain first, and says he will not guarantee my arriving at the summit. I declare that I shall *not* do another mountain, and, weather permitting, I *will* arrive at the summit. I recall the fact that a number of ladies have already made the ascent, and see no reason why I should not as well. And when, about four o'clock, we actually depart for the hut, waving an adieu to the friends who have come so far to see me off, it is with a light and courageous heart that I enter upon the way, and not the slightest apprehension of danger annoys me henceforth.

The path passes the little Black Lake, after which the hotel is named, and, surmounting a ridge, comes down to the Hörnli Lake, larger and prettier. Then it ascends the higher ridge of Hörnli, a conspicuous feature from below. Upon reaching the summit of this *arête*, or ridge, we proceed for a considerable distance along its edge, having a fine view of the glaciers on either side at the base of the pyramid. Later we enjoy a steep rock climb, arriving about six at the hut, which to our sorrow seems already to be pretty well occupied. Our grief is increased by the subsequent arrival of several others, for the limited accommodations render sleep or comfort improbable.

The cabin is situated a little south of the summit of the ridge, but a few rods from its juncture with the great pyramid. The ground floor has two rooms. The first serves as kitchen, dining-room, and sleeping-apartment for the guides; the other, as the resting-place of the travellers. The former contains a diminutive stove in one corner, a small table with benches on either side, and a sort of shelf or wide berth covered with straw, which extends the whole length of the room and may accommodate five or six persons. A few stones projecting from the partition wall make a rough stairway leading to the attic above, where those guides must sleep for whom there is not sufficient accommodation below. In the other room there is a similar shelf, or berth, covered with mattresses and a few heavy blankets for the use of the climbers. When we arrive some of the earlier comers are eating supper, and we must wait until they have finished in order to have the use of the table and stove.

Supper over, we stroll out for a look at the sunset. There are no clouds to give gorgeous coloring, but in the fading light the mountains stand out distinct, solemn, and lovely. Our attention is distracted from the landscape by seeing several figures descending the mountain. They are two ladies with their guides, who have just traversed the mountain, coming up from the Italian side, and descending on this, the Zermatt, side. A little later they arrive at the hut, where they pause a few moments in the twilight, on their way down to the Schwarz-see Hotel. One of these ladies, with whom I spoke a word or two, was to meet her death the following week as she was crossing the Trift Joch on her way from Zermatt to the Zinal Valley, whence she intended to traverse the Rothhorn back to Zermatt, as she had previously traversed the Matterhorn. This, one of eighteen fatal accidents that occurred in the Alps last summer, was, like most of the others, due to carelessness, or a lack of prudence, which seems much the same thing. The Trift Joch is considered dangerous on account of its liability to falling stones. It should therefore be crossed early in the morning, before the sun has melted the snow, thus loosening the stones on the slopes above. This party were several hours too late. It was

between ten and eleven o'clock when, as they were near the top of the *col*, a mass of rocks suddenly fell from the cliff above, one of which struck Miss Sampson on the back of her neck, crushing her spine. The other three almost miraculously escaped injury. One of the guides bore Miss Sampson away from the immediate scene of the accident, but within an hour she breathed her last in the midst of the snow-fields and mountains she loved so well. Three days later she was buried, according to her wish, in the little churchyard at Zermatt, where so many other victims were already laid. There seems to be a peculiar fascination about this spot. I had left the same message with a friend before starting on this climb.

By eight o'clock the climbers turn in; that is, they dispose themselves in a row upon the shelf; in one corner the three ladies, then the men. The presence of eight persons necessitates close packing, naturally recalling sardines; and the query is raised whether sardines are laid on their backs or sides, since here there is not sufficient room for each person to rest upon his back, which probably accounts for the little snoring heard during the night. After the usual amount of nonsense the noise is subsiding, when a late comer appears. Since it is absolutely impossible to make a place for him in the row, he takes his position across the foot of the shelf. The nine preserve a good degree of quiet, and some by their regular breathing announce their speedy departure to the Land of Nod. But when the stir begins, soon after midnight, most of the number declare that they have slept little or none.

The breakfasts are prepared by the guides in turn, mine being the last, as Aymonod is determined to start last, in order that we may end the procession on the way down, and thus experience the least danger from falling stones, which careless climbers are apt to dislodge when descending. Moreover, he does not enjoy climbing with a lantern, and did not wish to go too far before daylight. Accordingly it was nearly half-past three when we left the cabin, having been first roped together.

Aymonod goes ahead, lantern and ice-axe in hand, and with the cord, nearly an inch in diameter, tightly knotted round his waist. He generally has a coil or two thrown over his shoulder, and holds the end toward me in his left hand. In the middle of the rope a slip-knot has been formed, and pulled fast around my waist; while Pession, at the end of the rope, brings up the rear. As a rule, on this mountain, each person has two guides, though experts sometimes have but two for two persons, and rarely a stray man goes up with only one. In either of these cases, the risk is vastly greater, and most persons prefer to pay the cost of two guides rather than double the risk of their lives.

The walk by early candle-light is novel and interesting. The path now leads over rough rocks with occasional patches of snow; then, barely six inches wide, crosses an unpleasantly smooth and steep slope, at the foot of which we see the Furggen glacier, several hundred feet below. One hardly appreciates the exposed situations, however, as the attention is necessarily concentrated upon one's footsteps; and it is only on the way down that one fully realizes the dangers of the path that has been traversed in the gloom. For a short distance we walk in the starlight on the glacier, the great cliffs of the Matterhorn towering on our right, and then we really begin to climb along the steep pathway which zigzags upward on the east face of the mountain to the northeast *arête*, on or near which the route lies the remainder of the way to the summit. Half an hour above the hut we are surprised to find a gentleman and two guides, who had traversed the mountain the day before, encamped under an overhanging rock. Being overtaken by darkness on the way down, they were spending the night here. Whether they were afraid to descend by candle and star light over the route by which we were ascending, or whether the gentleman, who was apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, was too exhausted to advance farther, we did not pause to inquire. But Aymonod characterized their procedure as highly dangerous, declaring that a change of weather might have occasioned the death of one, if not all, of the party.

At last the candle is blown out, and by half-past four we are proceeding in the gray dawn. Being on the wrong side of the ridge, we have no glimpses of the rising sun, but I can spare an occasional glance at the delicate tints of the clouds on the Furggen Joch below and at the progress of light on the snow mountains in our rear. Meanwhile we have overtaken a stout Englishman, who pauses to let us go by—a stalwart man of forty, who does not seem to take naturally to climbing. On our way down we met him a long distance below the summit, where he

arrived about noon. His leading guide subsequently told me that the man seemed utterly incompetent. The guide would say: "Now put your right foot there and your left there," and he would plant his foot directly between. At the Shoulder the guide urged him to return, telling him that they could not possibly get down again before dark, but the man only said: "I *will* go! I *will* go!" So they continued to the summit; but it was eleven o'clock at night before they returned to the Schwarz-see Hotel, when the Englishman was so exhausted that he could hardly stand, and had to be fed with bouillon and champagne. Yet he at first insisted on returning to Zermatt the same night, but was finally overruled. Such persons are unfit to climb so difficult a mountain. If bad weather had supervened, or if so heavy and clumsy a man had slipped, the death of the whole party would have been the probable result.

About half-past five we arrive at the old upper hut, now disused and filled with ice. Its position is considered insecure, as it is thought that this entire ledge will tumble off some day. Here are some of our predecessors, just finishing their meal, and we also halt for our second breakfast. At this point a portion of the provisions and all other superfluities are left behind, as now the way becomes more difficult. My ice-axe, by the advice of the guides, had been laid aside far below, and we see others deposited in various places along the route. One of the guides, however, carries his for our use on the snow slopes above, having slung it across his shoulders, so that he can use both hands in climbing. From this point up to the so-called Shoulder, a narrow projecting ridge covered with snow, the way winds along the northeast *arête*, generally on its left, or east, side, but sometimes directly on its edge, or at the right, so that the glaciers of the northern slope are also visible. We proceed very comfortably, finding nothing in the least alarming, though possibly some persons might call it so, to be able to look down upon either side for a distance of several thousand feet, at angles varying from forty to seventy or eighty degrees. The grade, too, is rather steep ; sometimes perpendicular. But the rocks are irregular, and there is usually a fair foot and hand hold in the so-called "chimneys." On one occasion only, under such conditions, did I fail to find a projection that I could grasp with my hands, when Aymonod promptly said: "Take hold of the rope," which he was then holding firmly. This I did, and in a moment was standing beside him. In all places of especial difficulty Aymonod, as is customary, scrambles up before. I wait until he is firmly fixed, and make my way up after, while he is holding the rope tight and hauling it in as I advance. Then perhaps we both pause for the guide in the rear to follow, Aymonod grasping the rope beyond me so that if the rear guard should slip, the pull will not drag me off my feet, but will come on the strong arm of the leading guide. Usually, however, the rear guard scrambles up without such precaution, thus avoiding unnecessary delay.

A little above the second hut is a precipitous ledge called the Moseley Platte, a place where some years ago Dr. Moseley of Boston slipped and fell, sliding down to the glacier three thousand feet below. This was one of the worst cases of foolhardiness on record. On the way down, Dr. Moseley had insisted upon having the rope untied, contrary to regulations. Five minutes after, he slipped, and all for him was over.

Of course one is so situated during a large part of the time that if one should slip and was not held by the rope, he would slide two, three, or four thousand feet down to one of the glaciers on either side. This, however, is not properly called dangerous. A place is dangerous, in the mountaineering sense, where a good climber cannot be secure of his footing. A place is *not* dangerous where a slip would prove fatal, if such that a good climber is in no danger of slipping. This was the state of affairs on the Matterhorn on the day of my ascent. There was no point where there was any occasion for a slip on the part of an experienced climber, except the places that were guarded by ropes, and here these were a sufficient safeguard. On the other hand, when some of the rocks are covered with a few inches of snow and others are encased with a thin coating of ice, there is real danger all along the route; and however careful one may be to set out only under the most favorable conditions, a sudden change of weather when he is near the summit may render his descent extremely perilous. A spot called Burkhardt's Ledge is a reminder of such a possibility. A snow storm overtook the party near the summit, and in ten hours they succeeded in descending only as far as one would ordinarily come in two. Here they remained over night. In the morning Mr. Burkhardt was too exhausted

to proceed. His friend and the two guides went off and left him, and when assistance arrived a few hours later, he was dead. Others, however, have descended in safety under similar conditions, but Mr. Burkhardt is said to have been insufficiently clad, to have been an inexperienced climber, and to have had incompetent and untrustworthy guides.

A short distance below the Shoulder is the site of another fatal accident, where a slip of one member of the party caused the fall of Mr. Glarz and his two guides to the Matterhorn glacier, which in 1865 had received three of the victims of the first Matterhorn tragedy.

The long snow slope at the Shoulder we find in splendid condition. Steps have been cut by preceding climbers, the snow is hard and firm, and there is a fine large rope extending over the whole distance. It is a little awkward to grasp the rope at this moderate angle; still the snow is easily and safely traversed. One writer calls the Shoulder a fearful spot, and speaks of going over the *arête* beyond, sometimes on hands and knees, sometimes astride. At that time the rocks had a thin coating of snow and ice, which rendered such methods of locomotion along the sharp and narrow *arête* desirable, if not necessary. Now, however, it was destitute of these unpleasant accessories, so that in walking across I did not feel the need of the proffered hand of my guide.

Not far from the Shoulder is a rocky ledge affording sufficient space to sit down, where a second halt for refreshment is made, and the remainder of our eatables deposited until our return; the rule "Eat little and often" being a wise one to follow on a difficult climb.

Soon after, we reach what would be the most dangerous part of the journey, if the whole distance were not hung with ropes. I had received various reports of its difficulty, some declaring that there were chains to be mounted hand over hand; others, that it was all as easy as possible. My own experience was that this was the nicest part of the climb. The ropes, with two exceptions, seemed new and strong, and in two places there were iron chains in addition. Then I had always the additional support of the rope around my waist, if one of the others had broken or the fastening staple given way. So one at a time we scrambled up the rocks with ease and rapidity, though the incline was from forty to eighty degrees, mostly eighty, and the rocks so smooth that it would have been disagreeable to ascend them without such assistance. There were, in fact, no secure hand or foot holds, yet our nail-studded soles could gain enough support from the rock to be of material assistance by relieving our arms of some portion of our weight. The distance thus covered by ropes is probably one or two hundred yards. At the right of this point, where the slope is less steep, the first party ascended; but it is easier to climb a really precipitous ledge with the aid of a rope than a moderate incline. It was there that young Hadow fell, dragging three of his companions to death four thousand feet below.

Having surmounted the steepest place by means of the ropes, we pass to the right of the *arête*, since at the left the cliff is so steep that it actually overhangs. Now we advance over an easier grade of rocks, more or less sprinkled with snow, until we arrive about half-past nine at the summit. It was, indeed, a moment of satisfaction to stand at last upon this famous peak, fourteen thousand seven hundred and five feet above the sea. The most dangerous and tiresome part of the journey was yet before me, but the ascent had proved so easy that I felt no apprehension, and enjoyed to the full the magnificent prospect before us. The summit is a narrow ridge about three hundred feet long, the highest point of which, the Swiss summit, is not far from the east end. Here I stood and waved to the friends below who I knew were watching through the telescope at the Mount Cervin. My arrival at the summit, I afterwards learned, was celebrated by an earthquake, which we did not feel at all, but which gave a slight shock at Zermatt at the moment of my arrival above.

It was Aymonod's twenty-seventh ascent of the Matterhorn, and the best, he said, that he had ever made. There was no wind even on the summit, the weather was comfortably warm, the mountain in excellent condition, and the prospect the finest he had ever witnessed. In addition to the familiar neighboring peaks which one sees from the Schwarz-see and the Gorner Grat, the snowy Dent Blanche, the rocky peaks of the Gabelhorn, and Rothhorn, the beautiful sharp Weisshorn, the lofty Mischabel Horns and the great snowy masses which cover and surround Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, the Breithorn, and the beautiful twins Castor and Pollux, we behold the Maritime and Graian Alps, the western ranges of the Tyrol, the Jungfrau and its neighbors in the Bernese Oberland,

and the massive summit of royal Mont Blanc. Near at hand, though far below, green valleys, dusky woods, dark lakes, and verdant slopes appear among the lofty pyramids, towers, and battlements of rock and snow; in the distance, row upon row of hoary mountain peaks rise like the waves of the sea, desolate, grand, and imposing; while a bed of fleecy white clouds beneath, stretching away toward the south, adds variety and charm to the glorious panorama.

But I fancy I hear some one inquiring, "Well, did it pay?" to which the following incident seems apropos. An American gentleman last summer asked an Englishman who had just made the ascent of the Matterhorn to tell him about it. "Why," replied the Englishman, "there is nothing to tell. I went up, and then I came down again, and that is all there is of it."

"But," said the American, still hoping to extract some information, "what kind of a view did you have?"

"View!" answered the Englishman. "View! I didn't look at the view! Climbers go for the climb; they don't go for the view!"

While the folly of the Englishman in not looking at the view is as undeniable as exceptional, he was undoubtedly right in his statement that climbers go not for the view, but for the climb; so that the question "Did it pay?" which generally follows an assertion that the view was magnificent, is wholly inappropriate. Would the enjoyment of any view, however beautiful, for ten or for thirty minutes, compensate for toiling twelve or fifteen hours, sleeping on a board shelf, rising at unseemly hours, being deprived of ordinary fare, suffering with cold or heat, to say nothing of possible risk of life, if these things were regarded as hardships to be endured only for the sake of the view which might possibly be gained from some mountain top? Yet such a climb is enjoyable, not simply for the exercise, varied and exciting though it be, and for the elation which victory inspires; but also for the intimate acquaintance thus gained with the mountain. Familiarity with tremendous cliffs, glaciers, and snow slopes does not breed contempt. Every moment of the day the grandeur of the scene is an inspiration which culminates only at the summit.

A half hour has quickly passed, and reluctantly we turn our steps downward; yet we prefer to cross the snow slopes before they have grown too soft, and to take no risk of being benighted on this rocky pyramid. The descent in the main is uneventful, the ropes again proving the most interesting portion of the way. Here, as I was allowing myself almost to slide down a rope, not taking pains every time to get a secure footing, I suddenly lost my footing altogether, and swung around with my back to the face of the cliff to a point where one *might* have dropped as far as young Hadow. My only thought as I dangled in mid-air was of vexation that I should have slipped at all; for my grip of the hanging rope was perfectly good, and a little pull from Aymonod, on the rope around my waist, brought me back to where I belonged. The utmost caution was really employed by all, and I was gratified by making no slip where it was of the slightest consequence. We arrived at the hut about four o'clock, having consumed as much time in the descent as in the ascent, the ordinary proportion in difficult rock climbing; though some persons go down more rapidly, and others more slowly, than they have gone up. The guides gathered up such of our belongings as we had left here, among others my skirt, which I preferred to dispense with during the climb, and after a short rest we continued down to the Schwarz-see Hotel, where we arrived in time for the six o'clock dinner. With a little effort on the part of the guides we might easily have reached Zermatt at the same hour; even then I could have descended in time for the second *table d hôte;* but having decided to take the matter easily, I dismiss my guides and remain over night at the Schwarz-see Hotel, returning comfortably to Zermatt the following morning, full of delightful recollections of my perfect day on the Matterhorn, slightly indignant with those friends who had marred my otherwise joyful anticipations by their foolish forebodings, and hoping that I may be able to do it again some day.

"OUT OF THUN."

By Robert Barr,

Author of "The Face and the Mask," "In the Midst of Alarms," etc.

I.

BESSIE'S BEHAVIOR.

ON one point Miss Bessie Durand agreed with Alexander von Humboldt; in fact she even went farther than that celebrated man, for while he asserted that Thun was one of the three most beautiful spots on earth, Bessie held that this Swiss town was absolutely the most perfectly lovely place she had ever visited. Her reason for this conclusion differed from that of Humboldt. The latter, being a mere man, had been influenced by the situation of the town, the rapid foaming river, the placid green lake, the high mountains all around and the snow peaks to the east, the ancient castle overlooking everything, and the quaint streets with the pavements up at the first floors.

Bessie had an eye for all these things, of course, but while waterfalls and profound ravines were all very well in their way, her hotel had to be filled with the right sort of company before any spot on earth was entirely satisfactory to Bessie. She did not care to be out of humanity's reach, nor to take her small journeys alone; she liked to hear the sweet music of speech, and if she started at the sound of her own, Bessie would have been on the jump all day, for she was a brilliant and effusive talker.

So it happened that in touring through Switzerland, Bessie and her mother (somehow people always placed Bessie's name before that of her mother, who was a quiet little unobtrusive woman) stopped at Thun intending to stay but a day, as most people do, but when Bessie found the big hotel simply swarming with nice young men, she told her mother that the local guide book asserted that Humboldt had once said Thun was one of the three most lovely places on earth and therefore they ought to stay there and enjoy its beauties, which they at once proceeded to do.

The young men at the big hotel in Thun were clad mostly in knickerbockers, and many of them had alpenstocks of their own. It soon became their delight to sit on the terrace in front of the hotel during the pleasant summer evenings and relate to Bessie their hair-breadth escapes, the continuous murmur of the river Aare forming a soothing chorus to their dramatic narrations. At least a dozen young men hovered around the girl, willing and eager to confide in her; but while Bessie was smiling and kind to them all, it was soon evident that some special one was her favorite, and then the rest hung hopelessly back. Things would go wonderfully well for this lucky fellow for a day or two, and he usually became so offensively conceited in his bearing towards the rest, that the wonder is he escaped without personal vengeance being wreaked upon him. Then all at once he would pack up his belongings, and gloomily depart for Berne or Interlaken, depending on whether his ultimate destination was west or east.

It came to be currently reported in the hotel that Bessie had refused no less than seven of the young men who had been staying there, and as these young men had one after another packed up and departed either by the last train at night or the earliest in the morning, the proprietor began to wonder what the matter was, especially as each of the departing guests had but a short time before expressed renewed delight with the hotel and its surroundings. Several of them had stated to the proprietor that they had abandoned their intention of proceeding further with their Swiss tour, so satisfied were they with Thun and all its belongings.

Among the guests there was one young fellow who was quite as much perplexed as the proprietor. Archie Severance was one

of the last to fall under the spell of Bessie, if indeed it is correct to speak of Archie falling at all. He was a very deliberate young man, not given to doing anything precipitously, but there is no doubt that the charming personality of Bessie fascinated him, although he seemed to content himself with admiring her at a distance. Bessie somehow did not seem to care about being admired from a distance, and once when Archie was promenading back and forth on the terrace above the river, she smiled sweetly at him from her book and he sat down beside her. Jimmy Wellman had gone that morning, and the rest had not yet found it out. Jimmy had so completely monopolized Miss Durand for the last few days that no one else had had a chance, but now that he had departed, Bessie sat alone on the terrace, which was a most unusual state of things.

"They tell me," said Bessie in her most flattering manner, "that you are a famous climber and that you have been to the top of the Matterhorn."

"Oh, not famous; far from it," said Archie modestly. "I have been up the Matterhorn three or four times, but then women and children make that ascent nowadays, so that is nothing unusual."

"I am sure you must have had some thrilling escapes," continued Bessie, looking with admiration at Archie's stalwart frame. "Mr. Wellman had an awful experience. . . ."

"Yesterday?" interrupted Archie. "I hear he left early this morning."

"No, not yesterday," said Miss Durand coldly, drawing herself up with some indignation; but as she glanced sideways at Mr. Severance, that young man seemed so innocent that she thought perhaps he meant nothing in particular by his remark. So after a slight pause Bessie went on again. "It was a week ago. He was climbing the Stockhorn, and all at once the clouds surrounded him."

"And what did Jimmy do? Waited till the clouds rolled by, I suppose."

"Now, Mr. Severance, if you are going to laugh at me, I shall not talk to you any more."

"I assure you, Miss Durand, I was not laughing at you. I was laughing at Jimmy. I never regarded the Stockhorn as a formidable peak. It is something like seven thousand one hundred and ninety-five feet high, I believe, not to mention the inches."

"But surely, Mr. Severance, you know very well that the danger of a mountain does not necessarily bear any proportion to its altitude above the sea."

"That is very true. I am sure that Jimmy himself, with his head in the clouds, has braved greater dangers at much lower levels than the top of the Stockhorn."

Again Miss Durand looked searchingly at the young man beside

"SOME SPECIAL ONE WAS HER FAVORITE, AND THEN THE REST HUNG HOPELESSLY BACK."

her, but again Archie was gazing dreamily at the curious bell-shaped summit of the mountain under discussion. The Stockhorn stands out nobly head and shoulders above its fellows, when viewed from the hotel terrace at Thun. There was silence for a few moments between the two, and Bessie said to herself that she did not at all like this exceedingly self-possessed young man who seemed to look at the mountains in preference to gazing at her; which was against the natural order of things. It was evident that Mr. Severance needed to be taught a lesson, and Bessie, who had a good deal of justifiable confidence in her own powers as a teacher, resolved to give him the necessary instruction.

"I do so love to hear of narrow escapes," said Bessie confidently. "I think it is so inspiring to hear of human courage and endurance being pitted against the dangers of the Alps and coming out victorious."

"Yes, they usually come out victorious according to the accounts that reach us, but then you know we never hear the mountain's side of the story."

"But surely, Mr. Severance," appealed Bessie, "you do not imagine that a real climber would exaggerate when telling of what he had done?"

"No. Oh no. I would not go so far as to say that he would exaggerate exactly, but I have known cases where . . . well . . . a sort of alpine glow came over a story, that, I must confess, improved it very much. Then again, curious mental transformations take place which have the effect of making a man what the vulgar term a liar. Some years ago a friend of mine came over here to do a few ascents, but he found sitting on the hotel piazza so much more to his taste that he sat there. I think myself that the veranda climber is the most sensible man of the lot of us, and if he has a good imagination there is no reason why he should be distanced by those you call real climbers when it comes to telling stories of adventures. Well, this man, who is a most truthful person, took one false step. You know some amateurs have a vile habit of getting the names of various peaks branded on their alpenstocks, just as if any real climber ever used an alpenstock."

"Why, what do they use?" asked Bessie, much interested.

"Ice-axes, of course. Now there is a useful individual in Interlaken who is what you might call a wholesale brander. He has the names of all the peaks done in iron at his shop, and if you take your alpenstock to him, he will, for a few francs, brand on it all the names it will hold, from the Ortler to Mount Blanc. My friend was weak enough to have all the climbs he intended to make branded on the alpenstock he bought the moment he entered Switzerland. They always buy an alpenstock the first thing. He never had the time to return to the mountains, but gradually he came to believe that he had made all the ascents recorded by fire and iron on his pole. He is a truthful man on every other topic than Switzerland."

"But you must have had some very dangerous experiences among the Alps, Mr. Severance. Please tell me of the time you were in the greatest peril."

"I am sure it would not interest you."

"Oh, it would, it would. Please go on, and don't require so much persuasion. I am just longing to hear the story."

"It isn't much of a story, because, you see, there is no alpine glow about it."

Archie glanced at the girl, and it flashed across his mind that he was probably then in the greatest danger he had ever been in, in his life. She bent forward toward him, her elbows on her knees, and her chin —such a pretty chin—in her hands. Her eyes were full upon him, and Archie had sense enough to realize that there was danger in their clear, pellucid depths; so he, too, turned his own from them and sought refuge in his old friend the Stockhorn.

"I think the narrowest escape I ever had was about two weeks ago. I went up . . ."

"With how many guides?" interrupted Bessie breathlessly.

"With none at all," answered Archie with a laugh.

"Isn't that very unsafe? I thought one always should have a guide."

"Sometimes guides are unnecessary. I took none on this occasion because I only ascended as far as the Chateau in Thun, some three hundred feet above where we are sitting, and as I went by the main street of the town, the climb was perfectly safe in all weathers. Besides there is generally a policeman about."

"Oh," said the girl, sitting up suddenly very straight. Archie was looking at the mountains, and did not see the hot anger surge up into her face.

"You know the steps leading down from the castle; they are covered in, and are very dark when one comes out of the bright sunlight. Some fool had been eating an orange there, and had carelessly thrown

the peel on the steps. I did not notice it, and so trod on a bit. The next thing I knew I was in a heap at the foot of that long stairway, thinking every bone in my body was broken. I had many bruises, but no hurt that was serious; nevertheless I never had such a fright in my life, and I hope never to have such another." Bessie rose up with much dignity.

"I am obliged to you for your recital, Mr. Severance," she said freezingly. "If I do not seem to appreciate it as much as I should, it is perhaps because I am not accustomed to being laughed at."

"I assure you, Miss Durand, that I am not laughing at you, and that this pathetic incident was anything but a laughing matter to me. The Stockhorn has no such danger lying in wait for a man as a bit of orange peel on a dark and steep stairway. Please do not be offended with me. I told you my stories have no alpine glow about them, but the danger is undoubtedly there."

Archie had risen to his feet, but there was no forgiveness in Miss Durand's eyes as she bade him "Good afternoon" and went into the hotel, leaving him standing there.

During the week that followed, Archie had little chance of making his peace with Miss Durand, for in that week the Sanderson episode had its beginning, its rise, and its culmination. Charlie Sanderson, emboldened by the sudden departure of Wellman, became the constant attendant of Bessie, and everything appeared to be in his favor until the evening he left. That evening the two strolled along the walk that borders the north side of the river, leading to the lake. They said they were going to see the alpine glow on the snow mountains, but nobody believed that, for the glow can be seen quite as well from the terrace in front of the hotel. Be that as it may, they came back together shortly before eight o'clock, Bessie looking her prettiest, and Sanderson with a black frown on his face, evidently in the worst of tempers. He flung his belongings into a bag, and departed on the eight-forty train for Berne. As Archie met the pair, Bessie actually smiled very sweetly upon him, while Sanderson glared as if he had never met Severance before.

"That episode is evidently ended," said Archie to himself as he continued his walk toward Lake Thun. "I wonder if it is pure devilment that induces her to lead people on to a proposal and then drop them. I suppose Charlie will leave now, and we shall have no more games of billiards. I wonder why they all seem to think it the proper thing to go away. I wouldn't. A woman is like a difficult peak: if you don't succeed the first time, you should try again. I believe I will try half a dozen proposals with Bessie myself. If I ever come to the point, she won't find it so easy to get rid of me as she does with all the rest."

Meditating thus, he sat down on a bench under the trees facing the lake. Archie wondered if the momentous question had been asked at this spot. It seemed just the place for it, and he noticed that the gravel on the path was much disturbed, as if by the iron-shod point of an agitated man's cane. Then he remembered that Sanderson was carrying an iron pointed cane. As Archie smiled and looked about him, he saw on the seat beside him a neat little morocco-bound book with a silver clasp. It had evidently slipped from the insecure dress pocket of a lady who had been sitting there. Archie picked it up, and turned it over and over in his hands. It is a painful thing to be compelled to make excuses for one of whom we would fain speak well, but it must be admitted that at this point in his life Severance did what he should not have done. He actually read the contents of the book, although he must have been aware before he turned the second leaf that what was there set down was meant for no eye save the writer's own. Archie excuses himself by maintaining that he had to read the book before he could be sure it belonged to anybody in particular, and that he opened it at first merely to see if there were a name or a card inside. But there is little doubt that the young man knew from the very first whose book it was, and he might at least have asked Miss Durand if it were hers before he opened it. However, there is little purpose in speculating on what might have been, and as the reading of the note-book led directly to the utterly unjustifiable action of Severance afterwards, as one wrong step invariably leads to another, the contents of the little volume are here given so that the reader of this tragedy may the more fully understand the situation.

II.

BESSIE'S CONFESSION.

AUGUST 1st.—The keeping of a diary is a silly fashion, and I am sure I would not

bother with one, if my memory were good and if I had not a great object in view. However, I do not intend this book to be more than a collection of notes that will be useful to me when I begin my novel. The novel is to be the work of my life, and I mean to use every talent I may have to make it unique and true to life. I think the New Woman novel is a thing of the past, and that the time has now come for a novel of the old sort, yet written with a fidelity to life such as has never been attempted by the old novelists. A painter or a sculptor uses a model while producing a great picture or a great statue. Why should not a writer use a model also? The motive of all great novels must be love, and the culminating point of a love story is the proposal. In no novel that I have ever read is the proposal well done. Men evidently do not talk much to each other about the proposals they make; therefore a man writer has merely his own experience to go upon, so his proposals have a sameness; his hero proposes just as he himself has done or would do. Women writers seem to have more imagination in this matter, but they describe a proposal as they would like it to be, and not as it actually is. I find that it is quite an easy thing to get a man to propose. I suppose I have a gift that way, and besides there is no denying the fact that I am handsome, and perhaps that is something of an aid. I therefore intend to write down in this book all my proposals, using the exact language the man employed, and thus I shall have the proposals in my novel precisely as they occurred. I shall also set down here any thoughts that may be of use to me as I write my book.

"HE SAW ON THE SEAT BESIDE HIM A NEAT LITTLE MOROCCO-BOUND BOOK."

August 2d.—I shall hereafter not date the notes in this book; that will make it look less like a diary, which I detest. We are in Thun, which is a lovely place. Humboldt, whoever he is or was, said it is one of the three prettiest spots on earth. I wonder what the names are of the other two. We intended to stay but one night at this hotel, but I see it is full of young men, and as all the women seem to be rather ugly and given to gossip, I think this is just the place for the carrying out of my ideas. The average young man is always ready to fall in love while on his vacation, it makes time pass so pleasantly; and as I read somewhere that a man as a general rule proposes fourteen times during his life, I may as well, in the interests of literature, be the recipient of some of those offers. I have hit on what I think is a marvellous idea. I shall arrange the offers with some regard to the scenery, just as I suppose a stage manager does. One shall propose by the river—there are lovely shady walks on both sides; another up in the mountains; another in the moonlight on the lake, in one of the pretty foreign-looking row-boats they have here, with striped awnings. I don't believe any novelist has ever thought of such a thing. Then I can write down a vivid description of the scenery in conjunction with the language the young man uses. If my book is not a success it will be because there are no discriminating critics in England.

First proposal. This came on rather unexpectedly. His name is Samuel Caldwell, and he is a curate, here for his health. He is not in the least in love with me, but he thinks he is, and so I suppose it comes to the same thing. He began by saying that I was the only one who ever understood his real aspirations, and that if I would join my lot with his he was sure we would not only bring happiness to ourselves, but to others as well. I told him gently that my own highest aspiration was to write a successful novel, and this horrified him, for he thinks novels are wicked. He has gone to Grindewald, where he thinks the air is more suitable for his lungs. I hardly count this as a proposal, and it took me so much by surprise that it was half over before I realized that it actually was an offer of his heart and hand. Besides it took place in the hotel garden, of all unlikely spots!

Second proposal. Richard King is a very nice fellow, and was tremendously in earnest. He says his life is blighted, but he will soon come to a different opinion at Interlaken, where, Margaret Dunn writes me, it is very gay and where Richard has gone. Last evening we strolled down by the lake, and he suggested that we should go out in a boat. He engaged one with two women to row, one sitting at the stern and the other standing at the prow, working great oars that looked like cricket bats. The women did not understand English, and we floated on the lake until the moon came up over the snow mountains. Richard leaned over and tried to take my hand, whispering in a low voice "Bessie." I confess I was rather in a flutter and could think of nothing better to say than "Sir!" in a tone of surprise and indignation. He went on very hurriedly.

"Bessie," he said, "we have known each other only a few days, but in those few days I have lived in paradise."

"Yes," I answered, gathering my wits about me, "Humboldt says Thun is one of the three——"

Richard interrupted me with something that sounded remarkably like "Hang Thun!" Then he went on and said I was all the world to him; that he could not live without me. I shook my head slowly, and did not reply. He spoke with a fluency that seemed to suggest practice, but I told him it could never be. Then he folded his arms, sitting moodily back in the boat, saying I had blighted his life. He did look handsome as he sat there in the moonlight with a deep frown on his brow, but I could not help thinking he sat back purposely so that the moonlight might strike his face. I wish I could write down the exact language he used, for he was very eloquent, but somehow I cannot bring myself to do it, even in this book. I am sure, however, that when I come to write my novel and turn up these notes I shall recall the words. Still, I intended to put down the exact phrases. I wish I could take notes at the time, but when a man is proposing he seems to want all your attention.

A fine, stalwart young man came to the hotel to-day, bronzed by mountain climbing. He looks as if he would propose in a manner not so much like all the rest. I have found that his name is Archibald Severance, and they say he is a great mountaineer. What a splendid thing a proposal on the high Alps would be from such a man, with the gleaming snow all around. I think I shall use that idea in the book.

Third, fourth, fifth, and sixth proposals. I must confess that I am amazed and disappointed with the men. Is there no such thing as originality among mankind? You would think they had all taken lessons from some proposing-master; they all have the same formula. The last four all began by calling me "Bessie" with the air of taking a great and important step in life. Mr. Wellman varied it a little by asking me to call him Jimmy, but the principle is just the same. I suppose this sameness is the result of our modern system of education. I am sure Archie would act differently. I am not certain that I like him, but he interests me more than any of the others. I was very angry with him a week ago. He knows it, but he doesn't seem to care. As soon as Charlie Sanderson proposes I will see what can be done with Archie Severance.

I like the name Archie. It seems to suit the young man exactly. I have been wondering what sort of scenery would accord best with Mr. Severance's proposal. I suppose a glacier would be about the correct thing, for I imagine Archie is rather cold and sneering when he is not in a very good humor. The lake would be too placid for his proposal, and when one is near the rapids one cannot hear what the man is saying. I think the Kohleren Gorge would be just the spot, it is so wild and romantic, with a hundred waterfalls dashing down the precipices. I must ask Archie if he has ever seen the Kohleren Falls. I suppose he will despise them because they are not up among the snow peaks.

III.

BESSIE'S PROPOSAL.

AFTER reading the book which he had no business to read, Archie closed the volume, fastened the clasp, and slipped it into his inside pocket. There was a meditative look in his eyes as he gazed over the blue lake.

"I can't return it to her—now," Archie said to himself. "Perhaps I should not have read it. So she is not a flirt after all, but merely uses us poor mortals as models." Archie sighed. "I think that's better than being a flirt—but I'm not quite sure. I suppose an author is justified in going to great lengths to insure the success of so important a thing as a book. It may

be that I can assist her with this tremendous work of fiction. I will think about it. But what am I to do about this little diary? I must think about that as well. I can't give it to her and say I did not read it, for I am such a poor hand at lying.

"Good heavens! I believe that is Bessie coming alone along the river bank. I'll wager she has missed the book and knows pretty accurately where she lost it. I'll place it where I found it and hide."

The line of trees along the path made it easy for Archie to carry out successfully his hastily formed resolution. He felt like a sneak, a feeling he thoroughly merited, as he dodged behind the trees and so worked his way to the main road. He saw Bessie march straight for the bench, pick up the book, and walk back towards the hotel, without ever glancing around, and her definite action convinced Archie that she had no suspicion that anyone had seen her book. This made the young man feel easier in his mind, and he swung along the Interlaken road towards Thun, flattering himself that no harm had been done. Nevertheless, he had resolved to revenge Miss Bessie's innocent victims, and as he walked, he turned plan after plan over in his mind. Vengeance would be all the more complete as the girl had no idea that her literary methods were known to anyone but herself.

For the next week Archie was very attentive to Bessie, and it must be recorded that the pretty young woman seemed to appreciate his devotion thoroughly and to like it. One morning, beautifully arrayed in walking costume, Bessie stood on the terrace, apparently scanning the sky as if anxious about the weather, but in reality looking out for an escort, the gossips said to each other as they sat under the awnings busy at needle-work and slander, for of course no such thought was in the young lady's mind. She smiled sweetly when Archie happened to come out of the billiard-room, but then she always greeted her friends in a kindly manner.

"Are you off for a walk this morning?" asked Archie, in the innocent tone of one who didn't know and really desired the information.

"Yes," said Bessie with a saucy air of defiance as if she did not care who knew it. "I am going by the upper road to the Kohleren Falls. Have you ever seen them?"

"No. Are they pretty?"

"Pretty! They are grand, at least the gorge is, although perhaps you would not think either the gorge or the falls worth visiting."

"How can I tell until I have visited them? Won't you be my guide there?"

"I shall be most happy to have you come, only you must promise to speak respectfully of both ravine and fall."

"I was not the man who spoke disrespectfully of the Equator, you know," said Archie as they walked off together.

It took the two rather more than an hour, by the upper road overlooking the town of Thun and the lake beyond, to reach the finger-board that pointed down into the Kohleren valley. They zigzagged along a rapidly falling path until they reached the first of a series of falls roaring into the deep gorge surrounded by a dense forest. Bessie leaned against the frail hand-rail and gazed into the depths, Severance standing by her side.

Severance was the first to speak, and when he spoke it was not on the subject of the cataract.

"Miss Durand," he said, "I love you. I ask you to be my wife."

"Oh, Mr. Severance," replied Bessie without lifting her eyes from the foaming chasm, 'I hope that nothing in my actions has led you to——"

"Am I to understand that you are about to refuse me?" cried Archie in a menacing voice that sounded above the roar of the falling waters. Bessie looked quickly up at him, and seeing a dark frown on his brow, drew slightly away from him.

"Certainly I am going to refuse you. I have known you only a few weeks."

"That has nothing to do with it. I tell you, girl, that I love you. Don't you understand what I say?"

"I understand what you say well enough, but I don't love you. Is not that answer sufficient?"

"It would be sufficient if it were true. It is not true. You do love me. I have seen that for days, for although you may have striven to conceal your affection for me, yet it has been evident to everyone, and more especially to the man who loved you. Why, then, deny what has been patent to all onlookers? Have I not seen your face brighten when I approached you? Have I not seen a welcoming smile on your lips that could have had but one meaning?"

"Mr. Severance," cried Bessie in unfeigned alarm, "have you gone suddenly mad? How dare you speak to me in this fashion?"

"Girl," shouted Archie, grasping her by

the wrist, "is it possible that I am wrong in supposing you care for me, and that the only other inference to be drawn from your actions is the true one?"

"What other inference?" asked Bessie in a trembling voice, trying unsuccessfully to withdraw her wrist from his iron grasp.

"That you have been trifling with me," hissed Severance. "That you have led me on and on, meaning nothing. That you have been pretending to care for me when in reality you merely wanted to add one more to the many proposals you have received. That is the alternative. Now which is the fact? Are you in love with me or have you been fooling me?"

"I told you I was not in love with you, but I did think you were a gentleman. Now that I see you are a ruffian, I hate you. Let go my wrist; you are hurting me."

"Very good; very good. Now we have the truth at last, and I will teach you the danger of making a plaything of a human heart."

Severance let go her wrist and seized her around the waist. Bessie screamed and called for help, while the man who held her a helpless prisoner laughed sardonically. With his free hand he thrust aside the frail pine pole that formed a hand-rail to guard the edge of the cliff. It fell into the torrent and disappeared down the cataract.

"What are you going to do?" cried the girl, her eyes wide with terror.

"I intend to leap with you into this abyss; then we shall be united forever."

"O Archie, Archie, I love you," sobbed Bessie, throwing her arms around the neck of the astonished young man, who was so amazed at the sudden turn events had taken that in stepping back he nearly accomplished the disaster he had a moment before threatened.

"Then, why—why," he stammered, "did you—why did you deny it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose because I am contrary, or because, as you said, it was so self-evident. Still I don't believe I would ever have accepted you if you hadn't forced me to. I have become so wearied with the conventional form of proposal."

"Yes, I suppose it does get rather tiresome," said Archie, mopping his brow. "I see a bench a little farther down; suppose we sit there and talk the matter over."

He gave her his hand, and she tripped daintily down to the bench, where they sat down together.

"You didn't really believe I was such a ruffian as I pretended to be," said Archie at last.

"Why, yes. Aren't you?" she asked simply, glancing sideways at him with her most winning smile.

"You surely didn't actually think I was going to throw you over the cliff."

"Oh, I have often heard or read of it being done. Were you only pretending?"

"That's all. It was really a little matter of revenge. I thought you ought to be punished for the way you had used those other fellows. And Sanderson was such a good hand at billiards. I could just beat him."

"You—you said—you cared for me. Was that pretence too?" asked Bessie with a catch in her voice.

"No. That was all true, Bessie, and there is where my scheme of vengeance goes lame. You see, my dear girl, I never thought you would look at me; some of the other fellows are ever so much better than I am, and of course I did not imagine I had any chance. I hope you will forgive me and that you won't insist on having a real revenge by withdrawing what you have said."

"I shall have revenge enough on you, Archie, you poor deluded young man, all your life. But never say anything more about 'the other fellows,' as you call them. There never was any other fellow but you. Perhaps I will show you a little book some day that will explain everything, although I am not so sure, if you saw it, you might not think worse of me than ever. I think perhaps it is my duty to show it to you before it is too late to draw back. Shall I?"

"I absolutely refuse to look at it; now or any other time," said Archie magnanimously, drawing her towards him and kissing her.

And Bessie, with a sigh of relief, wondered why it was that men have so much less curiosity than women. She was sure that if he had hinted at any such secret, she would never have rested until she knew what it was.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR OF THE BOSTON "GLOBE."

By E. J. Edwards.

ON the evening of December 19, 1895, the hundredth anniversary of the ratification of the commercial treaty between the United States and Great Britain was commemorated in New York city. Those whose duty it was to make preparations for this ceremony thought that in no better way could some of the happy influences which flowed from that treaty be suggested than by assembling at a dinner men who represented, by their names and careers, the forces which within one hundred years had made the United States the richest nation in the world. Thus the dinner was not only an acknowledgment of the service John Jay did when he negotiated that treaty, but it was also, incidentally, a formal recognition of the service which men of this time have rendered in developing those influences which have made the nation great. Very appropriately the duty of speaking on this occasion for the American press, one of the most important of these influences, was laid on General Charles H. Taylor, editor of the Boston "Globe." More than one hundred and seventy thousand copies of the "Globe" are eagerly received each weekday, and a quarter of a million copies on Sunday, by a constituency which General Taylor has himself created.

General Taylor had just begun to earn his living as a boy at the breaking out of the war. He had learned the printer's trade, and was setting type in the composing room of the Boston "Traveler," being but sixteen years of age. In the spring of 1862 he laid down his composing stick, proposing to enlist in a company then recruiting in his native town, Charlestown, Massachusetts, under the shadow of Bunker Hill. He was a slender lad who looked no older than his years. The recruiting officers were not unwilling to accept him, if the physical test was fully met. Taylor had only one fear—his eyes. He was near-sighted. The test for eyesight was the ability to tell the time by the clock on the distant steeple of the Fitchburg railway station. Taylor made private tests, and discovered that he was blind to the hands upon the clock in that far-away tower. He decided to search for a recruiting officer who would apply some other test, and he found one in Cambridge.

Thus, a mere boy, he entered that great university the Union Army, and in a few months was in the malarial lowlands of the Gulf coast, serving under Banks, and sustaining like a veteran the humid heat of a sub-tropical summer. His health was, with his character and mental power, his chief heritage, and it was sufficient to save him in that unaccustomed climate. But a bullet received in one of the battles before Port Hudson, in June, 1863, finished his army career, and almost ended his life. That bullet, evading the surgeon's probe, has remained to this day in his body.

Graduated from the army with this leaden diploma of honor, young Taylor returned to Boston, a youth yet in years, but broadened by the swift training of the camp and battle-field. He then became a reporter on the Boston "Traveler." To this day General Taylor proclaims the responsibility, honorable nature, and public service of the newspaper reporter's work. The greater the paper the greater the part done by the reporter in making it. He neglected nothing that would help him in his craft, even applying himself to the mastery of shorthand.

Early in his work as a reporter Taylor was appointed correspondent for the New York "Tribune." This was not an easy post to hold, as the "Tribune's" standard then, as always, was high. Associations of like character with other newspapers served not only to widen his opportunities, but also to extend his acquaintance. Newspaper work was a daily joy to him in these days. He was looking ahead, seeing something beyond his daily task and weekly salary. He was to be a great editor, and his model was an ideal combination of Greeley and the elder Bennett.

In 1869 Governor William Claflin chose General Taylor for his private secretary. He was now only twenty-three years of age, and for him this service was what the professional school is for the college graduate. Governor Claflin once said that he appointed Taylor to this office because he was "faithful, reticent, and had integrity of character." Taylor took the office not, as many thought, that he might begin a political career. Pol-

itics never had any charm for him, although he liked to watch the game of political chess when played by others. He took the post because he perceived that it would be of advantage to him in the journalistic work he had in view. He continued his service as special correspondent while serving as private secretary, thus keeping his hand in, and adding thereby materially to his income. His letters contained so much that was of public interest that the correspondence was eagerly sought and read.

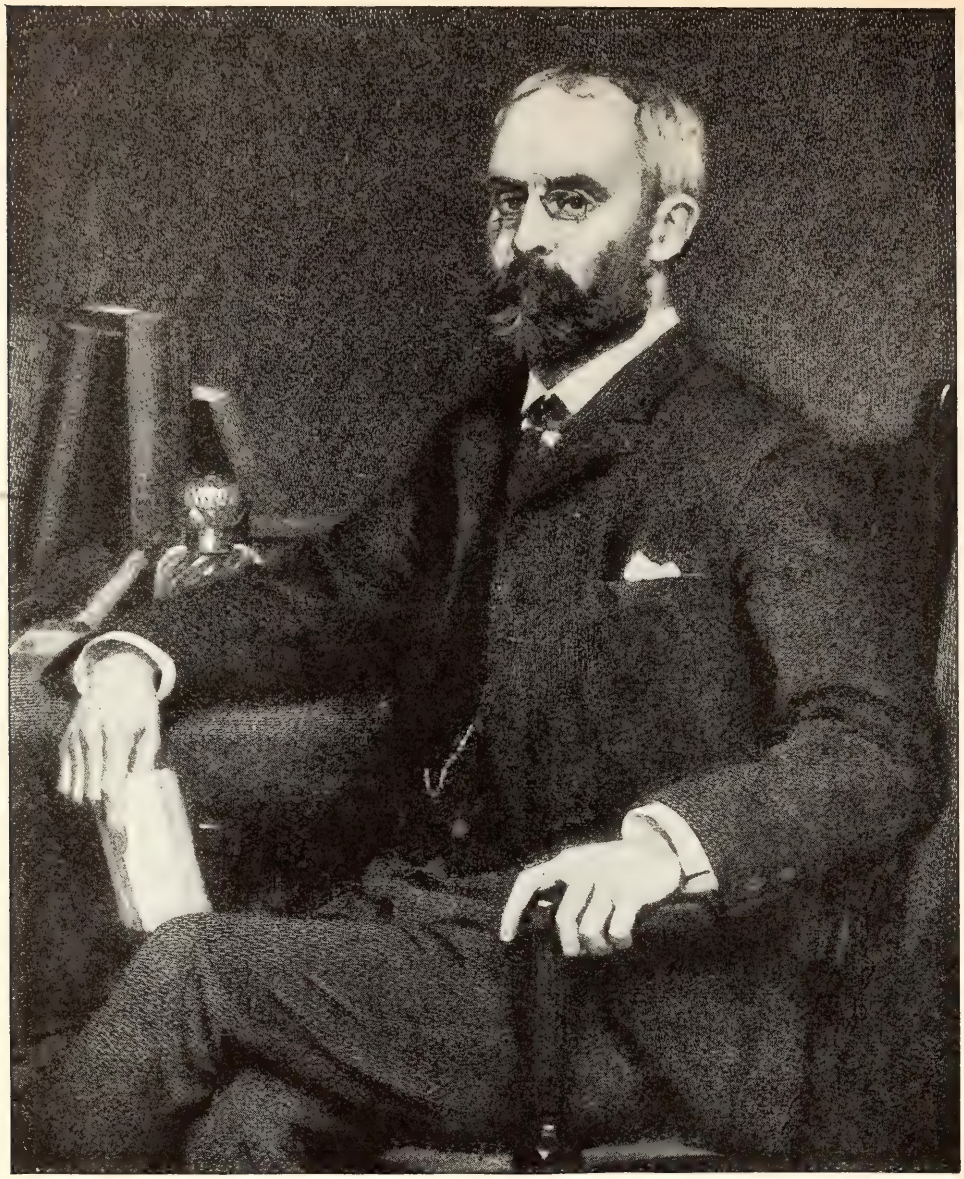
During three years of service under Governor Claflin he grew steadily in mental force as well as personal favor. That his abilities were controlled by good judgment is made clear by one step which he took while private secretary. He had been for some time looking for a journalistic opportunity, not in the service of others but for himself. He became convinced that it would be found in the establishment of a popular, low-priced magazine, and he ventured the experiment. A few faded copies of this magazine remain to-day, silent witnesses of his judgment, and General Taylor looks at them almost regretfully, as he reflects that dead as the magazine has been for many years, yet it had the seeds of life in it. He had, in fact, with it pointed the way, more than a quarter of a century ago, by which, in these later years, McClure's has approached to its success. In general scope, purpose, and editorial direction this magazine differed from the low-priced magazines of large circulation of this day but little, except that illustrations were then no such delightful triumphs of art as they are to-day. In a little while General Taylor secured for the magazine a circulation of forty thousand copies, and saw for it such a future as justified large expenditures for a plant. In a single night the Boston fire of November, 1872, turned these hopes to ashes.

About this time General Taylor took a step which seemed to confirm the opinion of those who thought he had a political career in view. He consented to be a candidate for member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. His candidacy caused partisanship to end, so far as he was concerned. He was chosen representative from Somerville, the suburban town in which he lived, without an opposing vote; as he was again, a second time, in 1872. As a neighbor and a friend he commanded the vote of every citizen of his district. In the winter of 1873 he received a further proof of his popularity by being elected Clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives against William H. Robinson, the well-known newspaper correspondent, now deceased, who wrote for the Springfield "Republican" over the name of "Warrington," and who had been clerk of the House for many years.

In the summer of 1873 a special correspondent of recognized ability and a friend of Taylor's came to him and said that he understood an opportunity awaited a young man in the office of the Boston "Globe," since it had been determined by the owners of that paper to change its management. Some of these owners were friends of General Taylor, and the young correspondent asked that Taylor introduce him to them and speak a recommending word for him. This General Taylor gladly consented to do. But after an interview with his friend, the owners, greatly to General Taylor's surprise, said to him, "Your young friend is not the man we want, but you are. We ask you to take the management of the 'Globe;' and if you choose in so doing to put your friend in some editorial relation to it, why, very well."

At first blush General Taylor looked upon this proposition as one that he could not for a moment consider. He was then earning an unusual income for a man so young as he, and he had plans of his own for the future which could not be consummated if he were to undertake the management of a struggling paper, as the "Globe" then was. Therefore he declined. Then the owners said to him, "It is the vacation time of the legislature; therefore your duties as clerk will not stand in the way of accepting what we propose. Go into the office of the 'Globe,' take charge of its management for the summer, and by the first of the year we may be able to find just the man we want for permanent manager."

This proposition General Taylor rather reluctantly accepted. He saw that a service of a few months of that kind would give him an experience which might be of advantage to him. Moreover, it was, as had been suggested, a leisure season for him. He became, therefore, in April, 1873, when only twenty-seven years of age, the manager of the Boston "Globe," expecting to retain that post no longer than until the first of the following January. He placed his young friend in the chair of managing editor, only to discover within a few weeks that a man might be an excellent special correspondent without having any capacity for executive editorship. He was compelled to assume that responsibility himself, in addition to the business management of the paper. When January came he had become



CHARLES H. TAYLOR.

From a portrait painted by Alfred E. Smith in 1894.

so essential to the paper that he could not withdraw without a ruthless sacrifice of its interests. He therefore remained as manager of the "Globe," though it gave sure promise of embarrassments and difficulties which would test the intellect and health of any man.

It is easy now, in looking back, to understand the task to which General Taylor bent his shoulders. The Boston "Globe" had been started with the intention of showing to the world that it was possible to publish an "ideal" newspaper. But its owners early discovered that the number of those who desire an ideal newspaper is not great enough to permit an ideal or any other newspaper to be published, excepting as a philanthropic contribution to the community. The "Globe" lost in its first year a hundred thousand dollars, and seemed likely to lose as much more in its second. Its capital had been provided by ten citizens of Boston, among whom was that man of commanding business genius and constructive energy, the late Eben D. Jordan.

In the difficulties of his first years in the "Globe," General Taylor had great aid and encouragement from Mr. Jordan. On the 15th of November, 1895, at the time of Mr. Jordan's death, General Taylor made grateful acknowledgments of his obligations to him in an editorial in the "Globe," signed by himself, and paid this tribute to his friend: "No man of my acquaintance ever possessed a rarer gift of developing the abilities of other men, and no one ever helped others with more patience and generosity. It was my good fortune to obtain an inside view of this feature of his character, such as was vouchsafed to few men in this community. Some men of high reputations seem to shrink when you come to

know them intimately. This man grew greater every year that I knew him."

Mr. Jordan gave General Taylor confidence in himself, and it was this service, even more than his unhesitating response to every draft made upon him for financial assistance, that enabled Taylor to maintain himself during a struggle which lasted five years. Sometimes when everything looked black, and it seemed as though the end had come, General Taylor, depressed, would call upon Mr. Jordan at his house. In an hour or two he would return to his office, enthusiasm rekindled, hope revived, courage inspired, so that it seemed almost as though success was right at hand. Sometimes he would call upon Mr. Jordan with a financial statement, and Mr. Jordan would say, "Now I want to know the exact condition. Put down every dollar that you owe. Conceal nothing. Let us know the worst, so that we may know exactly what we have to do." Having learned it, he seemed cheerfully to make his contribution to meet any deficit. As time went on a second hundred thousand dollars was raised and sunk, and then a third.

Perhaps there is nothing outside the victorious charge in battle which so quickens the blood and compels in happy exercise the higher intellectual powers than the change in the tide to the flood in a newspaper office. Men work, but are not weary, for the tonic of healthy excitement sustains them. Thus it was with General Taylor and his associates. General Taylor was as intolerant of traditions and fixed rules in the newspaper office as Grant was upon the battle-field. He defied and scorned them when they stood in his way. Whatever would avail to gratify human interest in his readers, that he accepted.

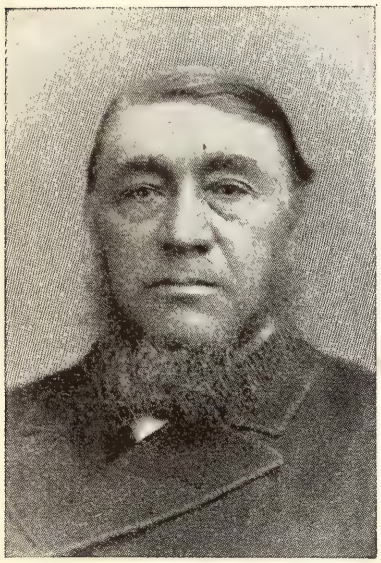
Moreover, he created interest. Fertile himself in available ideas, he also eagerly sought them from others, and paid according to their worth. In defiance of newspaper convention he printed serial stories in the "Globe." The newspaper tradition was that illustrations had no place in a daily journal. He snapped his fingers at tradition, and in violating it compelled every paper in the land to follow his example. In the "Globe" office was established the first art department in any daily newspaper office in the world. His best ideas came with sudden inspiration, as when, on the day of Garfield's death, he sought and obtained from America's chief poets appropriate memorials, some of which have now become classics, and published these in a single issue. This was against all newspaper tradition. But General Taylor's judgment was correct. That issue spoke to the hearts of a hundred and fifty thousand saddened men and women as they would themselves have spoken had they had the power. On occasions of especial interest he has invited men of particular distinction to contribute to the editorial columns of the "Globe," and by printing their contributions over their signatures has broken with the long-sacred tradition of anonymous journalism. In his management he has spent money eagerly whenever his judgment suggested that it was worth while, and he never made the mistake of supposing that parsimony was economy. For him economy meant saving of waste and the skilful direction of energy. The "Globe" turned the financial corner in the second year of the new departure, and from that day to this it has more than maintained its prosperity.

Thus while he was still under forty, the man who at twenty-three had fondly dreamed of becoming a great editor found his full ambition realized. He was recognized not only as a great editor, but as among the greatest of newspaper managers. The story of his commercial success is one of those fascinating romances of the sudden creation of wealth of which the United States in recent years has furnished so many.

General Taylor's personal characteristics have been more or less fully suggested by the mere facts of this sketch. It may, though, with propriety be added that the sense of influence, the satisfaction of victory, the consciousness of the full use of his powers, are much more to him than bank balances and good dividends. It has seemed to those who know General Taylor intimately that the reward of his career most completely satisfying to himself, however, was one reserved until quite recent years. As General Taylor looks at his sons, now come to man's estate and working by his side with his own faithfulness, zeal, and enthusiasm, striving to master every detail of a great business, there must come to him such content as only the father whose sons fulfil every paternal aspiration can know. Upon the elder son, Charles H. Taylor, Jr., rests now much of the responsibility for the "Globe's" management, and in this service he has the faithful, capable assistance of his two younger brothers. They are competent to carry out all the purposes General Taylor has for the "Globe," and he is satisfied to commit his purposes to them.

THE ENGLISH IN SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA.*

By Gardiner G. Hubbard.



PAUL KRÜGER, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

From a photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.

WITHIN the past ten years the nations of Europe, seeking new outlets for their commerce and possible homes for their surplus population, have taken possession of the larger part of Africa. England and France have each claimed a little more than twenty-five per cent. of that continent; Portugal, Germany, and Belgium, together, about twenty-three per cent. Spain, Italy, the Boers of the Transvaal, and the Sultan of Turkey together hold about twelve per cent. To the native Africans is left a part of the Desert of Sahara and the lower part of the Soudan —about fifteen per cent.

This gives to the European powers, having no right but that of might, of civilization against barbarism, about all of Africa that is, strictly speaking, habitable or valuable. It has been the policy of Great Britain to allow her merchants to establish commercial relations with the natives by opening trading stations; and should the trade promise to be profitable afterwards, to raise over them her flag, claim them as British possessions, and exercise governmental control. The British East Indian Empire was the outgrowth of a trading station. France and Germany reversed this policy, first taking possession of tracts in different parts of Africa, establishing territorial governments, and afterwards offering inducements to mercantile companies to establish trading stations, guaranteeing protection from the natives.

England, as a result of her policy—the flag following the trade—has secured the most valuable parts of Africa. France holds an immense territory in the Desert of Sahara, south of Algiers and west of Senegambia, and on the upper waters of the Niger; while England claims the lower Niger and the Benué. England formerly claimed Namaqua and Damara Lands, on the southwest coast of Africa, but yielded these countries to Germany, reserving only a small tract of land near the centre of the territory. This reservation, however, contains the only good harbor on the coast and the best means of access to the interior of the German possessions. England allowed Germany to secure a vast region in East Africa over which she had claimed dominion, and retains for herself Cape Colony and South Africa, the Shiras and the upper waters of the Zambesi—the part of Africa best fitted for the occupation of Europeans. She has retained control in Egypt, but has allowed France to acquire Tunis and a part of the Desert of Sahara. She yielded to Italy the southwest coast of the Red Sea and northeast coast of the Indian Ocean to the river Juba, including Massowah—the most unhealthy part of the Red Sea—on condition that Italy would occupy Kassala, and drive the Mahdists from that province, but reserved to herself the best harbors in the Italian territory on the Indian Ocean. The occupation of Africa has cost France seven hundred and fifty million dollars; Italy, her reputation as one of the leading powers of Europe. A recent writer says Germany has 1,000 colonists in Africa maintained at a cost of $2,780 a year for each colonist. The only part of Africa fitted for European life and civilization, and the only portion that has yielded large returns for investments made by colonists, is the region controlled by England on the Niger and in South Africa, including the Transvaal.

The government of these vast tracts and colonies has generally been granted to companies chartered by the governments of Europe. One of these companies, the British South Africa, was founded in 1889 by Cecil Rhodes. The son-in-law of the Prince of Wales and other members of the nobility were made directors and officers;

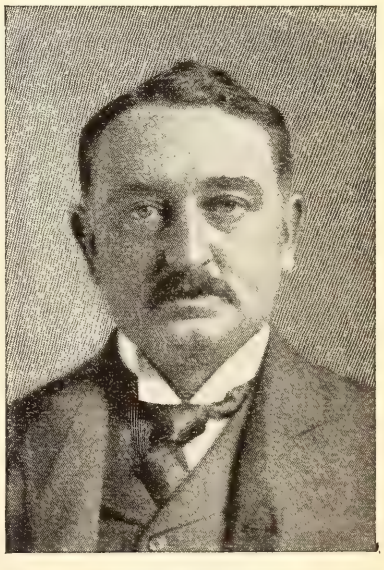
* This paper is a portion of the annual address recently delivered by Mr. Hubbard before the National Geographical Society, of which he is president. The entire address will be published ultimately in the official magazine of the society.

and Dr. Jameson, one of the subordinate officers. The stock—originally one million shares, of the par value of one pound per share—soon rose in the market to three or four pounds per share, thus securing a handsome profit to the noble directors. The company was authorized "to acquire, by any concession, grant, or treaty, all or any rights, authorities, jurisdictions, and powers of any kind or nature whatever, including powers necessary for the purposes of government, comprised or referred to in the concessions and agreements, made as aforesaid, or affecting other territories, lands, or property in Africa, or the inhabitants thereof." Among the privileges given to it were "the right to establish banking and other companies and associations; to make and maintain railroads, telegraphs, and lines of steamships; to carry on mining operations and license mining companies; to settle, cultivate, improve, and make grants of its lands; to increase its capital from time to time; to preserve peace and order in such a way as it shall [should] consider necessary, and establish and maintain a force of police, and have its own flag."

The original territory included in the charter of the company was much larger than Great Britain. But Mr. Rhodes and his associates, still unsatisfied, penetrated into Khama's country, Matabeleland and Mashonaland, defeated Lobengula, and added a large tract to that already under British protection. But still beyond were rich lands to be secured, and in June, 1895, a territory larger and more valuable than the original grant was added to the South Africa Company—called Northern Zambezia and Nyassaland. The whole territory is now called Rhodesia, or Zambezia, and extends from Cape Colony north, past Lake Nyassa, with Lake Tanganyika as its northeastern boundary, and the Congo Free State as its northwestern. It is difficult to ascertain the exact boundaries of the territory, as they have been so greatly and so often extended. The company now claims a territory of nearly one million square miles—larger than Europe exclusive of Russia. The country is very thinly populated, but is described as "fabulously rich, well watered," and of "a most healthy climate." Zambezia, with its great elevation and fine climate, its rich and fertile soil, most of it well watered or capable of cultivation by irrigation, and its great mineral wealth, is destined to become the most densely populated and wealthy portion of Africa. Within the territory of the South Africa Company are the richest diamond mines in the world, and near it, in the Transvaal, are the richest gold mines.

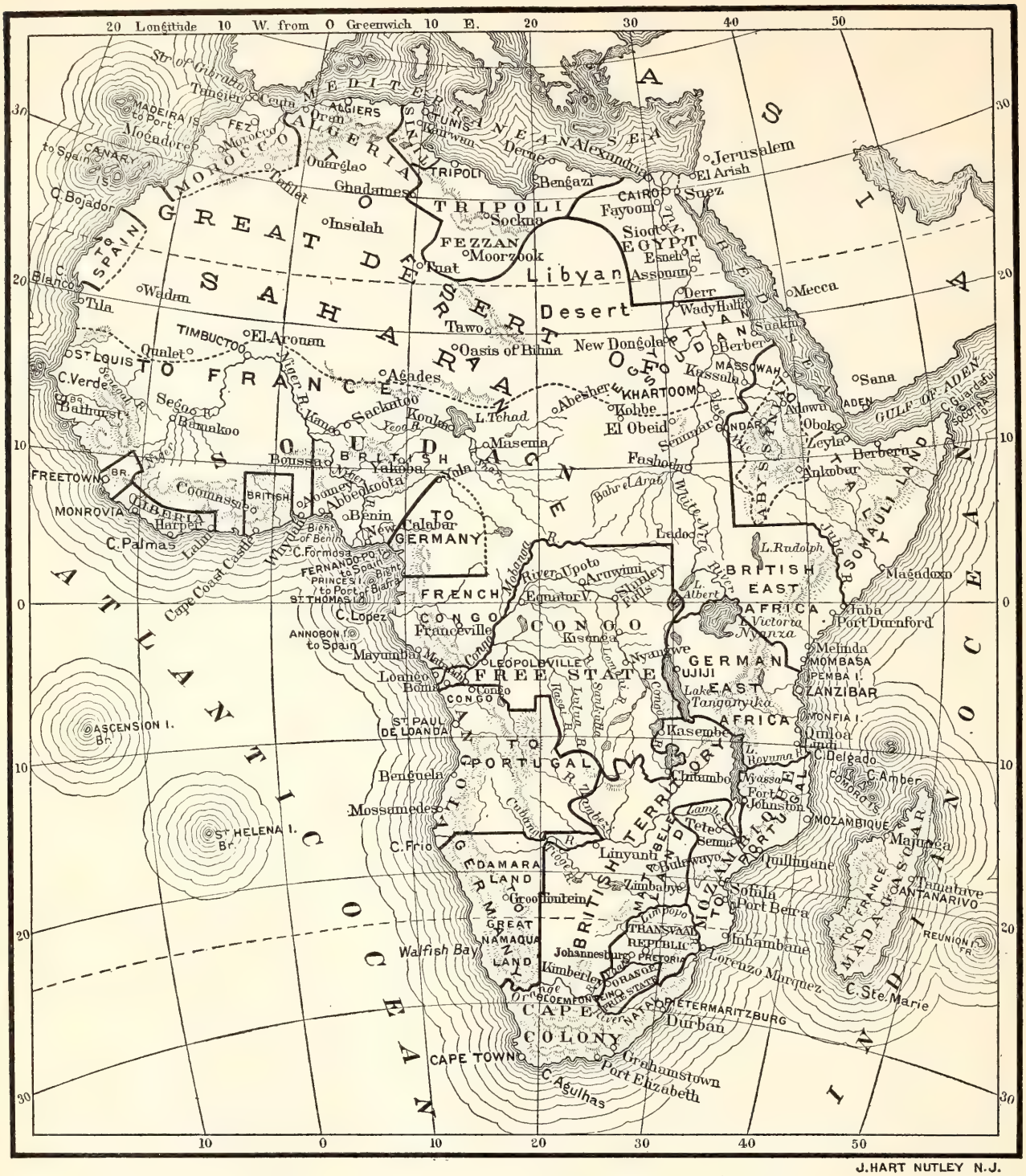
DIAMONDS.

India was formerly the only country where diamonds were found to any great extent; they were afterwards discovered in Brazil, and some of a small size have been found in other places. Very few are now found in India or Brazil. The first diamond was found in South Africa, near Kimberley, in 1868. Since 1870, when the mines were opened, their product has rapidly increased, and in twenty-five years these mines have produced more and larger diamonds than all other countries. To-day ninety-eight per cent. of the diamonds of the world come from Kimberley. These stones are found in a region about twelve miles in circumference, where four small hills, or "pipes," as they are called, rise from sixty to eighty feet above the ground, probably natural chimneys or extinct craters, broadening out below the surface to a great depth. These craters are filled with a blue, eruptive, inflammable earth in which the diamonds are imbedded. The mines were formerly worked from the surface; but now shafts are sunk from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet in depth, which penetrate the blue ground by crosscuts. The workings are enclosed by high brick walls, and the workmen are not allowed to go beyond the limits during the time of their service. Each night they are stripped and their persons and clothes subjected to the most careful examination; the secretion of diamonds, and their purchase from other workmen, when detected, are punished most severely. But with all these precautions many diamonds are secured by the miners. We are told that a man escaping on horseback was carefully



CECIL J. RHODES, FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.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EGYPT
LIBYAN DESERT
ARABIAN DESERT
NUBIAN DESERT
SPANISH TERRITORY
FRENCH CONGO
BELGIAN CONGO
FREE STATE
BRITISH EAST AFRICA
GERMAN EAST AFRICA
PORTUGUESE TERRITORY
BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA
CAPE COLONY
NATAL
TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC
ORANGE FREE STATE
GREAT NAMAQUA LAND
DAMARA LAND
ABYSSINIA
SOMALI LAND
MADAGASCAR
Tangier
Algiers
Tripoli
Benghazi
Alexandria
Cairo
Suez
Jerusalem
Timbuctoo
Khartoum
Aden
Zanzibar
Mombasa
Lake Victoria Nyanza
Lake Tanganyika
Lake Nyassa
Lake Rudolph
Victoria Nile
White Nile
Blue Nile
Niger R.
Congo R.
Zambesi R.
Limpopo R.
Orange R.
Nile R.
Red Sea
Gulf of Aden
Mozambique
Madagascar
Tamatave
Antananarivo
Reunion Fr.
Durban
Cape Town
Port Elizabeth
Grahamstown
Pretoria
Johannesburg
Kimberley
Walfish Bay
Benguela
Mossamedes
St Paul de Loanda
Ascension I. Br.
St Helena I. Br.
Canary Is. to Spain
Madeira Is. to Port.
Fernando Po to Spain
Annobon to Spain
Princes I. to Port.
St Thomas to Port.
French Guinea
Senegal R.
Gambia R.
Liberia
Monrovia
Freetown Br.
Gold Coast Colony
Dahomey
Benin
Calabar
Cameroons
Upper Egypt
Lower Egypt
Sahara
Soudan
Abyssinia
Somali Land
Gulf of Aden
Nubian Desert
Arabian Desert
Libyan Desert

the world. The Transvaal is a country of from one hundred and ten thousand to one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, and a mean altitude of about three thousand feet. Its population is said to be from seven hundred and fifty thousand to eight hundred thousand, though I presume it is very much less. It has a healthy climate; the rainfall is nearly sixty inches in the east, twelve inches in the west. It is rich in all kinds of minerals, especially gold, silver, iron, and coal. Fifty thousand of the population are Boers, descendants of the early Dutch and French Huguenot immigrants to Cape Colony. The Boers are a sturdy and independent, but not an agricultural, people; and, finding the land well adapted to cattle and grazing, they have become nomadic in their habits. They have again and again been driven from their ranches by British immigrants, and have become more and more independent and ignorant as they wandered to the north.

Education has been almost entirely neglected among them; very few can read or write. They are most expert with the rifle, and are good hunters. Their crops are raised by the native Kaffirs, who are substantially slaves. In the time of drouth they move with their families and cattle from place to place, to find pasture, returning after the rains to their homes.

DR. JAMESON, LEADER OF THE UITLANDER REBELLION IN THE TRANSVAAL.

From a photograph by Walery, London.

Lord Randolph Churchill says the Boer farmer "personifies useless idleness." In the year 1838 the Boers settled beyond the river Vaal—hence the name Transvaal. This territory was then under British rule, which was partially overthrown by the Boers in the revolution of 1881. In 1883 Paul Krüger was elected President, and the control of England was limited by the Convention of London in 1884, by which the Transvaal was recognized as a nation, England only retaining the right to approve "all treaties made with any state or nation other than the Orange Free State, and with any native tribes outside the Transvaal." The Boers agreed that "all persons with their families should have full liberty to reside in any part of the Transvaal, and to carry on any kind of business, and such persons were to be subject to no higher taxation than is or may be imposed upon citizens." No slavery was to be tolerated. If these privileges are conceded, England has no right to interfere in the internal affairs of the Transvaal.

In 1884 the Boers, acting in secret concert with the Germans, undertook to extend their territory to the west, hoping to stretch across Africa and connect the Transvaal with the German provinces on the west coast. Under the direction of Cecil Rhodes, the police force drove back the Boers into the Transvaal; and Rhodes, by his negotiations with the Portuguese, prevented the Boers from gaining access to the Indian Ocean, and obtained from the Portuguese an agreement to build a railroad from Delagoa Bay across the country to the borders of the Transvaal.

The government of the Transvaal is nominally administered by a parliament; but the power is in the hands of the President, Paul Krüger, and his word is law. Next to him in authority is General Joubert. The President is a stolid Boer, of great natural ability and shrewdness. When the parliament is not in session, he has full power to issue proclamations, which can be enforced until the next meeting of the parliament. He rules the members, it is said, by threatening to reduce the salaries of those who oppose him.

The general and municipal governments are entirely in the hands of a few of the principal Boers. Taxes are largely assessed upon foreigners. There are but few schools; and in these, Dutch is the only language allowed to be used.

In 1885 gold was discovered on a ridge about six thousand feet above sea-level, near the present city of Johannesburg. Immigrants immediately poured in from every quarter of the globe. In 1892 Johannesburg had a population of fifteen thousand, and it is said that in 1891 more than four hundred companies were at work in the mines. To-day it has a population of sixty thousand, principally foreigners, or "Uitlanders," as they are called. The latest reports claim a population of one hundred thousand whites and sixty thousand negroes; but this claim is undoubtedly exaggerated.

The annual output of all the mines is estimated at seventy-five million dollars, making this the richest gold field in the world. The discovery of this gold has been fortunate for the world. As the proceeds of the mines in California fell off, the loss has been made up from these mines. After the discovery of the California mines, the gold production of the world gradually increased until 1853, when it reached the maximum of $155,000,000. Then it steadily diminished until 1883, when it was only $95,000,000. At this time the African mines began to supply the market. Since then the product has rapidly increased, and it is believed that in 1896 it will be over $200,000,000—the largest ever mined—one-half of which will come from the Transvaal. The recent disturbances may materially affect the output in the Transvaal, however. It is not surprising that great multitudes of Englishmen from Kimberley and Cape Colony, and miners from all countries, should have been attracted to this Eldorado, or that Cecil Rhodes and the people of Zambezia should have coveted the rich mines which the Boers were unwilling or unable to work.

The Transvaal is very rich, and with a proper system of irrigation is capable of producing large crops; but the land is not cultivated, and the farms of the Boers are neglected and unproductive. Thus the country, with its immense resources and wealth, its products and trade, is passing from the Boers into the hands of the Uitlanders. Lord Randolph Churchill, who visited the Transvaal in 1892, says: "It might be the most wealthy and prosperous spot on earth, but Providence has cursed it with the rule of fifty thousand Boers." The foreigners, or Uitlanders, are not only absorbing the wealth and trade of the country, but desire a representation in the civil government. They claim rights to which as foreigners they are not entitled, and privileges belonging now only to natives or naturalized citizens. They complain that the taxes in Johannesburg are ten times as high as those in Pretoria; that they have no right either to vote or to participate in the administration of the general or local governments; that they are compelled to pay taxes for schools where all the instruction is in the Dutch language.

In answer, it may be said that Pretoria is a small town of poor farmers, and Johannesburg a bustling, growing, thriving, mining city, with a large and unruly population, where taxes must be high; that the laws, like our own, give the Uitlander a right to vote after naturalization, and also to become a member of the lower house, though not of the upper house, of parliament. It must be remembered that the Uitlanders have been in the Transvaal but a short time, and are there not by invitation of the Boers but for their profit. They have, therefore, no right to complain of laws to which they have voluntarily submitted. As for the teaching of Dutch in the schools, these schools were established by the Boers for their own children, not for the English; and we refuse to have the instruction in our public schools given in a foreign language.

The Uitlanders, unwilling to be controlled by the Boers, whom they despise, and desiring to overthrow their government, looked to Cecil Rhodes and his company for help, and gladly promised to join any force that might be sent to their relief. In response to this desire, Dr. Jameson collected his police force and crossed the boundary into the Transvaal, in the last days of 1895. But he had underestimated the strategical skill, the strength, and ability of the Boers. General Joubert, the commander, showed on this, as on prior occasions, great military ability, and by his quick movements put down the incipient rebellion at Johannesburg, and defeated and captured the forces of Dr. Jameson. All South Africa would have rejoiced had Dr. Jameson been successful, and England would have accepted the situation. Germany might have intervened; though we cannot see what right she would have had to do so.

The treatment of Dr. Jameson and his men by the Boers was most praiseworthy, showing great forbearance, wisdom, and excellent judgment. There was no war; they were not soldiers; but in a time of peace armed men had invaded the Transvaal prepared to overthrow the government. They could justly have been hung by the Boers; but, at the request of the British Government, the President surrendered Dr. Jameson and his men to England for trial according to the laws of Great Britain. We doubt if it would be easy to find in history an instance of like forbearance and mercy.

It should, however, be remembered that the fathers of the present generation of Boers either drove the natives from the Transvaal or reduced them almost to slavery, the higher civilization in each case driving out the lower.

THE EDGE OF THE FUTURE.

SUDDEN RISE OF THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.—INVENTORS AND CAPITALISTS ZEALOUS IN ITS DEVELOPMENT.—ITS WIDE UTILITY.—ARMY USE OF IT HERE AND ABROAD.

By Cleveland Moffett.

THERE are already on the market a score or more of horseless carriages, of widely different patterns, driven by motors differing in details of construction, but operated in the main by gas, electricity, steam, or compressed air. Several exhibitions of these motor vehicles have been recently held in France, England, and America, and the extent of them has been to the public at large fairly astonishing. A New York expert assures me that he has a list of between five and six hundred horseless-carriage devices of American invention alone. Many of these will, doubtless, prove failures, for the law of the survival of the fittest applies here as elsewhere; and even those which at first give fairly satisfactory results, will doubtless undergo material improvement in the next few years. What seems perfectly certain, however, is that the motor vehicle has at last arrived. Manufacturers all over the country are already making active arrangements—extending their plants, and putting in new machinery—with a view to being among the first to supply what is already a growing, and will soon be an enormous, demand.

Mr. E. P. Ingersoll, the editor of "The Horseless Age," has furnished me with detailed information showing the widespread development of the movement. "I am in position to know," he said, "that Wall Street capital is being invested in lines of motor stages, to be run in Cleveland and in various parts of the South, notably in South Carolina. In several American cities I know that street railway companies are actively preparing to use motor stages in connecting trolley lines whose terminals are a mile or so apart; this is being done in Boston by the Commonwealth Avenue Railway Company. Another case is in Sulphur Springs, Colorado, where a line of horseless stages is in successful operation through the Rockies. And at Portland, Maine, an enterprising Yankee has provided a number of motor buckboards for the service and pleasure of summer excursionists.

"You would be surprised to know the number of distinguished men who are writing me constantly in regard to motor vehicles. And it would be impossible to count the number of advertising men, peddlers, travelling salesmen, and managers of small shows who are negotiating for the purchase of one form or another of the horseless vehicle.

"I recently received a letter from Second Assistant Postmaster Nellson, who informed me that the Government has decided to introduce motor mail-wagons as soon as the best model is decided upon. The officials in the department are convinced that such wagons will offer substantial advantages in the service, notably in economy."

Meanwhile the general public is displaying the greatest interest in the motor vehicle races which are being held almost every month in some part of Europe or America. Thousands of dollars are being offered in prizes to competitors, and the results so far have been most satisfactory.

In the race between Paris and Rouen, a petroleum motor came in first, covering a distance of eighty miles in five hours and forty minutes, including two stops of a quarter of an hour each. In the race from Paris to Bordeaux and back, on June 11, 1895, seventeen motor vehicles competed for prizes aggregating sixteen thousand dollars. The first carriage covered the distance of seven hundred and twenty-six miles at an average rate of nearly fifteen miles an hour for both night and day running, the exact time record being forty-eight hours and fifty-three minutes. This demonstrated conclusively the power of motor vehicles to cover long distances at high rates of speed, for it is plain that neither horse nor bicycle could accomplish such a feat. The contest in Chicago on Thanksgiving Day, 1895, proved that the new vehicles are not balked by bad roads. On the day of this race, Chicago, as well as the whole region about, was covered with snow, which in the streets and roads had changed into a slough of mud. It is doubtful if the strongest team of horses could have covered the distance prescribed —fifty-four miles—in a day, much less in eight hours, the time of the winning carriage, a Duryea vehicle, which was hampered, furthermore, by several accidents on the run.

In spite of the insistent claims of rival manufacturers of motor vehicles, it seems to be generally admitted by experts that no essential or exclusive patents are controlled by any one. Those who go into this new industry will find practically an open field and free competition. Whether the motor be driven by steam or electricity or compressed air or gas explosion, it works according to a well-understood principle that has long been common property.

One of the foremost promoters of the horseless carriage interests in this country is H. H. Kohlsaat, owner of the Chicago "Times-Herald," who gave practical evidence of his belief in the future of motor vehicles by offering prizes amounting to five thousand dollars in the recent Chicago race of "motocycles," as they were styled. Mr. Kohlsaat assured me that within five years he expects to see on the streets of Chicago five vehicles driven by motors for one drawn by horses.

A novel and important feature of the Chicago race was the preliminary application to all the contesting carriages of a testing apparatus specially designed to show the consumption of fuel, the losses in the mechanism, and the efficiency of the machines. This testing apparatus was set up in a building on Wabash Avenue. There the different motor vehicles were brought and successively placed on a large platform with two rollers at one end, against which two wheels of the vehicle were brought into frictional contact. The motor was then started, and delicate apparatus registered electrically the draw-bar pull, the load that could be carried, the amount of fuel consumed, etc., while various road conditions were imitated by changing the surface of the rollers against which the wheels of the vehicle pressed. Careful records were kept of the results, which will permit experts to draw important conclusions as to the relative merits and efficiency of different devices.

All experts are agreed that sure and easy control is the most important point in the construction of the horseless vehicle, which must admit of easy steering and safe management as regards speed. It should be borne in mind that the carriage without a horse is also without the convenience of a horse's intelligence, which really in ordinary traffic and driving relieves the person holding the reins of a large part of his responsibility. For not even the best made motor can think, and the slightest carelessness on the part of its driver, or failure of the guiding apparatus, might precipitate an accident. What is needed for ordinary use, especially in cities, is not so much great speed as absolute reliability in stopping, backing, turning quickly, etc. It is likely that the motor vehicle destined to come into general favor will permit all these operations to be performed by the movement of a single lever, either up or down for various speeds forward or backward, or from right to left in turning. Held halfway the lever will bring the vehicle to a stop. The brake will be applied by pressing a spring connected with the handle like the arrangement on bicycles, an extra brake being provided, perhaps, for an emergency, to be operated by the foot. The alarm signal will be attached to the handle, either as a bell or horn, the latter being the popular form on the Continent. That it is practicable to make a single lever perform all these operations is shown by the success of the Duryea wagon, which is thus arranged.

Of course the question of the ultimate speed and hauling power attainable depends upon the number of horse-power that it will be practical or desirable to put into these new vehicles. And here the question of weight must be seriously considered. Thus

THE SERPOLLET STEAM CAB.

MORRIS & SALVIN'S "ELECTROBAT."

From a photograph by Copelin, Chicago.

A DAIMLER PETROLEUM-ENGINE CARRIAGE. SPEED ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES AN HOUR.

THE SERPOLLET STEAM CARRIAGE.

DURYEA MOTOR WAGON, WINNER OF THE CHICAGO "TIMES-HERALD" RACE, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.

From a photograph, by permission of "The Horseless Age."

far, the motors for horseless carriages have been usually of three or four horse-power, although Comte de Dion in Paris has a four-seated steam carriage fitted with a twenty-five horse-power motor. And the Daimler motor manufacturers have already built motors of twenty horse-power, and look forward to building others of fifty horse-power.

Although steam motors for horseless vehicles have given excellent results in some instances, notably when the Comte de Dion carriage, just mentioned, came in first in the race from Paris to Rouen, inventors and manufacturers have in the main turned their attention to perfecting motors driven by gas or electricity. Hot air and compressed air have also been suggested as active forces, but little has been done to bring such motors beyond the experimental stage. It may be said that the great preponderance of effort has been in the perfecting of electric and gas motors, particularly the latter. The advantages claimed for the electric motor, operated of course by storage batteries, are noiselessness, cleanliness, absence of odor, and ease of proportioning the effort of the machine to the need of the moment. Moreover, electric motors are exceedingly easy of control. The only disadvantages are the weight of the storage batteries and the uncertainty of being able to recharge them on long runs away from cities. There is no question, however, that electric wagons and omnibuses are admirably adapted to city use, and the Electric Storage Battery Company of Philadelphia expect to have their vehicles running regularly in the avenues and parks of New York, Boston, and Chicago within a year.

The great advantage of the gas motor for general use in horseless carriages is that it can be driven perfectly well by ordinary kerosene, which is not only cheap, but universally accessible. It is true that there is some vibration from the rapid explosions in the cylinder, and a certain amount of odor; but these defects are in a fair way to be removed, and are much less noticeable in the latest carriages.

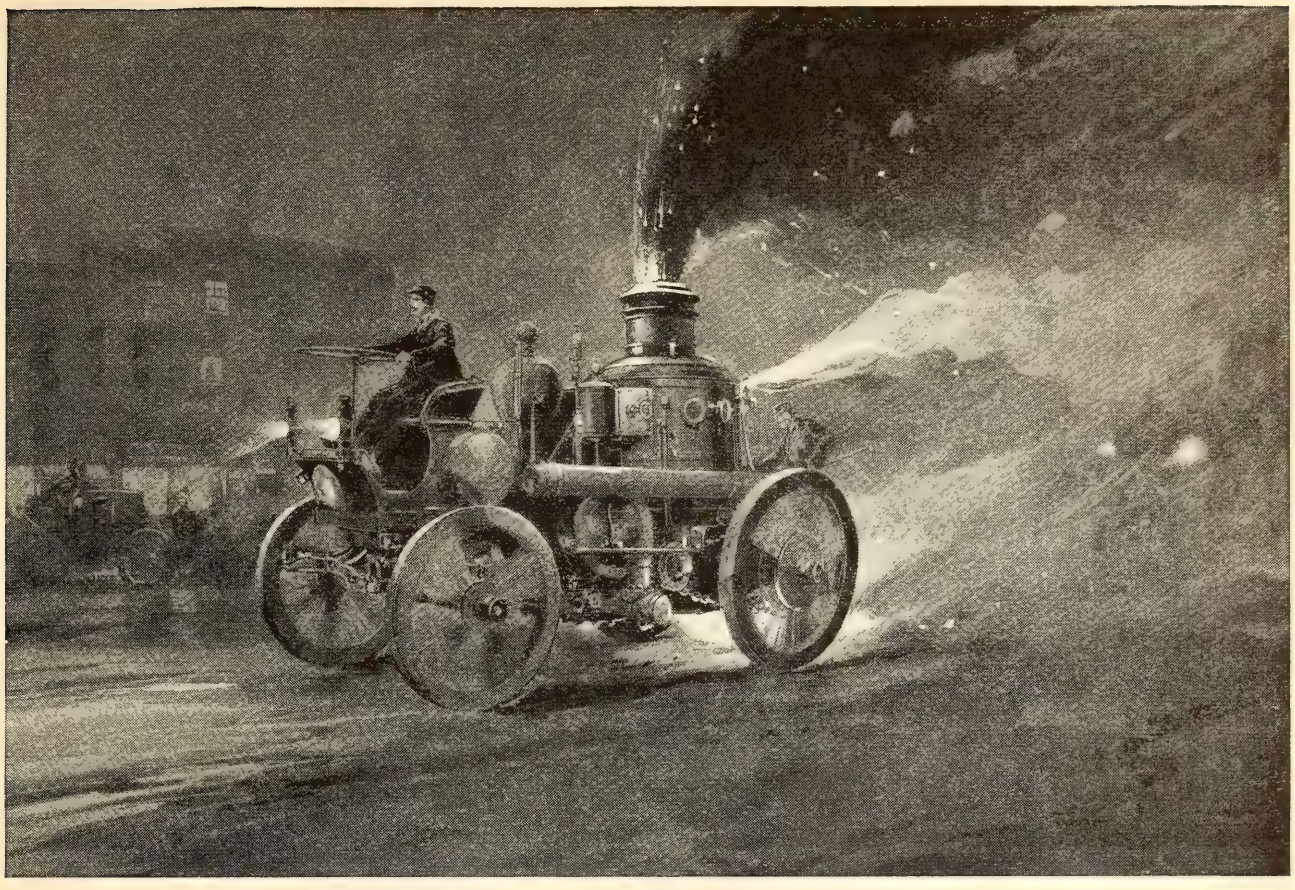
Fine results are claimed for gas motors fed with acetylene, which gives a pressure of from seven hundred to one thousand pounds to the square inch, being first compressed in the cylinders, and then exploded. Perhaps the ideal motor of the future will be a small rotary, high-speed gas engine, such as George Westinghouse has been experimenting upon for years.

So many of the motor vehicles are driven by gas engines of one sort or another that it is worth while to indicate briefly how these engines work. They all carry a certain quantity of petroleum, naphtha, paraffine or gasolene, and explosive hydro-carbons, which are stored in a reservoir on the carriage. The liquid fuel is, by one means or another, introduced into the cylinders of the engine, where it is transformed into gaseous form, with a quick explosion, on coming into contact with an electric spark or a continuously burning flame. The explosions of the gas take place alternately at the opposite ends of the cylinders, and so keep the piston vibrating back and forward and the wheels turning. To prevent the cylinders from becoming overheated, they are surrounded by jackets through which water is kept circulating.

Already the manufacturers of motor vehicles have profited by experience, and are putting out models showing points of superiority over those first devised. The Duryea horseless carriage for 1896 has wire wheels and large pneumatic tires, and the parts are practically made entirely of hardened steel. It is likely that this tendency to follow the bicycle manufacturers rather than the carriage makers will become more and more general, and that the horseless carriage of the future will be constructed of tubular steel in all its strain-bearing parts. And the pneumatic tires will be made larger and larger, one company in the West making them already with a diameter of six inches.

As to form, the tendency is to build the carriages lower than the earlier models, putting a greater distance between the wheels, and giving the vehicle a longer reach, thus adding to its stability. And, as has been the case with the bicycle, so the horseless carriage will steadily decrease in weight as far as will be permitted by considerations of safety and by road conditions. There is no doubt that wide introduction of swift-running horseless vehicles will add strength to the popular movement for better highways.

In the cities, perhaps the most important advantage to be expected from the removal of the horses, though it is not the one most considered, is the improved sanitary condition. It has long been recognized by health officers that one of the chief obstructions to cleanliness of streets is the presence of large numbers of horses. With the horses gone, not only would the streets be kept cleaner, but they could all be paved with wood or asphalt, instead of with cobblestone, which would enable vehicles to move about more easily and quickly. The ad-



A MOTOR FIRE-ENGINE. THE LARGEST FIRE-ENGINE IN THE WORLD.

This self-propelling fire-engine is owned by the city of Hartford, Connecticut. It weighs eight and a half tons, and throws thirteen hundred and fifty gallons of water a minute. The ordinary horse-draught fire-engine weighs about three tons, and throws five or six hundred gallons of water a minute.

vantage in this respect would be especially marked in the case of heavy vehicles, like trucks, ambulances, delivery wagons, and fire-engines. Several cities, among others Hartford, Connecticut, are already using motor fire-engines, and with excellent results. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is contemplating with satisfaction this possibility of relieving horses from the strain and suffering incident to drawing ambulances and fire-engines at a full gallop over the hardest roads.

The practical argument in favor of substituting motors for horses in heavy traffic is the cheapness with which the motors can be operated. The cost of fuel for a gas motor is so small that it can almost be ignored. The Duryea wagon, which took the first prize in the Chicago race, consumed, in an extraordinarily hard run of fifty-four miles, only about three and one-half gallons of gasolene, which may have cost perhaps twenty cents. Experts estimate that the cost of maintaining a gas motor on a carriage is about one cent per horse-power per hour.

The motor vehicle seems not unlikely to play an important part some day as one of the appliances of war. General Miles has recommended that twelve companies of the army, a force equal to one full regiment, be equipped with bicycles and motor wagons. Even in our small army of twenty-five thousand men, nearly ten thousand horses and mules are now required for cavalry, artillery, and general draught purposes. There is little doubt that the work required of these animals could be done better and more cheaply, at least in a large number of cases, by specially devised motor vehicles. Provision trains and cannon could be drawn by motors, and they would be of especial utility in the ambulance service.

Already built, in the Daimler Motor Works, at Steinway, Long Island, is a heavy wagon, similar to a circus wagon, equipped with a gasolene motor of sufficient power to drive an electric generator that has been repeatedly used to furnish the illumination for the whole factory. Imagine such a wagon perfected so as to become a veritable electric power-house on wheels, with energy enough to drive its own propelling motor and the motors for lighting as well. Its outer surfaces might be sheathed with steel, so as to protect it from rifle shots; and it might even be equipped with a Gatling gun or two, so that it could

in case of need return a hostile fire. When night came on, and the battle ceased, such a wagon might roll forward upon the battle-field, followed by a train of motor-driven ambulances, with surgeons and nurses on board, bringing succor to the wounded. The wagon stops; wires are reeled out quickly by its corps of men, and arc lamps suspended at various points; and in a few minutes, for a hundred yards around, the battle-field becomes as light as day. Meanwhile the ambulances have come up, and ranged themselves about in a circle, within which deft-fingered men and women are speedily at work with flasks and bandages.

And think of the advantages in speed of marching and transportation that would be enjoyed by a regiment equipped with bicycles and motor vehicles. From thirty to thirty-five miles is a long day's march for artillery or infantry, while cavalry troops rarely make over eighty miles a day in a long march. But nearly a year ago motor vehicles in France made over three hundred miles in a day, keeping up an average of sixteen miles an hour over ordinary roads, although it should be said that the roads in France are excellent. There is no doubt that manufacturers could now build motor vehicles for armies which would carry a battery of cannon from New York to Philadelphia in a single night, and in the same time take a train of provision wagons from New York to Washington.

And the value of swift-running motor wagons to support a body of bicycle cavalrymen is at once apparent. Judging by recent records, it is perfectly conceivable that a regiment equipped, according to the plan of General Miles, with bicycles and motor wagons, could in a forced dash cover two hundred miles in twelve hours—that is, in the light of a single day; or twice that distance, if they pushed on through the darkness for twenty-four hours.

A DAIMLER MOTOR CARRIAGE NEAR FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

It is impossible to discuss motor vehicles without considering the future of the motor bicycle, about which there has been much speculation of late. Scores of inventors are now at work perfecting various motors which they claim will do wonders in enabling wheelmen to climb hills easily, and to

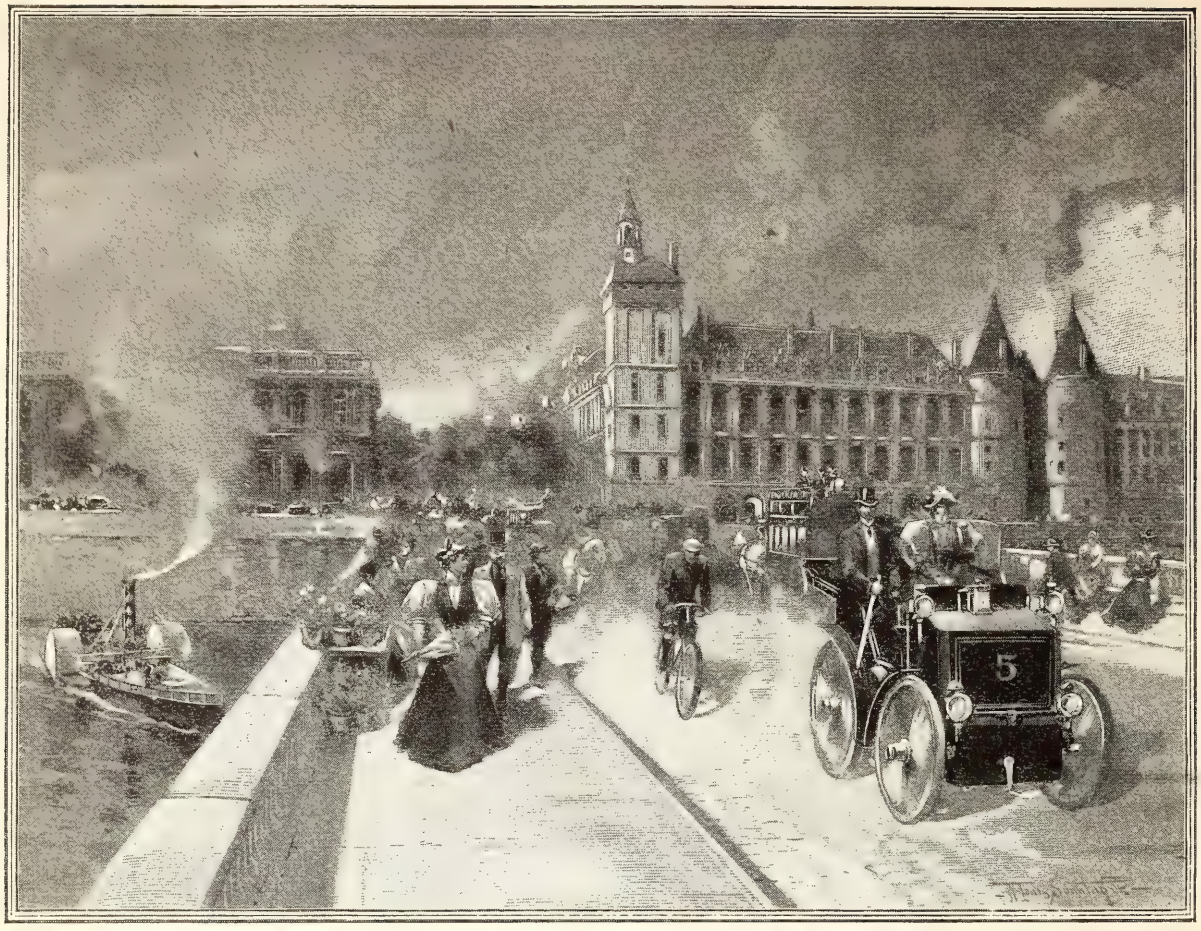
A HORSELESS AMBULANCE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

attain high speeds on level stretches without undue exertion. A French inventor has brought out a steam bicycle, capable of covering twenty miles in an hour, while a Western firm in this country are manufacturing bicycles driven by petroleum motors, one of which, at a recent test, made a mile in fifty-eight seconds. The former is built with a water-tank curved over the back wheel, and burns coke or gasolene in producing its steam. The latter carries an oil-tank holding fuel enough to drive it a hundred miles. Both machines are considerably heavier than the ordinary bicycle, the steam model weighing one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

While there are many advocates of the power bicycle, it must be said that the bicycle manufacturers do not, as a rule, anticipate any great development in it. One of the chief officers of the Pope Manufacturing Company assured me that while they recognize fully that the four-wheeled motor vehicle has come to stay, and are themselves actively preparing to manufacture it, they do not believe that the great army of bicycle riders throughout the country will take kindly to the idea of sitting idly in the saddle, and merely balancing the machine, while the motor does the work. The chief element in the popularity of bicycling is the enjoyment the rider gets from the wholesome exercise of his muscles. If a person were too indolent or feeble to pedal himself along, he would probably discard the bicycle altogether in favor of a motor vehicle on three or four wheels, where he would be relieved even from the exertion of balancing.

While there is small probability that the motor vehicle will displace the bicycle in popular favor, it is not unlikely to encroach upon the territory of our street-car, and even to become, in some degree, a competitor of the railroads. The Duryea motor carriage has shown a capacity for twenty miles an hour over favorable roads; and when I visited the works in Springfield, Massachusetts, where these machines are constructed, I learned that for a year past the inventors have been riding up and down Massachusetts and Connecticut, climbing the steepest hills without difficulty, and thinking nothing of travelling at a rate that would wear out a relay of horses from Springfield to Westfield or Hartford, or even to Boston. With the improvements that are being put in their new carriages, the Duryea Brothers expect to attain a speed on level stretches of twenty-five miles an hour, and to be able to run up to Boston from Springfield in five hours, an excursion which, on a pleasant day, would tempt many people from the smoke and roar of the train.

It is said that a company, with ample



A DAIMLER MOTOR CARRIAGE ON THE PONT AU CHANGE, PARIS.

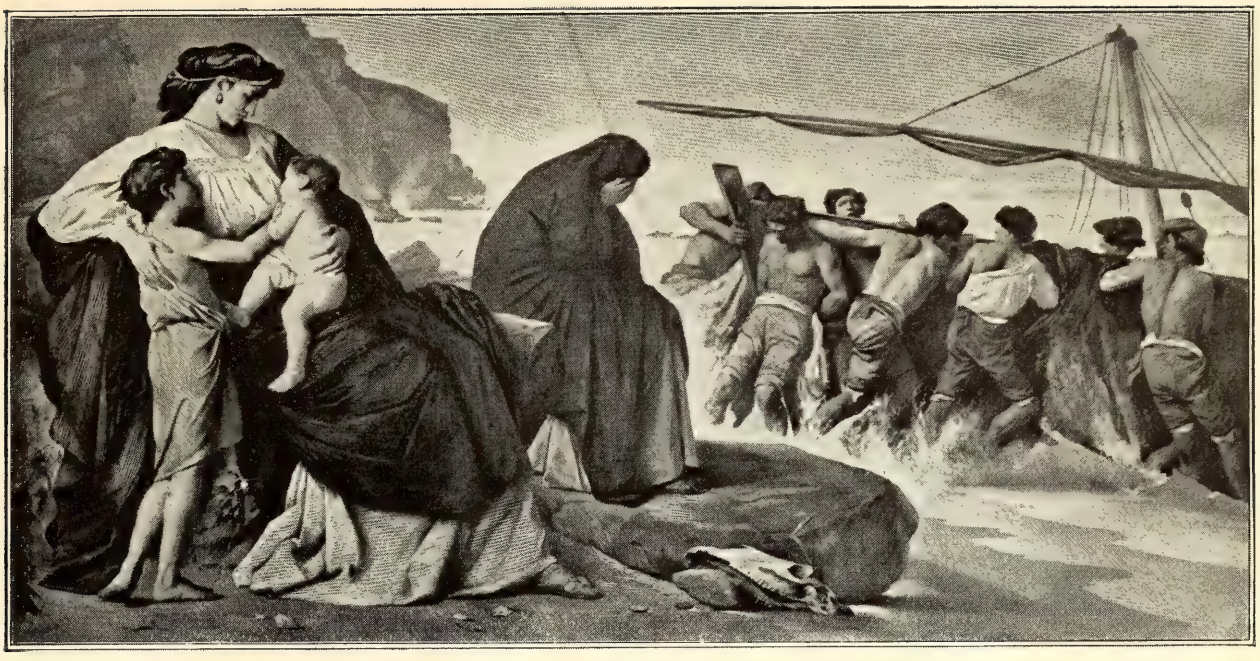
It was a carriage of the same model as the one shown here that came in first in the race from Paris to Bordeaux, on June 11, 1895.

capital, has been formed to operate a system of motor wagons in British Columbia, between Ashcroft and Barkerville, the latter being in the heart of the gold region. The distance is about two hundred miles. At present it is traversed by a line of horse stages, which do a large business in carrying passengers and supplies. While the wagon-road is excellent, it passes through a mountainous region, and the strain upon horses is very severe; and in addition there is the great expense involved in transporting food for the horses. The company believe that a number of strongly built wagons driven by oil motors will do all this business, and handle the output of the mines besides, at less cost than the present system of horse stages.

There seems to be no reason why lines of horseless omnibuses or large carryalls should not be introduced in cities with excellent results in competition with the street-car lines. They could run as fast as the best trolley or cable cars, and would be cheaper to operate, since the enormous initial outlay for power-houses and line equipment would be avoided. In the end, they might render it possible to rid the streets of tracks and trolley wires—an incalculable improvement.

Of course, before motor vehicles can come into general use for pleasure or business, it will be necessary for people to obtain a practical understanding of their construction and method of operation. However simple they may seem in principle, with only a lever to be drawn or a wheel to be turned, it is quite plain that most persons would need instruction in changing speeds, steering, turning, stopping, and reversing, before venturing on a public road.

In regard to the cost of motor carriages, everything depends upon the size, number of seats, style, finish, and the like; but it may be said in a general way that they will range in price from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars, the best four-seated vehicle probably costing about twelve hundred dollars. These will be the prices for the first few years, but it is altogether likely that keenness of competition will bring about a material reduction in the prices within ten years.



MEDEA PREPARING TO LEAVE JASON. FROM A PAINTING BY ANSELM VON FEUERBACH.

The original picture is now in the New Pinakothek, Munich. Medea, for love of Jason, helped him to win the Golden Fleece, even to the injury of her own family. Then Jason deserted her, in order that he might espouse the daughter of the King of Corinth. Medea caused a ship to be prepared to carry herself, her two children, and their nurse, to her native home in Colchis.

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—GERMAN ART OF THE PAST.—CORNELIUS, KAULBACH, AND SCHNORR.—INFLUENCE OF PILOTY AS A RESULT OF STUDY IN FRANCE.—TYPICAL GERMAN PAINTERS: KNAUS, MENZEL, AND BÖCKLIN.—THE SECESSIONISTS.—A FORECAST OF THE FUTURE.

By Will H. Low.

To one who, like the present writer, frankly confesses his preference for the Gallic point of view in art, the spectacle of German artistic endeavor of the past is not exhilarating. The indubitable fact remains, however, that no people have so studiously encouraged the study of art; no greater encouragements have fallen to the lot of any painters than those accorded by Germany in this century. The result has been a vast amount of production, the growth of a wide-spread national interest in art, and the proverbial patience of the Teuton, proving synonomous with genius, seems likely at this period of the nineteenth century to triumph in the end. Such, at least, is the conviction which an exhibition of last summer in Germany carried with it, and which I offer in palliation of the condemnation of previous efforts.

The exhibition of the "Secessionists" in Munich appeared to me, fresh from the spring exhibitions of New York, London, Paris, Venice, and Berlin, to be the most interesting of them all. This excellence has been accomplished through devious ways, and lacks perhaps any very strongly expressed national characteristic. The influences of France even can be felt; but what painter, the art of which country, can be said to be free from the influence of this great art-teaching nation? That the painted anecdote and the philosophical allegory have been displaced at one and the same time with the hollow historical picture, and that in their place an effort at simple painting of themes which are pictorial has been instituted, is a result not unworthy of the many years of careful cultivation bestowed on the vagrant plant of art.

In the placid city of Munich the traveller finds himself out of the busy current of life as conceived by the nineteenth century. The strenuous, material tendency of the age has given place to interests almost

MARY'S JOURNEY INTO THE HILL COUNTRY. FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEF VON FÜHRICH.

"And Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill country with haste, into a city of Juda."—ST. LUKE iv. 39. This picture, now in the Vienna Academy Gallery, is a typical example of the art of the "Nazarene" group, but with more than their wonted grace and simplicity of sentiment.

purely intellectual, and the stranger wanders through streets, gardens, palaces, churches, and galleries which have come into existence for æsthetic rather than practical reasons. No other city that I know, save Florence, has this artistic character so strongly marked. But while the Italian city ceases as a living factor with the close of the seventeenth century, Munich is largely a creation of our own time. Leaving out of consideration the manifestations of art which Maximilian Joseph I. found in his capital as a legacy from the past when Napoleon placed him on his throne in 1809, it would seem as though he and the succeeding monarchs had no greater preoccupation than to make the city artistic. As Bavaria, from geographical limitation, could never hope to be a leading power politically, this determination on the part of its rulers gave them occupation, at least; and the outcome, though in many cases serving as an object lesson in what not to do, is most interesting.

Throughout Germany, in the days before the foundation of the empire, its political divisions repeated the story of the period of greatest artistic activity in Italy. The many cities of the country, each independent of the other, each eager to distinguish itself, created museums and academies until none was so poor as to lack its school of art. None of these rose to the importance of

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. FROM A PAINTING BY KARL VON PILOTY.

The original painting was left unfinished at the painter's death in 1886. It is now in the National Gallery, Berlin. It portrays the dying commander in the act of receiving the last homage of his soldiers.

THE ROUND TABLE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT AT SANS SOUCI. FROM A PAINTING BY ADOLF MENZEL, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY AT BERLIN.

The scene takes place in a still existing room in the little palace at Potsdam, where Frederick found pleasure in surrounding himself with the *beaux esprits* of the time. The heads are chiefly portraits, Voltaire in profile, to the right of the king, being conspicuous.

the recognizable schools of Florence, Sienna, or Milan, owing to the fact that art had fallen on evil days, and there was little effort to express natural temperamental characteristics as these primitive painters had done in their happy ignorance of academies. Munich was, however, the chief seat of this artistic endeavor, and may be taken as typical of the German art effort of the century.

The "Nazarene" movement was at its height in Rome, and its founder, Frederich Overbeck, had formed a number of pupils, among whom were Cornelius, Schadow, Veit, and Schnorr, all Germans like their master, all deeply penetrated with what they considered the philosophical side of art, when the first king of Bavaria died in 1825. His interest in architecture, "mother of arts," had led him to endow Munich with many handsome structures; but it was reserved for his son Ludwig I. to erect the most important of the museums, and to give encouragement for their decoration by painting and sculpture on a lavish scale. Cornelius was recalled from Rome, and ruled artistically for many years until his independence of character caused his retirement to Berlin. It was he, however, who gave the direction which art in Munich followed for many years. Cornelius's "Last Judgment," in the Church of All Saints, and his equally vast and tiresome works representing the legends of the Greek gods, in the

ON THE LAKE. FROM A PAINTING BY K. RANGYE.

Glyptothek, or sculpture gallery, are examples of an art which is happily dead. To qualify them, the movement of which they were the effect, and the influence which they exercised, in a word :—their lack of vitality is due to a total absence of reliance on nature.

In the same category belong the mural paintings of Kaulbach, in the New Museum at Berlin, the cartoon of one of which, the "Era of the Reformation," is, I believe, owned in this country. One of the painful recollections of my childhood is the remembrance of the effort to be interested in this immense picture, which represents, in involved and unnatural fashion, the elements which made up the Reformation. Art like this, however, stood for all that was most worthy during many years, and Munich was decorated in all its buildings, inside and out, to the heart's content of the ruling monarchs, and, presumably, of the painters. On the outside of the New Pinakothek Nilson, from designs by Kaulbach, has represented the decline and fall of the eighteenth century and the encouragement of modern art by King Ludwig in peculiarly German fashion. In the guidebook we are told, "We see the three Graces imprisoned, one of the old Directors of the Academy lies sleeping at the gate with a doll in his arms, and a three-headed monster with a wig on each head stands as Cerberus before the dungeon. The classic artists, under Minerva's protection, advance to the attack. Winckelmann, the great art-critic, throws his ink-stand at Cerberus; Thorwaldsen advances with the hammer; Cornelius, Overbeck, and Veit approach on a Pegasus."

Thus having inaugurated an art modern in its tendencies to their satisfaction, the

JULIET ON HER BIER. FROM A PAINTING BY HANS MAKART.

This picture, suggested by Shakespeare's play of "Romeo and Juliet," was painted in 1869, and is now in the Museum at Vienna.

THE DICERS. FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUS MEYER.

The original painting is now in the Berlin National Gallery, having been purchased from the Jubilee Exhibition, Berlin, 1886.

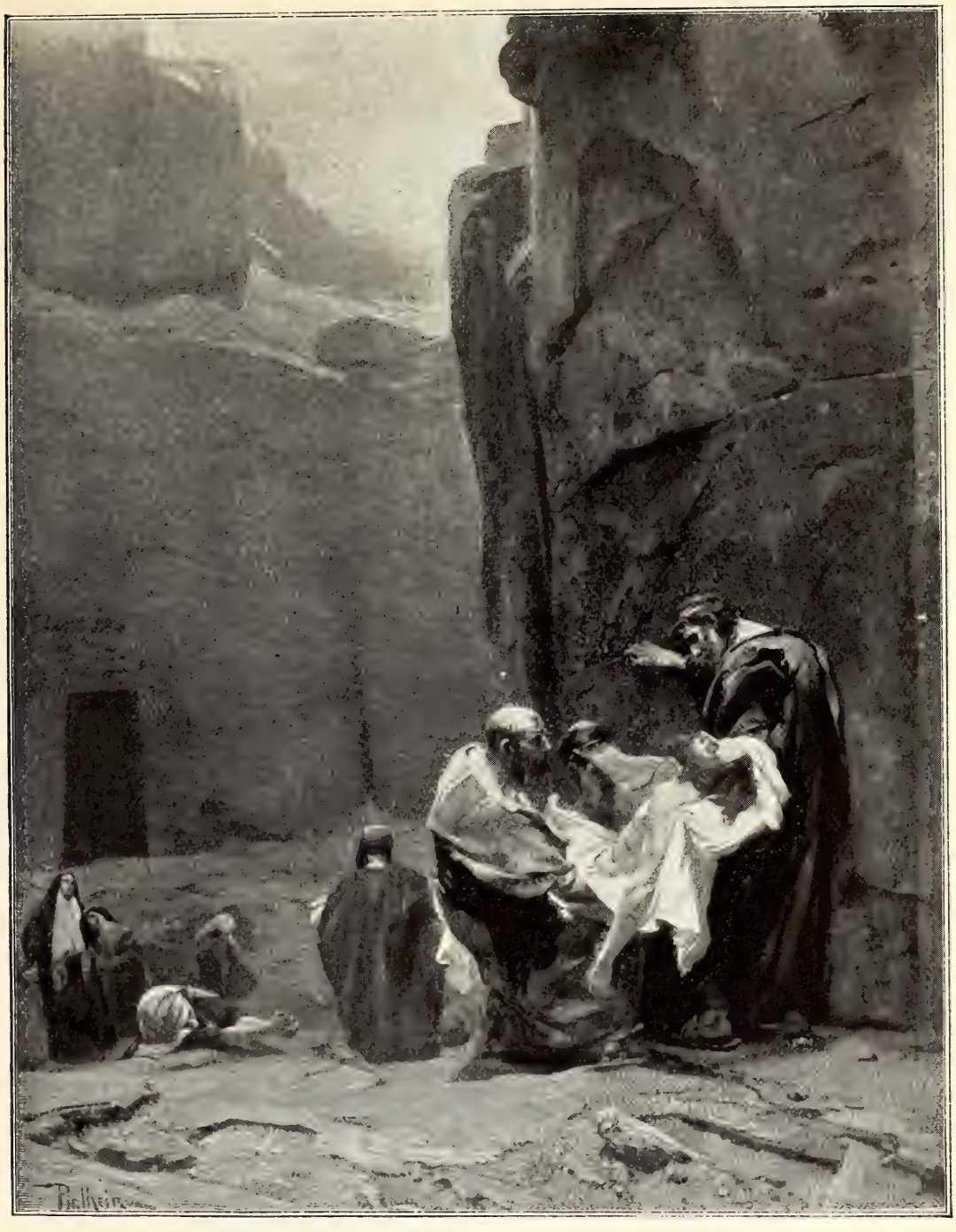
next painting shows, with fine logic, "German artists studying Roman life and manners." The subjects of these men were, however, the least of their faults. In their hands, through the necessity of representing so many and diverse objects, painting had been reduced to a collection of formulæ difficult enough to learn, but, once acquired, serving for all purposes. Color, either in its decorative or naturalistic qualities, was ignored. Form became, through over-study of anatomy, a mere vehicle for an exhibition of knowledge; every human being was represented as cast in the same mould, made with the same stencil. The culmination of it all can be seen in Schnorr's frescos representing the Nibelungenlied in the royal residence in Munich, which are bad in color, grotesque in drawing, stilted in composition, and very much admired by tourists.

Fortunately there is a brighter side and an art more modest belonging to this period. With all the homely virtues of the German the painting of familiar life imposed itself of necessity. Early in the century efforts timid and poor in all the qualities of painting, but sincere and honest withal, had been made in Germany. Here, in this country, Düsseldorf had shown by the exhibition of a collection of pictures of its school how

YOUNG GERMANY. FROM A PAINTING BY CARL HERTEL, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, BERLIN.

popularly such subjects could be treated, and this first influx of foreign art in the early fifties remained popular here for many years. The names of Hasenclever, Hübner, *et al.*, not to enregister their predecessors, are but names, however, and this brief record must go on to men of more modern date whose works are represented here.

Two men widely differing come to mind at once, for their art is each in its way characteristically German, although they are both indebted to study in France. Karl von Piloty, born in Munich, October 1, 1826, and dying there, July 21, 1886, gave to modern Germany the first inkling that a picture, although it represented an event of history, gained force and plausibility from realistic treatment. In 1855 his picture of "Seni before the Body of Wallenstein," it is hardly too much to say, revolutionized German art. The picture, as we see it to-day in the New Pinakothek in Munich, seems singularly ill-calculated to produce such an upheaval. But looking farther, we recognize that, in the effect of light, the rendering of textures, and the truth of character, it marked a distinct departure from the arid canvasses of the followers of Cornelius, or the *pastiches* of Dutch masters of the *genre* painters. "Boots," said the critics of the day, "being made of leather, should, perhaps, look like leather;" and although the prevailing school had disdained to paint boots at all, and had made all textures as



THE ENTOMBMENT. FROM A PAINTING BY BRUNO PIGLHEIN.

A novel and realistic treatment of a subject depicted by many painters; that of Titian, in the Louvre, being probably the most important. The original is now in the New Pinakothek, Munich.

though representing cardboard, realism gained the day.

Piloty throughout life retained in his native city great influence; and later, as the director of the Academy, had many pupils. In his later years his art became less true in aim, and his first picture remains, perhaps, his best. The "Death of Alexander the Great," here reproduced, or the "Thusnelda," of which the Metropolitan Museum in New York possesses a reduced replica, are somewhat theatrical in arrangement.

Ludwig Knaus, who was born at Wiesbaden, October 10, 1829, and is still living, has been one of the most popular painters of the century. I have chosen for reproduction here an early picture, little known save to those who have visited the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. "The Promenade" was painted in Paris in 1855, and, probably from the influence of the painter's surroundings at the time, contents itself with depicting a simple scene with simplicity. It is painted with a full, free brush, with all the facility to which the painter's later work has accustomed us, but with color which is fresher than most of his work. The chief defect of this talented painter is the self-consciousness of the actors in his painted dramas of child and peasant life. In "The

Promenade" this is absent; but in the scores of pictures by which he is better known it is almost always present.

Of aims which we have agreed to call higher than those of the *genre* painters like Knaus, was Anselm von Feuerbach. Less widely known in Germany or elsewhere than Piloty, Feuerbach shows technically and temperamentally his right to a high place in the art of his country. Feuerbach was born at Speyer, September 12, 1829, and studied first at Düsseldorf under Schadow, and afterwards in Antwerp and in Paris. In the latter place he was a pupil of Couture, and his technical equipment denotes, perhaps, the sound training for which Paris was already renowned in 1850–51, when he was there. He retained, however, strong Germanic traits, and proved once more the oft-proven fact that in strong natures the racial trait dominates, although the theme, as in this case, be drawn from Biblical and mythologic sources. The collection of his works in the gallery with which the Count Schack has so generously endowed Munich, leave an impression of a fine imagination with adequate though restricted technical ability. Feuerbach died in Venice, January 4, 1880.

COUNT VON MOLTKE, FIELD MARSHAL. FROM A PAINTING BY FRANZ VON LENBACH.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York.

In the same charming house, which, with its galleries, is now a possession of the city, can best be studied the works of Franz von Lenbach, whose portraits of Bismarck and of the men who made the German Empire are well known. Here, however, he is to be seen in the light of a painter of many differing subjects, although it is as a portraitist that he is most satisfactory. His methods are largely personal, though all based upon the practice of the Venetian painters: but his faculty of seizing the character of his sitter, and, as it were, penetrating beneath the surface of the physiognomy, is peculiarly his own. Lenbach is a Bavarian, born December 15, 1836, at Schrobenhausen.

Berlin possesses, still valiant in his eighty-first year, one of the remarkable painters of the day—perhaps the one German painter who, beyond all cavil or dispute, the world will dignify by the title of master. Adolf Menzel is one of the men whose appearance in any country at any time is apparently not directly traceable to any particular existing condition of time or country. Identified as he is with Germany, a Teuton of the Teutons, he shares with Meissonier the right of being considered one of the two great little masters of the century. Of no particular training since his birth at Breslau, December 8, 1815, by turns lithographer, draughtsman on wood, or painter, as he has seen fit, his work has been in every case more than notable—masterly. The illustrations to the "Life of Frederick the Great," which served to first make him known, resuscitated an entire epoch, and gave the keynote of much of his work. Extreme diversity of subject has never found him wanting, however, in spirited and consummate power of expression; and by himself, isolated, or without visible connection with any of the schools of the century, he has,

THE LAST SUMMONS. FROM A PAINTING BY FRANZ VON DEFREGGER.

This is one of a series of pictures relating to the Tyrolean uprising under Andreas Hofer in 1809, of which this painter is the author. It represents the call to arms after the younger men of the country are already in the field.

in many cases, solved the problems of out-of-door painting as easily as before the next subject, which called for the artificial light effects of incandescent metal in a foundry, he has been able to render what he saw.

Another exception to the rank and file of German art is Hans Makart. His life, which began at Salzburg, May 29, 1840, and ended in an insane asylum at Vienna, October 3, 1884, is like that of Rubens, to whom he was much indebted in his art. Called to Vienna, when comparatively young, by the Emperor of Austria, he was courted and *fêted* throughout his life, and his art repeats the life of the voluptuous capital of Austria. Huge canvasses like that of the well-known "Hunt of Diana," in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, were produced with great rapidity. Insufficient in technical knowledge, faulty in drawing, and meretricious in color, his work is less esteemed than formerly, but a certain decorative power can hardly be denied him.

Another Viennese painter who was esteemed by the court and led a long life of honor was Josef von Führich, a Bohemian, who was born at Kratzau, February 9, 1800, and died at Vienna, March 13, 1876. In his youth he worked with Overbeck in the decoration of the Casa Massima in Rome, one of the first productions of the nascent Nazarene school. His picture of "Mary's Journey over the Mountain," now in the Vienna gallery, has all the faults of its school, but is saved by a certain candor of imagination.

Franz von Defregger commenced his art career comparatively late in life; but as a farmer in the Tyrol, where he was born at Stronach, April 30, 1835, he had seen and thought much of the scenes to which he has consecrated his art. With a coloration dry and uninteresting, and a certain peasant-like heaviness of *technique*, he has nevertheless the capacity of bringing the Tyrolean vividly before us. His best pictures relate to the time of Hofer's rebellion in 1809.

With Bruno Piglhein, born at Hamburg, February 19, 1848, and the reproduction of the fine "Entombment" in the New Pinakothek at Munich, this cursory review of German art may close. This picture, novel in the presentation of an oft-repeated subject, is a fitting link between the earlier German art and the later, which is full of promise.

That Germany, which in music has shown such temperamental faculty, has never found

THE PROMENADE. FROM A PAINTING BY LUDWIG KNAUS.

The original picture was painted in 1855, and is now in the museum of the Luxembourg, Paris.

an issue in the labyrinthine maze of painting, is true, to speak broadly and to ignore certain individual examples to the contrary. To one who by training and predilection accepts the discoveries of the great Frenchmen of our time, however, the spectacle of a body of painters like those exhibiting at the "Secession" in Munich last summer, is full of interest and promise. When, as in many cases, traces of preoccupation of Paris influence could be felt, there was at the same time an expression of individuality. Notably was this the case in color, where the Munich blackness and bituminous quality of a few years ago was avoided, and almost equally the purple and golden harmonies of the day in France or the United States. There was full, rich color and plenty of it, and in theme the same daring was evident. It was not painting for popular taste, nor was it abstruse and involved like the earlier Munich painting, but it might well develop into an art greater than the one or the other. In form it was treated largely as in color and theme, and in the measure of the possible in making a sweeping comment destined to embrace so many painters of varying talents, I am tempted to believe that the years of art encouragement are at last to bring a result, and give to Germany a truly national art.

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES FROM MEN WHO PRACTISED WITH HIM AT THE BAR.—HIS HUMOR AND PERSUASIVENESS.—HIS MANNER OF PREPARING CASES, EXAMINING WITNESSES, AND ADDRESSING JURIES.

ONE of the first books which interested Abraham Lincoln as a boy was a treatise on law, the "Statutes of Indiana." From the time that he read it, he never let a law book pass him. When he was about twenty-four years old Lincoln by chance found himself the owner of a set of Blackstone's Commentaries; the reading of them was an amazement and an inspiration. "Never in my whole life," said he afterwards, "was my mind so thoroughly absorbed. I read until I devoured them."

Engrossing as Lincoln found the Commentaries, he did not get from them the idea of becoming a lawyer. In fact, the notion was not original with him. He never conceived but one ambition for himself; that was a public career. It was necessary that a friend urge him to read law and offer to lend him the books required before it occurred to him that the profession was within his reach. He accepted the suggestion, however, as soon as made, giving all his leisure for the next three or four years to legal reading, and was admitted to the bar in the fall of 1836. From the time when he began the practice of law in 1836 until he went to Congress in 1847, his business was much interrupted by politics; the law was secondary to public life. It was not, in fact, until Lincoln returned from Congress in 1849 and found himself out of politics that he made the law his first interest. Rejoining his partner Herndon—the firm of Lincoln and Herndon had been only a name during Lincoln's term in Washington—he took up the practice with a singleness of purpose which had never before characterized him in it.

COLONEL WARD HILL LAMON.

Lamon was a Virginian who went to Danville, Illinois, about 1850. Soon after, he formed a partnership with Lincoln. In 1859 he removed to Bloomington. Lamon supported Lincoln warmly for the presidency, and when the latter was elected, he was appointed marshal of the District of Columbia. Lamon published a life of Lincoln in 1872. Most of the material he used had been gathered by William H. Herndon, who afterwards worked it over into his well-known "Life."

JUDGE DAVID DAVIS, 1815–1886.

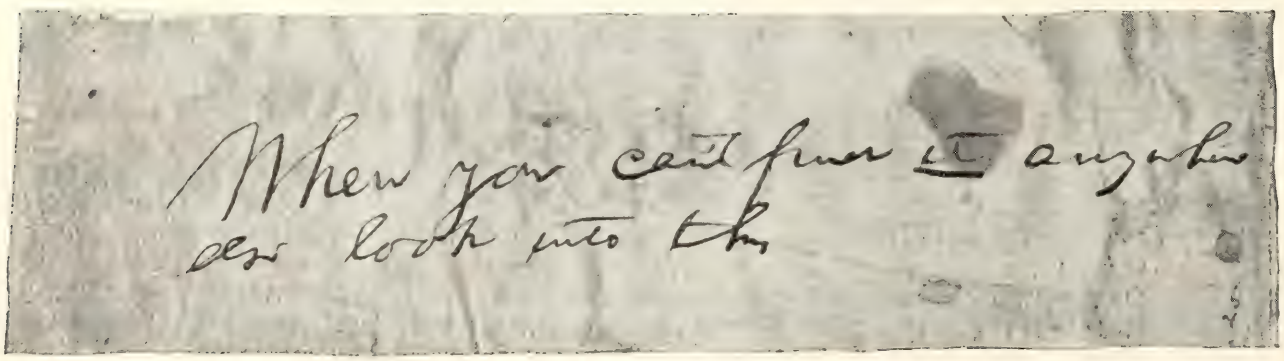
A native of Maryland, Judge Davis removed to Illinois in 1835, and began the practice of the law at Bloomington. He was elected judge of the Eighth Circuit in 1848, and there became a warm friend of Lincoln, whom he supported efficiently for the presidency. In 1862 Lincoln appointed Davis a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1872 he was chosen presidential candidate by the Labor Reform Party, but retired from the contest. He succeeded John A. Logan in the United States Senate in 1877. From 1881 to 1883 he was president of the Senate. In the latter year he retired to his home in Bloomington, where he died three years later.

ON THE CIRCUIT.

Lincoln's headquarters were in Springfield, but his practice was itinerant. The arrangements for the administration of justice in Illinois in the early days were suited to the conditions of the country, the State being divided into judicial circuits including more or less territory according to the population. To each circuit a judge was appointed, who each spring and fall travelled from county-seat to county-seat to hold court. With the judge travelled a certain number of the best-known lawyers of the district. Each lawyer had, of course, a permanent office in

LINCOLN'S OFFICE BOOK-CASE, CHAIR, AND INK-STAND.

This group of furniture is in the Lincoln collection of Mr. William H. Lambert of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. It formerly belonged to the Lincoln Memorial Collection of Chicago. Accompanying the ink-stand is a letter saying that Mr. Lincoln wrote from it the famous "house-divided-against-itself" speech. The book-case is kept filled by Mr. Lambert with works on Lincoln.



A LINCOLN MEMORANDUM.

From the Lincoln collection in the law offices of Messrs. Vanuxem & Potter of Philadelphia. This characteristic memorandum was found by Messrs. Herndon and Weik in looking over the papers in Lincoln's law office. It was the label to a package of letters, pamphlets, and newspapers which he had tied together and marked.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1865.

From the last original unretouched negative of the martyred President, made by Alexander Gardner, photographer to the Army of the Potomac, the Sunday before the assassination, while Lincoln was sharpening a pencil for his son Tad. Copyright, 1894, by Watson Porter, and published only by the Sprague & Hathaway Company, West Somerville, Massachusetts.

one of the county-seats, and often at several of the others he had partners, usually young men of little experience, for whom he acted as counsel in special cases. This peripatetic court prevailed in Illinois until the beginning of the fifties; but for many years after, when the towns had grown so large that a clever lawyer might have enough to do in his own county, a few lawyers, Lincoln among them, who from long association felt that the circuit was their natural habitat, refused to leave it.

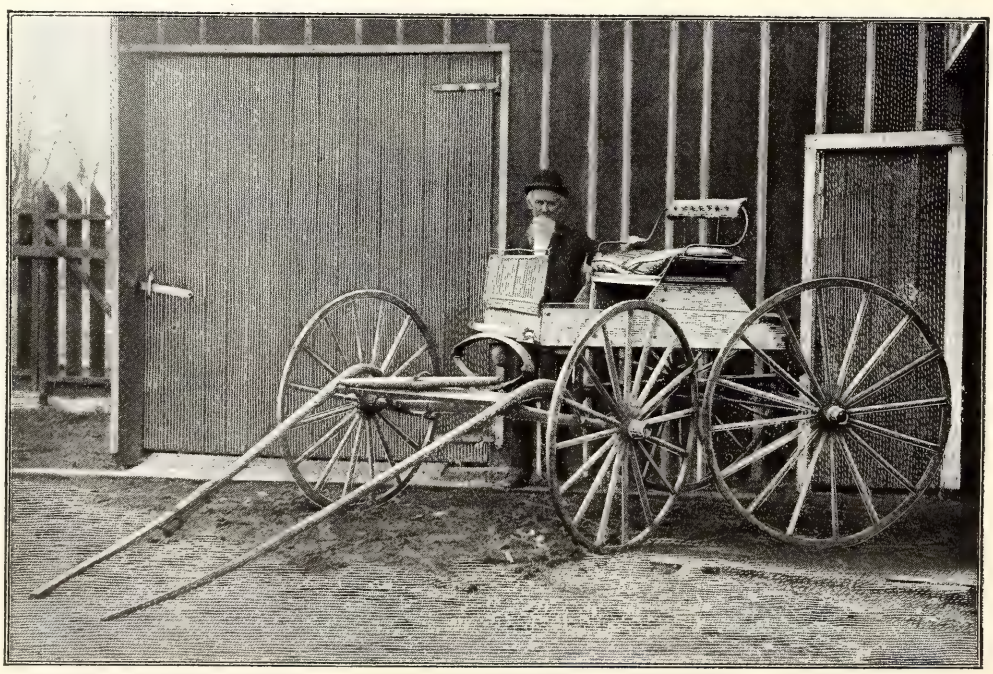
WILLIAM H. HERNDON, LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNER FROM 1844 TO 1860.

William Henry Herndon was born in Greensburg, Kentucky, December 25, 1818. In 1820 his parents removed to Illinois. He became a student in Illinois College at Jacksonville; but at the end of a year his father, fearing that William's mind might be contaminated by the Abolition sentiment which prevailed in the institution, took him home. This precaution came too late, for the seed was already sown. William then became a clerk in the store of Joshua F. Speed. Later he read law with Logan and Lincoln. In the fall of 1844 he became Lincoln's partner, although he was not admitted to the bar until December 9, 1844. He continued in partnership with Lincoln until the latter's death. In 1866 he delivered four lectures on Lincoln, and about this time commenced the preparation of the biography which was completed twenty years later. In politics, Mr. Herndon was first a Whig and then a Republican. He was mayor of Springfield, prosecuting attorney, and State Bank commissioner by appointment of Governors Bissell, Yates, and Oglesby. He died in 1891.—*J. McCan Davis.*

The circuit which Lincoln travelled was known as the old "Eighth Judicial Circuit." It included fifteen counties in 1845, though the territory has since been divided into more. It was about one hundred and fifty miles long by as many broad. There were no railroads in the Eighth Circuit until about 1854, and the court travelled on horseback or in carriages. Lincoln had no horse in the early days of his practice. It was his habit then to borrow one, or to join a company of a half dozen or more in hiring a "three-seated spring wagon." Later he owned a turn-out of his own, which figures in nearly all the traditions of the Eighth Circuit; the horse being described as "poky" and the buggy as "rattling."

There was much that was irritating and uncomfortable in the circuit-riding of the Illinois court, but there was more which was amusing to a temperament like Lincoln's. The freedom, the long days in the open air, the unexpected if trivial adventures, the meeting with wayfarers and settlers—all was an entertainment to him. He found humor and human interest on the route where his companions saw nothing but commonplaces. "He saw the ludicrous in an assemblage of fowls, in a man spading his garden, in a clothes-line full of clothes, in a group of boys, in a lot of pigs rooting at a mill door, in a mother duck teaching her brood to swim—in everything and anything."* The sympathetic observations of these long rides furnished humorous settings for some of his best stories. If

* Henry C. Whitney in "Life on the Circuit."



AN ILLINOIS BUGGY OF LINCOLN'S TIME.

This buggy, owned by Mr. John E. Roll of Springfield, Illinois, is similar to the one in which Lincoln rode over the circuit, when he did not go on horseback. Mr. Roll bought the buggy nearly half a century ago. It was a part of almost every Lincoln procession at Springfield in the campaign of 1860.

THE BARNUM BUILDING (NOW A HOTEL), DANVILLE, ILLINOIS, WHERE LINCOLN AND LAMON HAD THEIR LAW OFFICE.

From a photograph loaned by H. W. Beckwith.

frequently on these trips he fell into sombre reveries and rode with head bent, ignoring his companions, generally he took part in all the frolicking which went on, joining in practical jokes, singing noisily with the rest, sometimes even playing a Jew's-harp.

When the county-seat was reached, the bench and bar quickly settled themselves in the town tavern. It was usually a large two-story house with big rooms and long verandas. There was little exclusiveness possible in these hostelries. Ordinarily judge and lawyer slept two in a bed, and three or four beds in a room. They ate at the common table with jurors, witnesses, prisoners out on bail, travelling peddlers, teamsters, and laborers. The only attempt at classification on the landlord's part was seating the lawyers in a group at the head of the table. Most of them accepted this distinction complacently. Lincoln, however, seemed to be indifferent to it. One day, when he had come in and seated himself at the foot with the "fourth estate," the landlord called to him, "You're in the wrong place, Mr. Lincoln; come up here."

"Have you anything better to eat up there, Joe?" he inquired quizzically; "if not, I'll stay here."*

The accommodations of the taverns were often unsatisfactory—the food poorly cooked, the beds hard. Lincoln accepted everything with uncomplaining good nature, though his companions habitually growled at the hardships of the life. It was not only repugnance to criticism which might hurt others, it was the indifference of one whose thoughts were always busy with problems apart from physical comfort, who had little sense of the so-called "refinements of life," and almost no notion of luxury and ease.

The judge naturally was the leading character in these nomadic groups. He received all the special consideration the democratic spirit of the inhabitants bestowed on any one, and controlled his privacy and his time to a degree. Judge David Davis, who from 1848 presided over the Eighth Circuit as long as Mr. Lincoln travelled it, was a man of unusual force of character, of large learning, quick impulses, and strong prejudices. Lincoln

* Interview with Mr. Abraham Brokaw of Bloomington, Illinois.

COURT-HOUSE AT DANVILLE, ILLINOIS, WHERE LINCOLN PRACTISED.

was from the beginning of their association a favorite with Judge Davis. Unless he joined the circle which the judge formed in his room after supper, his honor was impatient and distraught, interrupting the conversation constantly by demanding: "Where's Lincoln?" "Why don't Lincoln come?" And when Lincoln did come, the judge would draw out story after story, quieting everybody who interrupted with an impatient, "Mr. Lincoln is talking." If anyone came to the door to see the host in the midst of one of Lincoln's stories he would send a lawyer into the hall to see what was wanted, and, as soon as the door closed, order Lincoln to "go ahead."

The appearance of the court in a town was invariably a stimulus to its social life. In all of the county-seats there were a few fine homes of which the dignity, spaciousness, and elegance still impress the traveller through Illinois. The hospitality of these houses was most generous. Dinners, receptions, and suppers followed one another as soon as the court began. Lincoln was a favorite figure at all these gatherings.

His favorite field, however, was the court. The court-houses of Illinois in which he practised were not log houses, as has been frequently taken for granted. "It is not probable," says a leading member of the Illinois bar,* "Mr. Lincoln ever saw a log court-house in central Illinois, where he practised law, unless he saw one at Decatur, in Macon County. In a conversation between three members of the Supreme Court of Illinois, all of whom had been born in this State and had lived in it all their lives, and who were certainly familiar with the central portions of the State, all declared they had never seen a log court-house in the State."

The court-houses in which Lincoln practised were stiff, old-fashioned wood or brick structures, usually capped by cupola or tower, and surrounded by verandas with huge Doric or Ionic pillars. They were finished inside in the most uncompromising style—hard white walls, unpainted woodwork, pine floors, wooden benches. Usually they were heated by huge Franklin stoves, with yards of stove-pipe running wildly through the air, searching for an exit, and threatening momentarily to unjoint and tumble in sections. Few of the lawyers had offices in the town; and a corner of the court-room, the shade of a tree in the court-yard, a sunny side of a building, were where they met their clients and transacted business.

* Unpublished manuscript: "Lincoln on the Stump and at the Bar." By a Member of the Illinois Bar.

In the courts themselves there was a certain indifference to formality engendered by the primitive surroundings, which, however, the judges never allowed to interfere with the seriousness of the work. Lincoln habitually, when not busy, whispered stories to his neighbors, frequently to the annoyance of Judge Davis. If Lincoln persisted too long, the judge would rap on the chair and exclaim, "Come, come, Mr. Lincoln, I can't stand this! There is no use trying to carry on two courts; I must adjourn mine or you yours, and I think you will have to be the one." As soon as the group had scattered, the judge would call one of the men to him and ask, "What was that Lincoln was telling?"

"I was never fined but once for contempt of court," says one of the clerks of the court in Lincoln's day who is still living. "Davis fined me five dollars. Mr. Lincoln had just come in, and leaning over my desk had told me a story so irresistibly funny that I broke out into a loud laugh. The judge called me to order in haste, saying, 'This must be stopped. Mr. Lincoln, you are constantly disturbing this court with your stories.' Then to me, 'You may fine yourself five dollars for your disturbance.' I apologized, but told the judge that the story was worth the money. In a few minutes the judge leaned over and called me to him. 'What was the story Lincoln told you?' he said. I told him, and he laughed aloud in spite of himself. 'Remit your fine,' he ordered." *

ABRAM LINCOLN, *Springfield.* W. H. LAMON, *Danville.*

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HAVING formed a co-partnership, will practice in the Courts of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, and the Superior Court, and all business entrusted to them will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.

☞ Office on the second floor of the "Barnum Building," over Whitcomb's Store.

Danville, Nov. 10, 1852. 2 16 1y

LINCOLN AND LAMON'S PROFESSIONAL CARD.

From "The Iroquois Journal" of July 6, 1853, published at Middleport, Iroquois County, Illinois. Lincoln's custom of forming partnerships with young lawyers at different county-seats in the Eighth Circuit explains why so large a number of his survivors claim to have been law partners.

The partiality of Judge Davis for Lincoln was shared by the members of the court generally. The unaffected friendliness and helpfulness of his nature had more to do with this than his wit and cleverness. If there was a new clerk in court, a stranger unused to the ways of the place, Lincoln was the first—sometimes the only one—to shake hands with him and congratulate him on his election. †

"No lawyer on the circuit was more unassuming than was Mr. Lincoln," says one who practised with him. "He arrogated to himself no superiority over anyone—not even the most obscure member of the bar. He treated everyone with that simplicity and kindness that friendly neighbors manifest in their relations with one another. He was remarkably gentle with young lawyers becoming permanent residents at the several county-seats in the circuit where he had practised for so many years. . . . The result was, he became the much-beloved senior member of the bar. No young lawyer ever practised in the courts with Mr. Lincoln who did not in all his after life have a regard for him akin to personal affection." *

"I remember with what confidence I always went to him," says Judge Lawrence Welden, who first knew Lincoln at the bar in 1854, "because I was certain he knew all about the matter and would most cheerfully help me. I can see him now, through the decaying memories of thirty years, standing in the corner of the old court-room; and as I approached him with a paper I did not understand, he said, 'Wait until I fix this plug for my "gallis" and I will pitch into that like a dog at a root.' While speaking he was busily engaged in trying to connect his suspenders with his pants by making a plug perform the function of a button."

If for any reason Lincoln was absent from court, he was missed perhaps as no other man on the Eighth Circuit could have been, and his return greeted joyously. He was not less happy himself to rejoin his friends. "Ain't you glad I've come?" he would call out, as he came up to shake hands.

LINCOLN'S CASES.

The cases which fell to Lincoln on the Eighth Circuit were of the sort common to a new country. Litigation over bordering lines and deeds, over damages by wander-

* Interview with Judge William G. Ewing of Chicago, Illinois.

† See story by W. H. Somers of El Cajon, California, in McClure's "Early Life of Abraham Lincoln," page 113.

* Unpublished manuscript: "Lincoln on the Stump and at the Bar." By a Member of the Illinois Bar.

ing cattle, and broils at country festivities. Few of the cases were of large importance. When a client came to Lincoln his first effort was to arrange matters, if possible, and avoid a suit. In a few notes for a law lecture prepared about 1850, he says:

"Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

"Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife, and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it."

He carried out this in his practice. "Who was your guardian?" he asked a young man who came to him to complain that a part of the property left him had been withheld. "Enoch Kingsbury," replied the young man.

"I know Mr. Kingsbury," said Lincoln, "and he is not the man to have cheated you out of a cent, and I can't take the case, and advise you to drop the subject." And it was dropped.*

"We shall not take your case," he said to a man who had shown that by a legal technicality he could win property worth six hundred dollars. "You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

He more than once dropped a case after he had undertaken it, when convinced he had been deceived. "Swett, the man is guilty. You defend him; I can't," he said to his associate in a murder case, after hearing the testimony, and he would not. It was not only his sense of justice which revolted against helping a guilty man escape; unless he believed his cause right he knew he could not do his duty to his client. "If I attempt, the jury will see that I think he is guilty and convict him, of course," he said one day, when urged to defend a man who had engaged him.

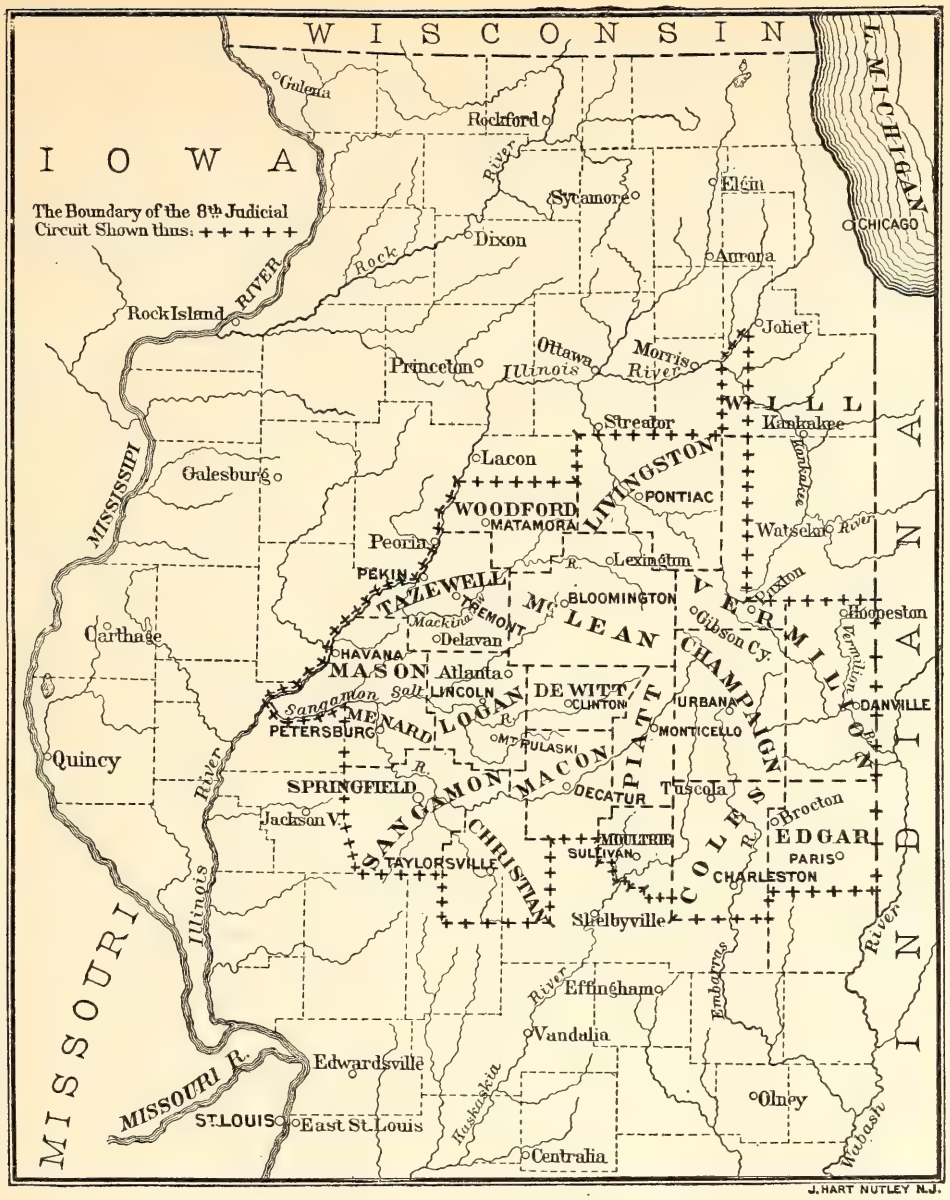
Where he saw injustice he was quick to offer his services to the wronged party. A pleasant example of this is related by Joseph Jefferson in his "Autobiography." In 1839, Jefferson, then a lad of ten years, travelled through Illinois with his father's theatrical company. After playing at Chicago, Quincy, Peoria, and Pekin, the company went in the fall to Springfield, where the sight of the legislature tempted the elder Jefferson and his partner to remain throughout the season. But there was no theatre. Not to be daunted they built one. But hardly had they completed it before a religious revival broke out in the town, and the church people turned all their influence against the theatre. So effectually did they work that a law was passed by the municipality imposing a license which was practically prohibitory. "In the midst of our trouble," says Jefferson, "a young lawyer called on the managers. He had heard of the injustice, and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring that he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee whether he failed or succeeded. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill, and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage of to-day. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the council in a roar of laughter. His good humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off." The "young lawyer" was Lincoln.

PREPARING A CASE.

Having accepted a case, Lincoln's first object seemed to be to reduce it to its simplest elements. "If I can clean this case of technicalities, and get it properly swung to the jury, I'll win it," he told his partner Herndon one day. He began by getting at what seemed to him the pivot on which it rested. Sure of that, he cared little for anything else. He trusted very little to books; a great deal to common sense and the sense of right and wrong.

"In the make of his character Mr. Lincoln had many elements essential to the successful circuit lawyer," says one of his fellow-practitioners. "He knew much of the law as written in the books, and had that knowledge ready for use at all times. That was a valuable possession in the absence of law books, where none were

* Private letter from J. G. Kingsbury of Indianapolis, Indiana.



JUDICIAL CIRCUIT WHICH LINCOLN TRAVELLED IN PRACTISING LAW.

This map was made especially for McClure's Magazine from data furnished by H. W. Beckwith of Danville, Illinois. Before Mr. Lincoln left the law, Ford County was organized from Vermilion, and Douglas from Coles. Tazewell County has had two county-seats, the first being Tremont, the second and present one being Pekin. Logan has had three county-seats; the second, Mount Pulaski, was where Lincoln practised. The town of Lincoln has since become the county-seat of Logan County.

obtainable on the circuit. But he had more than a knowledge of the law. He knew right and justice, and knew how to make their application to the affairs of every-day life. That was an element in his character that gave him power to prevail with the jury when arguing a case before them. Few lawyers ever had the influence with a jury that Mr. Lincoln had." *

When a case was clear to him and he was satisfied of its justice, he trusted to taking advantage of the developments of the trial to win. For this reason he made few notes beforehand, rarely writing out his plan of argument. Those he left are amusingly brief; for instance, the notes made for a suit he had brought against a pension agent who had withheld as fee half of the pension he had obtained for the aged widow of a Revolutionary soldier. Lincoln was deeply indignant at the agent, and had resolved to win his suit. He read up the Revolutionary War afresh, and when he came to address the jury drew a harrowing picture of the private soldier's sufferings and of the trials of his separation from his wife. The notes for this argument ran as follows:

"No contract — Not Professional Services. Unreasonable charge.—Money retained by Def't not given by Pl.'ff.—Revolutionary War.—Soldier's bleeding feet.—Pl.'ff's husband.—Soldier leaving home for army.—*Skin def't.*—Close."

Lincoln's reason for not taking notes, as he told it to H. W. Beckwith, a student in the Danville office of Lincoln and Lamon, was: "Notes are a bother, taking time to make, and more to hunt them up afterwards; lawyers who do so soon get the habit of referring to them so much that it confuses and tires the jury." "He relied on his well-trained memory," says Mr. Beckwith, "that recorded and indexed every passing detail. And by his skilful questions, a joke, or pat retort as the trial progressed, he steered his jury from the bayous and eddies of side issues and kept them clear of the snags and sandbars, if any were put in the real channel of his case."

Much of his strength lay in his skill in examining witnesses. "He had a most remarkable talent for examining witnesses," says an intimate associate; "with

* Unpublished manuscript: "Lincoln on the Stump and at the Bar." By a Member of the Illinois Bar.

him it was a rare gift. It was a power to compel a witness to disclose the whole truth. Even a witness at first unfriendly, under his kindly treatment would finally become friendly, and would wish to tell nothing he could honestly avoid against him, if he could state nothing for him." *

He could not endure an unfair use of testimony or the misrepresentation of his own position. "In the Harrison murder case," says Mr. T. W. S. Kidd of Springfield, a crier of the court in Lincoln's day, "the prosecuting attorney stated that such a witness made a certain statement, when Mr. Lincoln rose and made such a plaintive appeal to the attorney to correct the statement, that the attorney actually made the *amende honorable,* and afterwards remarked to a brother lawyer that he could deny his own child's appeal as quickly as he could Mr. Lincoln's."

Sometimes under provocation he became violently angry. In the murder case referred to above, the judge ruled contrary to his expectations, and, as Mr. Lincoln said, contrary to the decision of the Supreme Court in a similar case. "Both Mr. Lincoln and Judge Logan, who was with him in the case," says Mr. Kidd, "rose to their feet quick as thought. I do think he was the most unearthly looking man I had ever seen. He roared like a lion suddenly aroused from his lair, and said and did more in ten minutes than I ever heard him say or saw him do before in an hour."

He depended a great deal upon his stories in pleading, using them as illustrations which demonstrated the case more conclusively than argument could have done. Judge H. W. Beckwith of Danville, Illinois, in his "Personal Recollections of Lincoln," tells a story which is a good example of Lincoln's way of condensing the law and the facts of an issue in a story.

"A man, by vile words, first provoked and then made a bodily attack upon another. The latter in defending himself gave the other much the worst of the encounter. The aggressor, to get even, had the one who thrashed him tried in our circuit court upon a charge of an assault and battery. Mr. Lincoln defended, and told the jury that his client was in the fix of a man who, in going along the highway with a pitchfork on his shoulder, was attacked by a fierce dog that ran out at him from a farmer's door-yard. In parrying off the brute with the fork its prongs stuck into the brute and killed him.

"'What made you kill my dog?' said the farmer.

"'What made him try to bite me?'

"'But why did you not go at him with the other end of the pitchfork?'

"'Why did he not come after me with his other end?' At this Mr. Lincoln whirled about in his long arms an imaginary dog and pushed its tail end toward the jury. This was the defensive plea of '*son assault demesne*'—loosely, that 'the other fellow brought on the fight,'—quickly told, and in a way the dullest mind would grasp and retain."

Mr. T. W. S. Kidd says that he once heard a lawyer opposed to Lincoln trying to convince a jury that precedent was superior to law, and that custom made things legal in all cases. When Lincoln arose to answer him he told the jury he would argue his case in the same way. Said he: "Old 'Squire Bagly, from Menard, came into my office and said, 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?' I told him he had not; when the old 'squire threw himself back in his chair very indignantly, and said: 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer. Now Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing, and I bet him a 'squire could do it, and we agreed to let you decide; but if this is your opinion I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better, for I have been 'squire now eight years and have done it all the time.'"

His way of telling stories had much to do with the effect. "When he chose to do so, he could place the opposite party, and his counsel too, for that matter, in a most ridiculous attitude by relating in his inimitable way a pertinent story. That often gave him a great advantage with the jury. A young lawyer had brought an action in trespass to recover damages done to his client's growing crops by defendant's hogs. The right of action under the law of Illinois, as it was then, depended on the fact whether plaintiff's fence was sufficient to turn ordinary stock. There was some little conflict in the evidence on that question; but the weight of the testimony was decidedly in favor of plaintiff, and sustained beyond all doubt his cause of action. Mr. Lincoln appeared for defendant. There was no controversy as to the damage done by defendant's stock. The only thing in the case that could possibly admit of any discussion was the condition of plaintiff's fence; and as the testimony on that question seemed to be

* Unpublished manuscript: "Lincoln on the Stump and at the Bar." By a Member of the Illinois Bar.

in favor of plaintiff, and as the sum involved was little in amount, Mr. Lincoln did not deem it necessary to argue the case seriously, but by way of saying something in behalf of his client he told a little story about a *fence* that was so *crooked* that when a hog went through an opening in it, invariably it came out on the same side from whence it started. His description of the confused look of the hog after several times going through the fence and still finding itself on the side from which it had started, was a humorous specimen of the best story-telling. The effect was to make plaintiff's case appear ridiculous; and while Mr. Lincoln did not attempt to apply the story to the case, the jury seemed to think it had some kind of application to the fence in controversy—otherwise he would not have told it—and shortly returned a verdict for defendant." *

Those unfamiliar with his methods frequently took his stories as an effort to wring a laugh from the jury. A lawyer, a stranger to Mr. Lincoln, once expressed to General Linder the opinion that this practice of Lincoln was a waste of time. "Don't lay that flattering unction to your soul," Linder answered; "Lincoln is like Tansey's horse, he 'breaks to win.'"

But it was not his stories, it was his clearness which was his strongest point. He meant that the jury should see that he was right. For this reason he never used a word which the dullest juryman could not understand. Rarely, if ever, did a Latin term creep into his arguments. A lawyer quoting a legal maxim one day in court, turned to Lincoln, and said: "That is so, is it not, Mr. Lincoln?"

"If that's Latin," Lincoln replied, "you had better call another witness."

His illustrations were almost always of the homeliest kind. He did not care to "go among the ancients for figures," he said.†

"Much of the force of his argument lay in his logical and concise statement of the facts of a case. When he had in that way secured a clear understanding of the facts, the jury and the court would seem naturally to follow him in his conclusions as to the law of the case. His simple and natural presentation of the facts seemed to give the impression that the jury were themselves making the statement. He had the happy and unusual faculty of making the jury believe *they*—and not *he*—were trying the case. Mr. Lincoln kept himself in the background, and apparently assumed nothing more than to be an *assistant* counsel to the court or the jury, on whom the primary responsibility for the final decision of the case in fact rested." *

He rarely consulted books during a trial, lest he lose the attention of the jury, and if obliged to, translated their statements into the simplest terms. In his desire to keep his case clear he rarely argued points which seemed to him unessential. "In law it is good policy never to plead what you need not, lest you oblige yourself to prove what you can not," he wrote. He would thus give away point after point with an indifferent "I reckon that's so," until the point which he considered pivotal was reached, and there he hung.

"In making a speech," says Mr. John Hill,† "Mr. Lincoln was the plainest man I ever heard. He was not a speaker but a talker. He talked to jurors and to political gatherings plain, sensible, candid talk, almost as in conversation, no effort whatever in oratory. But his talking had wonderful effect. Honesty, candor, fairness, everything that was convincing, was in his manner and expressions."

This candor of which Mr. Hill speaks characterized his entire conduct of a trial. "It is well understood by the profession," says General Mason Brayman, "that lawyers do not read authorities favoring the opposing side. I once heard Mr. Lincoln, in the Supreme Court of Illinois, reading from a reported case some strong points in favor of his argument. Reading a little too far, and before becoming aware of it, he plunged into an authority against himself. Pausing a moment, he drew up his shoulders in a comical way, and half laughing, went on, 'There, there, may it please the court, I reckon I've scratched up a snake. But, as I'm in for it, I guess I'll read it through.' Then, in his most ingenious and matchless manner, he went on with his argument, and won his case, convincing the court that it was not much of a snake after all." ‡

* Unpublished manuscript: "Lincoln on the Stump and at the Bar." By a Member of the Illinois Bar.

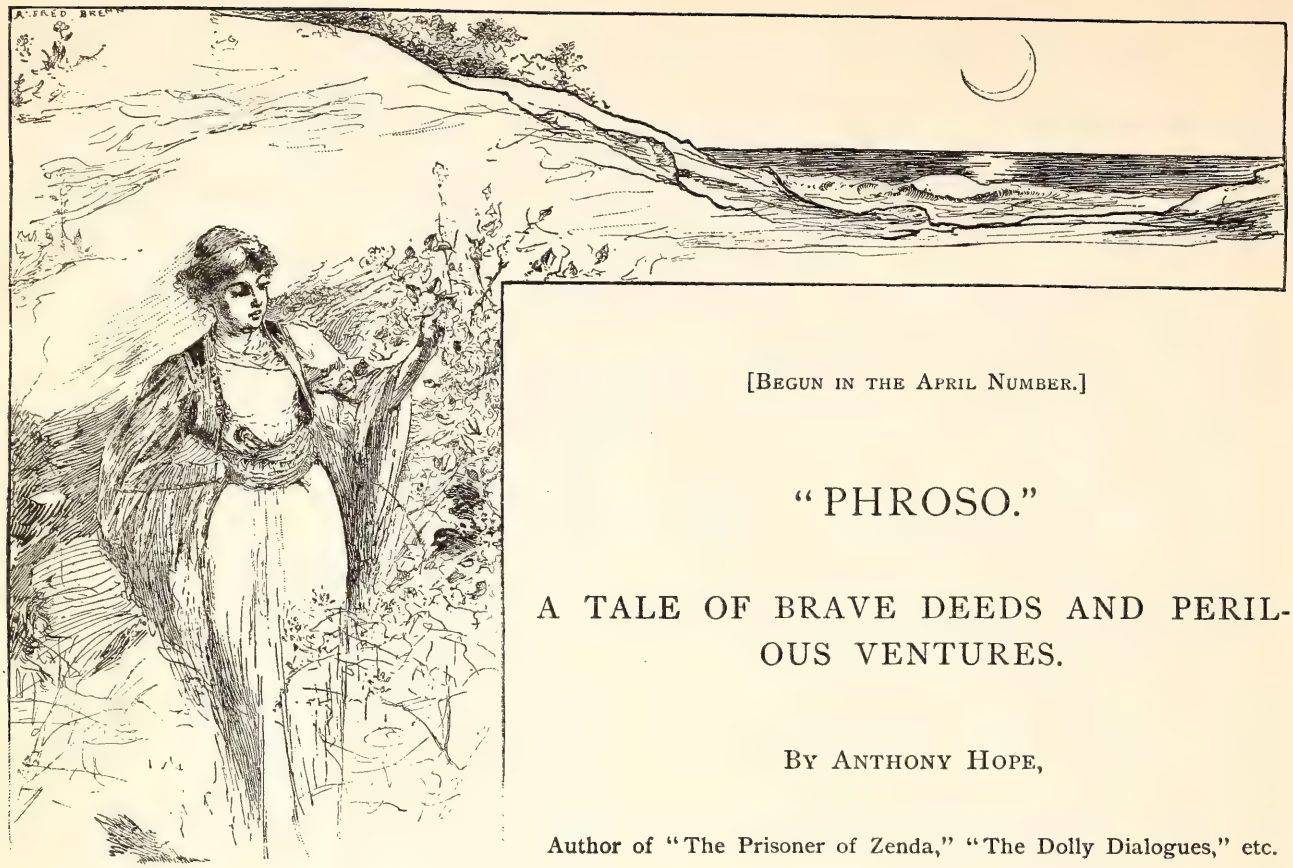
† T. W. S. Kidd.

* Unpublished manuscript: "Lincoln on the Stump and at the Bar." By a Member of the Illinois Bar.

† Private letter from Mr. John Hill of Columbus, Georgia, a son of Samuel Hill of New Salem.

‡ Unpublished manuscript from the papers of the late General Mason Brayman, loaned by his daughter, Mrs. Mary B. Gowdy of Kansas City, Missouri.

[*The consideration of Lincoln as a lawyer will be continued in the August number of the Magazine.*]



[Begun in the April Number.]

"PHROSO."

A TALE OF BRAVE DEEDS AND PERILOUS VENTURES.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

THE JUSTICE OF THE ISLAND.

THE old man with the picture made his way to the centre of the level spot. Thrice he raised the picture toward the sky, every one uncovering his head and kneeling down the while. He began to pray, but I did not listen to what he said; for by this time my attention had wandered from him and was fixed intently on a small group which occupied the centre of the raised bank. For there, sitting side by side, with the span of a foot or so between them, were Phroso and her cousin Constantine. On a rude hurdle, covered with a rug, at Constantine's feet, lay Vlacho, his face pale and his eyes closed. Behind Phroso stood my new acquaintance, Kortes, with one hand on the knife in his girdle and the other holding a long gun that rested on the ground. One figure I missed. I looked round for Constantine's wife, but she was nowhere to be seen. Then I looked again at Phroso. She was dressed in rich fine garments of white, profusely embroidered, but her face was paler even than Vlacho's; and when I sought her eyes she would not meet mine, but kept her gaze persistently lowered. Constantine sat motionless, with a frown on his brow, but a slight smile on his lips, as he waited with an obviously forced patience through the long rigmarole of the old man's prayer.

It was evident that important business was to be transacted, but nobody seemed to be in a hurry to arrive at it. When the old priest had finished his prayer the cripples came and prostrated themselves before the sacred picture. No miracle, however, followed, and the priest took up the tale again, pouring forth a copious harangue, in which I detected frequent references to "the barbarians"—a term he used to denote my friends, myself, and all the world, apparently, except the islanders of Neopalia. Then he took his seat between Phroso and Constantine, who made room for him. I was surprised to see him assume so much dignity, but I presumed that he was treated with exceptional honor on the feast day. When he had taken his place, about twenty of the men came into the middle of the ring and began to dance, arranging themselves in a semi-circle, moving at first in slow rhythmical steps and gradually quickening their motions till they ended in a wonderful display of activity. During this performance Phroso and Constantine sat still and impassive, and Vlacho's lifeless face was scorched by the growing heat of the sun. The men who had been told off to watch me leant on their long guns, and I wondered wearily

when my part in this strangely mixed ceremony was to begin.

At last it came. The dance ended, the performers flung themselves fatigued on the turf, there was a hush of expectation, and the surrounding crowd of women and children drew closer in toward where the men had taken up their position in ranks on either side of the central seats. "Step forward," said one of my guards, and I, obeying him, lifted my hat and bowed to Phroso. Then, replacing my hat, I stood waiting the pleasure of the assembly. All eyes were fixed on Constantine, who remained seated and silent yet a little while longer. Then he rose slowly to his feet, bowed to Phroso, and pointed in a melodramatic fashion at Vlacho's body. But I was not in the least inclined to listen to an oration in the manner of Mark Antony over the body of Cæsar, and just as Constantine opened his mouth I observed loudly:

"Yes, I killed him, and the reason no man knows better than Constantine Stefanopoulos."

Constantine glared at me and, ignoring the bearing of my remark, broke into a eulogism on the dead innkeeper. It was coldly received. Vlacho's virtues were not recognized by any outburst of grief or indignation; indeed there was a smothered laugh or two when Constantine called him "a brave, true man." The orator detected his failure, and shifted his ground dexterously, passing on in rapid transition to ask in what quarrel Vlacho had died. Now he was gripping his audience; they drew closer; they became very still; angry and threatening glances were bent on me. Constantine lashed himself to fury as he cried: "He died for our island, which this barbarian claims as his!"

"He died—" I began; but a heavy hand on my shoulder and the menace of a knife cut short my protest. Demetri had come and taken his stand by me, and I knew that Demetri would jump at the first excuse to make my silence perpetual. So I held my peace, and the men caught up Constantine's last point and cried angrily: "Aye, he takes our island from us."

"Yes," said Constantine, "he has taken our island, and he claims it for his; he has killed our brethren, and put our lady out of her inheritance. What shall he suffer? For although we may not kill on St. Tryphon's day, we may judge on it, and the sentence may be performed at daybreak to-morrow. What shall this man suffer? Is he not worthy of death?"

It was what lawyers call a leading question, and it found its expected answer in a deep, fierce growl of "Death! Death!" Clearly the island was the thing, Vlacho's death merely an incidental affair of no great importance. I suppose that Phroso understood this as well as I, for now she rose suddenly. Constantine seemed disinclined to be interrupted, but she stood her ground firmly, though her face was very pale, and I saw her hands tremble; at last he sank back on to the bank.

"Why this turmoil?" she asked. "The stranger did not know our customs. He thought that the island was his by right, and when he was attacked, he defended himself. I pray you may all fight as bravely as he has fought."

"But the island, the island!" they cried.

"Yes," said she, "I also love the island. Well, he has given back the island to me. Behold his writing!" She held up the paper which I had given to her, and read the writing aloud in a clear voice. "What have you against him now?" she asked. "His people have loved the Hellenes. He has given back the island. Why shall he not depart in peace?"

The effect was great. The old priest seized the paper and scanned it eagerly; it was snatched from him and passed rapidly from hand to hand, greeted with surprised murmurs and intense excitement. Phroso stood watching its progress; Constantine sat with a heavy scowl on his face, and the frown grew yet deeper when I smiled at him with pleasant urbanity.

"It is true," said the priest, with a sigh of relief. "He has given back the island, and he need not die."

Phroso sat down; a sudden faintness seemed to follow on the strain, and I saw Kortes support her with his arm. But Constantine was not beaten yet; he sprang up and cried in a bitterly scornful tone:

"Aye, let him go—let him go to Rhodes and tell the governor that you sought to slay him and his friends, and that you extorted the paper from him by threat of death, and that he gave it in fear but did not mean it, and that you are turbulent, murderous men, who deserve great punishment. How guileless you are, O Neopalians! But this man is not guileless. He can delude a girl. He can delude you also, it seems. Aye, let him go with his story to the governor at Rhodes, and do you hide in the rocks when the governor comes with his soldiers. Hide yourselves and hide your women, when the soldiers

come to set this man over your island and to punish you! Do you not remember when the governor came before? Is not the mark of his anger burnt upon your hearts?"

Hesitation and suspicion were roused again by this appeal. Phroso seemed bewildered at it, and gazed at her cousin with parted lips. Angry glances were again fixed on me. But the old priest rose, and stretched out his hand for silence.

"Let the man speak for himself," he said. "Let him tell us what he will do if we set him free. It may be that he will give us an oath not to harm us, but to go away peaceably to his own land, and leave us our island. Speak, sir. We will listen."

I was never much of a hand at a speech, and I did not enjoy being faced with the necessity of making one which might have such important results one way or the other. But I was quite clear in my own mind what I wanted to say; so I took a step forward, and began:

"I bear you Neopalians no malice," said I. "You've not succeeded in hurting me, and I suppose you've not caught my friends, or they would be here, prisoners, as I am a prisoner. Now, I have killed two good men of yours—Vlacho there and Spiro. I am content with that. I'll cry you quits. And I have given back the island to the Lady Euphrosyne; and what I give to a woman, aye, or to a man, I do not ask again, either of a governor, or of anybody else. Therefore your island is safe; and I will swear to that by what oath you will. And, so far as I have the power, no man or woman of all who stand around me shall come to any harm by reason of what has been done; and to that also I swear."

They had heard me intently, and they nodded in assent and approbation when the old priest, true to his part of peacemaker, looking round, said:

"He speaks well. He will not do what my lord feared. He will give us an oath. Why should he not depart in peace?"

Phroso's eyes sought mine, and she smiled sadly. Constantine was gnawing his finger-nails, and looking sour as man could look. It went to my heart to go on, for I knew that what I had to say next would give him another chance against me; but I preferred that to the only alternative.

"Wait," said I. "An oath is a sacred thing, and I swore an oath when I was there in the house of the Stefanopouloi. There is a man here who has done murder on an old man, his kinsman, who has contrived murder against a woman, who has foully deceived a lady; with that man I'll not cry quits. For I swore that I would not rest till he paid the penalty of his crimes. By that oath I stand. Therefore, when I go from here, I shall, as Constantinè Stefanopoulos has said, go to Rhodes and to the governor; and I shall pray him to send here to Neopalia and take that one man and hang him on the highest tree in the island; and I will come with the governor's men and see that thing done. Then I will go peaceably to my own land."

There was a pause of surprise. Constantine lifted his lids and looked at me; I saw his hand move toward a pocket. I suspected what lay in that pocket. I heard low eager whisperings and questions. At last the old priest asked in a timid hesitating voice:

"Who is this man of whom you speak?"

"There he is," said I. "There—Constantine Stefanopoulos."

The words were hardly out when Demetri clapped a large hairy hand across my mouth, whispering fiercely, "Hold your tongue." I drew back a step, and struck him fairly between the eyes. He went down. A hoarse cry rose from the crowd, but in an instant Kortes had leapt from where he stood behind Phroso and was by my side. I had some adherents also among the bystanders, for I had been bidden to speak freely, and Demetri had no authority to silence me.

"Yes, Constantine Stefanopoulos," I cried. "Did he not stab the old man after he had yielded? Did he not—"

"The old man sold the island," growled a dozen low, fierce voices, but the priest's rose high above them.

"We are not here to judge my Lord Constantine," said he, "but this man here."

"We all had a hand in the business of the old man," said Demetri, who had picked himself up, and was looking very vicious.

"You lie, and you know it," said I hotly. "He had yielded, and the rest had left off attacking him. But Constantine stabbed him. Why did he stab him?"

There came no answer, and Constantine caught at this advantage.

"Yes," he cried. "Why? Why should I stab him? He was stabbed by some one who did not know that he had

yielded." Then I saw his eye fall suddenly on Vlacho. Dead men tell no tales and deny no accusations.

"Since Vlacho is dead," Constantine went on, with wonderful readiness, "my tongue is loosed. It was Vlacho who in his hasty zeal stabbed the old man."

He had gained a point by this clever lie, and he made haste to press it to the full against me.

"This man," he exclaimed, "will go to Rhodes and denounce me! But did I kill the old man alone? Did I besiege the Englishmen alone? Will the governor be content with one victim? Is it not one head in ten when he comes to punish? Men of the island, it is your lives and my life against this man's life!"

They were with him again, and many shouted:

"Let him die, let him die!"

Then suddenly, before I could speak, Phroso rose and, stretching out her hands towards me, said:

"Promise what they ask, my lord. Save your own life, my lord. If my cousin be guilty, heaven will punish him."

But I did not listen even to her. With a sudden leap I was free from those who held me; for in the ranks of listening women I saw that old woman whom we had found watching by the dying lord of the island. I seized her by the wrist, and dragged her into the middle, crying to her:

"As God's above you, tell the truth! Who stabbed the old lord? Whose name did he utter in reproach when he lay dying?"

She stood shivering and trembling in the middle of the throng. The surprise of my sudden action held them all silent and motionless.

"Did he not say 'Constantine! You Constantine!'" I asked, "just before he died?"

The old woman's lips moved, but no sound came. She was half dead with fear, and fastened fascinated eyes on Constantine. He surveyed her with a rigid smile on his pale face.

"Speak the truth, woman," I cried. "Speak the truth."

"Yes; speak the truth," said Constantine, his eyes gleaming in triumph as he turned a glance of hatred on me. "Tell us truly who killed my uncle."

My witness failed me. The terror of Constantine, which had sealed her lips when I questioned her at the house, lay upon her still; the single word that came from her trembling lips was "Vlacho." Constantine gave a cry of triumph, Demetri a wild shout; the islanders drew together; my chance looked black. But I made another effort.

"Swear her on the sacred picture," I cried. "Swear her on the picture; if she swears by the picture, and then says it was Vlacho, I am content to die as a false accuser."

My bold challenge won me a respite; it appealed to their rude sense of justice and their strong leaven of superstition.

"Yes, let her swear on the sacred picture," cried several. "Then we shall know."

The priest brought the picture to her, and swore her on it with great solemnity. She shook her head feebly, and fell to choked weeping. But the men round her were resolute, one of them menacing even Constantine himself when he began to ask whether her first testimony were not enough.

"Now you are sworn, speak," said the priest, solemnly.

A hush fell on us all. If she answered "Constantine," my life still hung by a thread; but by saying "Vlacho" she would cut the thread. She looked at me, at Constantine, then up to the sky, while her lips moved in rapid whispered prayers.

"Speak," said the priest to her gently.

Then she spoke in low fearful tones:

"Vlacho was there, and his knife was ready. But my lord yielded, and cried that he would not sell the island. And when they heard that they all drew back, and Vlacho with the rest. But my Lord Constantine struck; and when my lord lay dying it was the name of Constantine that he uttered in reproach." And the old woman reeled, and would have fallen, and then flung herself on the ground at Constantine's feet, crying: "Pardon, my lord, pardon. I could not swear falsely on the picture. Ah, my lord, mercy, mercy!"

But Constantine, though he had, as I do not doubt, a good memory for offences, could not afford to think of the old woman now. One instant he sat still; then he sprang to his feet, crying:

"Let my friends come round me. Yes, if you will, I killed the old man. Was not the deed done? Was not the island sold? Was not he bound to this man here? The half of the money had been paid! If he had lived, and if this man had lived, they would have brought soldiers and constrained us. So I slew him; and therefore I have sought to kill the stranger also. Who blames me? If there be any, let him

stand by the stranger, and let my friends stand by me. Have we not had enough talk? Is it not time to act? Who loves Neopalia? Who loves me?"

While he spoke many had been gathering round him. With every fresh appeal more flocked to him. There were but three or four left now, wavering between him and me, and Kortes alone stood by my side.

"Are you children that you shrink from me because I struck a blow for our country? Was the old man to escape and live to help this man to take our island? Yes, I, Constantine Stefanopoulos, though I was blood of his blood, I killed him. Who blames me? Shall we not finish the work? There the stranger stands! Men of the island, shall we not finish the work?"

"Well, it's come at last," thought I to myself. And I said to Kortes: "It's no use. Don't get yourself into trouble." Then I folded my arms and waited. But I do not mean to say that I did not turn a little pale. Perhaps I did. At any rate I contrived to show no fear, except in that.

The islanders looked at one another and then at Constantine. Friend Constantine had been ready with his stirring words, but he did not rush first to the attack. Besides myself there was Kortes, who had not left his place beside me in spite of my invitation to him. And Kortes looked as though he could give an account of one or two. But the hesitation among Constantine's followers did not last long. Demetri was no coward, at all events, although he was as big a scoundrel as I have known. He carried a great sword that he must have got from the collection on the walls of the hall, and he brandished it now over his head, and rushed straight at me. It seemed to be all over, and I thought that the best I could do was to take it quietly; so I stood still. But on a sudden I was pulled back by a powerful arm. Kortes flung me behind him, and stood between me and Demetri's rush. An instant later ten or more of them were round Kortes. He struck at them, but they dodged him. One cried, "Don't hurt Kortes;" and another, running agilely round, caught his arms from behind, and, all gathering round him, they wrested his weapons from him. My last champion was disarmed; he had but protracted the bitterness of death for me by his gallant attempt. I fixed my eyes steadily on the horizon and waited. The time of my waiting must have been infinitesimal, yet I seemed to wait some little while. Then Demetri's great sword flashed suddenly between me and the sky. But it did not fall. Another flash came, the flash of white, darting across between me and the grim figure of my assailant. And Phroso, pale, breathless, trembling in every limb, yet holding her head bravely, and with anger gleaming in her dark eyes, said:

"If you kill him you must kill me. I will not live if he dies."

Even Demetri paused; the rest gave back. I saw Constantine's hatchet-face peering in gloomy wrath and trembling excitement from behind the protecting backs of his stout adherents. But Demetri, holding his sword poised for the stroke, growled angrily:

"What is his life to you, lady?"

Phroso drew herself up. Her face was away from me; but as she spoke I saw a sudden flush of red spread over her neck; yet she spoke steadily and boldly, in a voice that all could hear: "His life is my life. For I love him as I love my life—ah, and God knows, more, more, more!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST CARD.

In most families, at least among those that have any recorded history to boast of or to deplore, there is a point of family pride. With one it is grace of manner, with another courage, with a third statecraft, with a fourth chivalrous loyalty to a lost cause or a fallen prince. Tradition adds new sanction to the cherished excellence. It becomes the heirloom of the house, the mark of the race; in the end, maybe, a superstition before which greater things go down. If the men cling to it they are compensated by license in other matters; the women are held in honor if they bear sons who do not fail in it. It becomes a new god, with its worship and its altar; and often the altar is laden with costly sacrifices. Wisdom has little part in the cult, and the virtues that are not hallowed by hereditary recognition are apt to go unhonored and unpractised. I have heard it said, and seen it written, that we Wheatleys have, as a stock, few merits and many faults. I do not expect my career—if, indeed, I had such an ambitious thing as a career in my life's wallet—to reverse that verdict. But no man has said or written of us that we do not keep faith. Here is our pride and

palladium. Promises we neither break nor ask back. We make them sometimes lightly; it is no matter; substance, happiness, life itself, must be spent in keeping them. I had learned this at my mother's knee. I had myself seen thousands and thousands poured forth to a rascally friend on the strength of a schoolboy pledge which my father made. "Folly, folly!" cried the world. Whether it were right or not, who knows? We wrapped ourselves in the scanty mantle of our one virtue, and went our way. We always—but a man grows tedious when he talks of his ancestors. He is like a doting old fellow, garrulous about his lusty youth. Enough of it. Yet not more than enough; for I carried this religion of mine to Neopalia, and built there an altar to it, and laid on the altar the rarest sacrifice. Was I wrong? I do not care to ask.

"My life is his life. For I love him as my life." The words rang in my ears, seeming to echo again through the silence that followed them; and they were answered in my heart by beats of leaping blood. "Was it true?" flashed through my brain. Was it truth or stratagem, a noble falsehood or a more splendid boldness? I did not know. The words were strange, yet to me they were not incredible. Had we not lived through ages together in those brief full hours in the old gray house? And the parting in the quiet evening had united while it feigned to sever. I believe I shut my eyes, not to see the slender, stately form that stood between death and me. When I looked again, Demetri and his angry comrades had fallen back, and stood staring in awkward bewilderment; but the women had crowded in upon us, with eager excited faces. One broad-browed, kindly creature had run to Phroso, and caught her round the waist, and was looking in her eyes, and stroking her hand, and murmuring soft woman's comforting. Demetri took a step forward.

"Come if you dare!" cried the woman, bold as a legion of men. "Is a dog like you to come near my Lady Euphrosyne?" And Phroso turned her face away from the men and hid it in the woman's bosom.

Then came a cold rasping voice, charged with a bitter anger that masqueraded as amusement.

"What is this comedy, cousin?" asked Constantine. "You love this man! You, the lady of the island—you, who have pledged your troth to me?" He turned to the people, spreading out his hands. "You all know," said he, "you all know that we are plighted to one another."

A murmuring assent greeted his words. "Yes, they are betrothed," I heard half a dozen mutter, as they directed curious glances at Phroso. "Yes, in the old lord's life they were betrothed."

Then I thought it time for me to take a hand in the game; so I stepped forward, in spite of Kortes's restraining arm.

"Be careful," he whispered. "Be careful."

I looked at him. His face was drawn and pale, like the face of a man in pain, but he smiled still in his friendly open fashion.

"I must speak," I said; and I walked up to within two yards of Constantine, the islanders giving way before me; then I said loudly and distinctly:

"Was that same betrothal before you married your wife or afterwards?"

He sprang half way up from his seat, as if to leap on me; but he sank back again, his face convulsed with passion, and his fingers picking furiously at the turf by his side. "His wife!" went round the ring in amazed whisperings.

"Yes, his wife," said I. "The wife who was with him when I saw him in my country; the wife who came with him here; who was in the cottage on the hill; whom Vlacho would have dragged by force to her death; who lay last night yonder in the guardhouse. Where is she, Constantine Stefanopoulos? Or is she dead now, and you free to wed the Lady Euphrosyne? Is she alive, or has she by now learnt the secret of the Stefanopouloi?"

I do not know which made more stir among the people, my talk of his wife or my hint about the secret. They crowded round me, hemming me in. I saw Phroso no more; but Kortes pushed his way to my side. Then the eyes of all turned on Constantine, where he sat with face working and nails fiercely plucking the turf.

"What is this lie?" he cried. "I know nothing of a wife. Yes, there was a woman in the cottage."

"Aye, there was a woman in the cottage," said Kortes. "And she was in the guardhouse, but I did not know who she was, and I had no commands concerning her. This morning she was gone."

"That woman is his wife," said I. "But he and Vlacho had planned to kill her, in order that he might marry your lady and have your island for himself."

Demetri suddenly cried, with a great appearance of horror and disgust:

"Shall he live to speak such slanders against my lord?"

But Demetri gained no attention. I had made too much impression.

"Who was the woman, then?" said I. "And where is she?"

Constantine, tricky and resourceful, looked again on the dead Vlacho.

"I may not tell my friend's secrets," said he with an admirable assumption of honor. "And a foul blow has sealed Vlacho's lips."

"Yes," cried I, "Vlacho killed the old lord, and Vlacho brought the woman! Indeed Vlacho serves my lord as well dead as when he lived! For now his lips are sealed. Come then—Vlacho bought the island, and Vlacho slew Spiro, and now Vlacho has slain himself. Neither Constantine nor I have done anything, but it is all Vlacho, the useful Vlacho, Vlacho, Vlacho!"

Constantine's face was a sight to see, and he looked no pleasanter when my irony wrung smiles from some of the men round him, while others bit their lips to stop smiles that sought to come.

"O faithful servant!" I cried, apostrophizing Vlacho. "Heavy are thy sins! Mayst thou find mercy for them!"

I did not know what cards Constantine held. If he had succeeded in spiriting away his wife by fair means or foul, he had still the better chance; but if she were still free, alive and free, then he played a perilous game, and was liable to be utterly confounded. Yet he was forced to action. I had so moved the people that they looked for more than mere protests from him.

"The stranger who came to steal our island," said he, skilfully prejudicing me by this description, "asks me where the woman is. But I ask it of him—where is she? For it stands with him to put her before you, that she may tell you whether I, Constantine Stefanopoulos, am lying to you. Yet how long is it since you doubted the word of the Stefanopouloi, and believed strangers rather than them?"

His appeal won on them. They met it with murmured applause.

"You know me, you know my family," he cried. "Yet you hearken to the desperate words of a man who fights for his life with lies! How shall I satisfy you? For I have not the woman in my keeping. But have you not heard me when I swore my love for my cousin before you and the old lord who is dead? Am I a man to be forsworn? Shall I swear to you now?"

The current began to run strongly with him. He had called to his aid patriotism, and the old clan loyalty that bound the Neopalians to his house, and they did not fail him. The islanders were ready to trust him if he would pledge himself to them.

"Swear, then," they cried. "Swear to us on the sacred picture that what the stranger says is a lie."

"On the sacred picture?" said he. "Is it not too great and holy an oath for such a matter? Is not my word enough for you?"

But the old priest stepped forward.

"It is a great matter," said he, "for it touches closely the honor of your house, my lord, and on it hangs the man's life. Is any oath too great when honor and life lie in the balance? Let your life stand against his, for he who swears thus and falsely has no long life in Neopalia; here we guard the honor of St. Tryphon."

"Yes, swear on the picture," cried the people. "It is enough if you swear on the picture!"

I could see that Constantine was not in love with the suggestion, but he accepted it with tolerable grace, acquiescing in the old priest's argument with a half-disdainful shrug. The people greeted his consent with obvious pleasure, save only Demetri, who regarded him with a doubtful expression. Demetri knew the truth, and though he would cut a throat with a light heart, he would shrink from a denial of the deed when sworn on the holy picture. Truly conscience works sometimes in strange ways, making the lesser sin the greater, and dwarfing vile crimes to magnify their venial brethren. No, Demetri would not have sworn on the picture; and when he saw it brought to Constantine he shrank away from his leader, and I saw him privily and furtively cross himself. But Constantine, freed by the scepticism he had learnt in the West to practise the crimes the East had taught him, made little trouble about it, and when the ceremonies that had attended the old woman's oath earlier in the day had been minutely, solemnly, and tediously repeated, he swore as bravely as you please before them, and thereby bid fare to write my death warrant in his lying words. For when the oath was done, the most awful names in heaven standing witness to his perjury, and he ceased, saying, "I have sworn," the eyes of the men round him turned on me again, and seemed to ask me silently what plea for mercy I could now advance. But I caught at my chance.

"Let Demetri swear," said I coolly, "that so far as his knowledge goes the truth is no other than what the Lord Constantine has sworn."

"A subterfuge!" cried Constantine impatiently. "What should Demetri know of it?"

"If he knows nothing, it is easy for him to swear," said I. "Men of the island, a man should have every chance for his life. I have given you back your island. Do this for me. Make Demetri swear. Ah, look at the man! See, he shakes, his face grows pale, there is a sweat on his brow. Why, why? Make him swear!"

I should not have prevailed without the assisting evidence of the villain's face. It was as I said: he grew pale, and sweated on the forehead; he cleared his throat hoarsely, but did not speak. Constantine's eyes said, "Swear, fool, swear!"

"Let Demetri also swear," cried some.

"Yes, it is easy, if he knows nothing."

Suddenly Phroso sprang forward.

"Yes, let him swear," she cried. "Who is chief here? Have I no power? Let him swear!" And she signed imperiously to the priest.

They brought the picture to Demetri. He shrank from it as though its touch would kill him.

"In the name of Almighty God, as you hope for mercy; in the name of our Lord the Saviour, as you pray for pity; in the name of the Most Blessed Spirit whose word is truth; by the Most Holy Virgin; and by our Holy Saint," began the old man. But Demetri cried hoarsely:

"Take it away; take it away! I will not swear."

"Let him swear," said Phroso; and this time the whole throng caught up her command, and echoed it in fierce insistence.

"Let him swear to tell the whole truth of what he knows, hiding nothing, according to the terms of the oath," said the priest, pursuing his ritual.

"He shall not swear," cried Constantine, springing up. But he spoke to deaf ears, and won only looks of new-born suspicion.

"It is the custom of the island," they growled. "It has been done in Neopalia time out of mind."

"Yes," said the priest, "time out of mind has a man been free to ask this oath of whomsoever he suspected. Swear, Demetri, as our lady and our law bid." And he ended the words of the oath.

Demetri looked round, to right, to left, and to right again. He sought escape. There was none. His way was barred. His arms fell by his side.

"Will you let me go unharmed if I speak the truth?" he asked, sullenly.

"Yes," answered Phroso, "if you speak the whole truth, you shall go unhurt."

The excitement was intense now, for Demetri took the oath, Constantine watching with pale, strained face. Then followed a moment's utter silence, broken an instant later by an irresistible outbreak of wondering cries, for Demetri said, "Follow me," and turned and began to walk in the direction of the town. "Follow me," he said again. "I will tell the truth. I have served my lord well, but a man's soul is his own. No master buys a man's soul. I will tell the truth."

The change in feeling was witnessed by what happened. At a sign from the priest, Kortes and another each took one of Constantine's arms and raised him. He was trembling now, and hardly able to set one foot before the other. The dogs of justice were hard on his heels, and he was a craven at heart. Thus, bearing him with us, in procession we followed Demetri from the place of assembly back to the steep narrow street that ran up from the sea. On the way none spoke; but in the middle I walked, and in front of me went Phroso, the woman who had come to comfort her still holding her arm in hers.

On Demetri led us with quick, decisive steps; but when he came to the door of the inn which had belonged to that Vlacho whose body lay now deserted on the level grass by the seashore, he halted abruptly, then turned and entered the inn. We followed, Constantine's supporters bringing him also with us. We passed through the large lower room and out of the house again, into an enclosed yard bounded on the seaward side by a low stone wall, toward which the ground sloped rapidly. But here Demetri stopped.

"By my oath," said he, "and as God hears me, I knew not who this woman was; but last night Vlacho bade me come with him to the cottage on the hill, and, if he called me, I was to come and help him to carry her to the house of my Lord Constantine. He called, and I, coming with Kortes, found Vlacho dead. And Kortes would not suffer me to touch the lady, but bade me stay with Vlacho. But when Kortes was gone and Vlacho dead, I ran and told my lord what had happened. And my lord was greatly disturbed, and bade me come with him, and we came together

to the town, and passed together by the guardhouse."

"Lies, foul lies!" cried Constantine; but they bade him be quiet, and Demetri continued in a composed voice:

"There Kortes watched, and my lord asked him whom he held prisoner; and when he heard that it was the Englishman, he sought to prevail on Kortes to deliver him up; but Kortes would not without the command of the Lady Euphrosyne. Then my lord said: 'And have you no other prisoner, Kortes?' Kortes answered: 'There is a woman here whom we found in the cottage; but you gave me no orders concerning her, my lord, neither you, nor the lady of the island.' 'I care nothing about her,' said my lord, with a shrug of his shoulders, and he and I turned away, and walked some paces down the street. Then, at my lord's bidding, I crouched down with him in the shadow of a house and waited. Presently, when the clock had struck two o'clock, we saw Kortes come out from the guardhouse, and the woman was with him. Now, we were but fifty feet from them, and the wind was blowing from them to us, and I heard what the lady said."

"It happened as he says," interrupted Kortes in a grave tone. "I promised secrecy, but I will speak now."

"'I must go to the Lady Euphrosyne,' said she to Kortes," continued Demetri; "'I have something to say to her.' Kortes answered: 'She is lodging at the house of the priest. It is the tenth house on the left hand as you mount the hill.' She thanked him, and he turned back into the guardhouse, and we saw no more of him. But the lady came slowly and fearfully up the road, and my lord beside me laughed gently, and twisted a silk scarf in his hand; there was nobody in the street, except my lord and the lady and me. And as she went by, my lord sprang out on her, and twisted the scarf across her mouth before she could cry out. Then he and I lifted her and carried her swiftly down the street, and we came here to Vlacho's inn; the door was open, for Vlacho had gone out, and it had not yet become known that he would never return. We carried her swiftly through the house, and brought her where we stand now, and laid her on the ground; my lord tied her hands and feet so that she lay still, and her mouth was already gagged. Then my lord drew me aside, and took five pieces of gold from his purse and said, looking into my eyes, 'Is it enough?' I understood, and said, 'It is enough, my lord,' and he pressed my hand and left me, without going again near the woman. And I, having put the five pieces in my purse, drew my knife from its sheath, and came and stood over the woman, looking how I might best strike the blow. She was gagged and tied, and lay motionless. But the night was bright, and I saw her eyes fixed on mine. There I stood long by her, with my knife in my hands, and then I knelt down by her to strike. But her eyes burnt into my heart, and suddenly I seemed to hear Satan by my side chuckling and whispering, 'Strike, Demetri, strike! Art thou not damned already? Strike!' And I did not dare to look to the right or the left, for I felt the fiend by me. So I shut my eyes and grasped my knife, but the lady's eyes drew mine open again, although I struggled to keep them shut. Now many devils seemed to be round me, and they were gleeful, saying, 'Oh, he is ours! Yes, Demetri is ours! He will do this thing, and then surely he is ours!' Suddenly I sobbed, and when my sob came, a gleam lighted the lady's eyes, and her eyes looked like the eyes of the Blessed Virgin in the church, and I could not strike her. I flung down my knife, and fell to sobbing. And as I sobbed, the noise of the devils ceased, and I seemed to hear, instead, a voice from above that said to me very softly: 'Have I died to keep thy soul alive and thou thyself wouldst kill it, Demetri?' I know not if any one spoke, but the night was very still, and I was afraid, and I cried low, 'Alas, I am a sinner.' But the voice said, 'Sin no more.' And the eyes of the lady implored me. But then they closed, and I saw that she had fainted. I raised her gently in my arms, and carried her gently across this piece of ground where we stand."

He ended, and stood for a moment silent and motionless; none of us spoke. "And I took her," said he, "there where the wall ends; for I knew that Vlacho had his larder there. Now the door of the larder was locked, but I set the lady down, and returned and took my knife from the ground, and I forced the lock, and took her in and laid her on the floor of the larder. Then I returned to the house, and called to Panayiota, Vlacho's daughter, with whom I was acquainted. When she came I charged her to watch the lady till I came again, saying that Vlacho had bidden me bring her here. For I meant to return in a few hours and carry the lady to some place of safety, if I could find one. And Panayiota, fearing Vlacho, and having an

affection for me, promised faithfully to keep the lady safe. Then I ran after my lord, and found him at the house, and told him that the deed was done, and that I had hidden the body here; and I craved leave to return and make a grave for the body, or carry it to the sea. But he said 'It will be soon enough in the evening. We shall be quit of troubles by the evening. Does any one know?' And I answered rashly, 'Panayiota knows.' Then he was enraged, fearing Panayiota would betray us. But when he heard that she and I were lovers he was appeased; yet I could not find means to leave and return to the lady."

Demetri ended. Phroso, without a look at any one of us, stepped lightly to the spot he had described. There was a low hut there, with a stout wooden door. Phroso knocked on it, but there came no answer. She beckoned to Kortes, and he, coming, wrenched open the door, which seemed to have been fastened by some makeshift arrangement. Kortes disappeared for an instant; then he came out again, and motioned with his hand. We crowded round the door, I among the first. And there, indeed, was a strange sight. For on the floor, propped against the side of the hut, sat a buxom girl; her eyes were closed, her mouth open, and she breathed in heavy regular breaths. Panayiota had watched faithfully all night, and now slept at her post. Yet her trust was not betrayed; on her lap rested the head of the lady whom Demetri had not found it in his heart to kill; the bonds with which she had been bound lay on the floor by her; and she also, pale and with shadowed rings about her eyes, slept the sleep of utter exhaustion and weariness. We stood looking at the strange sight, a sudden gleam of peace and homely kindliness breaking across the dark cloud of angry passions.

"Hush!" said Phroso, very softly. She stepped forward and fell on her knees by the sleeping woman, and she lightly kissed Constantine's wife on the brow. "Praise be to God!" said Phroso softly, and kissed her again.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY NOTES.

W. E. H. LECKY.

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WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY cannot be called an old man—he is but fifty-eight—but he has in his life done so large an amount of scholarly research and embodied it in works of such ripe views, that, particularly to the younger generation, he seems like one of the patriarchs of modern scholarship. Then, his recent entry into public life gives "Democracy and Liberty," his last book, special importance. Born in sight of Dublin University, and educated there, he has remained a member of the institution, contributing to its reputation by his works. Last year, however, his university asked a new service of him. Like all the universities of Great Britain, Dublin has a representative in Parliament. Hitherto the Dublin member has usually been a lawyer, but at the last election, December, 1895, Mr. Lecky was returned.

Mr. Lecky's province in Parliament is plain from "Democracy and Liberty;" he stands for experience. It is his business, when legislators attempt an experiment which other generations have repeatedly tried, to call in the past. If Dublin University has returned a representative who will show as conclusively in practice that history has a political value as he shows it in "Democracy and Liberty," then Mr. Lecky will have done his generation another great benefit—he will have shown it how to give the long-needed perspective to political discussion.

MR. WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER has just published, through Messrs. Macmillan & Co., a faithful account of his journey of two or three years ago through "jungle and desert" into one of the most difficult and dangerous parts of Africa. A two years' turn at African exploration achieved and described by a fit man, which Mr. Chanler preëminently is, cannot well lack interest. But quite as engaging to one's fancy as the adventures set forth, is the fact that a young man born to the choice of a life of ease and leisure, should willingly resign it in favor of an enterprise entailing the severest labors possible to mind and body, and even the daily hazard of life itself.

WM. ASTOR CHANLER.

By permission of Macmillan & Co.

This was Mr. Chanler's second expedition into the heart of Africa. He prepared for it with the greatest care and from full knowledge of his needs; and he had the coöperation and companionship of Lieutenant Von Höhnel, of the Austrian navy, who had also had experience in African travel. Guides and porters deserted; and many times Mr. Chanler and his company were in full view of death from thirst, hunger, fever, native arrows, and wild beasts. Yet they seem to have reached the points they aimed at, and accomplished the ends they had in view, with speed and precision. Mr. Chanler even came off safely, and succeeded in getting his game,

when five maddened elephants charged him as he stood alone with an empty rifle. A plucky little fox-terrier turned the herd back by his barks and bites, and then Mr. Chanler, securing another rifle, brought down the hindmost.

THOMAS HARDY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.

IN the new edition of Mr. Hardy's novels now publishing by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, a good, clear map of "Wessex," showing Casterbridge, Egdon Heath, Blackmoor Vale, and all the familiar points of interest just as they lie, is inserted in each volume. It was easy to make such a map, for while the name of "Wessex" is no longer known to the official geographers, the region for which it stands is not at all of Mr. Hardy's creation, but is altogether actual. Indeed, it is the sense that it is actual, imparted by Mr. Hardy's faithful observation, that makes the reader want to see it definitely set forth on a map.

In addition to the map there are one or two other features that give this new edition of Mr. Hardy's works a particular value. Each volume has an etched frontispiece illustrating some scene in the story, and the author has added a special prefatory note. The prefatory note is usually brief, but it is infallibly illuminating, and imparts a new interest to the story.

THE new volume in the American Men of Letters Series is a biography that has all the charm of a good novel. It sets forth in picturesque style, and at times with dramatic effect, the development of an interesting and noble character, from ardent, strenuous youth to high-spirited, indefatigable, and useful middle age.

Bayard Taylor was not one of our greatest writers, but he was a man of great vigor of mind and body, a worker of unequalled capacity, a master of many tongues, and a singer of rare spirit and melody. He was aggressive, impetuous, self-sacrificing, an altogether wholesome and lovable man.

He was a poet of real power in at least two languages. His introduction to the translation of "Faust," written in German, and following the form and metre of Goethe's noble prefatory verses, is a wonderful achievement. How genuine a burst of song it was is shown by these words, written to Professor Hart: "It would be impossible for me to translate my own German proem, because it was conceived in German. I could only give the same thought, in English—although *my own*—in paler colors."

BAYARD TAYLOR.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A STORY which could afford Thackeray "amusement from morning to sunset" in the midst of "ague fits," and make him "remember those ague fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude," must be a story of pretty strong hold; for Thackeray was rather nice in his reading and not especially fond of fiction. The introduction to Macmillan & Company's new edition of Captain Marryat's "Jacob Faithful" recalls Thackeray's testimony that he found such a story in this. But "Jacob" has steaded whole generations of readers no less securely than he did Thackeray, and he bids fair to hold his charm for generations yet to come. His very name justifies any new edition of him that may issue, and in this one of Macmillan's he secures a presentation clear in type, neatly bound, and in every way worthy of him.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

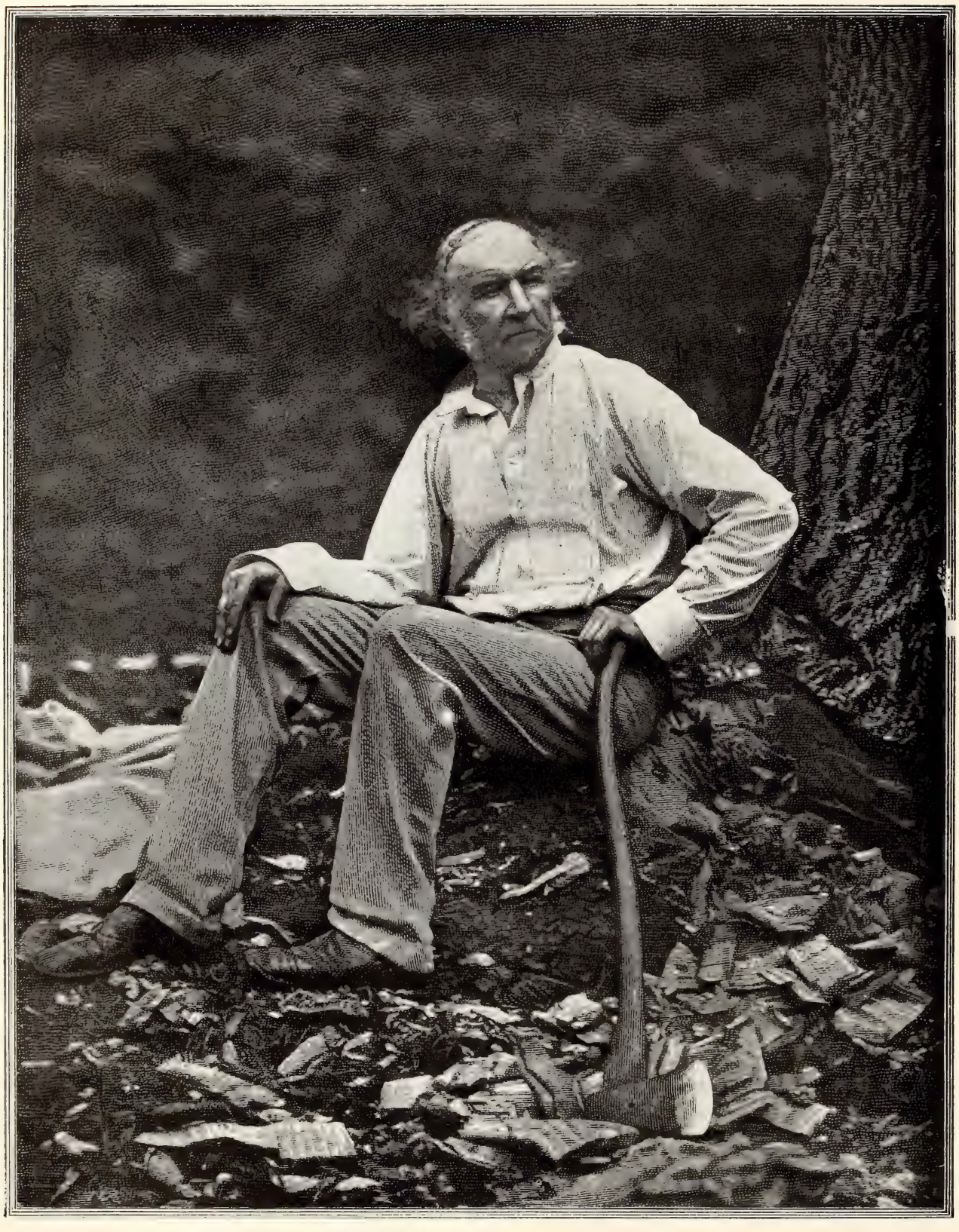
Marryat had the good fortune to be by nature a man of action as well as a man of letters. Twenty odd years' service in the British navy at a period when ships were still "sailed," instead of operated, and battle was literally an everyday occurrence, supplied him almost whole, out of his own experience, better stories than unaided fancy secluded in a study could ever invent. What would the most fertile romancer not pay to be put in command, as Marryat was, of a sloop "Beaver" and set to guard the shores of St. Helena while Napoleon lived a prisoner there? It was this employment that gave Marryat the opportunity to make those quaint drawings of Napoleon's funeral at St. Helena, and the tomb of Napoleon, which our readers will remember as reproduced in the McCLURE'S "Life of Napoleon."

MARY ANDERSON.

From "A Few Memories," by Mary Anderson de Navarro. Copyright, 1896. Published by Harper & Brothers.

MARY ANDERSON (Madame de Navarro) is scarcely less engaging in the volume of autobiography which she has lately published through Messrs. Harper & Brothers, under the modest title "A Few Memories," than when she was playing Perdita in that memorable presentation of "The Winter's Tale" which concluded her dramatic career. She made her *début* under distinguished patronage in the part of Juliet, and she very soon justified the ambitiousness of her beginning. But she encountered harsh criticism and mean jealousy. She even thought at one time of giving up on account of the unkindness of fellow-actors. She was persuaded from this by Edwin Booth. "I also am a fellow-actor," said he; "I have sat through two of your performances from beginning to end—the first time I have done such a thing in years—and I have not only been interested, but impressed and delighted. You have begun well. Continue, and you are sure of success in the end."

WHEN the young men who composed the firm of Stone & Kimball (lately reorganized into two publishing houses) first set their names to title pages as publishers, they were regarded as having taken up publishing as mere dilettantes. This was only a few years ago. Yet these young publishers have clearly improved the material quality of books made for the ordinary trade; and following their lead, other young men have gone into publishing with artistic as well as commercial aims, until now there is quite a little circle of publishers who study particularly the artistic perfection of their product. For instance, there is the Boston firm of Copeland & Day, with such books as "In the Village of Viger," by Duncan Campbell Scott, and "Meadow-grass," by Alice Brown. Then there are Way & Williams, of Chicago, one of whose most attractive issues is Elia W. Peattie's "A Mountain Woman;" and Lamson, Wolffe & Company, who have made of Mr. Charles F. Lummis's "The Gold Fish of Gran Chimú" a most beautiful little volume.



MR. GLADSTONE.

From a photograph by Currey, Morecambe, England.

McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VII. AUGUST, 1896. No. 3.

MR. GLADSTONE AT EIGHTY-SIX.

By W. T. Stead,

Editor of "The Review of Reviews," London, England.

THE EMINENT STATESMAN AND PHILOSOPHER IN BUSY RETIREMENT AT HAWARDEN.—THE SECRET OF HIS REMARKABLE VITALITY.—MRS. GLADSTONE'S IMPORTANT INFLUENCE IN HIS LIFE.—HIS PRESENT EMPLOYMENTS.—HIS PRESENT RELATION TO POLITICS.—HIS VIEWS ON THE VENEZUELA DISPUTE.

AS the westering sun sinks to its setting, a white-haired old man comes out from his library and seats himself on the stone steps that lead from the castle front to the lawn. He carries a book in his hand in which, as soon as he has seated himself, he is completely absorbed. The old man is Mr. Gladstone; the book which he is studying is one of the innumerable volumes which he is devouring in the prosecution of the study to which he has devoted his closing years; and he seats himself on the steps in order that his impaired eyesight may catch and utilize the last rays of the setting sun. The old statesman—scholar and student to the last—is now eighty-six years of age, but his intellectual vigor is not abated, nor has he lost the sinewy grip with which he fastens upon the subjects to which he devotes his attention.

Hawarden Castle, the retreat of this political hermit, which has long been one of the favored pilgrim shrines of modern England, stands within half an hour's railway journey of the city of Liverpool. Mr. Gladstone was born in Liverpool when the century was young, long before the first steamer had crossed the Atlantic, and when not even the most imaginative of men had ventured to predict the wonders of these latter days. He has never visited the new world. Many offers have been made him, but he never had the time nor the inclination to visit those whom he described as "our kin beyond the sea," among whom his name is as familiar, and his personality more generally reverenced, than even among his own folk. No one can charge Mr. Gladstone with being indifferent to the American nation. He, more than any other living Englishman, has recognized the probable ascendancy of the American section of our race, and it is not without significance that the most important of his later writings have made their first appearance on American soil. Be that as it may, there are few figures in contemporary history which are so full of pathetic interest as that of the octogenarian chief, three times Prime Minister of Britain, who, seated on the slope of Hawarden Castle, close to the great sea-gate which leads to the Western world, is laboriously exerting his unfailed powers in impressing upon mankind, through the columns of an American review, his deepest convictions as to life beyond the grave. For Mr. Gladstone is already standing, but not tottering, on the edge of the grave, and not even the most relentless of his political opponents fail to recognize the majesty of the spectacle which is presented by the unfailing enthusiasm and

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Master William Gladstone, Heir to Hawarden. Miss Constance Gladstone. Miss Evelyn Gladstone.

GRANDCHILDREN OF MR. GLADSTONE'S.

From a copyrighted photograph by F. Rowlands, Hawarden.

unflagging intentness with which the most famous of English statesmen concentrates his energy to discuss the tremendous theme of the immortality of man.

No one who reads the strenuous argument with which Mr. Gladstone summarizes the reasoning of Bishop Butler on the future life, is conscious of any weakening in the vigorous dialectic which has so often been employed with brilliant success in the House of Commons. In that polemic Mr. Gladstone is all there. But, as a recent visitor to Hawarden remarked, "although Mr. Gladstone is Mr. Gladstone still when the eye flashes as of old in keen debate, or when you listen to the inexhaustible stream of his vivacious conversation; yet you are regretfully compelled to admit that it is but a temporary triumph of mind over matter, when, ten minutes later, you see him again in the corner of the pew in Hawarden Church, dimly visible in the subdued light of the chancel. It is indeed a very old man who sits there, with bent back, and pale, wrinkled face, holding his book close to his eyes, apparently unable to find or follow the text. A stray sunbeam, white as sunbeams usually are, falls upon him from behind; the ivory white of the bald, majestic head gleams in the light, and the few silvery hairs round the base of the head form a striking contrast to the glittering gilt edges of the book he holds. The day is far spent, and you turn sadly from the contemplation of the sad, quiet figure." Frail though he is, as indeed he may well be, weighed down as he is with the burden of fourscore years and six, still Mr. Gladstone is far and away the most potent personality in Great Britain. He has retired from politics, but until death has closed that eager eye and stilled that eloquent tongue, nothing can diminish or impair his authority; he must ever remain the first among us all.

Many circumstances combine to give him the position of a kind of secular pope among his countrymen. Certainly his voice will always carry more weight on any moral question than those of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and all the episcopate. It is a very extraordinary phenomenon, when you come to look at it, this emergence of a kind of lay-pontificate in the midst of a materialistic and skeptical generation. The human race needs a pope; and if His Holiness of Rome renders himself impossible by his absorption into ecclesiasticism and his devotion to more or less incredible dogmas, then humanity improvises a substitute, and it is seldom that it has succeeded more admirably than when it selected Mr. Gladstone as the articulate voice for the moral sense of the people.

MRS. AND MR. GLADSTONE AND THEIR GRAND-DAUGHTER DOROTHY DREW.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

In one respect Mr. Gladstone very closely resembles the reigning pope. Both are very old men. Mr. Gladstone is eighty-six, and Leo XIII. is also eighty-six; both of them increase their interests with their years, and both have preserved the heart of youth under the white hairs of advanced old age. There is probably no sovereign in Europe more keenly alive to the tendencies of things, more intensely interested in the latest developments of human society, than the prisoner of the Vatican, unless it be the recluse at Hawarden.

In this old world, old men reign. Notwithstanding Disraeli's brilliant passage in "Coningsby" as to the achievements of youth, democracy has certainly not diminished the advantages of age. A young sovereign like the Czar or the Kaiser, or a young aristocrat like Lord Rosebery, starts in life with a pedestal sufficiently high to be seen by the mass of his contemporaries. But in a democracy, where all men start on a dead level, nothing but age and the growth which years can bring raises the individual high enough above his fellows to gain the recognition which enables him to exercise any very commanding or widespread influence. Hence the commanding personalities of our time have almost all been old men. Gambetta was an exception, for he was a product of a revolutionary volcano, and he had as his

pedestal the great war in which France was submerged. Skobeleff, another supreme personality, was practically unknown before the Russo-Turkish war; he towered aloft like a shell flung heaven-high by a mortar, only to burst and disappear in the blackness of night. If we run over the roll-call of notables, the men who count, we shall find that they are in almost every case over sixty, and many of them are long past the period of threescore years and ten. Russia has a young Czar, not yet thirty; but the young Czar is the puppet of Prince Lobanoff, the veteran diplomatist of seventy-three. In Germany the young Kaiser is thirty-seven; but his Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, who is the man at the helm, is seventy-seven. But neither the Kaiser nor his Chancellor counts for anything in the scale of personalities with the iron ex-Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, who has completed his eighty-first year, and who, although in retirement, still speaks with the most masterful voice of all German-speaking men. In Austria-Hungary, the equilibrium of the empire-kingdom depends absolutely upon the life of Francis Joseph, who was sixty-six on his last birthday, and whose personality is the mainstay of the state in Austria and in Hungary. In Rome there is the Pope, who is eighty-six, surrounded by a college of cardinals an immense majority of whom are old men. In the Italian kingdom there is only one statesman whose name is known outside the peninsula, and that is Signor Crispi, who is seventy-six. In France they have no old men; the nearest approach to a veteran was Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire, who died the other day at the age of ninety. But the very absence of old men in French politics illustrates the principle. In France there is no commanding personality, for all the politicians are comparatively young; they have not had time to grow famous. As it is in France and in Spain, so it is across the Atlantic. It is the old people who alone stand sufficiently conspicuous to be recognized. The same thing is largely true in literature and in science. It is the old men whose reputations have been slowly built up year after year who stand conspicuous before the world. In Russia, Count Tolstoi; in Britain, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning; in America, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Emerson,—all illustrate the same thing. In England, the old queen upon the throne and the old statesman at Hawarden are far and away the most conspicuous and most influential personalities. In England it is true there is a group of young men coming on: Lord Rosebery, Mr. Morley, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Balfour; but they are all in the second flight; they have not yet attained a right to preëminent domain, which age and age alone appears to be able to give.

This being so, the question of how to survive long enough to make a reputation and win a position, becomes the most important question for a statesman in these democratic days. How has Mr. Gladstone solved this problem? I think it is possible that more people may be interested in discussing the secret of Mr. Gladstone's long life and unabated vigor, than in the description of his political achievements; for politics interest few, whereas life interests all.

I will therefore linger a little to discuss, not his politics, but his science of life. What is Mr. Gladstone's secret? How is it that he has preserved unimpaired for eighty-six years both his physical and mental powers? That he has done so is admitted, although the body is at last exhibiting somewhat of the infirmities of old age. Mr. Gladstone is still vigorous, alert, resourceful, capable of reading and writing for hours together, and also able on occasion to take long walks, although he is no longer able to play the woodman and fell the trees on his estate. We hear a great deal of the eight-hours day and the eight-hours movement; but Mr. Gladstone, well on to his ninetieth year, does ten hours' hard literary work every day; and when Mr. Gladstone works, he does work and no mistake. How has he contrived to do it? What is his secret? For if so be that we can discover it, it may mean years of life to many men who, although they have no desire to be great statesmen, do not wish to trouble the undertaker before their time.

Mr. Gladstone started well. He was born of healthy stock, in comfortable circumstances, with a constitution of iron. He had enormous driving power and physical energy, the evidence of which may still be seen palpable to all men in the massive formation of the back of his head. From his parents he had every advantage of heredity and environment from his youth up. These things cannot be bespoken by any one, and it is well, therefore, and it will be more profitable, to devote attention to the methods by which Mr. Gladstone has been able to preserve and conserve the advantages with which he was early endowed. The first thing

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE WITH THEIR GRANDCHILDREN IN THE PARK AT HAWARDEN.

From a copyrighted photograph by F. Rowlands, Hawarden.

that forces itself upon our attention is the fact that Mr. Gladstone from his youth up has contrived in some way or another to appropriate for himself all the advantages which come from a sturdy and assured faith in the government of the universe. Looking at it altogether apart from the question of the truth or falsehood of religious belief, there is no doubt that, from a purely hygienic point of view, a man who feels that there is outside of him and above him a moral order, controlled by some being infinitely wiser than himself, has advantages, from the point of view of a life-insurance society, greatly superior to those possessed by a man who has no such consolation.

Mr. Gladstone has probably had his doubts, like most men, but they have been as waves to a strong swimmer which carry him onward to his goal. Mr. Gladstone is one of those men who are never so convinced of the truth of anything as when they are set to work to defend it against the arguments of its opponents, and Mr. Gladstone's faith has waxed all the stronger because, like the oak planted on a wind-swept hill, it has been compelled to drive its roots deeper in the soil because of the tempest which hurtles through its branches. Over the mantelpiece in Mr. Gladstone's bedroom, there is emblazoned a text which explains a good deal of the tranquillity which has saved Mr. Gladstone from the nervous exhaustion which has carried off many other men. The text runs, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is set on Thee."

If Mr. Gladstone's simple, but fervent, religious faith is the first element in the secret of his continued and continuing vigor, the second place must be awarded to the happy influence of a fortunate marriage. If Mrs. Gladstone had been a cleverer woman she might have been less helpful, for some natures have such an overpowering individuality of their own, that what they seek in a companion is not a positive so much as a negative capacity. As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend; but Mr. Gladstone was not particularly in need of being sharpened; he was in need of being rested. Therefore Mrs. Gladstone was not so much another sword-blade clashing with his as the scabbard of his sword.

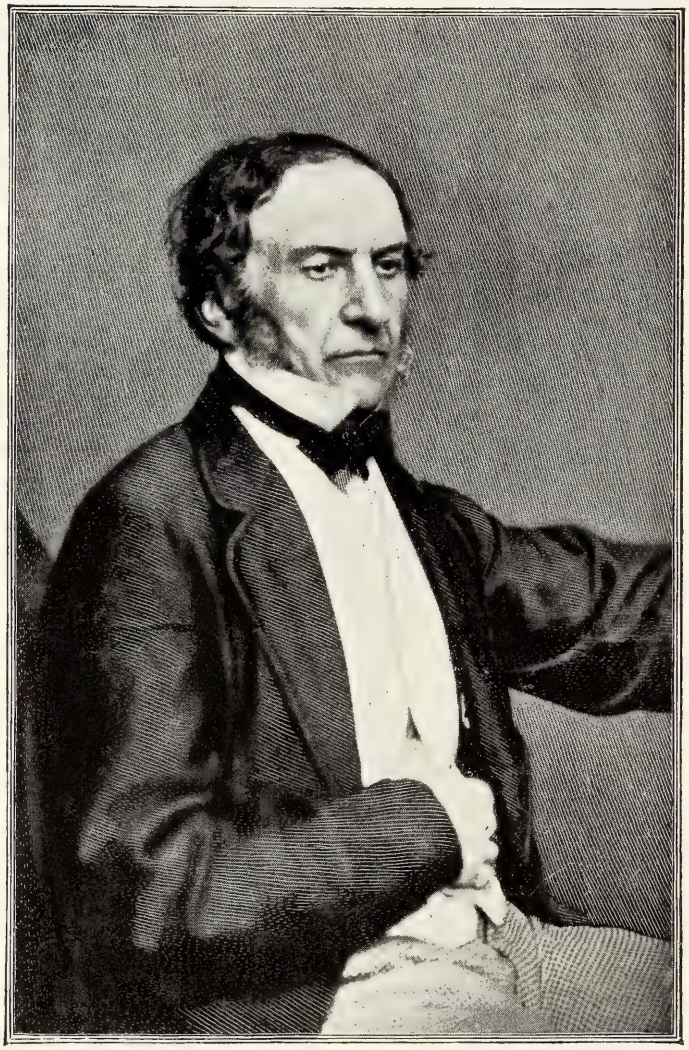
Sir Francis Doyle, who was best man at

Mr. Gladstone's wedding, wrote a poem addressed to Mrs. Gladstone, who before her marriage was known as the beautiful Miss Glynne, and in this poem he set before her the task which to the best of her ability she has performed. It was her duty, he said, "to soothe, in many a toil-worn hour, the noble heart which thou hast won." This she has performed admirably. But the poet went on to say, "Thou hast an office to perform, to be his answering spirit-bride;" and herein it can hardly be said that realization has been so complete, for Mr. Gladstone has found no mate to his intellect among his womenkind. Mrs. Gladstone was not his equal in intellect, nor ever aspired to be more than a sympathetic listener to his political discourses. She was a capital housemother, faithful and attentive; an admirable nurse, who studied her husband as a doctor studies his patient; for all his physical and social needs, she was all that could be desired; but it ended there.

> Be thou a balmy breeze to him,
> A fountain singing at his side;
> His star whose light is never dim,
> A pole star through the waste to guide,

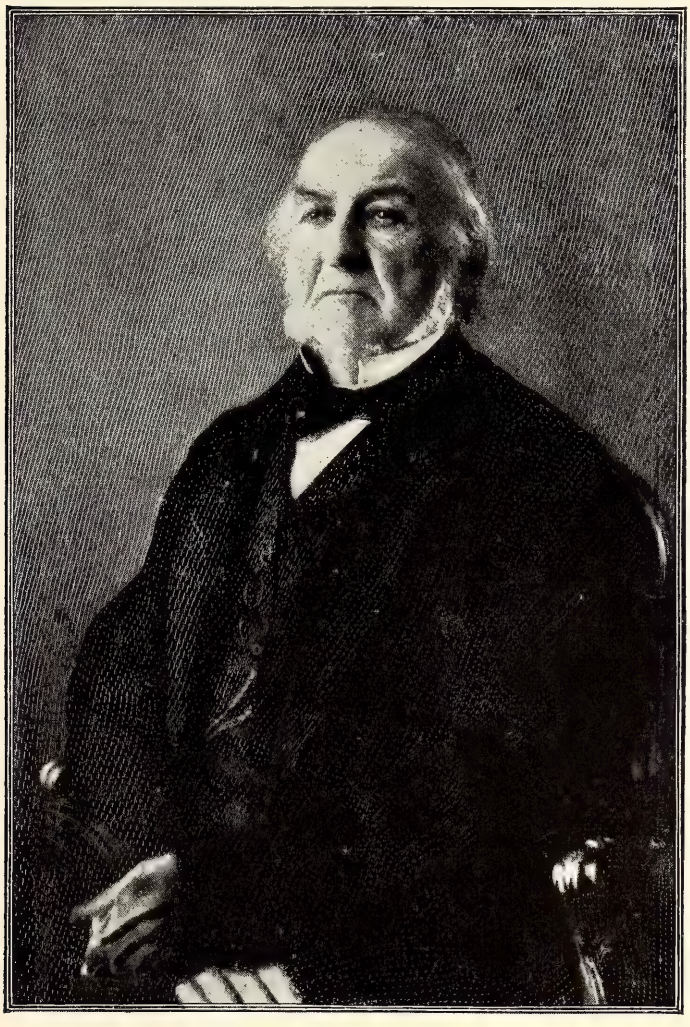
was the exhortation of her husband's best man. "Balmy breeze" she was no doubt, and "singing fountain," too; but it was not her rôle to be a pole star to a great career, nor did she ever aspire to be a pillar of cloud by day or a pillar of fire by night to guide the footsteps of her wandering lord across the wilderness of sin. It was one of the chief qualities of Mrs. Gladstone that she recognized her limitations and never attempted to interfere with matters that were beyond her capacity. She worshiped her husband with an adoration which has increased with years; this devotion has stood all the rough and cruel tests that have been imposed upon it by the preoccupation of public business and the other incidents in the life of a prime minister. When even so domestic a man as Mr. Gladstone is entrusted with the management of the affairs of a great empire, it is not to be wondered at that the convenience and wishes of the household take a back seat. A story is told of Mrs. Gladstone which, though surely an exaggeration, conveys a truth. It is that during the season when Mr. Gladstone was prime minister she used to regard it as a treat to be invited to a friend's house to meet her husband. She always then tried to get seated near him, because, she said, "it is thus at least possible for me to have some conversation with my husband; otherwise I see nothing of him."

This absolute subservience to her husband would have been very detrimental to the character of many men, and there are some who believe that Mr. Gladstone has been somewhat spoiled by his womenfolk. Mrs. Gladstone, however, rightly or wrongly, held the view that it was the wife's duty to make life as "cushiony" as possible for her husband. She would display a world of patience and cunning diplomacy to keep any disagreeable thing out of his way, even to the extent of sitting down upon "The Times" for a whole evening if it should contain an article that was calculated to ruffle his equanimity. There are a multitude of little stories current concerning the way in which she eased off the pressure of the outside world, using no end of innocent domestic strategy in order to save him wear and tear and



MR. GLADSTONE IN 1865. AGE 55.

nervous strain. Neither has she ever been known to have given him the slightest trouble on the score of jealousy. The prime minister, especially a prime minister like Mr. Gladstone, who is gallant and courteous to all women, and who has constantly found great stimulus to his vitality from the friendly intercourse of women of high and low degree and of all manner of moral status, might have found in the jealousy or resentment of his wife a formidable addition to the burdens of state; but Mrs. Gladstone always showed a smiling face. She has always had very good health and a self-satisfied temperament; she is also a good motherly woman, full of charity and philanthropy, with plenty of little interests of her own with which she has solaced herself when the absorbing cares of state swept her husband temporarily out of her orbit.



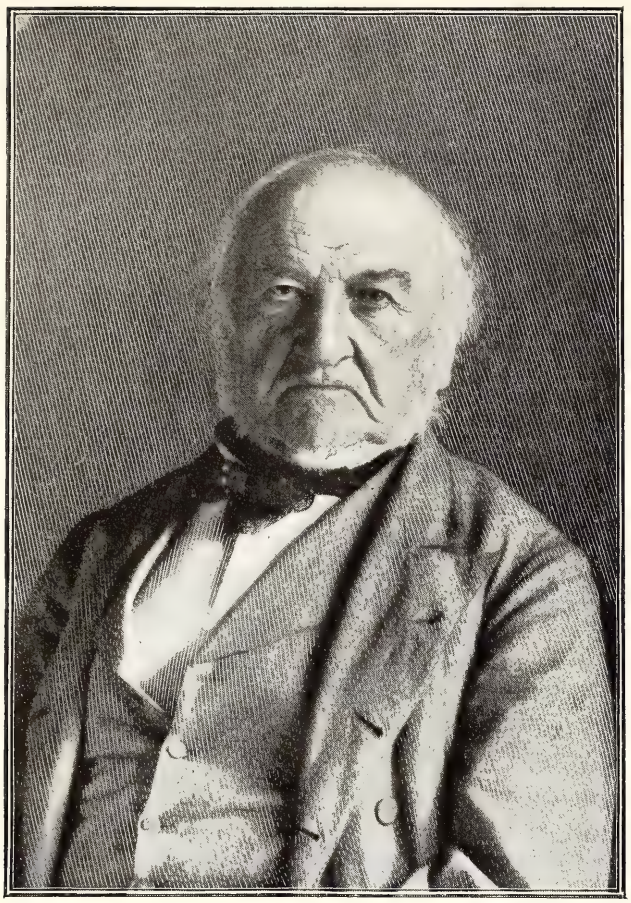
MR. GLADSTONE IN 1893. AGE 83.

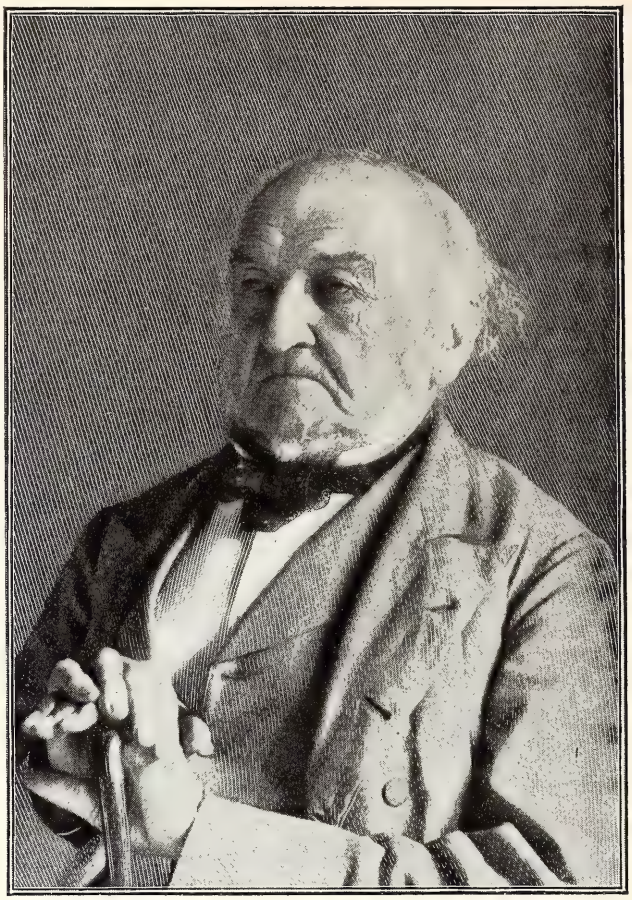
Besides these two—his religion and his wife—the two outside influences which have kept Mr. Gladstone in perennial youth by minimizing the worry of life and lubricating the rapidly revolving wheels of this human dynamo, Mr. Gladstone has various habits which conduce greatly to his longevity and physical vigor. First of these, unquestionably, is the gift of sleep, a gift he shares in common with Napoleon and other notable commanders in history. Mr. Gladstone throughout the whole of his life has had sleep at instant command; he can go to sleep at a moment's notice; and what is more remarkable, wake up bright and fresh within ten minutes of going to sleep. His nightly allowance of sleep is fixed at seven hours. He is a man who likes sleep, and could enjoy an extra hour; but the habit of getting up after seven hours' sleep has been formed, and Mr. Gladstone adheres to it. When he lays his head on his pillow he is able to shut his mind off from all the business of life. When he goes to bed it is to sleep, and he sleeps with all his might. Mr. Bright used to lay awake for hours, thinking out his speeches; and the curse of insomnia has played havoc with more than one prominent statesman on both sides of the Atlantic. I do not think there ever was a time when Mr. Gladstone could not sleep.

After his faculty for sleep must be mentioned the methodical regularity, the almost automatic persistence, with which he adhered to habits which he had found beneficial to his health. Mr. Gladstone's body was like a chronometer: it was adjusted to a certain time, and kept so year in and year out, without a shadow of variation. His orderly mind possessed a horror of unpunctuality and the endless uncertainty that follows the lack of a fixed rule. Not that he was a martinet or a pedant, but he took care of his health. A saying of his that every piece of meat should be bitten thirty-two times is one of the many instances which might be cited as to the attention he pays to small things.

Mr. Gladstone, although not a teetotaler, has never emulated the exploits of some of his more bibulous predecessors. If he is not a teetotaler, he is at least a total abstainer from tobacco; he neither snuffs, chews, nor smokes either pipe, cigar, or cigarette. Nothing has induced him to yield to the seductions of the fragrant weed.

Another quality of his is the rare gift of concentration. The bump of concentration must, if there is anything in phrenology, be enormously developed. "Whatever the work may be he has in hand,"





MR. GLADSTONE AT EIGHTY-FIVE.

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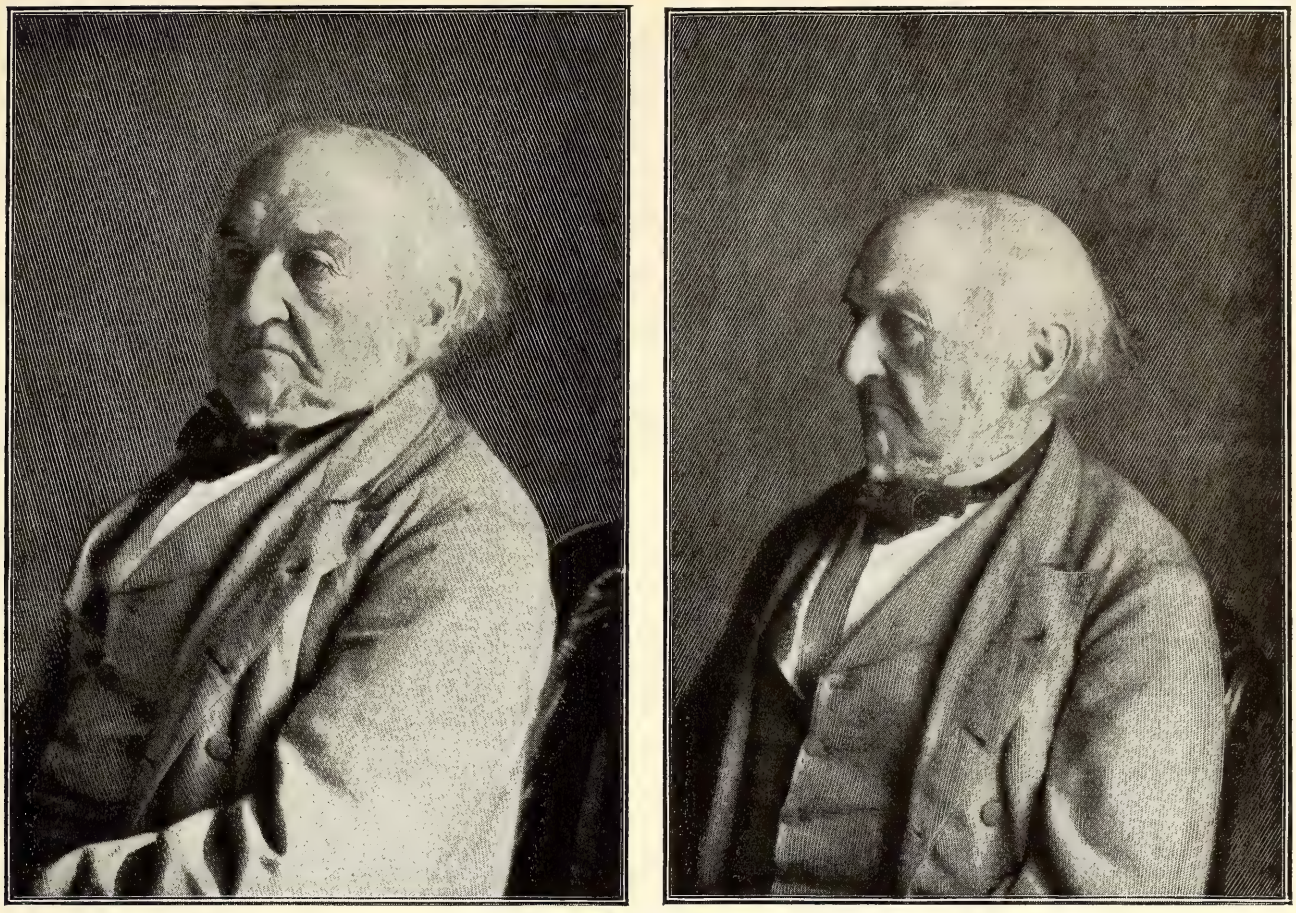
said a recent visitor at Hawarden, "it takes hold of him so entirely that he has to be roused from it as most are roused from sleep." This enabled him to be almost totally indifferent to his surroundings, a faculty simply invaluable to him, when, as leader of the House of Commons, he had to sit for hours together listening to the monotonous drone of irrelevant debate. Whilst able to concentrate himself so absolutely upon the subject in hand as to be oblivious of all the world, he was capable with the utmost ease of varying his subjects. It has long been his habit always to have three books in reading at the same time; and with all his strenuousness, Mr. Gladstone is well aware of the advantage of occasionally unstringing the bow. He reads novels with hearty gusto, and Miss Friedrichs, in her charming little volume, "Mr. Gladstone in the Evening of His Days," mentions that when he was worn out with several hours' steady, continuous work at indexing Bishop Butler, he recovered the tone of his mind by regaling himself in the evening with "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

Another thing, which might perhaps be classified as merely another phase of the same faculty, but one which, nevertheless, has helped to prolong his vigor, is that he has sedulously eschewed the practice of promiscuous newspaper reading. Mr. Arthur Balfour, the present leader of the House of Commons, has always made a point of never reading a newspaper at all unless he is compelled to do so, a rule which has certainly its advantages, but which could hardly be adopted by any one less audacious or less happily constituted than Mr. Balfour. He told me once that not only did it save a great deal of time to let your newspaper reading be done by other people, but it was so much more interesting to hear things at first hand for yourself instead of taking them second hand from newspaper reporters. Mr. Gladstone in the matter of newspaper reading stood midway between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bright. Mr. Balfour read nothing; Mr. Bright read every word in a morning newspaper, devoting regularly two hours a day to its perusal. Mr. Gladstone usually reads one newspaper regularly. It used to be the "Pall Mall Gazette," before it changed hands, and latterly it has been the "Westminster Gazette." "The



MR. GLADSTONE AT EIGHTY-FIVE.

From copyrighted photographs by Elliott & Fry, London, October, 1895.

Times," Mr. Gladstone has never read regularly. I remember his telling me in 1877 that he never looked at "The Times" for any other reason excepting to read the telegrams which Mr. W. J. Stillman, "The Times" correspondent in Montenegro, despatched as to the progress of the campaign against the Turk.

Another item that must be taken into account is the immense diversity of interests which Mr. Gladstone enjoys in life. He touches life at every side, with the exception of racing or gambling; and wherever he touches it, he thrills responsive to its touch. Merely to be prime minister—and Mr. Gladstone has three times been prime minister of the queen—is of itself sufficient to provide topics of interest for any ordinary person for the rest of his life. But Mr. Gladstone was never able to devote more than a section of his time to politics; he has probably spent more time over Homer than he ever did over the question of parliamentary reform, and at all times his interest in theology outbalanced his interest in mundane affairs.

It is thoroughly characteristic that his favorite hobby at the present moment should be the institution of a theological library which he has founded in the immediate proximity of Hawarden, providing it with a hostel where students who desire to study the theological books may be boarded and lodged for six dollars a week. St. Deiniol's Library contains on its shelves twenty thousand volumes, chiefly theological, which have been weeded from Mr. Gladstone's own library, and the institution has been endowed by him to some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is the hobby of his old age, and no theme of conversation ever arouses the veteran so surely as an allusion to St. Deiniol's, which has the Rev. Mr. Drew, his son-in-law, as its warden and librarian.

It is almost impossible to start any subject of conversation in which Mr. Gladstone cannot more than hold his own. Admirals in the navy have told me how amazed they have been when, seated next him at dinner, they have ventured to raise some question relating to the service. Mr. Gladstone, they said, always seemed to know more about it than they did, at least whenever it was a question of statistics, even although the statistics related to the number of stokers in the fleet or the average height and weight of sailors in the navy. There is a tradition to the

effect that on one occasion when Monsieur Chevalier, the eminent French economist, was invited to Downing Street to breakfast, he came away sadly disappointed, for Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright happened to raise the subject of corns, discussing chiropody in all its branches with a wonderful array of personal experience and literary reference which bewildered the Frenchman, who at first was under the illusion that the prime minister and the great free-trader were engaged in the discussion of the Corn Laws.

Wide as are the interests of this life, Mr. Gladstone is not content therewith, and he is devoting his declining years to a restatement of his theory of the next life. The last post-card I had from him—and Mr. Gladstone always uses post-cards—was to express the great interest he felt in reading some articles dealing with the results of psychical research published in "Borderland," and promising to refer to the subject of spiritism when he came to revise his article on immortality.

Add to all these things the fact that Mr. Gladstone has always lived a country life, when he could get the opportunity. Down at Hawarden, in the midst of the stately park which his wife inherited from her father, he has ever shown the keenest enjoyment of the pleasures of rural life. Not that he has devoted himself to practical agriculture. He is interested in the subject, no doubt, and has done what he could to raise the standard of farming in his own neighborhood; but his interest in agriculture was more that of the observer than of the expert. His exploits as a woodcutter have attained a world-wide notoriety, and, although it may be a mistake to imagine he was always chopping down trees, nevertheless the fact that he could find an immense fascination in the joys of felling timber shows in what trim he must have kept his muscles and how carefully he had nursed and developed his strength. He was always a very rapid walker, but now he seldom walks more than three or four miles a day.

Putting all these things together, they explain how it is that Mr. Gladstone, in the midst of the turmoil of party politics, has ever been able to preserve an equable and tranquil soul; while his observance of the laws of health, regular exercise, and the continual variety of his interests have enabled him to keep his mind brightly furbished to the last.

The newspapers have often published particulars as to the way in which Mr. Gladstone spends his day. They are all more or less founded on fact, but Mr. Gladstone's days have varied so much with the years and with the events in which he was taking part, that no general rule can be laid down. The beginning and end of each day, however, he has always endeavored to spend in the same way. At Hawarden, every morning, wet or dry, he attended early-morning service at eight o'clock, sometimes reading the lessons, if they were in need of assistance, but always being in his place taking part in the devotions which precede the work of the day. Miss Friedrichs mentions a significant fact, that no visitor to the castle has ever been allowed to speak to Mr. Gladstone on his walk to church. He pounds along by himself, silent, thinking over many things. Not until the service is over and he is wending his way home does he open his lips. As the day begins with the public worship of God, so it closes with prayers in his own household. On Sunday, no one is more punctual in attendance at evening service. It was noted at one time that when he was in the thick of a cabinet crisis, he went to church no fewer than three times in one day, although he was cabinet-making, and all the aspirants were on the tenterhooks of anxiety as to his decision. His reading of the service in the parish church at Hawarden was long one of the favorite attractions which led to the crowding of the church Sunday after Sunday. This was not done from any spirit of ostentation, but simply because the clergy needed assistance, and he was ready as usual to step in to fill a place where he might do good.

Nowadays, after spending two hours in bed reading and in preparation of the work of the day, he rises at ten, and proceeds to work in his library, where he attends either to his correspondence or literary work. His daughters save him as much as possible with his letters, which often pour in in floods; but a great deal of his correspondence he despatches with his own hand. Excepting when in office he never employs a secretary, answering his many letters by post-cards if possible. Post-cards, indeed, may claim Mr. Gladstone as their chief patron; he more than any man made the post-card respectable. Although many resent receiving communications from their friends by post-cards, Mr. Gladstone's example has rendered it possible to despatch such missives without offence.

After a busy morning's work, he lunches

THREE GENERATIONS OF GLADSTONES,—OCTOBER, 1895.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

with his family, and then returns once more to his books. Mr. Gladstone is fond of tea, but in his speeches he has found the most useful pick-me-up a small mixture of sherry and egg, prepared by Mrs. Gladstone, who never relegates that duty to another. In the evening he dines, and after dinner usually reads light literature, unless guests are present with whom he wishes to talk, and when in the country retires early to bed.

Of course, when in Parliament, he could not order his life on the same regular, tranquil lines, but, so far as he could, he did, by the adoption of the rule by which no opposed business was taken up after twelve o'clock.

Mr. Gladstone is punctual at meals, and is said to be able to dress for dinner in three minutes when in a hurry, and in five minutes when he is not pushed. No one knows better than he the importance of utilizing every spare moment. If he is left alone for five minutes at a railway station or in a friend's house, he is sure to be able to produce pen, ink, and paper, or a post-card, and proceeds there and then to despatch his correspondence.

I have said so much concerning Mr. Gladstone as a man, that I have no space to speak of him as a statesman. It may, however, not be without interest if I were to say a word or two as to how he stands now in relation to current questions. First and foremost, Mr. Gladstone is strongly in favor of Anglo-American arbitration. He deplores intensely what seems to him the extraordinary misunderstanding which has prevailed on the subject of the Venezuela frontier. Nothing but the application of a little common sense was, in his opinion, needed in order to secure the pacific settlement of the question at any moment. No one is more free from the lust of conquest than Mr. Gladstone. A hundred square miles more or less on either side of the boundary of British Guiana is to him a question of supreme indifference. But he is extremely anxious to see justice done, and deprecates extremely all menacing and blustering talk on either side, as to the possible consequences that might follow if certain contingencies were to arise. He consistently refuses to express any definite opinion as to the merits of a question which he has not thoroughly mastered, and he rather resents being asked whether or not he is in favor of arbitration between England and America. In such matters he maintains that actions

HAWARDEN PARK.

speak louder than words; and it is rather late in the day to demand if the statesman who referred the Alabama claims to the Geneva Tribunal and paid the award without a murmur, a quarter of a century ago, approves of arbitration. One of the last speeches he delivered in the House of Commons as prime minister was to express his cordial approval of the proposal to enter into negotiations with the United States government for the purpose of placing arbitration between the two English-speaking nations on a permanent basis. Mr. Gladstone, as is not unnatural for a man of his wide experience, is much more disposed to augur good things for the peace and tranquillity of the world by the cultivation of moderation in asserting claims and in a readiness to listen to the arguments of the other side, than to the operations of any tribunal which may be called in to settle disputes which, had a better temper prevailed, would never have arisen.

The immediate occasion which led Mr. Gladstone to leave office was, it is understood, not so much the failure of his eyesight, which a comparatively simple operation for cataract removed, leaving him almost as clear-sighted as ever; nor was it the gradual encroachment of deafness, which compels him, as it compelled Cardinal Manning in the last years of his life, to use his hand as an improvised ear-trumpet when any one is speaking whose articulation is not very clear and distinct. The real thing which precipitated his retirement was his unconquerable reluctance to the increased naval expenditure, which, in the opinion of his colleagues, was absolutely called for by the circumstances of the times. Mr. Gladstone has never been in sympathy with the expenditure in preparation for war. He is a born economist and a great lover of peace. It was under his administration of 1868 that the navy was steadily reduced in strength, until it seemed quite possible that instead of being able to cope successfully with any two naval powers, which is the normal standard of Britain's requirements, it would be as much as it could do to cope with that of France alone.

Of course England had still more ships than France, but then she had to scatter them much more, owing to the immense area of the empire and the enormous multiplicity of duties devolved on her fleets. It was with a very ill grace and a very heavy heart that Mr. Gladstone acquiesced in the extra naval vote of 1884, which was forced upon him by the publication of the article on "The Truth about the Navy," which appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette." That was the turning-point in the reconstruction of the British navy, and Mr. Gladstone, against his will, may be regarded as the founder of the new navy, by which Britannia at present rules the waves.

Mr. Gladstone, while not a teetotaler, is strongly in favor of something being done to cope with the ravages of intemperance. His own judgment is distinctly in favor of the adoption of some modification of the so-called Gothenberg system, by which the municipality or the state becomes the sole distributer of intoxicants. In this he is in agreement with the Bishop of Chester, in whose diocese he lives, and with the Duke of Westminster, who is his near neighbor at Eaton Hall, and with Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Gladstone's views on temperance, however, have never been pressed with the vehemence and fervor with which he has approached other doctrines in the course of his long and eventful career. Once, and once only, he attempted to deal with the licensing question. This was in 1870, when Lord Aberdare, then Mr. Bruce, introduced a licensing bill which would have had the result of enormously reducing the number of public houses. Unfortunately, as is usual in such cases, it did not go far enough to please the temperance men, while it went much farther than the publicans would stand. The measure was dropped, and never again introduced.

On Home Rule Mr. Gladstone holds his old opinions with unabated fervor. Should Providence spare him to 1898, he will probably find great occasion for his eloquence in the celebration of the centenary of the Irish rebellion of 1798; nor, considering the extreme tenacity with which he holds on to life, is it altogether out of the question that he may be spared to celebrate with appropriate execration the centenary of the act of Union of 1900. He would then be over ninety years of age, and at present he does not contemplate any such nonagenarian activity. His mind, indeed, is absorbed much more with speculations as to the immortality of the soul than in any question of mundane politics.

And now I must leave these brief and imperfect notes of the most notable of all living Englishmen. The fact that such a man, whose whole life has been a protest against international wrongdoing, who has flouted and scorned the popular delusion that empires are strong in proportion as they are aggressive, has been three times prime minister of the queen, and should now be regarded as a kind of supreme pontiff of Britain, is the best possible refutation of the popular delusion that John Bull is such a man as he is pictured by his foreign caricaturists.

It would be impossible to name any other country in the world in which the popular idol has been habitually and pointedly in opposition to the Jingo instincts of his countrymen; has stumped the country from end to end denouncing what he considered the infamies of the foreign policy of his government; and even when peace and war trembled in the balance, has not been ashamed to champion the cause of those whom he believed to be his country's enemies—even when the crowd mobbed him in the street and smashed his windows as a gentle reminder of the unpopularity of his opinions. The fact that this is the case in England with Mr. Gladstone may well give pause to those who for the last few months or more have been pointing at John Bull as if he were nothing but a buccaneer in top-boots. And because it is so, and because England stands for much more than mere imperial aggression; because there is in the heart of her common people a deep, underlying, instinctive moral sense, England is as great as she is to-day, and Mr. Gladstone is as great as he is in England. It is this, too, which justifies the confidence which he expressed when he said, "The work of England has been great in the past, but it will be still greater in the future. This is true I believe in the broadest sense of the English-speaking world. I believe it is also true of England herself. I think the part which England has to play and the influence of England in the world will be even vaster in the future than it is to-day. England will be greater than she has ever been."

THE COLORS OF THE "LAWRENCE."

A SURGEON'S TALE OF THE LAKE BATTLE FOR THE WEST.

By Clinton Ross,

Author of "The Countess Bettina," etc.

MASTER COMMANDANT PERRY stood talking with Master Commandant Eliot of the "Niagara." Captain Perry's eyes—I will call him captain, although he had not that title then—moved uneasily. For the moment I thought him too young. What could he do against the one-armed veteran of Trafalgar, Captain Heriot Barclay? Lieutenant Buchan, too, had fought with Nelson. Thump went my heart as I leaned over the rail, and Sailing-Master Taylor, brushing against me, rallied me on my pallor.

"Humph, doctor, are ye ready?"

"We've orders to have our instruments bared in that cock-pit," said I.

"It's a cock-pit too high up, eh?" said the sailing-master; and I assure you he was right about the wretched hole.

"What wall will ye have when a twenty-four-pounder comes sailing through the new oak and chestnut?"

I shook my head. He chuckled and passed on. I saw a great bird sailing high above, and the stretch of lake; saw, and did not see; for I was thinking just then of a girl I knew in New York; and of how I should have liked to see her for a moment. And then I was reminded by a groan below of a poor chap in the delirium of lake fever. And as I looked out at the ships lined before me, it all returned: the journey to Albany, and down the Mohawk, and over the corduroy roads, and on the lake in the dreary March winds, and the lonely sail to Presque Isle, and the dismal life we led at the tavern flaunting the creaking sign "Dunlop's Erie Hotel."

From the first it had been a perilous journey, an uncertain enterprise. No one supposed we could hold the West. Any moment the enemy's fleet might sweep down on us, and our captain, short of men, must have lost heart writing letters for supplies,—imploring them to send shipwrights, sailors, and money.

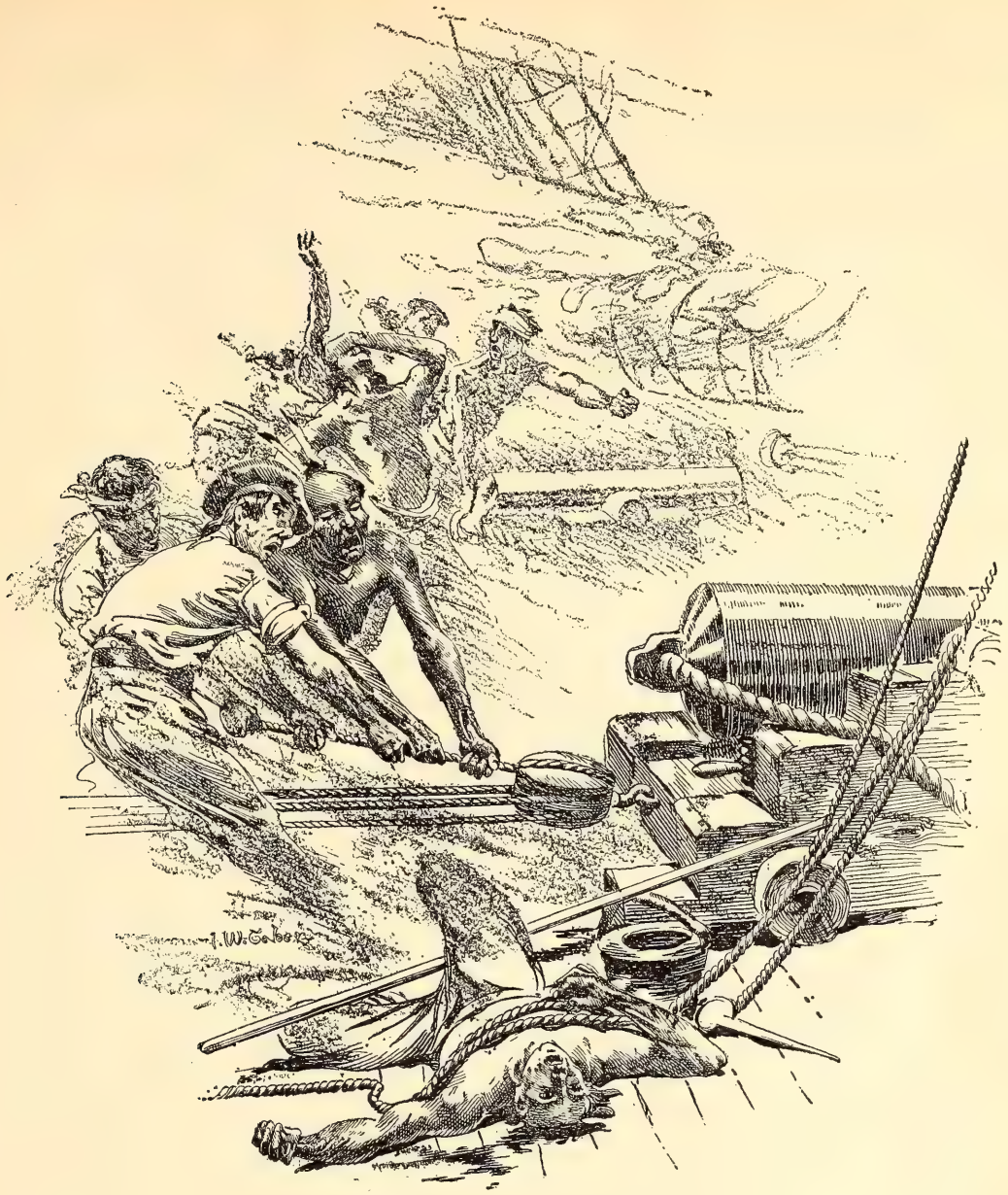
And now we were to fight! There the white fleet lay on the rippling lake over against us. Nine vessels were in our line; we of the "Lawrence" first. But these schooners and sloops were manned by as sorry a lot as captain ever had shuddered at. But a hundred and twenty-five were regulars; and the rest were raw enough,—woodsmen, negroes, and Indians, who knew no more of a ship than squalling babes. And, indeed, that moment Pohig, a Narragansett brave, said in his guttural they needed me in the cock-pit. I think I said something uncomplimentary to that cock-pit, which was already overcrowded, for there were twenty-two under doctor's care on the "Lawrence" alone, and indeed a hundred and sixteen unfit out of the four hundred and ninety of the fleet.

I paused a moment, looking out again at the beauty a sunny September morning gathers in these waters. The six white ships of the King still bore on, with flaunting canvas, carrying all told, as I was to know later, five hundred and two souls: one hundred and fifty from the Royal Navy; while of the two hundred and forty soldiers most were regulars. And then I looked about again. I had forgot my summons to the delirious chap below. I should have something besides mere fever to deal with before that day was over. And then among our motley crew I saw some men who had been on the "Constitution." Ah, they stood straight and fine, with just the right swing. Some of our fellows, after all, were not so bad.

At the moment a blue flag was unfurled at the main royal masthead, declaring in white letters, "Don't give up the ship."

I watched the men curiously, and before I thought joined in the cheer. I had not heard in my revery that the captain had been saying: "Shall I hoist it?" nor the answer, "Aye, aye, sir!" But now that it flew in the breeze it declared Captain Lawrence's last words, and swung out over the hastily built lake brig which the Secretary had given that bravest captain's name. The whistle piped to quarters; and I remembered my summons to the cock-pit.

A little fellow—once rosy cheeked, but



ON THE DECK OF THE "LAWRENCE."

now shaking with the ague—had asked for me.

"Don't tell me, doctor, that I can't be in it."

"Look here, Fraser," I said, "be quiet. You can't stir, do you hear?" I was irritable. But, remembering my professional manner, I added, "Oh, we'll see."

"The captain wishes you in his cabin, Mr. Moran," some one interrupted. I pressed Fraser's hand, and joined the captain. He was tying some papers, and turned to face me with a smile.

"The government's papers, Moran," he said. "We'll have a pretty warm time, I fancy, and you'll be busy."

"I dare say,—busy," said I.

"I hope not too busy, Moran. But you are the safest man to keep this packet. Should it go against us,—I have tied some shot to it,—drop it into the lake."

"Aye, sir," said I, taking the papers. "How are you feeling?"

"I don't seem to be over that trouble," he said, tearing up some letters.

"You certainly are not," said I, looking him over narrowly.

"What luck, when I need all my nerve!"

"You will have it, sir," said I, pouring something from a vial, for I had brought my case.

As he drank, he scattered the bits of torn paper—"My wife's letters,"—which made me think of the girl in New York, whom I had reason to believe might be thinking of me. Should I ever see her again?

"I don't care to have them get my private correspondence. As for the other papers—"

"I'll have that care."

"Pardon me, I know you will, Mr. Moran. But you see I'm nervous."

"I don't wonder."

"No, it means so much. The people don't realize that if we lose to-day they will carry out the old French idea, and Canada will reach clear to the Gulf."

"And the United States will stop at Ohio forever after," I added. "But they haven't done it."

He seized my hand at this. "No, they haven't." His eyes sparkled. "After all we have been through, and made and floated the fleet, it makes one fearful when the moment comes."

"Yes, it is here, sir. Listen."

It was a bugle call, followed directly by "Rule Britannia."

"That's from the 'Detroit.'"

"Their flagship."

"We are getting near. Hear the answer to 'Rule Britannia.'"

It was just our boatswain's whistle, but a faint color crept over his face, and then seizing my hand, he went above, calling back, "My work now, and yours will begin," which took me again to the cock-pit. As I moved about, putting the last touches to the place, I heard that grog and rations had been served, because we doubtless should not have the chance later. "He says we know how to beat those fellows," said one, a petty officer who was among those from the "Constitution." "Why, we've done it. We'll do it again."

"What are you doing now?" said I, turning.

"I heard the captain say to Mr. Taylor, 'Run to the lee of the islands'; and Mr. Taylor says, says he, 'Then you'll have to engage to leeward.' 'I don't care,' says our captain; 'windward or leeward, they'll have to fight to-day.' Eh, doctor, he's the captain."

"I believe he is, Perkins," said I; then Perkins chuckled, hitched his trousers, and went above. But directly I heard that a shift had put us to the windward.

And then the first gun broke in on the rattling noises of our deck, and others answered.

I rushed above, and watched the men at their posts, bared to the waists, muscles standing out tensely, faces set or twitching. A burst of smoke already was blurring that clear sky. And then something crashed into our deck, and the splinters flew as the report rang loud in my ears. I believe I just looked about coolly at our line, the schooners and sloops drawn up, a half-cable's length of each other. Lieutenant Yarnell observed me and nodded.

"The 'Lawrence' is to have most of this battle," he said. "The 'Queen Charlotte' is training on us."

He scarcely had spoken before we heard a great crash above, and our mainmast tottered. The sound was followed by another rush of breaking timbers, and some one was shouting there was a hole in our hull. I did not notice now. I was watching two groaning fellows who were being carried below; and I hastened to the work there. These were hardly stretched out before others were brought. Their suffering faces stare at me even now of nights; and in dreams I can hear their cries in a deafening din.

And I, too, was stripped to the waist, turning now and then to inquire. We had drawn to closer quarters, and were engaging the "Detroit," the "Queen Charlotte," the "Lady Prevost."

"I believe I'm done for," said a groaning fellow, and I saw it was my friend Perkins, the petty officer.

"Nonsense," said I, turning him on his side.

"I'm not groaning at that hole, doctor," said he, "but because the cannonading has made it fall calm, and the others can't support us. Oh, but it does hurt."

"It's only a scratch," said I. "But the 'Scorpion' and the 'Ariel' are close behind us?"

"They alone, and engaging the 'Chippewa.' It looks bad, doctor."

"Oh, 'don't give up the ship,'" said I.

"That we won't," he cried, pushing me aside.

"Come back, man," I cried.

"I'm bandaged enough," said he, and was gone. The next I saw of him was when an hour later I stumbled over his body. I should have hindered his return to his post; but I had no time to follow him, for others were being brought constantly, until we knew not where to put them, much less to give them proper care. My arms absolutely dripped with blood and perspiration, and those we tended were black and red with powder and worse. A crash in the china closet was followed by a howl, and I remembered Midshipman Forest had left his spaniel there.

"We're all howling," I muttered, half crazy myself.

"Dress that, doctor," came a faint voice over my shoulder.

"Presently," I said; then I saw he was Midshipman Lamb.

"Let me see," I believe I said, when there was another horrid crunching of timbers, and Lamb was against the side, where he had been carried by a twenty-four pounder. I rubbed my eyes, and at that moment another of these plunging pounders sailed past my assistant, Usher's head.

You can imagine we could do nothing in such a place; that we lost the little wit we had; although I tried as well as I might. Twice Lieutenant Yarnell came below; pointed to his arm or face; and, when we had tied him up, went back to his post.

"How is the captain?" I asked.

"A shot through his hat, and his clothes all torn, but I don't believe he is hurt."

"You're not fit to go above."

"Where can you stow me?" he said, rushing away.

Presently I heard a calm voice, strong in the noise. "I'm short of men, doctor. Send up one of your men."

I motioned to Brown, who without a word went above. Just then I felt something trickling on my face, and looking up saw the planking above had sprung, and a red stream was breaking through.

"For heaven's sake, put me out of this," came one of the voices. I was bending over him, when again Captain Perry sang out:

"Brown is down. Send another."

It was not five minutes before the same voice came: "Another;" while a spar crashed.

"Who the devil, sir, is going to look after these chaps?" I sang out.

"How many are you?"

"Two, and some fifty men to look after."

"Can any of the wounded?"

"They are a bad lot, sir."

"Come yourself, Mr. Moran."

I turned from my patient. I indeed could do little there. The cries and groans of these poor chaps sickened me. One of them, the Narragansett Indian, Pohig, suddenly rose, when he was pinned a writhing mass against the side.

"Go, Mr. Moran," Usher said in a husky whisper; and I turned and fled; and slipped in the gloom above,—for the thick smoke had left the deck not less dim than the mess-room. Bodies were piled everywhere; gun carriages on their sides as if carelessly tossed; and whizzing and bursting sounds about my ears.

Mr. Taylor came slipping and limping across the deck.

"Here,—at that gun!"

"Here!" said the captain himself.

There were three of us training that gun: Mr. Pierce, the chaplain; the purser, and I, the surgeon; and close beside it, his face staring into the smoke, lay my assistant, Brown.

I think I swore, but the chaplain at this unclerical work did not reprove me. I remember I said: "Curse a ship that has to use a mess-room above the water-line for a cock-pit." I was thinking of the twenty-four-pounders which had carried poor Lamb and the Indian Pohig into eternity. And then, as we were training the gun, a voice was in our ears:

"You needn't. It's our last gun."

Mr. Field, the purser, rose from his knees. The chaplain, I saw, had a tear on his face; but then he was a minister. As for me, I looked up at the blue flag.

Captain Perry seemed to read me.

"Yes, the ship, but not the battle. Yarnell, lower a boat."

"You will leave us?" said I.

"For the 'Niagara,'" and he pointed to her looming near through the fog. I understood.

"But the 'Lawrence,'" said I.

The boat had been lowered now. I remember I heard a voice:

"But the colors, captain?"

He too looked up there where the blue flag still waved. "We'll take that to the other ship."

Then I heard something like a sob. Now, I don't mind a man yelling with pain, for it is my trade to hear that; but a man sobbing cuts into my heart; and this cry came from Mr. Yarnell, one of the bravest officers that ever served. He looked queer enough, as we all did,—not more than twenty left, all told; our faces black as the negroes', and tracked with perspiration; our bodies smeared with soot and blood; our clothes torn.

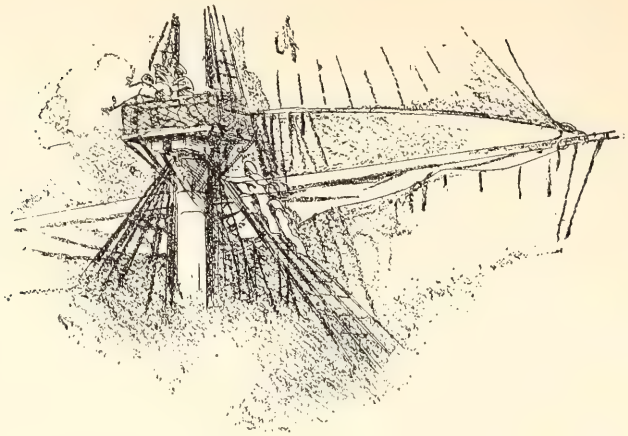
But Captain Perry put his hand on his shoulder.

"We must have the day, Yarnell. What is the 'Lawrence' to that?"

Then Yarnell straightened up, and smiled through his tears and the blood trickling from a scalp wound.

"I'll stand by the 'Lawrence,' captain."

The captain gave us all a cheering look as he leaped over the side. And I wondered this was the same man who three hours before (I have learned since that it was



CAPTAIN PERRY ROWING FROM THE "LAWRENCE" TO THE "NIAGARA."

just two hours and forty-five minutes) had talked to me in the cabin. And I remembered the packet he had given me, which I had stuffed away in a drawer in that terrible cock-pit:

"Shall I sink the papers?"

"Yes, if it comes to that," he sang back; and the last I saw he was erect in the boat, still regardless of the whizzing balls, and his brother at his side, and the four men bending to their oars. His figure gave me new spirit, and I remembered Usher at his hard duty in the cock-pit. As I stumbled to the passage, Yarnell stopped me.

"We can't stand this."

I looked up at the Stars and Stripes, still flying, if the blue flag *was* lacking.

"We have lost half our colors, and we must the rest?" said I, like a man in a bad dream. The colors seemed that moment more to me than all those dead and wounded and the wrecked ship.

"They're battering us to pieces. Mustn't we save these few?"

And he pointed to those left standing.

"We must make the wounded comfortable, too?"

"But the colors," gasped another voice; when turning I saw Midshipman Dulany Forest; and then I remembered, and answered fiercely:

"It's not the colors now. We're beaten, man."

But I could not endure seeing it done, loudly as I had spoken; and without lifting my eyes I went to my work; and such work as it was I do not care even to

think about now. Then directly the crashing above paused. The colors were down, that meant; and I heard a low cheer over the water from the king's ship; but with us only were the groaning men, and Mr. Forest's spaniel howled, as he had since the crash in the china closet.

As for me I did not dare think, I say. I had enough to do, Heaven knows. The sight of poor shattered Mr. Brooks, who had been always my good friend, took away the little spirit I had left. But finally I was so faint that again I stumbled on deck; and there I saw Mr. Yarnell directing the raising of our ensign. Yes, that flag was going up over the "Lawrence" again.

"What does it mean?" I asked; but I saw in a glance.

"That the 'Niagara' has borne down through their line, and the fight has turned."

"He reached the 'Niagara' then?"

You know how it was. The "Queen Charlotte," in trying to bring fresh broadsides into play on the "Niagara," had been left at the wind's mercy through a downhaul of one of her sails, and had been brought afoul of the "Detroit." The "Niagara," backing her main topsails, had run across bow and stern of the two fouled King's ships, tearing them fore and aft with her starboard broadside; and keeping on, she paid the "Lady Prevost" the same attention. Our "Caledonia," "Ariel," "Somers," "Scorpion," "Tigress," and "Porcupine" had followed, carrying away the "Detroit's" masts and the "Queen Charlotte's" mizzenmast. And as I came on deck, the "Niagara" was engaging the "Hunter."

"You see I think I am right about running up our colors," said Yarnell.

"That looks as if you were," said I, pointing to the "Hunter's" taffrail, where an officer was waving a white handkerchief from a boarding spike. Again he waved it; and we knew we had won the Lakes.

But the groans on our deck took away our cheers, and I turned to that work. Now, you must know I had not been long away; for all this decisive part of the action was a matter of but eight minutes. They were precious moments, I can assure you, with all the arms and legs and heads I had to bandage.

"He's coming back," said Mr. Pierce, the chaplain, coming to us at this dismal task. For I had lost all of my professional zest.

"Who?" said I dully.

"The captain, and the blue flag."

"Let me see him, the captain!" said the man I was tending,—"back again, is he?"

"You can't," said I. "Keep still."

"But I will."

And he tottered up despite us, reminding me of Perkins, the petty officer, who had done the same earlier in the action; whose body lay by a starboard gun.

"Usher," said I, "I must see that blue flag go up!" I spoke like a child.

"But these?" he said reproachfully.

"I'll be back. They must give us help. We can't do all this alone;" and I put my hands to my ears to keep out their groans.

"The captain is back?" came a voice shrilly.

"Yes, back. We've got 'em," piped another.

"Well, I don't care so much," said a chap who had both arms shot away.

"I must take his hand," said I to my assistant, Usher, again; "I'll be away—well, five minutes."

"Go, of course," said the armless man. "Cheer the captain for me."

"Are ye tellin' me, we've beat 'em, Mr. Moran?" asked another, forgetful of pain.

"Yes, and the captain is back on the 'Lawrence,'" said I, hastening to the deck; for I declare I wanted to see that blue flag make our colors complete more than I wished a sight of that girl in New York.

And what a crowd were we, as we stood banded and splinted at the side; while the decks were red and slippery, and the groans of the suffering took the place of cheers. For we greeted him silently, and he himself but said, as he looked over human fragments, cannon dismounted, carriages broken, and shattered timbers:

"Put up the blue flag on the 'Lawrence,' for she was given up but to win the fight."

Battered Yarnell took his captain's hand, as he came over the side, and we crowded about him; and our hearts, if not our mouths, cheered; for his unconquerable will had gained that day what General Hull had lost. Yes, he alone had,—this boyish Master Commandant Oliver Hazard Perry. And if we did not cheer with our mouths, it was because of the groans of the suffering.

Shortly the surviving officers of the King's fleet were over the side, and looked wonderingly at the havoc they had made, and slipped in the blood, and stumbled

over the bodies, as they went to deliver their swords to our captain, who returned them with civility, remembering how nearly he had lost. And above waved the two flags,—the blue with Captain Lawrence's words, which Captain Perry had made of even greater meaning.

Now I must tell you how strangely, some few minutes after this, I remembered I had forgot his order to drop the packet of official papers overboard. I left my work, and hurried to him. I believe now I was in a daze, as well I might be. He was handing a letter to Midshipman Forest.

"I forgot to sink that packet when we struck our colors," I cried.

"You did, eh?" said he. "But the colors are up; so I'll pardon you, Mr. Moran. You see, I have just sent General Harrison these words: 'We have met the enemy, and they are ours,—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and two sloops.'"

I turned, without a word, to my work among the human wreckage this great lake fight had made; and you may believe I was kept busied for days; and Mr. Pierce, the chaplain, too, when the leaded shrouds were sent whirring down into the depths of that lake for whose control these men had given their lives.

And such is war. If the "Lawrence" flew her colors at the end, what mattered it to those chaps in the leaded shrouds?

But perhaps it does matter to men to die as they did, as it has to these United States to have the great territory of the West held because Captain Oliver Hazard Perry didn't know when he was beaten.

THE LADDER OF GRIEF.

By Octave Thanet,

Author of "Stories of a Western Town," "Knitters in the Sun," etc.

THERE was a great deal of sympathy in Fairport for Mr. Markham when his wife died. Silas Markham was the president of the principal bank, a man respected by every one, although he had no intimate friends. He was a just man; in many ways he was merciful, and he would keep his word to his hurt; but there was about him always a reserve, a species of coldness, building a barrier beyond which, to the knowledge of Fairport, only one human being had ever passed. This one person was his wife. His love for her the very servants in the house knew; and they served him the better for it, because they all loved her.

Now that, after a few hours' illness, and a swift unconsciousness that never lifted, the wife had slipped out of the world with no last words, she who would not have dismissed a beggar ungently, and he was left alone in his desolate house, unconsoled by so much as the memory of a last embrace, his sorrow was of a kind that any one could pity. Yet, really, no one knew its compass. During those first stunned weeks he hardly realized it himself; but now it was coming to him with every day, with every horrible night. Markham was a man of will. He had no more mind to be crazy than he had to seek an ignoble and brutal forgetfulness of his torment in drink or opium. Yet night after night he slept only to dream one hideous dream. He was always seeking Agnes. The night damp would be in his hair, and the dream chill in his heart, as he would wander over a vast and treeless prairie trying to find his wife, while the faint light on the edge of the horizon faded. He never found her. Always he woke up in a dreadful fright at the darkness and something horrible which was about to happen. And awake, he would put out his hand and remember, but have no tears to relieve his scorched heart. One day he said to himself, "I *must* get nearer to her, somehow, or I shall go mad!" He was sitting, as he used to sit of an evening, in his library, the neglected newspapers littering the desk, his head sunk on his breast, thinking. Rather, one should say, dreaming, since thought is too orderly a word for that dreary and aimless drift of past scenes. At intervals his numbed will would struggle to tear him away from the wretched panorama, but it was not strong enough to hold him; he always harked back to it, and was living over again moments bitter or sweet.

The library was a beautiful room. It was she that chose all the books; she that

planned the great mullioned window and the fireplace, and the sombre richness of furniture. "This is to be *your* room, Si," she had said. "I'm going to make it to represent you; it is to be characteristic."

"But why not represent you, too?" said he.

"The whole house represents me," she smiled back, "you are so indulgent!"

"Am I?" he asked lightly. She flushed; her eyelids fell.

"I never asked for but one thing you didn't grant me," said she; and her eyes for one troubled instant questioned his. But he made no answer. He knew what she meant, but felt no desire to discuss this one point of variance; and perhaps her courage was exhausted when she mentioned it. Aggie was not a daring woman. How the color would dapple her cheek, her pretty, oval cheek, when she tried to say something; and she never could hold her sweet voice even. But how brave she was, too! When the children were born, the poor little babies that died, it was *he* was the coward; she— He broke down, remembering. It was well; it was good for him to cry. Then he looked at her picture above the desk. A great artist had painted it. Why had the fellow made her look so sad? The babies' deaths were hard to bear; but it was five years since little Silas died, and *he* was still with her, and she loved him—surely she loved him; surely he made her happy. Yet that crank had made her lovely dark eyes so wistful, and her smile was sadder than tears. It was ridiculous to imagine that the one thing about which they differed, which neither of them, by tacit consent, ever mentioned, could have been a shadow on her life. He turned restlessly away from the canvas, and tried to fix his attention on the plans for the children's hospital which he was building as a memorial of his wife. But almost immediately he pushed the neat parchment rolls away, and his head sunk on his hands.

"If I could only dream of her," groaned the lonely man; "she said she would come to my dreams."

As married lovers will, they had talked of the dread possibility of loneliness. She had introduced the subject, and he had checked her, clasping her almost roughly to his heart, crying, "I couldn't *live* without you!" But smiling, with a thrill, over his violence, she had continued, "Si, I would come back to you; we should be so near. I could get back to your dreams, I know."

"Near?" he murmured.

"I believe"—and now she was pressing her face close to his heart, and he could not see it—"I believe I could come. You know what the theosophists think, and don't you remember that lovely book of Du Maurier's and those two lovers who could 'dream true'? It was because their souls were so near—like ours."

The remembrance of that promise came to him as he knelt by a still form and talked, half-crazed, to his dead wife the whole night through. "I'll get near enough, Aggie; you'll see, you'll see!" he had whispered, stroking her hair with his gentlest touch. To-night his lip curled and his heart was ice as he retraced his efforts to get nearer to Aggie. Once he had gone to a limp, scared little spiritual medium whose husband rented rooms in one of his buildings, and he had sat on a dingy plush sofa, and watched the sunbeams gild the dust on a rickety table and a strange woman behind the table "acting Aggie," until he sickened of the profanity. At the end of the second "trance" he rose and handed the medium a bank note, the figure on which sent the blood into her sallow cheeks.

"I think this will pay you for your trouble, madam," he said; "I shall not come any more." The medium hoped that the communications had given him comfort, and was sorely puzzled by his reply: "No, ma'am. But I think I understand." With which, and a solemn bow, he fared forth from her presence, and the red plush sofa and the dusty table knew him no more.

"It wasn't Aggie"—so he summed up his experience—"though she told things only Aggie and I knew; but she didn't tell anything outside my thoughts; and I had no business, I nor any other decent man, to go where my thoughts of my wife could be pulled out of me."

The same harassing longing for a spiritual sense of his wife's presence sent him to her church, although he did not like either the church or the rector. The church was "high;" and to Markham, the pagan son of Puritan parents, the ritual of the church was merely a spectacle, tawdry or tedious, according to the pomp with which it was presented. The rector was a young man whose earnest soul would have moved his Western auditors more had it not been expressed with an English accent. Markham put no objections in his wife's path, but he stayed home and read the papers. When Mrs. Mark-

ham died, the parish sorely missed her open hand. Therefore, when, one Sunday, a tall, erect, thin man, with a beautiful gray head and a profile fine and stern enough for a Roman coin, walked composedly down the aisle after the flock of crumpled cottas, the rector's pulses bounded. Markham was so rich, and, were he so minded, he could be so generous; and they were so poor!

The rector kept his hopes under cover, but the senior warden said frankly: "I do hope you can hold him; there's no telling what he'll do if we can get him interested."

Six Sundays the rector held him, during which time gradually the listener came to exert a singular and sinister influence over the preacher. He felt himself dogged from the versicles to the benediction by a baffling sense of failure. He unfolded the beauties of the higher life and the mystic helpfulness of the church services with all the ardor of young zeal; and the rigid shape in the Markham pew, which neither rose nor knelt, the immovable, attentive, unresponsive countenance bent on him, while the man sat with his wife's hymnal unopened in his hand, turned into a kind of a spectre of the skepticism of the whole world. His studied arguments and his eager, boyish appeals beat against the man of the world's indifference as helplessly as a child's fists against a locked door. It bewildered, then it disconcerted the preacher; in the end, it nearly palsied his tongue. The Sunday that saw the Markham pew empty, saw the rector, amid his humiliation and his dismay at the vision of the senior warden's reproaches, drawing a guilty sigh of relief. After all, there was no fear of the senior warden; he was in high feather over Markham's farewell check; he congratulated the rector heartily.

"He came to see what he thought of us; and it is plain he thought that we deserved his wife's interest," declared the senior warden. "I guess he sees now there is something in the High Church besides candles and a boy choir. And that reminds me, don't you think we could afford to have the boys' cottas done up twice a month now? They do look pretty mussy by the fourth Sunday."

And Markham was sitting at his library desk gazing wearily at the plans for the hospital. "Everything fails," he said; "this will fail too, I suppose. Why doesn't Wheatly come?"

Like an answer the heavy door opened, and Milly the waitress glided into the room with the lugubrious mien that was her own tribute of sympathy, and in a hushed voice announced "Mr. Wheatly, sir. Shall I fetch him in here?"

Wheatly had been Markham's lawyer for years; he might almost be called an intimate friend. "Markham's got a heart somewhere," he often assured his wife, "and any day I'm liable to find it." He was a tall man, of a dignified portliness, with a noble bald head and shrewd blue eye. He joyed in battle, and bullied jury and judge alike, and, one may say, won his cases with a sledge-hammer; but nobody charged smaller fees to poor clients, or could be gentler to the friendless and undefended.

He greeted Markham, and plunged at once into the business of their meeting. They settled the details of the deeds in entire harmony; but, the business concluded, Wheatly fidgeted in his chair, puffing hard on his Henry Clay, and twice opening his lips and shutting them again, in the manner of the man who oscillates between speech as good and silence as better. Suddenly he said brusquely, "Markham, my wife says I ought to tell you something."

"Mrs. Wheatly is always right," said Markham with his dry politeness.

"You see, Markham, we have known Mrs. Markham ever since she was a little girl—why, I taught her to ride her first pony, in the old major's time—"

"And do you think I shall ever forget how kind you were when the major died and they were left without anything?"

"That was nothing. What I meant to say was that Agnes naturally felt to us almost as if she had been a niece or such a relation, and—and she used to talk to us about her friends the Haskills. I fancy," said the lawyer, carefully watching the glowing ash of his cigar, "that we were the only people to whom she did say anything about them. She was rather anxious about Mrs. Haskill's health. She hasn't been well. The fact is, that woman works too hard. She makes light of it, but she has worked her strength all out. Agnes was deeply attached to Mrs. Haskill, you know. And one day she asked me to draw up her will. It was the day before she was taken ill, and perhaps she didn't have time to tell you about it."

Markham bent to pick up a paper-weight which clattered to the oaken floor. He wore his face of wood. "She did not tell me," said he.

"Well,"—the lawyer found it easier not to look at his friend as he spun off the items of the will—"she left a list of friends to whom she wished you to give keepsakes out of her jewels. I think you have anticipated her wishes there; I know you have with us."

"If you will give me the list, I will attend to it," said Markham in an emotionless tone.

"She left some money to each of the servants."

"I have given each of them a hundred dollars. I thought of that myself," said Markham.

"She left a thousand dollars to the church, St. Anne's, and five hundred to the rector."

"I sent five thousand to the church; I'll attend to the rector," said Markham.

"She left five hundred to the hospital, for a children's ward."

Markham silently laid his finger-tips on the heap of architect linen with its neat drawings in colored inks.

"All the residue of her estate she left to Emma Haskill."

Did he expect any sign of feeling from his client? Markham gave none whatever. For a second there was silence; Wheatly puffed on his cigar and looked at the portrait. The wistful eyes met his. He strangled a sigh.

"She didn't sign the will?" said Markham.

"No; I simply took her instructions for it, and she was to come in another time. It's so much waste paper—legally." Markham lighted a fresh cigar; but Wheatly noticed that a good half of a cigar was charring on the table beside the paperweight.

"I'm afraid Haskill is in pretty bad shape," said he. "He was on Keene's bond, and the runaway has done him up; he will lose his house and every dollar he has in the world. It's too bad. Ralph's an honest man, though he belongs to the class that always bet on the losing horse. As for Emma Haskill"—Wheatly looked at this instant just as he looked when he dominated the courtroom and gave the judge to understand both law and justice were on his side, wherever his honor might be found—"I don't know a better woman."

"Wheatly," said Markham, "she is the only woman in the world that I dislike."

"I was afraid of that," said Wheatly.

"My wife and I never had but one difference. That was about her. She was a school-girl friend of Aggie's. She had great influence over her. I never liked her, but I was civil. We held different opinions on every subject, and she didn't in the least conceal what she thought; she is one of those loud-voiced, shrieking women that like to argue. I didn't care to argue with her, so avoided meeting her. I told Agnes frankly that I didn't like being schooled by her friend; the house was as much hers as mine, but I should be obliged if she would choose those hours to invite Mrs. Haskill when I could be absent. Unluckily, Mrs. Haskill overheard me, and she chose, later, to make a scene with Aggie, and refused to enter the house again. Agnes cried herself sick over the episode, and that didn't make me feel any more kindly towards the woman. Aggie used to go there, and she was always doing things for them; but I saw nothing of them. Once—after—after our little boy died, she asked me could she have that oldest girl of the Haskill's, the one they named after her, up to the house for a two weeks' visit. I said she could. But I went away that night and stayed for two weeks. I made a pretence of sudden business. She never asked for the child again. But she was always going to see them and giving them things." He set his teeth on the next sentence and stopped. Milly softly opened the door, she softly stole into the room, and, nodding her head gloomily, announced in the lowest of voices that use the vocal chords, "Mr. Haskill begs you'll see him a moment as a great favor, sir."

"Very well, I'll see him—here," said Markham.

Wheatly rose; he had no choice but to make his farewell. Nevertheless, as he told his wife, he felt that that well-meaning idiot would kick over the whole bucket of fish.

For a few minutes Markham was left alone. He was facing a grotesque and horrible dilemma, for he was angry with his dead wife. To be angry and rage futilely is an ugly pain; but to be angry with the dead that we love, to know that they can never hear our reproaches or justify themselves and put us in the wrong—this wrings the soul! For, however angry we may be with them while alive, we have always, under our anger, the hope that they have not wronged our love, and that it is we, not they, who will need to be forgiven. But Agnes could never explain. There was left him—yes, there was one thing left him; and his mind darted to a purpose bearing little good for the man in the hall.

"Good evening, Mr. Markham," said a deprecating voice. Markham did not take the pains to smile. He was on his feet already, therefore he did not rise. Haskill extended a hand that fell instantly, Markham busying himself in pushing a chair at his visitor.

"What can I do for you this evening, Mr. Haskill?" said he. Haskill sat down on the edge of the chair, a great leathern armchair that looked ready to engulf him entirely. He was a small man, prematurely bald, wrinkled under the eyelids. His skin was fair, flushing readily, and (in Markham's opinion) he was prone to equally irrational fever fits of fear and hope. In his early manhood he had inherited a small fortune, promptly lost in headlong ventures. Since then he had been a clerk in a dry goods shop, advancing no farther than the silk counter, although every one liked to trade with Ralph Haskill. He had made a careful toilet, the sight of which had given him a flicker of confidence as he stood before the mirror at home; but now, while Markham's cold eye travelled from the shiny seam of the left elbow to the neatest of patches in the hem of his right trouser leg (why must he have tried to learn to ride a wheel when he had on his good clothes?), he felt suddenly poor and shabby—the man who had failed begging of the man who had succeeded. His tongue grew too large for his dry throat. "I have come to—to ask a favor of you, Mr. Markham," he said.

"So I presumed," said Markham. It was not an encouraging beginning of the interview.

"I shouldn't want you to call it exactly a favor, either," said Haskill, struggling not to seem so dejected as he was. "I am sure, Mr. Markham, little as you may like me, you are a just man."

"I don't see what my liking or disliking you has to do with that," said Markham, cruelly at his ease.

Haskill forced the quivering muscles of his mouth into a smile. "Of course, it hasn't; but I mean I think you wouldn't let any prepossession against me make—make you decide unjustly."

"No?" said Markham.

"This is the case with me," said Haskill, gulping down something in his throat; "my wife is sick. She's worked like a dog for me and the children. God knows I've tried to make money, but either I'm too honest or I'm too stupid or I get to believing in the wrong things Whatever's the reason, we haven't got on; and my wife's done everything, Mr. Markham. She's scrubbed the floors, she's worked in the garden, she's made the children's clothes, she's gone without a girl when there were two babies, together, and—always so cheerfully—" He choked, and his eyes filled, but he straightened the quiver in his voice, going on quickly: "The doctor says she must go to Colorado. It isn't—there's no hemorrhage; and, besides, they cure consumption nowadays. He told me he'd engage she would be well to go this winter and rest. If Aggie—if my oldest girl could go with her and they needn't travel poor, but have a section in a sleeper and board in a comfortable place—I know she'd get well. I haven't anything to raise money on or I wouldn't come to you, Mr. Markham; but you know about Keene. My house and the few hundreds we had saved—they're all gone. It's my wife's life at stake, Mr. Markham,—" For the first time his haggard eyes interrogated Markham's, and the anguish in him overflowed. "Mr. Markham, you've lost your wife; you know what it is. I can't sleep nights, I'm so worried. And the doctor's sure she'll get well if she can go." Markham's brow wrinkled, which meant that he was moved; he couldn't tell, himself, whether it was irritation or a faint rousing of pity. But his mind was so crowded with its tumult of anger and suspicion that the other feeling could not edge into the crowd. Yet it did stand outside; he did perceive its presence. Poor Haskill desperately blundered on: "I wouldn't have ventured to ask such a favor, but it isn't as a favor. Emma says we've the right to tell you the truth. It's this way, Mr. Markham. Aggie" (Markham shut his teeth at the familiar diminutive of his wife's name), "Aggie came to our house the very week before she died, and she was talking with Emma, and she told Emma she ought to go South this winter, and she said, 'I'll see you go, Emma,' says she; 'and if anything happens to me, you'll find I haven't forgotten you and little Aggie.' Those were her very words."

"What you mean is that my wife meant to leave you money in her will?" said Markham.

"Yes, sir," said Haskill; and he gripped the arms of his chair with both hands.

"I suppose you know every cent she had I gave her. She died without making a will. The money coming back thus to my hands by law, do you think I am bound to pay it out?"

"Didn't you give it to her?" said Haskill. The sweat beaded his pale face; his eyes were wild.

"He is suffering," Markham thought; but the thought, like his transient pity, was outside a fixed intention, which seemed to possess him.

"Didn't you give it to her for her own—not to take back?" cried Haskill.

"Yes, I gave it to her for her own," said Markham.

"And wouldn't you think that what she wanted, you ought to do even—even if she was dead?"

"Yes," said Markham, "I would. Let me ask you a question. Would you think my obligation ended there?"

"I don't understand you, sir; maybe I'm stupid—or it's being so—so anxious."

Markham frowned again. "I mean, do you think I am bound to do any more than divide what property my wife left according to her wishes, so far as I know them?"

"No, sir. If you divide Aggie's money as she wished, what more could we ask?"

"Well, you might ask that *I*, out of my own money, should give what she wanted given."

"Certainly not, sir. It is only what she left—"

"I don't intend to take one cent of any money left by Mrs. Markham," said Markham, looking full at Haskill; and, somehow, in spite of the reassuring words, the man felt his heart curdle within him. "But, Mr. Haskill, do you know how Mrs. Markham invested that money? *You* had faith in Keene; he gave you a commission. You wanted her to invest—"

"She put that money with Keene?" Haskill's voice was not more than a whisper. "You—you let her?"

"As you have said, Mr. Haskill, it was her money; I let her."

Haskill shrunk back in his chair. "Is it all gone?" said he.

"All, I think."

An instinct that he did not recognize averted his eyes from the crushed creature in the chair. He half wished—but Haskill was on his feet; he was speaking; and it was queer that his voice should be firmer than it had been yet. "I'll not trouble you longer, Mr. Markham. I hope—I hope Aggie did not know."

"No, she didn't know."

Haskill said, "I'm glad for that," and would have walked out of the room; at the door he tottered.

"You're not well!" said Markham, touching the decanter on the desk. "A glass of wine?"

But Haskill, with almost a glance of horror, waved him aside. Then, the swing of the door in his ears, Markham remembered some stories of Haskill's youth, before he married. "He might find that beastly sort of oblivion more tempting than I," he thought. He turned away. He looked at the picture. His heart was numb. "O Aggie, come back, come back and tell me *why* you did it!" he cried, stretching out his hands. And even as he spoke, his wrath was cut off like the foam upon the water. He had driven straight towards his ferocious purpose, under the first sting of his knowledge; but now that he had transferred his torture to another soul he was seized with a sick disgust of his own cruelty. It was base in him to stand by in his perverse pride and let Aggie fling her little fortune away. "When I hoped she would lose it and find out what a crazy loon he was, and it would make a coolness between them!" he cried. He had prided himself coldly that he was a just man. Was it just to punish his wife through these humble people that she loved? "I suppose," he said aloud—he was getting into a silly habit of talking to himself; it was part of his distempered state now that he had lost his only confidant—"I suppose I was jealous. I wasn't afraid that she loved Emma Haskill as she loved me; I knew better. Aggie, I knew, I knew how you loved me; but I was jealous because you didn't love me so absorbingly that you would give up anything that I asked you to, just because I asked you. If you had been willing, I would not have demanded it." Then he returned to every inflection of Haskill's voice and every motion and change of expression in his pitiful face. "The man," he muttered, "is suffering like me! He loves his wife, too!" He did not despise Haskill the less, but he began to pity a pain that was in the similitude of his own. Markham was a man of narrow imagination, and therefore he was an untender man in general; but here he could picture with a frightful vividness exactly the frame of mind of this other husband to whom he had just denied his wife's life. "Confound her! he shall have her if he wants her so infernally bad," he burst out at last, "if my money can give her to him."

All night he tore his soul with new doubts and fears. The light was stealing into the luxurious room before he threw

himself on the lounge and sank into a dead and dreamless sleep. "I wish I could get that poor devil word he doesn't need to worry," was his last conscious thought. His first in the morning was a relief that the night had gone and he had not dreamed his nightmare dream. His next, that he would not prolong Haskill's suspense. Not waiting for his breakfast, to the inexpressible consternation of the servants, he was seen walking swiftly down the street before eight o'clock—not twenty minutes after he was awake.

The Haskill house was in the upper part of the town, where land was cheaper. The house was of a familiar type—where the ambitious architect strives for a large colonial effect with a dwelling of eight rooms, mostly hall and piazza, but picturesque. There was a tiny yard. Even in early November the lawn was like green velvet, and a few blooms lingered on the rose trees.

A girl of ten was sweeping the porch. Her motions had the deftness of long practice. On the porch railing was perched a very shabby canton flannel elephant. Having swept the walk to the gate, the little girl lifted the elephant and kissed it. "You've been real good," said she; "now we'll go in, and you can watch me make a sponge cake all myself." At this point Markham opened the gate.

"Is this Mr. Haskill's?" he said, lifting his hat with the ceremonious courtesy that was easier to him than another man's undress manners, "and are you Mr. Haskill's little girl?"

"Yes, sir, I am Aggie Haskill," answered the girl. She was a pretty little girl, Markham thought; her blue eyes and long lashes, and her fair, freckled face were like her father's.

"Is your mother in, Miss Aggie?"

"No, sir; she's gone to the grocery to get some eggs. She told me to ask any one that I didn't know to sit down on the porch. Will you sit down, sir? Papa's gone down town."

Evidently she did not know him. It occurred to him that it was not quite the usual thing that the children of a woman's dearest friend, living in the same town, should not know her husband by sight. The Haskills had not forced themselves on his presence. That, at least, might be said of Emma Haskill. They had kept to their own side of the fence. He came up to the piazza, and addressed himself to the child.

"What is your doll's name, little girl?" said he.

She drew out the elephant proudly. "It's not a doll, it's a elephant, and its name is Silas."

Markham experienced a queer surprise. "How's that? That's my name too."

The little girl smiled. "It's named after you then, too. My Aunt Aggie made it. She made it for Johnny. That's my little brother. He's in heaven now. It had a red blanket, and a little basket all full of money; and Johnny wanted to call it after Aunt Aggie, only he couldn't, because it was a boy elephant, you know; so Aunt Aggie said why not call it after the one she loved best? and his name was Silas. So we called it Silas Markham, to be after her, too, you know."

"It's a very nice elephant. May I hold it?" said Markham. He held it carefully, stroking the flannel. His hand trembled a little.

"Silas was in a fire once," the little girl prattled away. She quite enjoyed being treated like a grown-up person by this polite gentleman.

"Indeed, how was that?" said Markham.

"It was this way. The house took fire. It was at night, too, and we all had to run out; and when we were all out, Mamie began to cry because she had left Silas. He was sleeping with her that night, and she said, 'Oh, Si will burn! Si's in there!' and so papa ran back, and a fireman ran with him. He was mad when he found it was only an elephant, but papa told him how it used to belong to his little boy that was dead, and then he said, 'Oh, that!' and was real kind. Si wasn't hurt a bit. We used to pretend to make him tell us how he felt when he was in the fire. It's only pretend, of course."

Markham nodded. He was looking through the door into the little parlor. It almost seemed to him that he could detect his wife's gifts scattered among the plain furnishings.

"Did you know my Aunt Aggie?" asked the little girl.

"Yes," said Markham.

"She is in heaven," said the little girl, reverently. "I'm named after her, and mamma says I must be a very good little girl like her. She was so good, and she looked so sweet. Sometimes I used to go riding with her in her carriage."

"Yes," said Markham.

"She was the best friend mamma had. When she died papa cried too. He got some flowers at the green-house. He didn't send them to the house, though, but

mamma and he went up to the cemetery and put them on the grave. Oh, they were just beautiful flowers!"

Markham knew. He had seen the flowers laid on the mound. He wished that he had sent for Mrs. Haskill on the day of Aggie's death. When she came Aggie was dead; he had gone out of the chamber, leaving her there; he remembered how he had resented the sound of her sobs. "She had a right to grieve, too," he perceived for the first time. "I wish—"

"There's mamma," exclaimed the child, running out to joyously fall upon a tall woman with a basket on her arm.

Years and struggle and sorrow had tamed the exuberant young creature that Markham used to dislike. Her red cheeks were gone, and her bounding step dragged; but there was left her ready smile, which faded instantly as she perceived her caller. She greeted him courteously. He made no prelude to his errand.

"Haskill was to see me last night," said he; "after he left I considered the matter. Whatever Agnes wished to have done with her property I feel myself bound to do. The property is gone."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Haskill. She had not a loud voice to-day, and all her embarrassing vivacity was gone.

"I feel the obligation just the same," said Markham. "I shall send you a check for the sum at once."

Emma Haskill gasped. She was quite pale. "You are a very just man, Silas Markham," faltered she.

"Not always," said Markham; "but I want to do what she wished."

"You made her very happy." She was amazed at the wistful look in his eyes, and at his "Thank you" and his proffered hand.

Something prompted her, an impulsive woman, to say, "Won't you come again, some time, Mr. Markham?" Yet she was surprised to hear, instead of the expected formal thanks, "I will come. I want to take this little girl out to drive—with the elephant."

But she was not more surprised than he that he should be saying such words. And a stranger surprise still it was, that the first sentence uttered by any one that seemed even for the least space to lift the load on his heart should have come from Emma Haskill. Nor, later in the day, did he find any fault with Ralph Haskill, although he hated a display of emotion, and Haskill was crying like a baby.

"I felt like killing myself last night," Haskill sobbed. "I did think of it, but I couldn't leave her while she needed me; and this morning Mr. Wheatly offered to lend me the money—"

"You won't need to borrow," said Markham; "the extra check, besides the legacy, is for the journey. Mrs.—my wife would have wanted Mrs. Haskill to have every comfort. You would better go with her this winter, all of you. I have seen about that. You can have a vacation. Don't be worried. Mrs. Haskill will come back all right."

Haskill wrung his hand. He had not a word.

With Markham, perhaps, it was as well. The latter halted at the door and said, without looking at Haskill, "I should like—I should feel obliged if—occasionally—you would let your little girl come to see me."

Then he went home. He opened the library door with the familiar sinking of his heart. But he did not, at once, look at his wife's picture, as was his custom. He sat down by his desk. He took out a list from his pocket, and noted something opposite each name.

"Whether it hurts me or not," he muttered, "no matter."

Next, he wrote a letter, a stiff business letter, enclosing a check. It was addressed to the rector of St. Anne's.

"Aggie, I've done everything now," said he. As he spoke, he was fumbling among the stationery in the drawer for an envelope; hence it happened that his fingers fell on his wife's portfolio. He had not suspected that it was in the drawer. It was the same dainty little affair of Russia leather and silver that he had often seen in his wife's lap; and he remembered how he used to make small jokes about her unworkmanlike manner of writing. He laid the portfolio open on the table. A letter was lying before him. "My dear, dear husband"—the room reeled a little, but he was reading quite calmly, only the back of his head seemed to throb, and it was hard for him to breathe.

MY DEAR, DEAR HUSBAND:—I did something to-day, and I want to tell you about it, but I haven't the courage to talk to you. I went to Mr. Wheatly to have him draw up my will. I didn't sign it, dear; I wouldn't do such a thing without consulting you. But he has it all drawn up, so that if I were to be very ill I could sign it at a moment's notice. Dear Silas, there has never been but one thing to come between us. You did not like Emma Haskill. To every other friend of mine you were kind and good, but you were hardly civil to her; and you know that she overheard what you said. She never has been in the house since then. How could she come? It

hurts me—Oh, Si, it hurts me so, that you two, who are the best and noblest persons in the world, should have misunderstood each other so, and it seems as if it must be somehow my fault. Emma has been having such a hard time. I have tried to help her. But life is so uncertain, and I thought that I ought to make my will. But I know that you will value more the expression of my wishes than any legal document. And I felt I was treating you unkindly and undutifully, acting this way with the money which you have given me. So, instead, darling, will you pardon me for doing this without telling you? And I will go to Mr. Wheatly, and ask him to draw up a memorandum which I will enclose in this. We have been so happy, Silas, although we have had such sorrows; but there never has been but this one cloud on our love. I haven't been the wife I ought to have been to you; I am so silly and cowardly—not what your wife should be; but, oh, I *have* loved you! I am going to put this with my treasures. You will find it with every line that you ever wrote me from that first note, asking if you might take mamma and me to the theatre (how good, good, *good*, you were to mamma, and how often I have been grateful to you!) to your last dear letter. I do not know when you will find it; I hope you won't *need* to find it, because I mean to snuggle up to you, some evening, out on the porch, when it is dark, and whisper it all to you, and beg you to be kind and forgive. But, since I don't know what may happen, I will write this—perhaps we shall read it together. In the little time that may—

Here the letter ended. Something had interrupted the writer, and she had pushed the sheet aside, never to finish it nor to have that one hour of confidence which should sweep every doubt away. Markham's tears were dropping fast, not for himself, but for her who had loved him, and yet had been lonely, struggling to be loyal to her old ties. Oh! if she had been lonely, then, was he not lonely now? Yet, in that moment of repentance and grief, there came to him a strange foreshadowing of comfort. Out of the grave she had explained and put him in the wrong. He went up to the picture so close that he could touch the painted cheek with his hand. The eyes looked at him, and he found in them more love than sorrow. "Dearest," he whispered, "I'll try to be good to *all* your friends. I'll try to do what you would have done."

That night he dreamed of his wife.

THE VETERAN.

By Stephen Crane,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Little Regiment," etc.

OUT of the low window could be seen three hickory trees placed irregularly in a meadow that was resplendent in spring-time green. Farther away, the old, dismal belfry of the village church loomed over the pines. A horse meditating in the shade of one of the hickories lazily swished his tail. The warm sunshine made an oblong of vivid yellow on the floor of the grocery.

"Could you see the whites of their eyes?" said the man who was seated on a soap-box.

"Nothing of the kind," replied old Henry warmly. "Just a lot of flitting figures, and I let go at where they 'peared to be the thickest. Bang!"

"Mr. Fleming," said the grocer—his deferential voice expressed somehow the old man's exact social weight—"Mr. Fleming, you never was frightened much in them battles, was you?"

The veteran looked down and grinned. Observing his manner, the entire group tittered. "Well, I guess I was," he answered finally. "Pretty well scared, sometimes. Why, in my first battle I thought the sky was falling down. I thought the world was coming to an end. You bet I was scared."

Every one laughed. Perhaps it seemed strange and rather wonderful to them that a man should admit the thing, and in the tone of their laughter there was probably more admiration than if old Fleming had declared that he had always been a lion. Moreover, they knew that he had ranked as an orderly sergeant, and so their opinion of his heroism was fixed. None, to be sure, knew how an orderly sergeant ranked, but then it was understood to be somewhere just shy of a major-general's stars. So when old Henry admitted that he had been frightened, there was a laugh.

"The trouble was," said the old man, "I thought they were all shooting at me. Yes, sir, I thought every man in the other army was aiming at me in particular, and only me. And it seemed so darned unreasonable, you know. I wanted to explain to 'em what an almighty good fellow

I was, because I thought then they might quit all trying to hit me. But I couldn't explain, and they kept on being unreasonable—blim!—blam!—bang! So I run!"

Two little triangles of wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes. Evidently he appreciated some comedy in this recital. Down near his feet, however, little Jim, his grandson, was visibly horror-stricken. His hands were clasped nervously, and his eyes were wide with astonishment at this terrible scandal, his most magnificent grandfather telling such a thing.

"That was at Chancellorsville. Of course, afterward I got kind of used to it. A man does. Lots of men, though, seem to feel all right from the start. I did, as soon as I 'got on to it,' as they say now; but at first I was pretty flustered. Now, there was young Jim Conklin, old Si Conklin's son—that used to keep the tannery—you none of you recollect him—well, he went into it from the start just as if he was born to it. But with me it was different. I had to get used to it."

When little Jim walked with his grandfather he was in the habit of skipping along on the stone pavement in front of the three stores and the hotel of the town and betting that he could avoid the cracks. But upon this day he walked soberly, with his hand gripping two of his grandfather's fingers. Sometimes he kicked abstractedly at dandelions that curved over the walk. Any one could see that he was much troubled.

"There's Sickles's colt over in the medder, Jimmie," said the old man. "Don't you wish you owned one like him?"

"Um," said the boy, with a strange lack of interest. He continued his reflections. Then finally he ventured: "Grandpa—now—was that true what you was telling those men?"

"What?" asked the grandfather. "What was I telling them?"

"Oh, about your running."

"Why, yes, that was true enough, Jimmie. It was my first fight, and there was an awful lot of noise, you know."

Jimmie seemed dazed that this idol, of its own will, should so totter. His stout boyish idealism was injured.

Presently the grandfather said: "Sickles's colt is going for a drink. Don't you wish you owned Sickles's colt, Jimmie?"

The boy merely answered: "He ain't as nice as our'n." He lapsed then into another moody silence.

. . . . . .

One of the hired men, a Swede, desired to drive to the county-seat for purposes of his own. The old man loaned a horse and an unwashed buggy. It appeared later that one of the purposes of the Swede was to get drunk.

After quelling some boisterous frolic of the farm-hands and boys in the garret, the old man had that night gone peacefully to sleep, when he was aroused by clamoring at the kitchen door. He grabbed his trousers, and they waved out behind as he dashed forward. He could hear the voice of the Swede, screaming and blubbering. He pushed the wooden button, and, as the door flew open, the Swede, a maniac, stumbled inward, chattering, weeping, still screaming. "De barn fire! Fire! Fire! De barn fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!"

There was a swift and indescribable change in the old man. His face ceased instantly to be a face; it became a mask, a gray thing, with horror written about the mouth and eyes. He hoarsely shouted at the foot of the little rickety stairs, and immediately, it seemed, there came down an avalanche of men. No one knew that during this time the old lady had been standing in her night-clothes at the bed-room door, yelling: "What's th' matter? What's th' matter? What's th' matter?"

When they dashed toward the barn it presented to their eyes its usual appearance, solemn, rather mystic in the black night. The Swede's lantern was overturned at a point some yards in front of the barn doors. It contained a wild little conflagration of its own, and even in their excitement some of those who ran felt a gentle secondary vibration of the thrifty part of their minds at sight of this overturned lantern. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a calamity.

But the cattle in the barn were trampling, trampling, trampling, and above this noise could be heard a humming like the song of innumerable bees. The old man hurled aside the great doors, and a yellow flame leaped out at one corner and sped and wavered frantically up the old gray wall. It was glad, terrible, this single flame, like the wild banner of deadly and triumphant foes.

The motley crowd from the garret had come with all the pails of the farm. They flung themselves upon the well. It was a leisurely old machine, long dwelling in indolence. It was in the habit of giving out water with a sort of reluctance. The men stormed at it, cursed it; but it continued to allow the buckets to be filled only after

the wheezy windlass had howled many protests at the mad-handed men.

With his opened knife in his hand old Fleming himself had gone headlong into the barn, where the stifling smoke swirled with the air-currents, and where could be heard in its fulness the terrible chorus of the flames, laden with tones of hate and death, a hymn of wonderful ferocity.

He flung a blanket over an old mare's head, cut the halter close to the manger, led the mare to the door, and fairly kicked her out to safety. He returned with the same blanket, and rescued one of the work-horses. He took five horses out, and then came out himself, with his clothes bravely on fire. He had no whiskers, and very little hair on his head. They soused five pailfuls of water on him. His eldest son made a clean miss with the sixth pailful, because the old man had turned and was running down the decline and around to the basement of the barn, where were the stanchions of the cows. Some one noticed at the time that he ran very lamely, as if one of the frenzied horses had smashed his hip.

The cows, with their heads held in the heavy stanchions, had thrown themselves, strangled themselves, tangled themselves: done everything which the ingenuity of their exuberant fear could suggest to them.

Here, as at the well, the same thing happened to every man save one. Their hands went mad. They became incapable of everything save the power to rush into dangerous situations.

The old man released the cow nearest the door, and she, blind drunk with terror, crashed into the Swede. The Swede had been running to and fro babbling. He carried an empty milk-pail, to which he clung with an unconscious, fierce enthusiasm. He shrieked like one lost as he went under the cow's hoofs, and the milk-pail, rolling across the floor, made a flash of silver in the gloom.

Old Fleming took a fork, beat off the cow, and dragged the paralyzed Swede to the open air. When they had rescued all the cows save one, which had so fastened herself that she could not be moved an inch, they returned to the front of the barn and stood sadly, breathing like men who had reached the final point of human effort.

Many people had come running. Someone had even gone to the church, and now, from the distance, rang the tocsin note of the old bell. There was a long flare of crimson on the sky, which made remote people speculate as to the whereabouts of the fire.

The long flames sang their drumming chorus in voices of the heaviest bass. The wind whirled clouds of smoke and cinders into the faces of the spectators. The form of the old barn was outlined in black amid these masses of orange-hued flames.

And then came this Swede again, crying as one who is the weapon of the sinister fates. "De colts! De colts! You have forgot de colts!"

Old Fleming staggered. It was true; they had forgotten the two colts in the box-stalls at the back of the barn. "Boys," he said, "I must try to get 'em out." They clamored about him then, afraid for him, afraid of what they should see. Then they talked wildly each to each. "Why, it's sure death!" "He would never get out!" "Why, it's suicide for a man to go in there!" Old Fleming stared absent-mindedly at the open doors. "The poor little things," he said. He rushed into the barn.

When the roof fell in, a great funnel of smoke swarmed toward the sky, as if the old man's mighty spirit, released from its body—a little bottle—had swelled like the genie of fable. The smoke was tinted rose-hue from the flames, and perhaps the unutterable midnights of the universe will have no power to daunt the color of this soul.

CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS. FROM THE PAINTING BY DOMENICO MORELLI IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, VENICE, 1895.

"And he was there in the wilderness forty days . . . and the angels ministered unto him."—St. Mark i. 13.

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—THE PAST AND PRESENT IN ITALY.—THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL FINE ARTS EXHIBITION IN VENICE.—MORELLI A RECOGNIZED MASTER.—FRANCESCO PAOLO MICHETTI.—A FORECAST OF ITALIAN ART IN THE FUTURE.

By Will H. Low.

ITALY and art were in the past almost synonymous terms. From the pale floweret of her northern mountains to the radiant bloom in her palaces set on the sea, the growth of art was spontaneous and complete. The seed sown in Greece and Byzantium could be traced, it is true; but the transplantation took such firm root on Italian soil that it became virtually indigenous. For the last hundred years, however, following the decadence of painting in the eighteenth century, there has been little save the survival of her ancient renown to mark Italy as a factor in art. There have been many painters; but in their country, dismembered by foreign foes, disunited by internecine quarrels, they have found little encouragement, and none have gained, nor perhaps deserved, more than limited local reputation. With the union founded by Victor Emmanuel and consolidated by his son, the present king, however, there has been an effort to gain lost prestige. No one who has the heart to appreciate the struggle of a brave and generous people striving under desperate circumstances of poverty to redeem their country and place it once more in the first rank of nations, can refuse a meed of admiration to the efforts in many directions tending to that end of which Italy has been the theatre in the last generation. Of such effort in art, with more special reference to the exhibition in Venice in the summer of 1895, this is a partial chronicle.

In 1871, at Parma, the first national exhibition of Italian art was held; and since then, in many of the cities of the kingdom—in Naples, Florence, Milan, and Rome—there have been annual exhibitions. These have varied with the importance of the cities, and, for the most part, have been local in character; though occasionally, as in Turin in 1880, a more truly national exhibition has been achieved. The lack of national encouragement at home has driven many Italian artists to foreign countries, notably to Paris; and in 1889, at the Universal Exposition there, as at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, the showing of Italy proved her possession of painters who, if they lacked elevation of aim, were undeniably strong in technical equipment. With the suppression of frontiers in accordance with the modern cosmopolitan ideal, it is only at an exhibition that is international that just

ECCE HOMO (BEHOLD THE MAN!). FROM A PAINTING BY PROFESSOR ANTONIO CISERI.

"Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!"—ST. JOHN xix. 5.

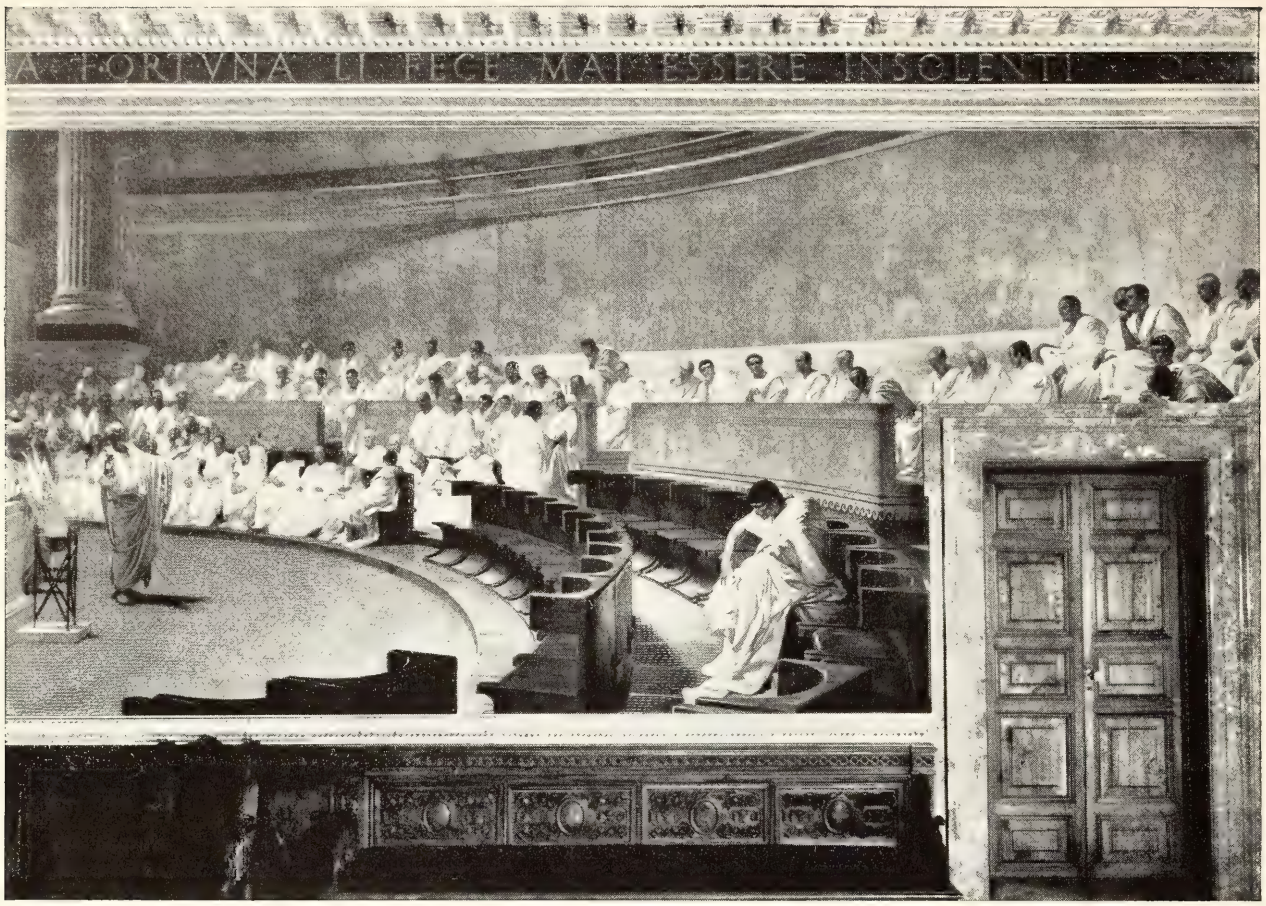
measure may be taken of the force and character of an individual school of art; and it is plainly for that reason that the Venetian exhibition was projected. The effort was more than courageous, for not only were the painters of all other countries invited to show their work in comparison with that of Italian artists, but a comparison from which the boldest might shrink was tacitly accepted. Venice marks the culmination of the most glorious school of painting which the world has seen, and to invite the comparison between the present and the past was the part of valor.

No more charming place for an exhibition could be well devised than the Public Gardens of Venice; and when the handsome Tito deftly ran his gondola to the foot of the marble steps in the *Rio di S. Giuseppe*, the searcher for information about modern Italian art found his lines laid in pleasant places. Before him stretched a double line of fine old trees, with marble benches placed at intervals, and the benches and the avenues between were filled with a motley crowd taking their pleasures gayly. A little farther on, a booth where one purchased tickets of admission marked the limits of the enclosure inside of which stood the Exposition building. Once inside this enclosure, chairs and tables were placed under the trees, where visitors to the exhibition could rest. This, by the way, is a condition for which no provision is made in English or American picture exhibitions. Paris, in the great building of the Palais de l'Industrie, where the annual Salon is held, has provided a great court, gay with flowers and shrubs, which forms at once the sculpture exhibition and a lounging place for those who wish to rest in the intervals of studying the pictures on the upper floors. Here, in the midst of gleaming statuary and pleasant shrubbery, one may take his ease; may chat, smoke, or, perchance, get lunch or refreshment in the adjoining *café*. In America or in England, however, the æsthetic sense is alone taken into consideration; and if, on the too few sofas scattered about, the tired visitor may secure a moment's rest, it is still within sight of the

LOST IN THE SNOW. FROM A PAINTING BY ARTURO CALOSCI IN THE CIVIC MUSEUM AT FLORENCE.

pictures, until at last, fatigued by the long sequence of canvases, he betakes himself away. Not so in Venice last summer. Lifting the handsomely embroidered curtain which alone guarded the entrance to the building during the day, the exhibition within could be varied by the pleasant shade without; and after visiting one or more of the galleries, a few moments of mental digestion could be passed to the accompaniment of a cigarette or the ever-present water ice of Italy. In the low building which served for the exhibition the pictures were not crowded together—only a few more than five hundred works in painting and sculpture were shown, about one-fifth of which were Italian—and from the point of view of comfort, from the facility of seeing and judging the works exposed, the exhibition might serve as a model. A generalization of the typical impression, always a dangerous thing to attempt, could thus be arrived at; and, on the whole, the impression was favorable, and, above all, hopeful.

To the student of art of this generation



CICERO AND CATILINE IN THE SENATE. FROM A FRESCO PAINTING BY PROFESSOR C. MACCARI, ON THE WALL OF THE PALACE OF THE SENATE, ROME.

Catiline conspired against the Roman government and, incidentally, against the life of Cicero. Cicero, however, was secretly informed of the design, and when the chosen assassins presented themselves at his house, was able to baffle them. Notwithstanding the discovery of his plot, Catiline, two days later, audaciously appeared in the senate; and then Cicero rose and denounced him in the famous oration beginning, "How long now, Catiline, will you abuse our patience?" It is this scene that the picture presents, Catiline sitting at the right, bowed under Cicero's invective.

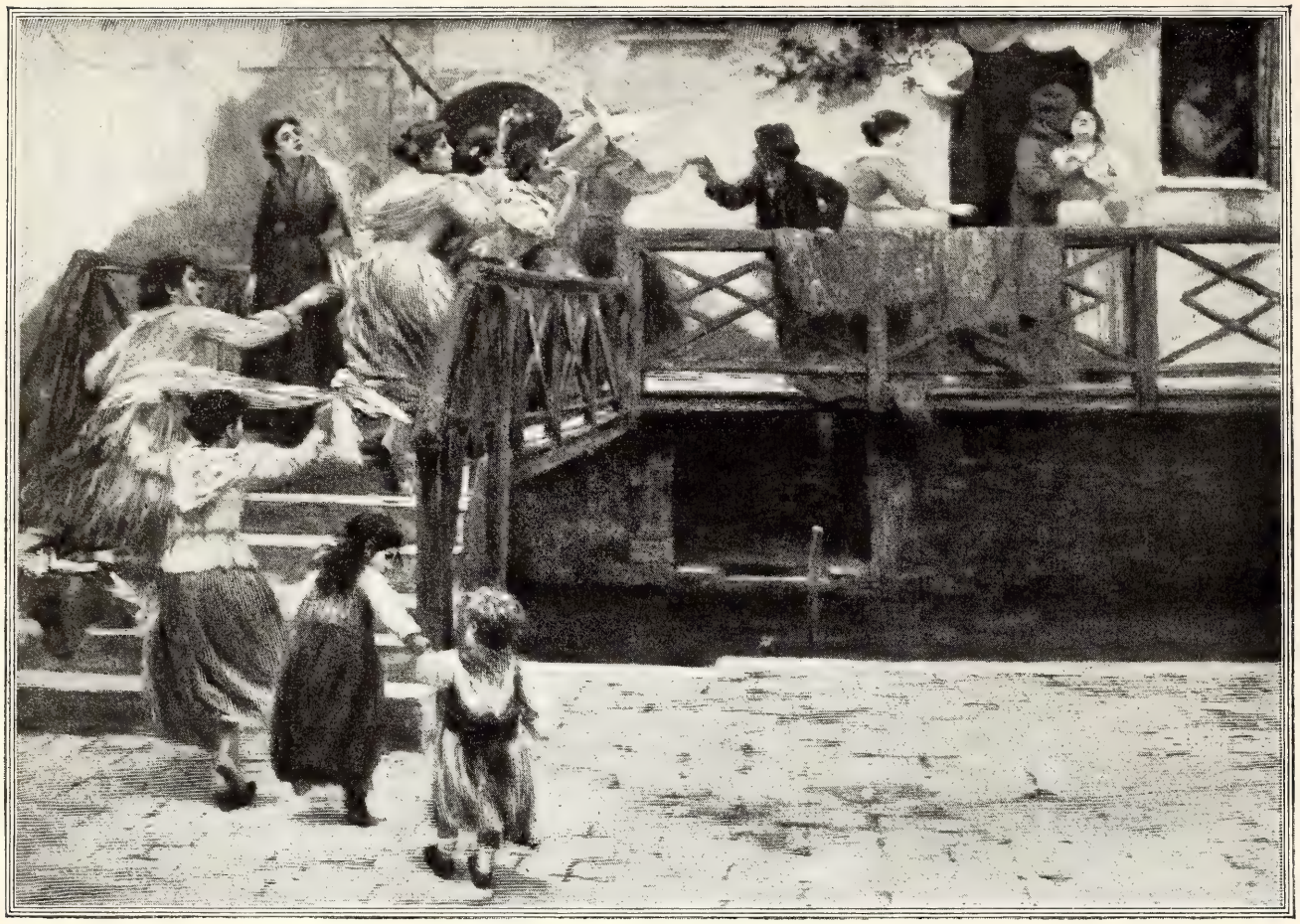
many names of Italian painters will at once occur who have achieved renown in other countries besides their own. The names of Boldini, De Nittis, Morelli, Michetti, Pasini, and others are known wherever painting has been seriously considered. As a legacy from the school of Venice in the years which bridged over the time of the Renaissance to our own epoch, the gift of facility has been accorded to all Italian painters. Tiepolo, who died in 1770, was, perhaps, of all painters the one who, with the greatest apparent ease, covered vast spaces of wall or ceiling with compositions spirited and graceful; and within more restricted limits of space, with the growth of the easel picture, his descendants of his own race have fallen heir to this ease of execution. Like the poets of England who, a few years ago, were charged (by E. C. Stedman, in his "Victorian Poets," if I remember rightly) with writing triolets while the volcano of social revolution was smouldering beside them, the painters of Italy lack convictions. Brilliant execution, absence of thought, or, worse than that, insistence on trivial themes, have constituted the major part of their production. There is evidence now, however, that with the gradual political redemption of their country the painter seeks to be more than trivially amusing. This is to be seen, so far, more in the technical side of their art than in aught else. A number of the best men, who were content, a few years back, to *serve* upon a miniature canvas the light effervescence of their *facile* talent, now endeavor, within larger limits, to measure their accomplishment with painters the scale of whose works alone demands more serious qualities of drawing and painting than the little pictures which we are wont to consider typically Italian. It is a curious fact that this oldest of art countries is, in a sense, the youngest. This exhibition was, in a large degree, an initial step, and it can hardly be doubted that, brought face to face with their graver *confrères* of other nationalities, their self-sought lesson will profit them. Many of the men whose work formed this exhibition were surpris-

THE VISIT TO THE GRANDMOTHER. FROM A PAINTING BY PROFESSOR F. VINEA.

ingly young, and those whose years were more had formed the leaven in the mass of Italian art which had preserved it until the day of deliverance was at hand.

Of these latter Domenico Morelli was the most important. Born in Naples in August, 1826, a child of the people, he rebelled against the antiquated forms of art education in the Naples Academy, and went to Rome. There for a time he was an ardent follower of Overbeck, betraying his meridional extraction in espousing warmly principles which he soon discarded. Implicated in the revolution of 1848, his patriotism partaking of his temperamental warmth, he left his native country and visited France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. During all these years his work constantly improved, and at seventy he is still keeping pace with the modern movement in art. Most of his pictures, like that reproduced here, are religious in character, and are characterized by a strongly individual view of the subject. While free from the assumption of a *naïveté* which assumes to depict Biblical characters in the garb of to-day, his work is equally devoid of conventional symbolism. Morelli enjoys a widespread European reputation, is an honorary member of many academies, and is a senator in the Italian Parliament, in accordance with a wise custom of his country which seeks to profit by the wisdom of men of intellect in varying walks of life.

Another painter of more than European celebrity is Francesco Paolo Michetti, born at Tocco di Casauria (province of Chieti), October 2, 1851. He was, to some degree, a pupil of Morelli, but at an early age developed a style peculiarly his own. Choosing his subjects from the life which he had known in the Abruzzo district, he depicted, on small but exquisitely painted canvases, children guarding turkeys, gathering golden pumpkins, or engaged in the various labors of the fields, the whole enveloped in a glamour of color and poetical vision. His work was at once eagerly sought by dealers and collectors, when, one fine morning, to the stupefaction of those who had known him as a popular though artistic painter, he disappeared. Soon after it transpired that, discontented with his mastery over form,—fearing, possibly, that the wave of success might carry him into that sea of futility in which so many of his compatriots have foundered,—he had retired to the country and was endeavoring to teach himself to draw! With the proceeds of his early success he purchased a small abandoned convent at Francavilla al Mare, and for a year or more refused all orders, painted no pictures, devoting all his energies to drawing. Remaining in his retreat ever since, his style has changed completely, and in the place of the earlier charm have succeeded qualities of virility and of intense expression which are undoubtedly greater. There are, indeed, few modern painters more interesting than the recluse



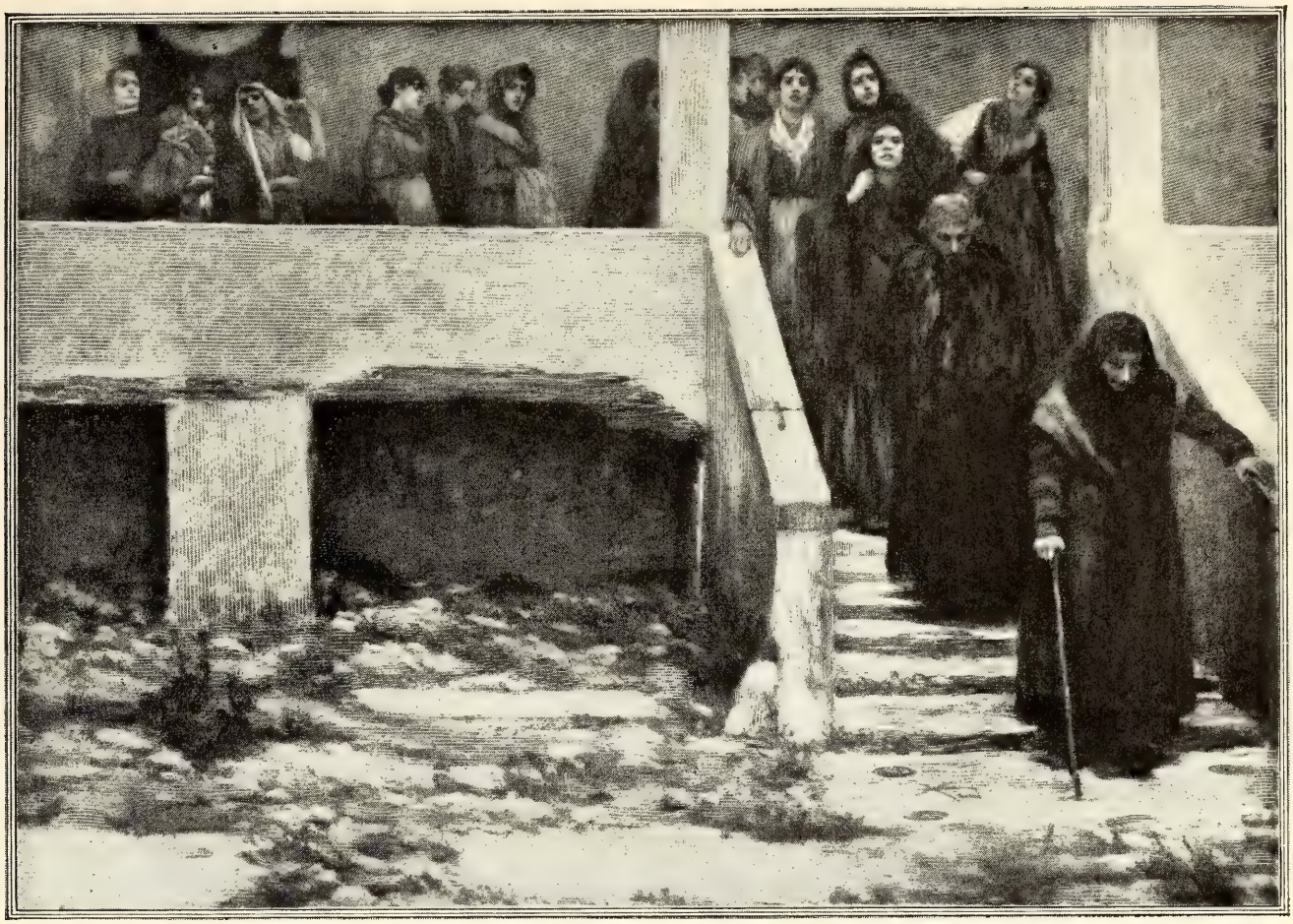
THE PROGRESS OF LIFE. FROM A PAINTING BY CESARE LAURENTI.

This picture, with its companion piece, shown on the opposite page, is intended to typify the procession of human existence. Both pictures were shown at the International Exhibition in Venice in 1895.

of Francavilla. In the Venetian exhibition he was represented by a large canvas —in changing his style he has enlarged the scale of his work—of a subject not unlike the "Scarlet Letter" of Hawthorne. To a degree the picture was strained in sentiment beyond the limits permissible to logical expression in painting, and marred by trivial observation of truth, which suggested the instantaneous photograph; but it remained, nevertheless, the capital work of the exhibition. Michetti is still comparatively a young man, of the age at which Millet in France began to show his real power; and to say that his future is made hopeful by his past is a conservative estimate of a man of undoubted originality and force.

The contrast between the work of Morelli and Michetti and the typical Italian art of but a few years ago could not be more sharply forced than by a comparison of the picture of "Christ in the Wilderness" by Morelli with the "Ecce Homo" of Antonio Ciseri. Here we have a novel presentation of a subject which is well fitted to inspire the painter; it is well composed, properly drawn, and has many ingenious qualities of arrangement and observation, and yet, withal, is most unsatisfying. In like manner the intensity of Michetti is in no way allied to the melodramatic quality of "Lost in the Snow," by Arturo Calosci, which has long been one of the most admired pictures in the Civic Museum of Florence. In Morelli, as in Michetti, the errors of over intensity are at least those of temperament, and not of taste; while the performances of both Ciseri and Calosci give an impression of perfectly emotionless trifling with themes which in their hands become the reverse of tragical.

The hollow insincerity of the art which has been prevalent in Italy, and for which, from its encouragement by our collectors in America, we are in a degree responsible, has an equally good example in the "Visit to the Grandmother," by Francesco Vinea. Here the honest sentiment which might have been expressed in other hands, is swallowed up in a presentation of silks and satins, furniture and furbelows, until we quite lose sight of the motive of the picture. Vinea, who with more sincerity would be an able painter, though even technically he has, in the



THE PROGRESS OF LIFE. FROM A PAINTING BY CESARE LAURENTI. A SEQUEL TO THE PICTURE SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

course of prosperity, been corrupted, was born at Forli in 1846, and is one of the best known of modern Italian artists of the popular type.

Of more hopeful augury is the diptych by Cesare Laurenti which presents the procession of human existence and was at the Venetian exhibition. Under the simple title of "A Parable," Laurenti takes the first steps of the child, and in a composition full of grace and charm conducts his feet through the devious ways of life. Here was genuine sentiment, no undue infusion of literary quality, and much honest painting. Laurenti's painting was, fortunately, typical of much work in the exhibition which proved that the painters of Italy were preoccupied with sentiment.

Notable examples of this truth could be found in the works of Ettore Tito, one of the younger Venetian painters. Two large canvases were contributed by him; both intelligently composed, drawn with freedom and force, and charming in color. The first represented a church procession in the open air, and in the vestments of the priests and acolytes, and in the picturesque costumes of the onlookers, abundant opportunity for color was put to profit. The second picture of Tito's portrayed the fickle goddess of Fortune rolling a great wheel, to which were attached typical figures of humanity. Somewhat the same composition, suggested doubtless by the wheel of Ixion, has also been treated by Burne-Jones, but in a manner most unlike that of the Italian artist. The work of the Englishman is marked by great reserve, a sense of the gravity of life prevailing. The Fortune of Tito, on the contrary, was gayly irresponsible. The life-sized nude figure of Fortune was full of movement, pushing the wheel at a headlong speed over the blue sea, the light of a world in sunshine over all. The figure, the whole picture, was bathed in a blonde tonality, which rendered it charmingly decorative.

Interesting in another manner were the works of Sartorio, whose pictures betrayed the influence of Botticelli, which, by nationality, seems natural enough. The influence of the great Italian, however, came at second hand, from Botticelli as seen through Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It was most curious to note the effect of the mystical English painter on the work of a modern Italian, endowed with all the technical facility of his race. The result,

THE RAIN OF CINDERS. FROM A PAINTING BY GIOVACCHINO TOMA IN THE CIVIC MUSEUM OF FLORENCE.

This picture represents a custom of the Neapolitans, who, during the eruptions of Vesuvius, carry a picture of St. Januarius to the foot of the mountain, to invoke his aid for the cessation of the volcanic disturbance.

however, was agreeable, and went to prove that which at this late day hardly needs proving—that the artist can find his influences where he will; our only concern is the manner in which he employs his knowledge in the expression of his sentiment, which must be his own by birthright.

In the multiplicity of exhibitions there is a temptation always present to stimulate the interest of a somewhat indifferent public by the representation of subjects which every consideration of good taste, leaving other principles out of the question, would prohibit. The "Last Meeting," a large picture by Grosso, was the offender in this respect at Venice. The work represented Don Juan, dead and in his coffin, surrounded by the figures of the women whom he had loved. To say that the scene was a church, with the adjunct of candles and funereal embellishment appropriate to Christian burial, while the figures surrounding the coffin, one of them passionately kissing the dead man's lips, were absolutely nude, describes the picture sufficiently. Fortunately for art, the technical ability of Signor Grosso was hardly superior to his taste or imagination, and might, one would think, have furnished the jury of selection with the best of excuses for rejecting the picture. As it was,

HEAD OF PEASANT GIRL. FROM A PASTEL STUDY BY FRANCESCO PAOLO MICHETTI.

This is a typical example of the studies from nature which Michetti makes in preparation for his pictures in oil or tempera. It is interesting to consider in connection with it the finished picture by Michetti reproduced on the next page.

RETURNING FROM THE FESTIVAL. FROM A PAINTING BY FRANCESCO PAOLO MICHETTI.

An example of Michetti's earlier manner, showing his treatment of familiar life in the Abruzzo district of Italy.

it had a full success of scandal. In the churches were posted notices warning the faithful to stay away from the exhibition on account of it, and as a matter of course, a crowd always surrounded it.

Two examples taken, like the "Ecce Homo" and "Lost in the Snow," from other sources than the Venetian exhibition call for brief comment. "The Rain of Cinders" from the picture by Giovacchino Toma in the Civic Museum at Florence, shows that thirty years ago there were occasionally to be found in Italy painters who united no mean technical ability to a power of expressing emotion. The huddled group who present the picture of St. Januarius in pious supplication for a cessation of the eruption of Vesuvius are painted with skill and sincerity. Of great technical ability in the painting of textures, and of skill in composition, is the "Cicero and Catiline" of Cesare Maccari. It is one of a series of frescoes in the palace of the Senate in Rome, and fails as a decoration where it would succeed as an easel picture. The first quality of a mural painting lies in the conservation of the surface of the wall on which it is painted. The gifted decorator is able to suggest distance within the limits of his painting without giving the actual relief of existing objects, which, on the contrary, is a quality that may be sought for in an easel painting. The sense, which is evident here, that we are looking into space where we know that a wall should exist, is an interesting object lesson at a time when so many of our American painters are interesting themselves in decoration. It makes of little value what would otherwise have been an interesting picture. To Maccari, who was born at Siena, May 9, 1840, has been entrusted the decoration of the cupola of the basilica of San Loretto—a task for which Guido Reni and Caravaggio petitioned in vain in the seventeenth century having thus fallen to the lot of a nineteeth century painter.

We have strayed far from the Venetian exhibition, and I must conclude this brief review by again asserting that to the country which once led the world in art, letters, and commerce, all civilization owes a debt. It is with the heartiest good will, therefore, that we can wish this old nation all success in its young art effort.

CAPE ANN LIGHT, NEAR GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

REMINISCENCES OF LITERARY BOSTON.

THREE NOTABLE WOMEN: CELIA THAXTER, LUCY LARCOM, AND LYDIA MARIA CHILD.—MEETINGS WITH DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS.—THE AUTHOR'S HOME AND STUDY ON GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," etc.

ONE of the brightest figures in literary Boston, for many years, was Celia Thaxter. She had, if not more leisure, perhaps more temperament and, at all events, more strength for social life than some others of the group; and she was always sure of a welcome, which, in itself, was a great temptation to earn it. She was the best of good company. Everybody wanted her. Hearty, happy, wholesome, she rose through a decorous drawing-room or sedate library like a breeze from her own island waves. When she had gone, one felt as if an east wind had suddenly died down.

She was the most fearless, the most independent of beings. It mattered little to her what other people did, or thought; at least on secondary subjects. She was never afraid to be herself. To certain modulations of manner she never consented. "Celia Thaxter's laugh" is well remembered. No subdued and conventional mirth softly rippled from her broad chest and honest larynx. When she laughed, she pealed. This merry ring was infectious. It was as impossible to hear it and not laugh too, as it is for the feet that love dance music to keep still before it. She was the incarnation of good spirits.

Her vigorous physique had much to do with this; for she had her share of the sorrows of life. These she bore charac-

Note.—This paper is Number IX. of "Chapters from a Life," begun in McClure's for December, 1895.

CELIA THAXTER.

From a photograph by Bartlett F. Kenney, Boston.

teristically, without much complaint, with some suppressed cynicism, and with that bubbling faith in brighter futures so easy to the sanguine nature.

I knew her as one does a comrade with whom one is never intimate, but whom one regards affectionately, and whose history one makes guesses at, or forms opinions of, from a definite distance. I do not offer of her, in any sense, the reminiscences of a confidential friend. Once, I remember, I vexed her by something in a letter which I wrote her apropos of a religious discussion that we had held in an interrupted form. She was then at the bitterest turn in the long avenue that leads through defiance to acceptance of religious truth. But she forgave me, I think—I am sure I did her—and I am very sure that, in the later years of her life, she would have given the plea of any Christian a different reception. I did not know her intimately enough to say just how far the growth of her religious character carried her, in intellectual form, and I have no right to mark its boundaries. But I think the longing for it was always in her.

"If I believed as you do," she said to me once, fiercely, "nothing would daunt me! *Nothing would daunt me!*"

LUCY LARCOM.

From a photograph by the Notman Photograph Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

I was present one day when she was describing to a little group a wreck off Appledore; how she sat at her window, watching one of the cruelest gales of the midwinter Atlantic gather its forces. The breakers upon her own rocks were at their worst. A solitary sail blurred on the racing horizon, and beat up; the vessel struck on the reef; and broke to pieces. The Islands were helpless to help. It was impossible to extend an oar. Watchers on that little spot of life could only sit and see the game of death go on; it was not a snarl and a snap, but a slow torture. For the crew had hung and clung to the teeth of a rock around which the whirlpool played; and there, their distant figures drenched and drowning, pleaded for their lives in the sight of the warm-hearted woman who could only watch them slip and drop off, one by one. I think she said they clung there for five hours, before they surrendered to the sea.

When Mrs. Thaxter had told the story in her own inimitable manner, with the vividness of vitriol, she lifted her eyes, flung them straight at mine, with the dreariest look that I ever saw on the face of any doubter.

"Fools to cling!" she cried. "They were fools—*fools* to cling!"

I have never been one of those fortunate people who have their happy thoughts at tongue's end; my repartees are apt to wait for my pen; else I should have answered her: "Philosophers to cling! While there is hope of life eternal, the saddest mortal life is worth the living. Philosophers to cling!"

It is a pleasant thought to me that this gifted woman, with the luxurious heart and the eager brain, was herself philosopher enough to cling, until a distinct measure of spiritual light and peace came to her later on; and every one who knew and cared for her was glad of it.

She was full of a certain wit, or, perhaps more exactly, humor, which was native to

herself, and strong of the salt of her own seaweeds.

One day, I remember, she sat painting china—which she did after a graceful and original fashion—when some one present ventured a commonplace about the delights of her island life: its solitude, its peacefulness, its opportunities to study nature, and so on. It was in winter, and it was snowing. She looked out of the window into the clashing Boston street; then threw back her head, and laughed out, long and joyously.

"Did you ever try it?" she said. "I've had enough of the wilderness. Give *me* a horse-car!"

Mrs. Thaxter was of attractive personal appearance, retaining some suggestion of the beauty for which she was distinguished in her first youth, when, a bride at sixteen, the Miranda of the Shoals wedded the first man whom she had known, and ventured upon the mainland of life at the age when, if she had been a girl of our day under the usual conditions, she would have been preparing to "come out" or fitting for college.

Like a pale, purple aster beside a gorgeous golden-rod, the sweet wraith of Lucy Larcom flits in beside that of Mrs. Thaxter in my memory. It falls away again quickly, for I saw Miss Larcom but seldom; I knew her chiefly through her letters, which reached me at irregular intervals. I had the sincerest respect both for her personality and for her work. One of the ex-editors of the "Atlantic Monthly," himself a brilliant writer, once reviewed a book of hers in these words: "There is something in this volume which we do not mind calling genius."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

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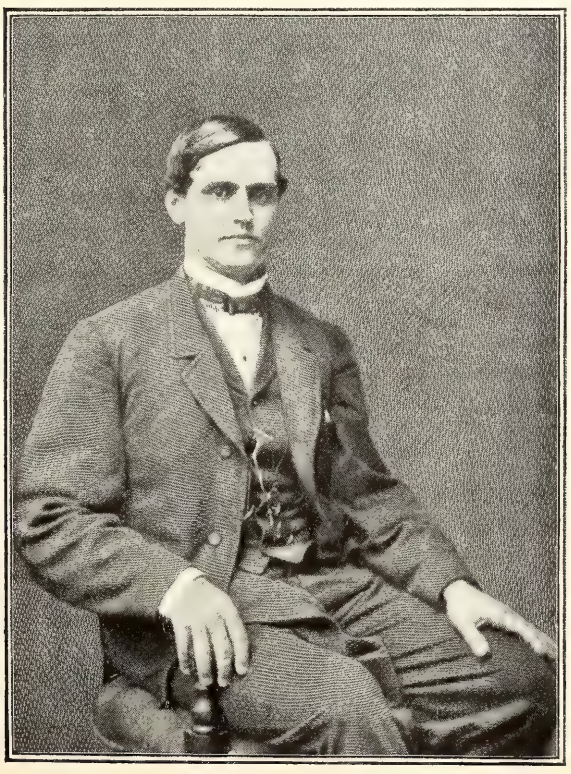


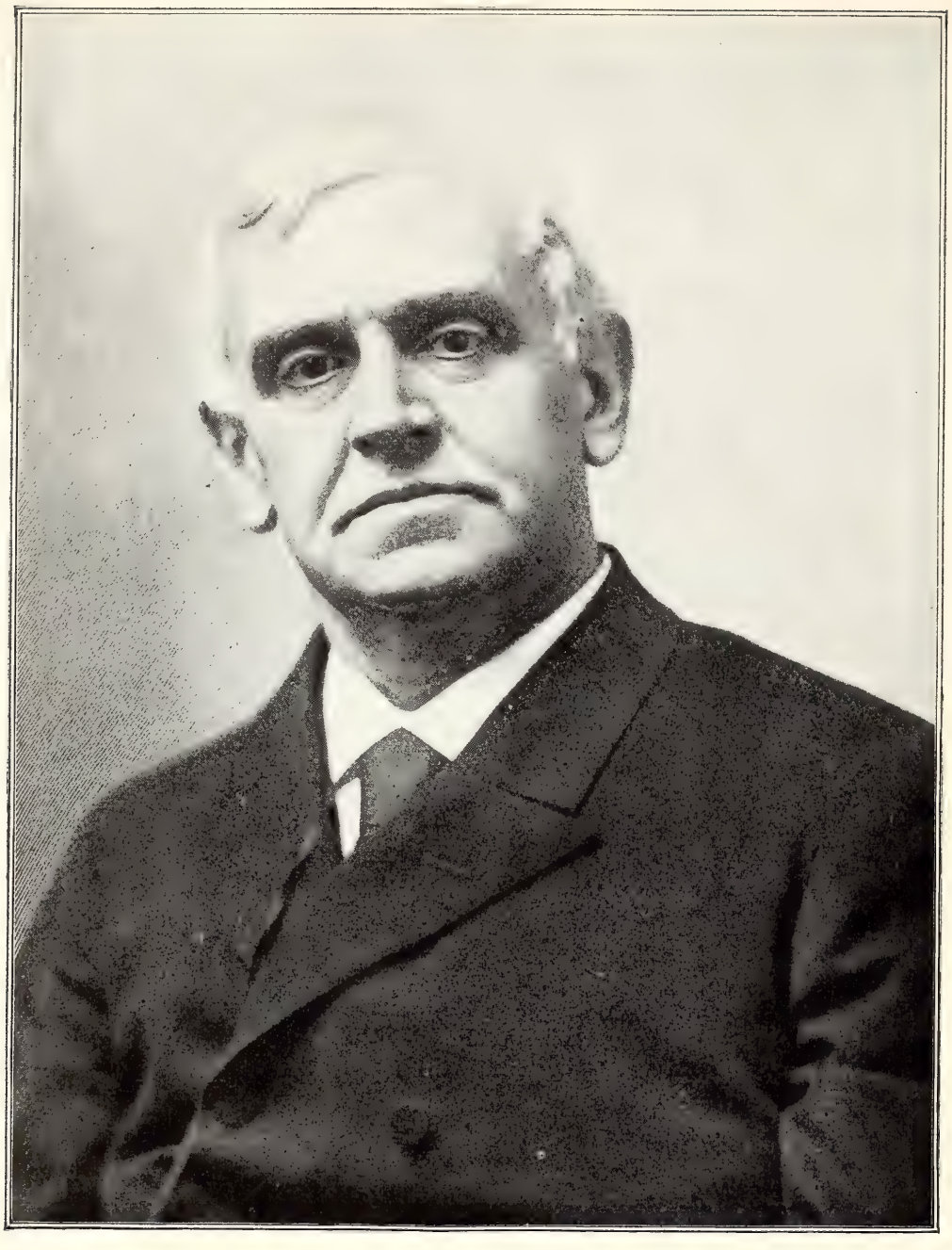
PHILLIPS BROOKS IN 1865.

From a photograph by J. W. Black & Co., Boston.

She was not a woman to mind being "called names" in this fashion; but undoubtedly had her laugh out with the editor, at this clever turn of words. The value of her work is beyond question; the strength of it continually surprises one who is, from the surface, chiefly impressed with her gentleness of spirit.

She was always more or less in the thick of a struggle for existence; life was never easy to her, but she gave ease to it. There was a kind of comfortableness about her, which, I think, impressed me more than anything else in her personality. Miss Larcom had a fine presence. She was large, and well-proportioned, and had a certain sort of handsomeness. The well-known picture of her in the bonnet is the best that I have ever seen.

She had absolute simplicity of manner; I never saw in her a trace of either embarrassment or elaboration, much less of affectation. She was a motherly-looking



BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.

woman. A stranger might have guessed her to be in the process of putting several boys through college; not in the least worried about their debts, and never nagging them about their scrapes.

This ease of nature sometimes led to a little dreaminess, or absence of practical attention, of which her friends were laughingly and lovingly aware. There is a story told of a ride that she took with Mr. Whittier—I cannot now recall it in his precise words. The hill was steep; Mr. Whittier was driving. The horse was gay. The load—on the lady's side, at least—was not light. Lucy Larcom was talking, and she talked on. I think the subject was the life to come. At all events, it was some abstract theme, grave and high. The horse grew unruly. The buggy lurched and rolled. Whittier grasped the reins valiantly, anticipating a possible accident, and centring his being on the emergency. But Lucy talked on serenely. The horse threatened to break. The danger redoubled. The buggy sagged heavily on Lucy's side. Still peacefully she murmured on.

"Lucy!" exploded the poet at last. "Lucy! If thee do not stop talking till I get this horse in hand, thee will be in heaven before thee wants to!"

There was in those days in Boston a dear old lady living "all alone in a shoe,"

THE PIER AT EASTERN POINT, GLOUCESTER HARBOR, MASSACHUSETTS.

one might say, so narrow was her home. She was seldom seen in society, but was valuable to it accordingly. I saw her only twice; but she impressed me as a strong and lofty personality, so far above the usual social human being that her solitude and the sparseness of her environment seemed to partake of the character of luxuries which most of us were unfit to share.

This was Lydia Maria Child. Some thoughtful hostess—I think it was Mrs. Fields—took me one day to call on Mrs. Child. At that time this distinguished abolitionist was occupying lodgings so plain, in a quarter of Boston so much more than unfashionable, that I felt a certain awe upon me, as if I were visiting a martyr in prison. There was no exaggeration in this feeling, when one remembered that this woman's life had been one long suppression of self and obliteration of that background of personal comfort which the rest of us consider essential to our own portraits. It is well known that Mrs. Child sacrificed the prospect of a brilliant literary future to her convictions in the movement for freeing the American slaves. It is not so well known that she had all her life expended such means as she had in private charities, denying herself every luxury and many common comforts, in order to compass the power to relieve or to prevent suffering.

We climbed the steep stairs of her boarding-house thoughtfully. Each one of them meant some generous check which Mrs. Child had drawn for the benefit of something or somebody, choosing this restricted life as the price of her beneficence. She received us in a little sitting-room which seemed to me dreariness personified. Everything was neat, respectable, and orderly; but the paucity of that interior contrasted sadly with the rich nature of its occupant. I particularly remember the tint of the carpet—a lifeless brown. The room was so devoid of color as to seem like a cell; and the winter day had been a dark one.

As we sat talking, the sun battled through the clouds, and then we saw that Mrs. Child had "the afternoon side" of her boarding-house, and knew how to make the most of it. She rose quickly and, taking a little prism which she evidently treasured, hung it in the window so that it caught the southwestern ray. Instantly the colorless room leaped with rainbows. The sweet old lady stood smiling, in the midst of them; she directed them this way and that, and threw them all over the empty

spaces and plain furniture. She had, I thought, a little in her mind the consciousness of my companion's own beautiful library and richly endowed life. It was as if she said: "You see I have not much to offer; but I give you of my best."

This dedicated woman had no luxuries, neither upholstery nor bric-à-brac, as accessories to her peaceful welcome;—only God's sunshine, and the rainbows that she knew how to make out of it. I never see a prism without thinking of her noble life; and I keep one in my study windows to this day, partly in memory of this beautiful and pathetic incident. It did me good, and I do not want to forget it.

Mrs. Child, at our request, talked about her anti-slavery experiences. These moved me very much. But I find that the thing which impressed me most and has stayed with me the longest was this: "How did you know?" one of us asked, "in the midst of so much doubt and danger and possible fraud—now did you always know just whom and where to trust, when these fugitives appealed to you for help?"

"Oh," she said, "there was a pass-word. It carried any escaping slave through the underground railway, to safety. Sometimes it was written on a slip of torn, soiled paper. Sometimes it was only whispered for dear life's sake. But any colored person who came to us with that pass-word was received and passed on without a question. It carried him anywhere, and gave him every chance that we could command."

She paused, and looked at the rainbows in the lodging-house window dreamily. Her heart had gone far back.

"What *was* the pass-word?" we ventured to urge.

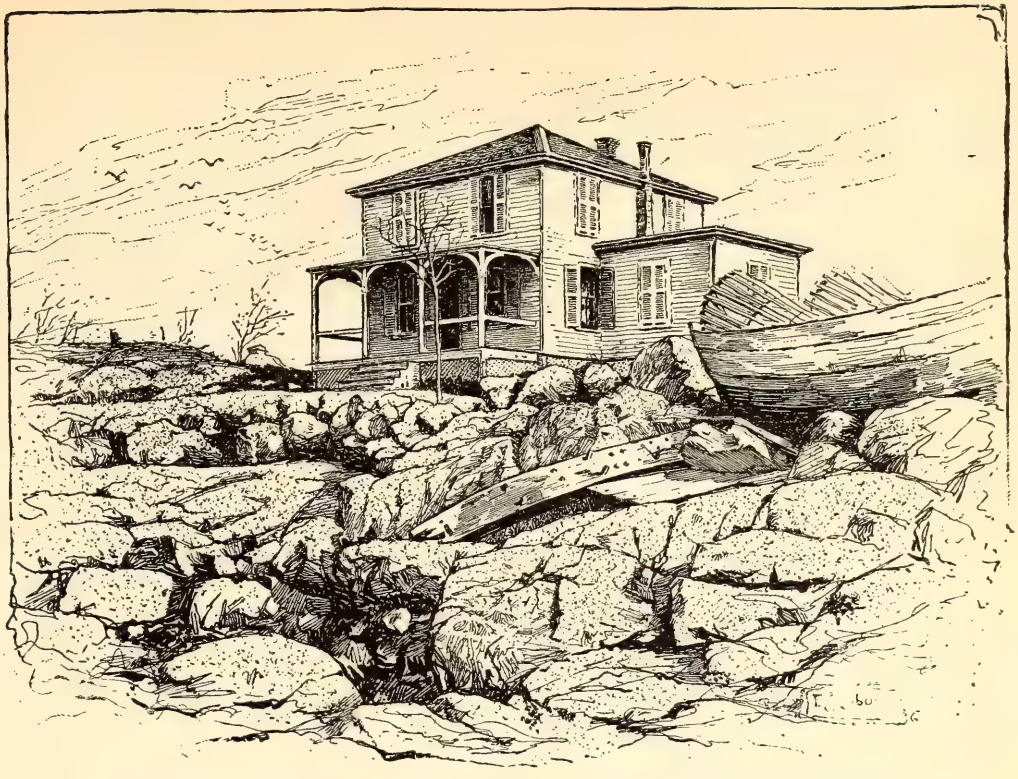
"*I* was a stranger, and ye took *Me* in," softly said the old abolitionist.

There was one man in Boston of whom nobody ever saw enough; and I almost too little to offer what I have kept of his great memory. My acquaintance with Phillips Brooks was rather one of friendliness than of friendship; which is a large word, and one demanding conscientious interpretation, especially in the case of a man in manner so genial to hundreds and at heart so reserved from all but a few. Yet the more vivid recollections of him which come to my pen seem, at least to me, to have almost too much value to be lost; and I venture to insert one or two of them here.

I met Dr. Brooks only now and then; and his letters were brief and usually con-

NILES'S BEACH, NEAR THE FIRST SITE OF MISS PHELPS'S COTTAGE ON GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

cerned some deed or impulse of mercy, or of professional service. My recollections of him, such as they are, I find to be either definitely of a grave and religious nature, or sparkling with social gayety — one of the two extremes. I do not recall him at all in what I once heard called "a comfortable, middling view of things." In conversation he was one of the merriest of entertainers. Sometimes I used to think him almost too ready to let the occasion float away in jest, while I, like so many others, would have chosen to sound with him some theme of height or depth. But, of course, one can readily understand how weary his nerve might have become of the seriousness of life, and how much it needed "the light touch." For this reason, perhaps, the occasions in which the man revealed himself with power and solemnity are more distinct in my mind.



"THE OLD MAID'S PARADISE"—MISS PHELPS'S HOUSE ON GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

The picture shows the house as first located and built; latterly it has been moved to a new position and much changed.

Once I had asked a favor of him: that he would receive a little friend of mine, a sweet lassie, who had listened to his preaching till her heart had chosen him for her priest. She was scarcely more than a child, but not at all a common one; her need was genuine, and not to be confounded with a girl's mere hero-worship for a popular preacher. In his own hearty way he welcomed her to his house, whither it was expected that I would accompany her. I did so, occupying myself, I remember, with a pile of fresh galleys, in another room, while the child went into the preacher's study.

"We will stay," I said, "but ten minutes. Send her out to me when the time is up."

Fifteen minutes passed—a half hour—more—my proof sheets were all corrected before the clergyman came out with the child. He had given her the heart of the morning, his working-time. Who knows what the little maiden's soul needed and received of the great preacher's? For the child died before another winter fell. Did that strong, priestly heart prepare her for the new life—neither knowing why she had sought or he had given the strength to take the last, short step?

I turned to speak to them, as the pastor and parishioner came out of the study; but one glance stopped the words upon my lips. The tears were falling down his face unchecked, unnoticed. He could not speak, and did not try; but solemnly handed the little maiden to my charge, and I left without a word. Afterwards, when her little, lovely life came to its sharp end, I wrote to tell him. His reply indicated that the interview had made as deep an impression upon him as the witness of it had left upon me.

The last time that I saw Mr. Brooks to speak with him was at a memorable crisis in his history. It was close upon the date of his acceptance of the Bishopric of Massachusetts; but this fact was not yet generally known. The movement of his own mind at the time, while his decision to leave Trinity Church forever was still seething, was as solemn as prayer.

If one had any doubt of this, the sight of the man on the occasion to which I refer would have made it clear to the dull-

est perception. We were at lunch, four of us—Mr. Brooks, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Ward, and myself, with friends whose hospitality is expert in the art of selecting the difficult and delightful number of guests, which is more than the graces, but less than the muses.

Mr. Brooks was very quiet at first—almost silent; and, it seemed to my slight social experience with him, unprecedentedly sober. But Dr. Holmes's conversational genius soon struck the sparks from the smouldering fire in the preacher's heart, and the two men began to talk. The rest of us held the breath to listen, as our hostess, with her distinguished tact, stirred the flame when she would; and one of the most remarkable conversations which I ever heard followed.

On Mr. Brooks's part, this was more than grave; it was devout almost to the point of exhortation or prophecy. Dr. Holmes played with the great stream of religious feeling for a few moments, but he quickly and reverently swung himself along with it. I shall never forget the expression with which he regarded Mr. Brooks. It was one of unalloyed trust and admiration; at moments it had a beautiful wistfulness, as if he might have said:

"Of course, you know I can't altogether agree with you. But you almost make me wish I could!"

As the talk deepened, Mr. Brooks roused and raised himself and us to one of those rare altitudes of which one always says afterwards, "It was good to be there."

He began to talk about the duties of the upper to the lower classes of society, and of the Christian to the irreligious. He spoke rapidly, then earnestly, then eagerly, hotly, without fear and without reproach, like the Christian Bayard that he was. At the last, he pushed on into monologue—a thing I never heard him do before; and no one, not even the king of Boston conversers, cared to interrupt him.

The preacher's eyes burned over our heads into the peaceful perspective of Charles River; his voice took on the priestly ring; he seemed to hear the orders of authority "we could not hear," and to see visions which "we might not see." He scathed the fashionable classes for their follies, and flung a kind of holy scorn at the paltriness and cowardice which excused itself from contact with the suffering and the loathsomeness of the lower world.

To my surprise, he spoke of the Salvation Army in language of deep respect. He honored its work. He prophesied heartily for its future. He spoke contemptuously of the nervousness of people of ease about infection in clothing brought from the sweat-shops and from homes whose horrors few of us troubled a heart-throb to alleviate. With sacred indignation he rebuked the heathen of the West End, who cared neither for their own souls nor for those of other men. He scored worldliness of heart and life in a lofty denunciation to which it was impossible to offer a protesting word.

He mentioned, by name, a certain fashionable men's club on the Back Bay. "The Salvation Army," he cried, "ought to be sent *there*. Nobody needs them more. They ought to go right through such a place as that, and preach New Testament religion!"

At this point, Dr. Holmes suggested, in a subdued voice: "But, Dr. Brooks, such men as those are not going to listen to the Salvation Army. It seems to me that *you* are the man to go into the —— Club and preach Christianity."

Dr. Brooks made no reply. The rest of us took the thought up, and urged him a little. But he fell into a silence, so sad that it was impossible to break it. His gaze wandered from us, solemnly. Was he renewing the conflict of soul which must have preceded his determination to leave the pastorate of his loved and loving people? Was he heartsick with his own great ideal of what a Christian teacher might achieve and must forever fail to? Was he thinking of his limits in the light of his aspirations? He talked no more. In a few moments he abruptly and silently left us.

I was once talking with a man of well-known gifts and power who is a pronounced unbeliever in Christianity; indeed, a free-thinker of a confirmed type. In answer to some personal plea of mine for the rationality of faith, he exclaimed:

"A Christian? I? If I were to be a *Christian*, I should have to be—why, I should have to be such a man as Phillips Brooks!"

That instinctive reverence in the man of this world for the man of the other I have always called the finest tribute to Mr. Brooks that I have ever heard.

One of the pleasantest recollections which I have of Phillips Brooks is not at all connected with Boston, but brings me to my life at Gloucester, and will be given

later in this fragmentary story; which is now well over-due at my own summer home upon the rough shores of Cape Ann.

It fell to me, rather early in life, to try one of those experiments at home-making for one's self in which unmarried women venture less often, I think, than would be good for them and for society at large. My father's absence from Andover in search of his lost health having become a settled part of the summer programmes, I pursued, for a while, the usual career of summer boarders. The usual restlessness for "higher things" resulted.

I had engaged rooms, one summer, upon the other side of Cape Ann, privately known to its North Shore residents as the Pacific Ocean; meaning thereby the region of Ipswich Bay. Our quarters were far from the sea, in the thick of a village, and opposite a grammar school. I bore it for a week, and then, one desperate day, I started upon an exploring expedition. We drove on for seven miles, crossing the noisy and dusty and fishy little city, without enthusiasm. Gloucester, as to her business sections, did not prove alluring; but we pushed on eastward, down her harbor shore.

Suddenly, at the end of our journey, hot, dusty, and discouraged, toiling up what is known as Patch's Hill, we brought our tired pony to a halt, and drew the breath of unexpected and undreamed-of delight. We had discovered Eastern Point. Out of the salt dust, out of the narrow, scorching streets, by the fish-flakes and the fish-teams, past the rude roads whose boulders seemed to have been only "spatted" down by the whimsical street commissioner Time, we came upon the fairest face of all the New England coast, the eastern side of Gloucester Harbor.

The travelling American who has seen the world often tells me that here is one of the most beautiful scenes upon the whole round face of it. On this point I am not authorized by experience to testify; but my private convictions are that it would not be easy to find a lovelier bit of coast survey. There is a nook known as Wonson's; it was then a sheltered, peaceful spot, scarcely devastated by the tramp of the summer boarder, and so undisturbed that I only knew when callers came because the chickens ran past the window to get away from them.

A cottage with its feet in the water and its eyes on the harbor received me; and there, close upon the gorge with the lava trap, and glancing over the little beach where the northwest gales clear out the cool dashes of green and purple and bronze, and where mast and main-sail cut brown and sharp against the gold beyond Ten Pound Island, and the towers of Old Gloucester (called by architects picturesque for America) rise against the sunset, I spent the preliminary summers which made me slave to Gloucester shore for life. The result was the châlet known to my readers as The Old Maid's Paradise.

This I built; and there I lived from May to November, or nearly that. The waves played almost to my door; in winter, the spray dashed upon the piazza. The fishermen, my neighbors, drew up their dories upon the rocks in front of me; the foreground was marked by lobster pots, and nets spread upon the scanty grass to dry, or to mend. The fishermen's children—who could hold an oar at the age of three, and whom I have seen placed by their fathers sitting straight in the stern of a dory when they were three months' old—played over my rocks, or brought me blue-tipped innocence and white violets every year when I returned.

"You come up with the spring flowers," prettily said one imaginative little neighbor, a fisherman's daughter.

Opposite my study windows, cruel and beautiful as any siren of fable, ran the reef of Norman's Woe.

The shore of Fresh Water Cove made a fair, green blush in the gray outline of the stern coast which ran from Norman's Woe to Pavilion Beach. When I rowed, or was rowed over to it, (it was a good pull of a mile and a half, or more)—if the wind were up, or there were "short chops" upon the harbor, and landing became a matter of skill, I used always to think of the two lines in an old hymn:

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand dressed in living green."

When the breeze struck from the east, or southeast, then the whole length of the western shore of the harbor broke into white fire. Hours were short in watching this blaze of foam. Suddenly it shot up—call it fifty feet; call it twice that, according to the vigor of the storm—in jets and great tongues, as if it believed itself able to lick the solid cliffs away. Seen through the shaking window of my throbbing little house, it was easy to believe that it could.

Perhaps the wind fell, but failed to die

with the day. Then came on the wonder of a stormy sunset. All Gloucester Harbor tossed against it. The bows of the anchored fleet rose and sank angrily. The head-lights came out one by one, and flared, surging up and down. Ten Pound Light flashed out for the night; but her blinder was on, towards us. The little city, glorified now, forgiven of her fish, and her dust, and her bouncing roads; loved and dreamed over, and sung in heart and pen, melted all through her pretty outlines against the massive colors of the west.

Then off Eastern Point, far to the left, where the shadow fell, sprang out the red, revolving flash of Cape Ann Light.

The fishermen's children are in their beds; the rocks are quiet, but for the cannonade of the surf. Shut away from the world, shut in with the sea, I light my lonely fire, and thank God for my own hearth and for Gloucester shore.

I had a little dog in those days. With the lady who mothered my home, and the maid who served it, he formed "my family;" we three sat in the windows, and heard the summer people—as they grew, alas, in force—pass by our châlet, chatting busily. Often their talk would be of us.

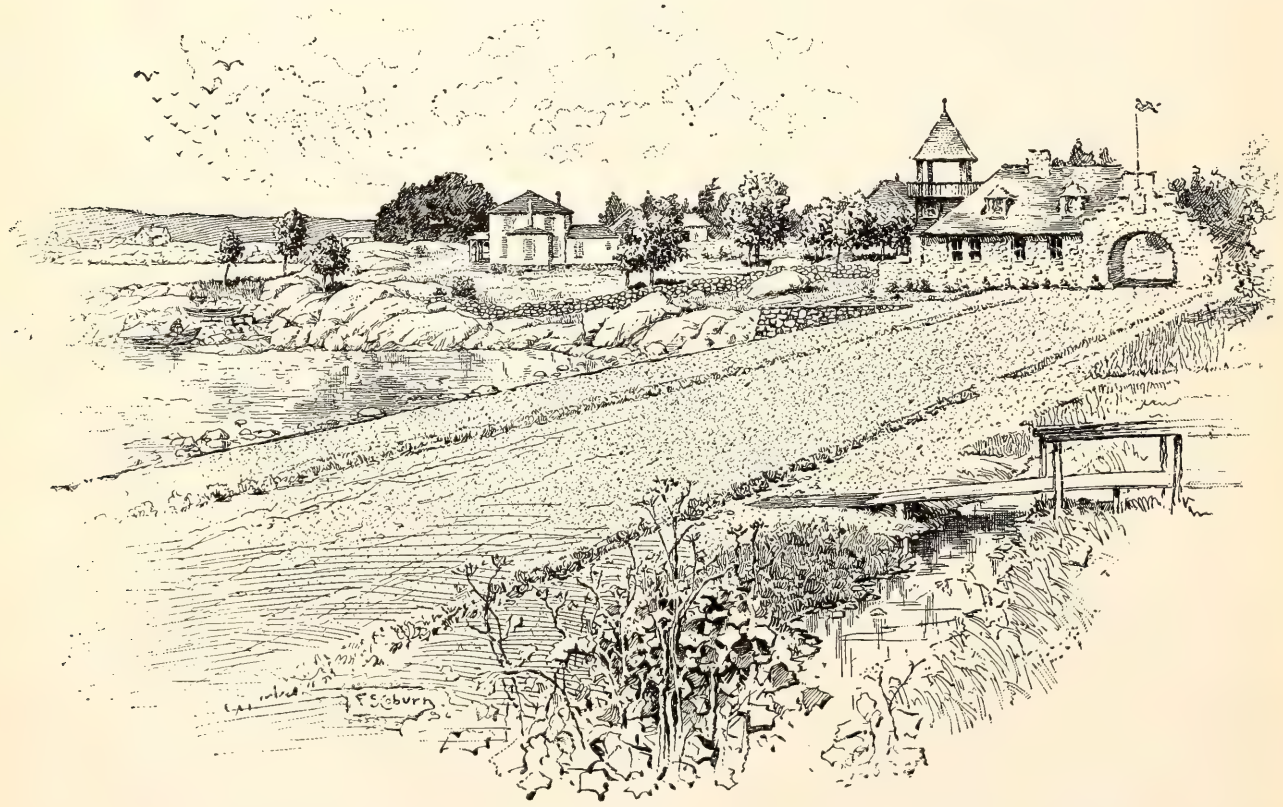
The name of that dog, by the way, was Daniel Deronda; and one day it fell to me, with my own ears, to overhear these authenticated words:

"Mamma?" It was a little fellow who spoke, tugging at his mother's fingers as he scrambled over the boulders. "Mamma, I want to know. Is this where *the Derondas live?*"

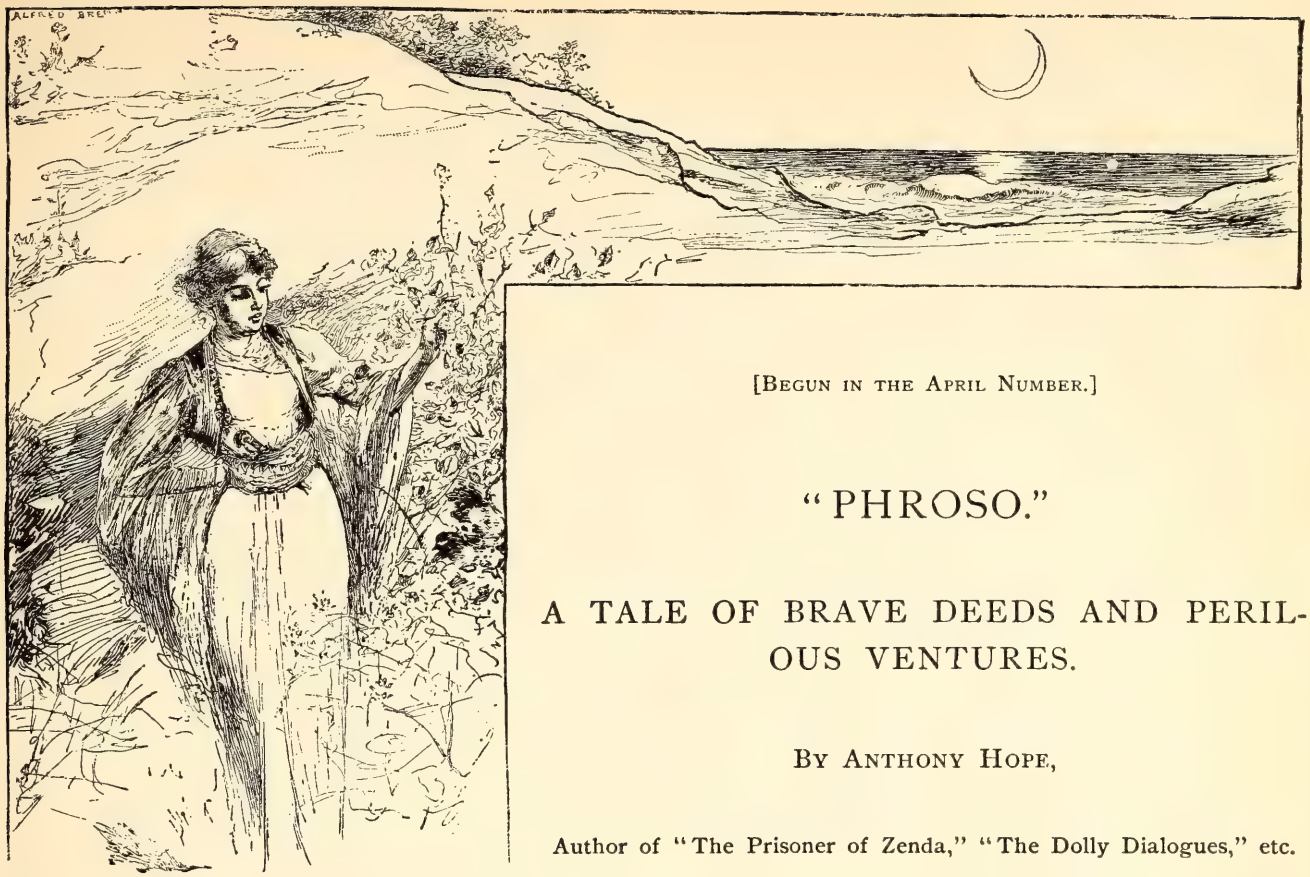
Such was human fame; and such will it ever be! The eyes that see us, see with their own focus; not from ours, or with ours. Worse might befall me than to be known as one of the Derondas.

I looked solemnly at the little dog (he was the only masculine member of the household), and said:

"It is the doom of women, Dan. Seven pounds of your lordly sex—and with bangs down to his nose, into the bargain—will order our identity away from us. We must make the best of it, Dan; and you and I know that it's all the same in the end."



"THE OLD MAID'S PARADISE"—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOUSE AND SITE SHOWN ON PAGE 241.



[Begun in the April Number.]

"PHROSO."

A TALE OF BRAVE DEEDS AND PERILOUS VENTURES.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

Lord Charles Wheatley (who himself tells the story) has gone to take possession of Neopalia, a small Greek island which he has purchased of Lord Stefanopoulos. He is accompanied by his cousin, Denny Swinton; his factotum, Hogvardt; and his servant, Watkins. They are fiercely opposed by the natives under the lead of Constantine, Lord Stefanopoulos's nephew, and are in hourly peril of their lives. Finally, by means of a secret passage to the sea, they all escape from the island, except Wheatley. He is made a prisoner, and is about to be stricken to death before an assembly of the people when Phroso, the "Lady of the Island," springing between him and the descending sword, declares that she loves him better than her life. Thus secured a hearing, Wheatley uses it to show the people that Constantine has lately assassinated his uncle, Lord Stefanopoulos, and is now plotting to murder his own wife, Francesca (married to him secretly some time before), in order to be free to marry his cousin Phroso, who by her father's death is become heiress of the island. Then Constantine becomes the prisoner, and Wheatley, set free, finds himself in much favor with the Neopalians because of the love their fair young mistress has publicly avowed for him. He is not altogether happy, though; for he has come from England promised in marriage to a young lady there, Beatrice Hipgrave.

CHAPTER XII.

LAW AND ORDER.

AT last the whirling seemed to have taken a turn in my favor, the revolutions of the wheel at last to have brought my fortune uppermost. For the sight of Francesca in Panayiota's arms came pat in confirmation of the story wrung from Demetri by the power of his oath, and his "Behold!" was not needed to insure acceptance for his testimony. From women rose compassionate murmurs, from men angry growlings that expressed, while they strove to hide, the shamefaced emotions which the helpless woman's narrow escape created. Her salvation must bring mine with it; for it was the ruin of her husband and my enemy.

Kortes and another dragged Constantine Stefanopoulos forward till he stood within two or three yards of his wife; none interposed on his behalf or resented the rough pressure of Kortes's compelling hand. And even as he was set there, opposite the women, they, roused by the subdued stir of the excited throng, awoke. First into one another's eyes, then round upon us, came their startled glances; then Francesca leapt with a cry to her feet, ran to me, and threw herself on her knees before me, crying, "You'll save me, my lord, you'll save me?" Demetri hung his head in

sullen half-contrition, mingled with an unmistakable satisfaction in his religious piety. Constantine licked and bit his thin lips, his fists tight clenched, his eyes darting furtively about in search of friends or in terror of avengers. And Phroso said in her soft clear tones:

"There is no more need of fear. For the truth is known."

Her eyes, that would not meet mine, rested long in tender sympathy on the woman, who still knelt at my feet. Here, indeed, she remained till Phroso came forward and raised her, while the old priest lifted his voice in brief thanks to heaven for the revelation wrought under the sanction of the holy saint. For myself, I gave a long sigh of relief. The strain had been on me now for many hours, and it tires a man to be knocking all day long at the door of death. Yet, almost in the instant that the concern for my own life left me (and that is a thing terribly apt to fill a man's mind), my thoughts turned to other troubles, to my friends, who were I knew not where; to Phroso, who had said—I scarcely knew what.

Suddenly, striking firm and loud across the murmurs and the threats that echoed round the ring in half-hushed voices, came Kortes's tones:

"And this man? What of him?" he asked, his hand on Constantine's shaking shoulder. "For he has done all that the stranger declared of him; he has deceived our Lady Euphrosyne, he has sought to kill this lady here, we have it from his own mouth that he also slew the old lord, though he knew well that the old lord had yielded."

Constantine's wife turned swiftly to the speaker.

"Did he kill the old lord?" she asked. "He told me that it was Spiro who struck him, in the heat of the brawl."

"Ay, Spiro or Vlacho, or whom you will," said Kortes, with a shrug. "There was no poverty of lies in his mouth."

But the old feeling was not dead, and one or two again murmured:

"The old lord sold the island."

"Did he die for that?" cried Francesca sorrowfully. "Or was it not I in truth who killed him?"

There was a movement of surprised interest, and all bent their eyes on her.

"Yes," she went on, "for I think I doomed him to that death when I went and told him my story, seeking his protection. Constantine found me with him and heard him greet me as his nephew's wife on the afternoon of the day that the deed was done. Can this man here deny it? Can he deny that the old lord was awaiting the return of the Lady Euphrosyne to tell her of the thing, when his lips were forever sealed by the stroke?"

This disclosure, showing a new and vile motive for what Constantine had tried to play off as a pardonable excess of patriotism, robbed him of his last defenders. He seemed to recognize his plight; his eyes ceased to canvass possible favor and dropped to the ground in dull despair. There was not a man now to raise a voice or a hand for him, and their anger at having been made his dupes and his tools sharpened the edge of their hatred. To me his wife's words caused no wonder, for I had from the first believed that some secret motive had nerved Constantine's arm, and that he had taken advantage of the islanders' mad folly for his own purposes. What that motive was stood out now clear and obvious. It explained his act, and justified abundantly the distrust and fear of him that I had perceived in his wife's mind when first I talked with her on the hill. But she, having launched her fatal bolt, turned her eyes away again, and, laying her hand in Phroso's, stood silent.

Kortes, appearing to take the lead now by general consent—for Phroso made no sign—looked round on his fellow countrymen, seeking to gather their decision from their faces. He found the guidance and agreement that he sought.

"We may not put any man to death on St. Tryphon's Day," said he.

The sentence was easy to read, for all its indirectness. The islanders understood it, and approved in a deep stern murmur; the women followed it, and their faces grew pale and solemn; the criminal missed nothing of its implied doom, and tottered under the strong hands that now rather supported than imprisoned him. "Not on this day, but to-morrow at break of day." The voice of the people had spoken in the mouth of Kortes, and none pleaded for mercy or delay.

"I will take him to the guardhouse, and keep him," said Kortes; and the old priest murmured low, "God have mercy on him." Then, with a swift dart, Phroso sprang towards Kortes; her hands were clasped, her eyes prayed him to seek some ground of mercy, some pretext for a lighter sentence. She said not a word, but every one of us read her eloquent prayer. Kortes looked round again; the

faces about him were touched with a tenderness that they had not worn before, but the tenderness was for the advocate, and no part of it reached the criminal. Kortes shook his head gravely; Phroso turned to the woman who had comforted her before, and hid her face. Constantine, seeing the last hope gone, swayed, and fell into the arms of the man who, with Kortes, held him, uttering a long low moan of fear and despair, terrible to listen to even from lips guilty as his. Thus was Constantine Stefanopoulos tried for his life in the yard of Vlacho's inn in Neopalia. The trial ended, he was carried out into the street on his way to the prison, and we, one and all, in dead silence, followed. The yard was emptied, and the narrow street choked with the attending crowd, that followed Kortes and his prisoner till the doors of the guard-house closed on them. Then, for the first time that day, Phroso's eyes sought mine in a rapid glance, in which I read joy for my safety; but the glance fell as I answered it, and she turned away in confusion. Her avowal, forgotten for an instant in gladness, recurred to her mind, and dyed her cheeks red. Averting my eyes from her, I looked down the slope of the street towards the sea. The thought of her, and of nothing else, was in my mind.

Ah, my island! My sweet capricious island!

A sudden uncontrollable exclamation burst from my lips, and, raising my hand, I pointed to the harbor and the blue water beyond. Every head followed the direction of my outstretched finger, every pair of eyes was focussed on the object that held mine. A short breathless silence—a momentary wonder—then, shrill or deep, low in fear or loud in excitement, broke forth the cry:

"The governor! The governor!"

For a gunboat was steaming slowly into the harbor of Neopalia, and the Turkish flag flew over her.

The sight wrought transformation. In a moment, as it seemed to me, the throng round me melted away; the street grew desolate; the houses on either side swallowed their eager occupants; Kortes alone, with his prisoner, knew nothing of the fresh event; Phroso and Francesca only stood their ground; Demetri was slinking hastily away; the old priest was making for his home; the shutters of Vlacho's inn came down, and girls hustled to and fro, preparing food. I stood unwatched, unheeded, apparently forgotten; festival, tumult, trial, condemnation, seemed past, like visions; the flag that flew from the gunboat brought back modern days, the prose of life, and ended the wild poetic drama which we had played and a second One-eyed Alexander might worthily have sung. How had the governor come before his time, and why?

"Denny!" I cried aloud in inspiration and hope, and I ran as though the foul fiends whom Demetri had heard were behind me. Down the deep street and on to the jetty I ran. As I arrived there, the gunboat reached it also, and a moment later Denny was shaking my hand till it felt like falling off, and from the deck of the boat Hogvardt and Watkins were waving wild congratulations.

Denny had jumped straight from deck to jetty; but now a gangway was thrust out, and I passed, with him, on to the deck, and presented myself with a low bow to a gentleman who stood there. He was a tall, full-bodied man, apparently about fifty years old; his face was heavy and broad, in complexion dark and sallow; he wore a short, black beard, his lips were full, his eyes acute and small. I did not like the look of him much, but he meant law and order and civilization, and an end to the wild ways of Neopalia. For this, as Denny whispered to me, was no less a man than the governor himself, Mouraki Pasha. I bowed again, yet lower, for I stood before a man of whom report had much to tell—something good, much bad, all interesting.

He spoke to me in low, slow, suave tones, employing the Greek language, which he spoke fluently, although as a foreigner. For Mouraki was by birth an Armenian.

"You must have much to tell me, Lord Wheatley," he said with a smile. "But first I must tell you with what pleasure I find you alive and unhurt. Be assured that you shall not want redress for the wrongs which these turbulent rascals have inflicted on you. I know these men of Neopalia, and they are hard men; but they also know me, and that I also can be a hard man if need be." His looks did not belie his words, as his sharp eye travelled with an ominous glance over the little town by the harbor. "But you will wish to speak with your friends first," he went on courteously. "May I ask your attention in half an hour's time from now?"

I bowed obedience, the great man turned away, and Denny caught me by the arm, crying: "Now, old man, tell us all about it."

"Wait a bit," said I, rather indignantly. "Just you tell me all about it."

But Denny was firmer than I, and my adventures came before his. I told them all faithfully, save one incident—it may perhaps be guessed which. Denny and the other two listened with frequent exclamations of surprise, and danced with exultation at the final worsting of Constantine Stefanopoulos.

"It's all right," said Denny reassuringly. "Old Mouraki will hang him just the same."

"Now it's your turn," said I.

"Oh, our story's nothing. We just got through that old drain and came out by the sea, and all the fishermen had gone off to the fishing ground except one old chap, whom they left behind to look after their victuals. Well, we didn't know how to get back to you, and the old chap told us that the whole place was alive with armed men, so—"

"Just tell the story properly, will you?" said I sternly.

And at last, by pressing and much questioning, I got the story from them, and here it is; for it was by no means so ordinary a matter as Denny's modesty would have had me think. When the consternation caused by the cutting of our rope had passed away, a hurried counsel decided them to press on with all speed, and they took their way along the narrow, damp, and slippery ledge of rock that encircled the basin. So perilous did the track seem that Hogvardt insisted on their being roped as though for a mountaineering ascent, and thus they went on. The first opening from the basin they found without much difficulty. Now the rope proved useful, for Denny, passing through it first, fell headlong into space, and most certainly would have perished but for the support his companions gave him. For the track turned at right angles to the left, and Denny walked straight over the edge of the rock. Sobered by this accident and awake to their peril (for it must be remembered that they had no lantern), they groped their way slowly and cautiously, up and down, in and out. Hours passed; Watkins, less accustomed than the others to a physical strain, could hardly lift his feet. And all this while the dim glimmer that Denny had seen retreated before them, appearing to grow no nearer for all their efforts. They walked, as they found afterwards, or walked, crawled, scrambled, and jumped, for eleven hours, their haste and anxiety allowing no pause for rest. Then they seemed to see the end; for the winding, tortuous track appeared at last to make up its mind. It took a straight downward track, and Denny's hard-learnt caution vanishing, he started along it at a trot, and with a hearty hurrah. He tempted fate. The slope became suddenly a drop. This time all three fell with a splash and a thud into a deep pool, one on the top of the other; and here they scrambled for some minutes, Watkins coming very near to finding an end to the troubles of his eventful service. But Denny and Hogvardt managed to get him out. The path began again; content with its last freak, it pursued now a business-like way; the glimmer grew to a gleam, the gleam spread into a glad blaze. "The sea, the sea!" cried Denny. And a last spurt landed them in a cave that overlooked the blue waters. What they did on that I could by no means persuade them to tell, but, had I been there, I should have thanked God and shaken hands; and thus, I daresay, did they. And besides that, they lay there, dog tired and beaten, for an hour or more, in one of those despondent fits that assail even brave men, making sure that I was dead or taken, and that their own chances of escape were small, and, since I was dead or taken, hardly worth the seeking.

They were roused by an old man who suddenly entered the cave, bearing a bundle of sticks in his arms. At sight of them he dropped his load and turned to fly; but they were on him in an instant, seizing him and crying to know who he was. He had as many questions for them, and when he learnt who they were and how they had come, he raised his hands in wonder, and told Hogvardt, who alone could make him understand or understand him, that their fears were well grounded. For he had met a Neopalian but an hour since, and the talk in all the island was of how the stranger had killed Vlacho and been taken by Kortes, and would die on the next day; for it was now the early morning of the feast day. Denny was for a dash; but a dash meant certain death. Watkins was ready for that, though the poor fellow could hardly crawl. Hogvardt held firm to the chance that more cautious measures gave. The old man's comrades were away at their fishing grounds, ten miles out at sea; but he had a boat down on the beach. Thither they went, and set out under the fisherman's guidance, pulling in desperate perseverance with numb weary limbs under the increasing heat of the sun. But their will asked too much of their bodies. Wat-

kins dropped his oar with a groan; Denny's moved weakly and uselessly through the water, that hardly stirred under its blade; Hogvardt at first flung himself into the stern with one groan of despair; the old fisherman cast resigned eyes up to heaven, and the boat tossed motionless on the water. Thus they lay while I fought my duel with Constantine Stefanopoulos on the other side of Neopalia.

Then, while they were still four miles from the fishing fleet, where lay their only chance of succor for me or for themselves, there came suddenly to their incredulous eyes a shape on the sea and a column of smoke. Denny's spring forward came near to capsizing the boat; oars were seized again; weariness fled before hope; the gunboat came in view, growing clear and definite; she moved quickly towards them, they slowly yet eagerly towards her; the interval grew less and less; they shouted before they could be heard, and shouted still in needless caution long after they had been heard. A boat put out to them, they were taken on board, their story heard with shrugs of wonder. Mouraki could not be seen. "I'll see him!" cried Denny, and Hogvardt plied the recalcitrant officer with smooth entreaties. The life of a man was at stake! But he could not be seen. The life of an Englishman! His Excellency slept through the heat of the day. The life of an English lord! His Excellency would be angry, but— The contents of Denny's pocket, wild boasts of my power and position (I was a favorite at court, and so forth!) at last clinched the matter. His Excellency should be roused; heaven knew what he would say, but he should be roused. He went to Neopalia next week; now he was sailing past it, to inspect another island; perhaps he would alter the order of his voyage. He was fond of Englishmen—it was a great lord, was it not? So, at last, when Hogvardt was at his tongue's end and Denny almost mad with rage, Mouraki was roused. He heard their story and pondered on it with leisurely strokings of his beard and keen long glances of his sharp eyes. At last came the word: "To the island, then!" and a cheer from the three that Mouraki suffered with patient uplifted brows. Thus came Mouraki to Neopalia; thus came; as I hoped, an end to our troubles.

More than the half-hour passed swiftly in the narrative; then came Mouraki's summons, and my story to him, heard with courteous impassivity, received at its end with plentiful assurances of redress for me and punishment for the islanders.

"The island shall be restored to you," said he. "You shall have every compensation, Lord Wheatley. These Neopalians shall learn their lesson."

"I want nothing but justice on Constantine," said I. "The island I have given back."

"That is nothing," said he. "It was under compulsion; we shall not acknowledge it. The island is certainly yours. Your title has been recognized; you could not transfer it without the consent of my government."

I did not pursue the argument; if Mouraki chose to hand the island back to me, I supposed that I could, after such more or less tedious forms as were necessary, restore it to Phroso. For the present the matter was of small moment, for Mouraki was there with his men, and the power of the lord—or lady—of Neopalia in abeyance. The island was at the feet of the governor.

Indeed, such was its attitude; and great was the change in the islanders when, in the cool of the evening, I walked up the street by Mouraki's side, escorted by soldiers and protected by the great gun of the gunboat, that commanded the town. There were many women to watch us, few men, and these unarmed, with downcast eyes and studious meekness of bearing. Mouraki seemed to detect my surprise.

"They made a disturbance here three years ago," said he, "and I came. They have not forgotten."

"What did you do to them?" I made bold to ask.

"What was necessary," he said; and, "They are not Armenians," added the Armenian governor with a smile that meant much—among other things, as I took it, that no tiresome English demanded fair trial for riotous Neopalians.

"And Constantine?" said I; I hope that I was not too vindictive.

"It is the feast of St. Tryphon," said his Excellency, with another smile.

We were passing the guardhouse now. An officer and ten men fell out from the ranks of our escort and took their stand by its doors. We passed on, leaving Constantine in this safe keeping; and Mouraki, turning to me, said: "I must ask you for hospitality. As lord of the island, you enjoy the right of entertaining me."

I bowed. We turned into the road that led to the old gray house, and when we were a couple of hundred yards from it I saw Phroso coming out of the door. She

walked rapidly towards us, and paused a few paces from the governor, making a deep obeisance to him and bidding him welcome to her poor house in stately phrases of deference and loyalty. Mouraki was silent, surveying her with a slight smile. She grew confused under his wordless smiling, and her greetings died away. At last he spoke, in slow, deliberate tones:

"And is this the lady," said he, "who raises a tumult and resists my master's will and seeks to kill a lord who comes peaceably and by peaceful right to take what is his?"

I believe I made a motion as though to spring forward. Mouraki's expressive face displayed a marvelling question—did I mean such insolence as lay in interrupting him? I fell back; a public remonstrance could earn only a public rebuff.

"Strange are the ways of Neopalia!" said he, his gaze again on Phroso.

"I am at your mercy, my lord," she murmured.

"And what is this talk of your house? What house have you? I see here the house of this English lord, where he will receive me courteously. Where is your house?"

"The house belongs to whom you will, my lord," she said. "Yet I have dared to busy myself in making it ready for you."

By that time I was nearly at boiling point, but I still controlled myself, and I rejoiced that Denny was not there, he and the others having resumed possession of the yacht and arranged to sleep there, in order to leave more room for Mouraki's accommodation. Phroso stood in patient submission, and Mouraki's eyes travelled over her from head to foot.

"The other woman?" he asked abruptly. "Your cousin's wife—where is she?"

"She is at the cottage on the hill, my lord, with a woman to attend her."

After another pause, he motioned with his hand to Phroso to take her place by him; and thus we three walked up to the house. It was alive now with women and men, and there was a bustle of preparation for the great man.

Mouraki sat down in the armchair which I had been accustomed to use, and, turning to an officer who seemed to be his aide-de-camp, issued rapid orders for his own comfort and entertainment; then he turned to me and said, civilly enough:

"Since you seem reluctant to act as host, you shall be my guest while I am here."

I murmured thanks. He turned to Phroso, and waved his hand again in dismissal. She drew back, courtesying, and I saw her mount the stairs to her room. Mouraki bade me sit down, and his orderly brought him cigarettes. He gave me one, and we began to smoke, Mouraki watching the coiling rings, I furtively watching his face. I was in a rage at his treatment of Phroso, but the man interested me. I thought that he was now considering great matters, the life of Constantine, perhaps, or the penalties that he should lay on the people of Neopalia. Yet even these would hardly seem great to him, who had moved in the world of truly great affairs and was in his present post rather by a temporary loss of favor than because it was adequate to his known abilities. With such thoughts I studied him as he sat silently smoking.

Well, man is very human, and great men are often even more human than other men. For when Mouraki saw that we were alone, when he had finished his cigarette, flung it away, and taken another, he observed to me, obviously summarizing the result of those meditations to which my fancy had imparted such loftiness:

"Yes, I don't know that I ever saw a handsomer girl."

There was nothing to say but one thing, and I said it.

"No more did I, your Excellency," said I.

But I was not pleased with the expression of Mouraki's eye, and the contentment induced in me by the safety of my friends, by my own escape, and by the end of Constantine's ill-used power, was suddenly clouded as I sat and looked at the baffling face and subtle smile of the governor. What was it to him whether Phroso were a handsome girl or not?

And I suppose I might just as well have added, what was it to me?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SMILES OF MOURAKI PASHA.

At his dinner-table Mouraki proved a charming companion. His official reserve and pride vanished; he called me by my name simply, and extorted a similar mode of address from my modesty. He professed rapture at meeting a civilized and pleasant companion in such an out-of-the-way place; he postponed the troubles of

Neopalia in favor of a profusion of amusing reminiscences and anecdotes. He gave me a delightful evening, and bade me the most cordial of good nights. I did not know whether his purpose had been to captivate or merely to analyze me; he had gone near to the former, and I doubted not that he had succeeded entirely in the latter. Well, there was nothing I wanted to conceal—unless it might be something that I was still striving to conceal even from myself.

I rose very early the next morning. The pasha was not expected to appear for two or three hours, and he had not requested my presence till ten-o'clock breakfast. I hastened off to the harbor, boarded the yacht, enjoyed a merry cup of coffee and a glorious bath with Denny. Denny was anxious to know my plans—whether I meant to return or to stay. The idea of departure was odious to me. I enlarged on the beauties of the island, but Denny's shrug insinuated a doubt of my candor. I declared that I saw no reason for going, but must be guided by the pasha.

"And where's the girl?" asked Denny abruptly.

"She's up at the house," I answered carelessly.

"Hum! Heard anything about Constantine being hanged?"

"Not a word. Mouraki has not touched on business."

Denny had projected a sail, and was not turned from his purpose by my inability to accompany him. Promising to meet him again in the evening, I took my way back up the street, where a day or two ago my life would have paid for my venturing, where now I was as safe as in Hyde Park. Women gave me civil greetings; the men did the like, or, at worst, ignored me. I saw the soldiers on guard at Constantine's prison, and pursued my path to the house. My island was beautiful that morning, and the blood flowed merrily in my veins. I thought of Phroso; but where was the remorse that I vainly summoned?

Suddenly I saw Kortes before me, walking slowly along. He was relieved of his duty, then, and Constantine was no longer in his hands. Overtaking him, I began to talk. He listened for a little, and then raised his calm honest eyes to mine.

"And the Lady Phroso?" he said, gently. "What of her?"

I told him what I knew, softening the story of Mouraki's harshness.

"And you have not spoken to her yet?" he asked.

Then coming a step nearer, he said: "She shuns you, perhaps?"

"I don't know," said I, feeling embarrassed under the man's direct gaze.

"It is natural, but only till she has seen you once. I pray you not to linger, my lord. For she suffers shame for having told her love, even though it was to save you. It is hard for a maiden to speak unbesought."

I leant back against the rocky bank by the road.

"Lose no time in telling her your love, my lord," he urged. "It may be that she guesses, but her shame will trouble her till she hears it from your lips. Seek her, seek her without delay."

I had forgotten the beauty of the island, and I felt my eyes drop before Kortes's look. But I shrugged my shoulders, saying carelessly:

"It was only a friendly device the Lady Phroso played to save me. She does not really love me. It was a trick. I will thank her for it, for it was of great help to me, and a hard thing for her to do."

"It was no trick. You know it was none. Was not the love in every tone of her voice? Is it not in every glance of her eyes when she is with you—and most when she will not look at you?"

"How came you to read her looks so well?" I asked.

"From studying them deeply," said he simply. "I do not know if I love her, my lord, for she is so much above me that my thoughts have not dared to fly to the height. But I would die for her, and I love no other. To me, you, my lord, should be the happiest, proudest man alive. Pray, speak to her soon, my lord. My sister, whom you saw hold her in her arms, would have made me sure if I had doubted. The lady murmurs your name in her sleep."

A sudden irresistible exultation took hold on me. I think it turned my face red, for Kortes smiled, saying: "Ah, you believe now, my lord?"

"Believe!" I cried; "no, I don't believe! A thousand times, no! I don't believe!" For I was crushing that exultation now as a man crushes the foulest temptings.

A puzzled look spread over Kortes's eyes, and there was silence between us for some moments.

"It is absurd," said I, in weak protest. "She had known me only a few days, only a few hours, rather, and there were other things to think of then than love-making."

"Love," said he, "is made most readily when a man does not think of it, and a stout arm serves a suitor better than soft words. You fought for her and proved yourself a man before her eyes. Fear not, my lord; she loves you."

"Fear not!" I exclaimed in a low, bitter whisper.

"She said it herself," continued Kortes. "'As her life, and more.'"

"Hold your tongue, man!" I cried fiercely. "In the devil's name, what has it to do with you?"

A great wonder showed on his face, then a doubting fear; he came closer to me, and whispered so low that I hardly heard:

"What ails you? Is it not well that she should love you?"

"Let me alone," I cried. "I'll not answer your questions." Why, was the fellow to cross-examine me? Ah, there's the guilty man's old question; he loves a fine mock-indignation and hugs it to his heart.

Kortes drew back a pace and bowed, as though in apology; but there was no apology in the glance he fixed on me. I would not look him in the face. I drew myself up as tall as I could, and put on my haughtiest air. If he could have seen how small I felt inside!

"Enough, Kortes," said I with a lordly air. "No doubt your intentions are good, but you forget what is becoming from you to me."

He was not awed, and I think he perceived some of the truth—not all; for he said: "You made her love you; that does not happen unless a man's own acts help it."

"Do girls never rush uninvited on love, then?" I sneered.

"Yes, but she would not," he answered steadily.

He said no more. I nodded to him, and set forward on my way. He bowed slightly, and stood still where he was, watching me. I felt his eyes on me after we had parted. I was in a very tumult of discomfort. The man had humiliated me to the ground. I hoped against hope that he was wrong; and again, in helpless self-contradiction, my heart cried out insisting on its shameful joy because he was right. Right or wrong, wrong or right, what did it matter? Either way now lay misery, either way now lay a struggle that I shrank from and abhorred.

I was somewhat delayed by this interview, and when I arrived at the house I found Mouraki already at breakfast. He apologized for not having awaited my coming, saying: "I have transacted much business—oh, I have not been in bed all the time!—and I grew hungry. I have been receiving some reports on the state of the island."

"It is quiet enough now. Your arrival has had a most calming effect."

"Yes, they know me. They are very much afraid, for they think I shall be very hard on them. They remember my last visit."

He made no reference to Constantine, and, although I wondered rather at his silence, I did not venture again to question him. I wished that I knew what had happened on his last visit. A man with a mouth like Mouraki's might cause anything to happen.

"I shall keep them in suspense a little while," he pursued, smiling. "It's good for them. Oh, by the way, Wheatley, you may as well take this. Or shall I tear it up?" And he suddenly held out to me the document which I had written and given to Phroso when I restored the island to her.

"She gave you this?" I cried.

"She?" asked Mouraki with a smile of mockery. "Is there then only one woman in the world?" he seemed to ask sneeringly.

"The Lady Euphrosyne, to whom I gave it," I explained with what dignity I could.

"The Lady Phroso, yes," said he. ("Hang his Phroso!" thought I.) "I had her before me this morning and made her give it up."

"I can only give it back to her, you know."

"My dear Wheatley, if you like to amuse yourself in that way, I can have no possible objection. Until, however, you obtain a firman, you will continue to be lord of Neopalia, and this Phroso no more than a very rebellious young lady. But you will enjoy a pleasant interview, and no harm will be done. Give it back, by all means." He smiled again, shrugged his shoulders, and lit a cigarette. His manner was the perfection of polite, patient, gentlemanly contempt.

"It seems easier to get an island than to get rid of one," said I, trying to carry off my annoyance with a laugh.

"It is the case with so many things," agreed Mouraki; "debts, diseases, enemies, wives, lovers."

There was a little pause before the last word, so little that I could not tell whether

it were intentional or not, and I had learned to expect no enlightenment from Mouraki's face or eyes. But he chose himself to solve the mystery this time.

"Do I touch delicate ground?" he asked. "Ah, my dear lord, I find from my reports that in the account you gave me of your experiences you let modesty stand in the way of candor. It was natural, perhaps. I do not blame you, since I have found out elsewhere what you did not tell me. Yet it was hardly a secret, for everybody in Neopalia knew it."

I smoked my cigarette, feeling highly embarrassed and very uncomfortable.

"And I am told," pursued Mouraki, with his malicious smile, "that the idea of a Wheatley-Stefanopoulos dynasty is by no means unpopular. Constantine's little tricks have disgusted them with him."

"What are you going to do with him?" I asked, risking any offence now in order to turn the topic.

"Do you really like jumping from subject to subject?" asked Mouraki plaintively. "I am, I suppose, a slow-minded oriental, and it fatigues me horribly."

I could have thrown the cigarette I was smoking in his face with keen pleasure.

"It is for your Excellency to choose the topic," said I, restraining my fury.

"Oh, don't let us have 'Excellencies' when we're alone together! Indeed, I congratulate you on your conquest. She is magnificent; and it was charming of her to make her declaration. That's what has pleased the islanders; they are romantic savages, after all, and the chivalry of it touches them."

"It must touch anybody," said I.

"Ah, I suppose so," said Mouraki, flicking away his ash. "I questioned her a little about it this morning."

"You questioned her?" For all I could do there was a quiver of anger in my voice. I heard it myself, and it did not escape my companion's notice. His smile grew broader.

"Precisely. I have to consider everything," said he. "I assure you, my dear Wheatley, that I did it in the most delicate possible manner."

"It couldn't be done in a delicate manner."

"I struggled," said Mouraki, assuming his plaintive tone again and spreading out deprecatory hands.

Was Mouraki merely amusing himself with a little "chaff," or had he a purpose? He seemed like a man who would have a purpose. I grew cool on the thought of it.

"And did the lady answer your questions?" I asked nonchalantly.

"Wouldn't it be a treachery in me to tell you what she said?" countered Mouraki.

"I think not; because there's no doubt that the whole thing was only a good-natured device of hers."

"Ah! A very good-natured device, indeed! She must be an amiable girl," smiled the pasha. "Precisely the sort of girl to make a man's home happy."

"She hasn't much chance of marriage in Neopalia," said I.

"Heaven makes a way," observed Mouraki piously. "By the bye, the device seems to have imposed on our acquaintance, Kortes."

"Oh, perhaps," I shrugged. "He is a little smitten himself, I think, and so very ready to be jealous."

"How discriminating!" murmured Mouraki admiringly. "As a fact, my dear Wheatley, the lady said nothing. She chose to take offence."

"You surprise me!" I exclaimed with elaborate sarcasm.

"And would not speak. But her blushes were most lovely—yes, most lovely. I envied you, upon my word, I did."

"Since it's not true—"

"Oh, a thing may be very pleasant to hear, even if it's not true. Sincerity in love is an added charm, but not, my dear fellow, a necessity."

A pause followed this reflection of the pasha's. Then he remarked:

"After all, we must not judge these people as we should judge ourselves. If Constantine had not already a wife—"

"What!" I cried, leaping up.

"And perhaps that difficulty is not insuperable."

"He deserves nothing but hanging."

"A reluctant wife is hardly better."

"Of course you don't mean it?"

"It seems to disturb you so much."

"It's a monstrous idea."

Mouraki laughed, in quiet enjoyment of my excitement.

"Then Kortes?" he suggested.

"He is infinitely her inferior. Besides, why—forgive me—is it your concern to marry her to any one?"

"In a single state she is evidently a danger to the peace of the island," he answered with assumed gravity. "Now, your young friend—?"

"Denny's a boy."

"You reject every one," he said pathetically, and his eyes dwelt on me in amused scrutiny.

"Your suggestions, my dear Pasha, seemed hardly serious," said I huffily. He was too many for me, and I struggled in vain against betraying my ruffled temper.

"Well, then, I will make two serious ones; that is a handsome *amende*. And, for the first—yourself!"

I waved my hand, and gave an embarrassed laugh.

"You say nothing to that?"

"Oughtn't I to hear the alternative, first?"

"Indeed, it is only reasonable. Well, then, the alternative—" He paused, laughed, lit another cigarette. "The alternative is—myself," said he.

"Still not serious?" I exclaimed, forcing a smile.

"Absolutely serious," he asserted. "I have the misfortune to be a widower, and for the second time; so unkind is heaven! She is most charming. I have, perhaps, a position that would atone for some want of youth and romantic attractions."

"Of course, if she likes—"

"I don't think she would persist in refusing!" said Mouraki, with a thoughtful smile; and he went on: "Three years ago, when I came here, she struck me as a beautiful child, one likely to become a beautiful woman. You see for yourself that I am not disappointed. My wife was alive at that time, but in bad health. Still I hardly thought seriously of it then, and the idea did not recur to me till I saw Phroso again. You look surprised."

"Well, I am surprised."

"You don't think her attractive, then?"

"Frankly, that is not the reason for my surprise."

"Shall I go on? You think me old? It is a young man's delusion, my dear Wheatley."

Bear-baiting may have been excellent sport—its defenders so declare—but I do not remember that it was ever considered pleasant for the bear. I felt now much as the bear must have felt. I rose abruptly from the table.

"All these things require thought," said Mouraki gently. "We will talk of them again this afternoon. I have a little business to do now."

Saying this, he rose and took his way leisurely upstairs. I was left alone in the hall so familiar to me; and my first thought was a regret that I was not again a prisoner there, with Constantine seeking my life, Phroso depending on my protection, and Mouraki administering some other portion of his district. That condition of things had been, no doubt, rather too exciting to be pleasant, but it had not made me harassed, wretched, humiliated, exasperated almost beyond endurance; and such was the mood in which the two conversations of the morning left me.

A light step sounded on the stair; and the figure that I wished least of all figures in the world to see then, that I took more joy in seeing than any in the world besides, appeared before me. Phroso came down. She reached the floor of the hall, and she saw me. For a long moment we each rested as we were. Then she stepped towards me, and I rose with a bow. She was very pale, but a smile came on her lips as she murmured a greeting to me and passed on. I should have done better to let her go. I rose and followed. On the marble pavement by the threshold I overtook her; there we stood again, looking on the twinkling sea in the distance, as we had looked before. I was seeking what to say.

"I must thank you," I said, "yet I can't. It was magnificent."

Then the color suddenly flooded her face.

"You understood?" she murmured. "You understood why? It seemed the only way. And I think it did help a little."

I bent down and kissed her hand.

"I don't care whether it helped," I said. "It was the thing itself."

"I didn't care for them—the people—but when I thought what you would think—"

She could not go on, but drew her hand, which she had left an instant in mine as though forgetful of it, suddenly away.

"I—I knew, of course, that it was only a—a stratagem," said I. "Oh, yes, I knew that directly."

"Yes," whispered she, looking over the sea.

"Yes," said I, looking also over the sea.

"And you forgive it?"

"Forgive!" My voice came low and husky. I did not see why such things should be laid upon a man; I did not know if I could endure them. Yet I could not have left her then for an angel's crown.

"And you will forget it? I mean you—?" The whisper died into silence.

"So long as I live, I will not forget it," said I.

Then, by a seemingly irresistible impulse

that came upon both of us, we looked into one another's eyes, a long look that lingered and loathed to end. And as I looked, I saw, in joy that struggled with shame, a new light in the glowing depths of Phroso's eyes, a greeting of an undreamt happiness, a terrified delight. Then her lids drooped, and she began to speak quietly and low.

"It came on me that I might help if I said that, because the islanders love me, and so perhaps they wouldn't hurt you. But I couldn't look at you. I only prayed you would understand, that you wouldn't think—oh, that you wouldn't think—that—of me, my lord! And I did not know how to meet you to-day, but I had to."

I stood silent beside her, curiously conscious of every detail of nature's picture before me; for I had turned from her again, and my eyes roamed over sea and island. And at that moment there came from one of the narrow windows of the old house, directly above our heads, the sound of a low, amused, luxurious chuckle. A look of dread and shrinking spread over Phroso's face.

"Ah, that man!" she exclaimed in an agitated whisper.

"What of him?"

"He has been here before. I have seen him smile and heard him laugh like that when he sent men to death and looked on while they died. Yes, men of our own island, men who had served us and were our friends. Ah, he frightens me, that man!" She shuddered, stretching out her hand in an unconscious gesture as though she would ward off some horrible thing. "I have heard him laugh like that when a woman asked her son's life of him and a girl her lover's. It kills me to be near him. He has no pity. My lord, intercede with him for the islanders. They are ignorant men, they did not know."

"Not one shall be hurt, if I can help it," said I earnestly. "But—" I stopped; yet I would go on, and I added: "Have you no fear of him yourself?"

"What can he do to me?" she asked. "He talked to me this morning about—about you. I hate to talk with him. But what can he do to me?"

I was silent. Mouraki had not hinted to her the idea that he had suggested, in puzzling ambiguity between jest and earnest, to me. Her eyes questioned me; then suddenly she laid her hand on my arm and said:

"And you would protect me, my lord. While you were here I should be safe."

"While!" The little word struck cold on my heart; my eyes showed her the blow; in a minute she understood. She raised her hand from where it lay and pointed out toward the sea. I saw the pretty trim little yacht running home for the harbor after her morning cruise.

"Yes, while you are here, my lord," she said, with the most pitiful of brave smiles.

"As long as you want me I shall be here," I assured her.

She raised her eyes to mine; the color came again to her face.

"As long as you are in any danger," I added in explanation.

"Ah, yes!" said she, with a sigh and drooping eyelids; and she went on in a moment, as though recollecting a civility due and not paid. "You are very good to me, my lord. For your island has treated you unkindly and you will be glad to sail away from it to your home."

"It is," said I, bending toward her, "the most beautiful island in the world, and I would love to stay in it all my life."

Again the pleased contented chuckle sounded from the window over our heads. It seemed to strike Phroso with a new fit of sudden fear. With a faint cry she darted her hand out and seized mine.

"Don't be afraid. He shan't hurt you," said I.

A moment later we heard steps descending the stairs inside the house. Mouraki appeared on the threshold. Phroso had sprung away from me, and stood a few paces off. Yet Mouraki knew that we had not stood thus distantly before his steps were heard. He looked at Phroso and then at me; a blush from her, a scowl from me, filled any gaps in his knowledge. He stood there smiling—I began to hate the pasha's smiles—for a moment, and then came forward. He bowed slightly, but civilly enough, to Phroso; then, to my astonishment, he took my hand and began to shake it with a great appearance of effusion.

"Really, I beg your pardon?" said I. "What's the matter?"

"The matter?" he cried, in high good humor, or what seemed such. "The matter! Why, the matter, my dear Wheatley, is that you appear to be both a very discreet fellow and a very fortunate one."

"I don't understand yet," said I, trying to hide my growing irritation.

"Surely it is no secret?" he asked. "It is generally known, is it not?"

"What's generally known?" I fairly

roared in an exasperation that mastered all self-control.

The pasha was not in the very least disturbed. He held a bundle of letters in his left hand, and he began now to sort them. He ended by choosing one, which he held up before me, with a malicious humor twinkling from under his heavy brows.

"I get behindhand in my correspondence when I am on a voyage," said he. "This letter came to Rhodes about a week ago, together with a mass of public papers, and I have only this morning opened it. It concerns you."

"Concerns me? Pray, in what way?"

"Or rather, it mentions you."

"Who is it from?" I asked. The man's face was full of triumphant spite, and I grew uneasy.

"It is," said he, "from our ambassador in London. I think you know him?"

"Slightly."

"Precisely."

"Well?"

"He asks how you are getting on in Neopalia, or whether I have any news of you."

"You'll be able to answer him now."

"Yes, yes, with great satisfaction. And he will be able to satisfy some inquiries which he has had."

I knew what was coming now. Mouraki beamed pleasure. I set my face. At Phroso, who stood all this while in silence near, I dared not look.

"From a certain lady who is most anxious about you."

"Ah!"

"A Miss Hipgrave—Miss Beatrice Hipgrave."

"Ah, yes."

"Who is a friend of yours?"

"Certainly, my dear Pasha."

"Who is, in fact—let us shake hands again—your future wife. A thousand congratulations."

"Oh, thanks; you're very kind," said I. "Yes, she is."

I declare that I must have played that scene—no easy one—well; for Mouraki's rapturous amusement disappeared. He seemed rather put out. He looked (and I hope felt) a trifle foolish. I kept a cool, careless glance on him.

But his triumph came from elsewhere. He turned from me to Phroso, and my eyes followed his. She stood rigid, frozen, lifeless; she devoured my face with an appealing gaze. She made no sign, and uttered no sound. Mouraki smiled again; and I said:

"Any London news, my dear Pasha?"

CHAPTER XIV.

A STROKE IN THE GAME.

I WAS glad; as soon as I was alone and had time to think over Mouraki's *coup*, I was glad. He had ended a false position into which my weakness had led me; he had rendered it possible for me to serve Phroso in friendship, pure and simple; he had decided a struggle which I had failed to decide for myself. It would be easy now for both of us to repose on the fiction of a good-natured device and leave our innermost feelings in decent obscurity, while we counterworked the scheme which the pasha had in view.

This scheme he now proceeded to forward with all the patience and ability of which he was master. For the next week or so matters seemed to stand still; but to a closer study they revealed slow, yet uninterrupted, movement. I was left almost entirely alone at the house: but I could not bring myself to abandon my position and seek the society of my friends on the yacht. Though reduced to idleness and robbed of any part in the drama, I would not forsake the stage, but lagged a superfluous spectator of an unpleasing piece. Mouraki was at work. He saw Phroso every day and for long interviews. I hardly set my eyes on her. The affairs of the island afforded him a constant pretext for conferring with or dictating to its lady; I had no excuse for forcing an intercourse which Phroso was evidently at pains to avoid. I could imagine the pasha's progress, not in favor or willing acceptance, for I knew her fear and hatred of him, but in beating down her courage and creating a despair which would serve him as well as love.

Beyond doubt he was serious in his design; his cool patience spoke settled purpose, his obvious satisfaction declared a conviction of success. He acquiesced in Phroso's seclusion, save when he sent for her; he triumphed in watching me spend weary hours in solitary pacing up and down before the house; he would look at me with a covert exultation, and amuse himself by a renewal of sympathetic congratulations on my engagement. I do not think that he wished me away; I was the sauce to his dish, the garlic in the salad, the spice in the sweetmeat over which he licked appreciative lips. Thus passed eight or ten days; and I grew more out of temper, more sour, and more determined

with every setting sun. Denny ceased to pray my company; I was not to be moved from the neighborhood of the house. I waited, the pasha waited; he paved his way, I lay in ambush by it; he was bent on conquering Phroso; I had no design, only a passionate resolve that he should try a fall with me first.

There came a dark stormy evening, when the clouds sent down a thick close rain and the wind blew in mournful gusts. Having escaped from Mouraki's talk, I had watched him go upstairs and myself had come out to pace again my useless beat. I strayed a few hundred yards from the house, and turned to look at the light in the governor's window. It shone bright and steady, seeming to typify his relentless steady purpose. A sudden oath escaped from the weary sickness of my heart; and there came an unlooked-for answer from my elbow.

"He acts, you talk, my lord. He works, you are content to curse him. Which will win?" said a grave voice; and Kortes's handsome figure was dimly visible in the darkness. "He works, she weeps, you curse. Who will win?" he asked again, folding his arms.

"Your question carries its own answer, doesn't it?" I retorted angrily.

"Yes, if I have put it right," said he; and there was a touch of scorn in his voice that I did not care to hear. "Yes, it carries its own answer, if you are content to leave it as I stated it."

"Content! Good God!"

He drew nearer to me and whispered:

"This morning he told her his purpose; this evening again—yes, now, while we walk—he is forcing it upon her. And what help has she?"

"She won't let me help her; she won't let me see her."

"How can you help her, you, who do nothing but curse?"

"Look here, Kortes," said I, "I know all that. I'm a fool and a worm and everything else you like to intimate. But your contempt doesn't seem much more practical than my cursing. What's in your mind?"

"You must keep faith with this lady in your own land?"

"You know of her?"

"My sister has told me—she who waits on the Lady Euphrosyne."

"Ah! Yes, I must keep faith with her."

"And with Mouraki?" he asked.

My mind travelled with his. I caught him eagerly by the arm. I had his idea in a moment.

"Why that?" I asked. "Yes, Kortes, why that?"

"I thought you were so scrupulous, my lord."

"I have no scruples in deceiving this Mouraki."

"That is better, my lord," he answered, with a grim smile. "By heavens, I thought we were to dance together at the wedding."

"The wedding?" I cried. "I think not. Kortes, do you mean—?" I made a gesture that indicated some violence to Mouraki. But I added, "It must be open fight, though."

"You must not touch a hair of his head. The island would answer bitterly for that."

We stood in silence for a moment. Then I gave a short laugh.

"My character is my own," said I. "I may blacken it, if I like."

"It is only in the eyes of Mouraki Pasha," said Kortes with a smile.

"And will she understand? There must be no more—"

"She will understand. You shall see her."

"You can contrive that?"

"Yes, with my sister's help. Will you tell Mouraki first?"

"No—her first. She may refuse."

"She loathes him too much to refuse anything."

"Good. What then?"

"To-night. She will leave him soon."

"But he watches her to her room?"

"Yes; but you, my lord, know that there is another way."

"Yes, yes, by the roof? The ladder?"

"It shall be there for you in an hour."

"And you, Kortes?"

"I will wait at the foot of it. The pasha himself should not mount it alive."

"Kortes, it is trusting me much."

"I know, my lord. If you were not a man to be trusted, you would do what you are going to pretend."

"I hope you're right, Kortes. It sets me aflame now to be near her."

"Cannot I understand that, my lord?" said he with a sad smile.

"By heaven, you're a good fellow."

"I am a servant of the Stefanopouloi."

"Your sister will tell her before I come? I could not tell her myself."

"Yes, she shall be told before you come."

"In an hour, then?"

"Yes." And without another word he strode by me. I caught his hand as he went, and pressed it. Then I was alone in the darkness again, but with a plan in my head and a weapon in my hand, and no more empty, useless cursings in my mouth.

Busily rehearsing the part I was to play, I resumed my quick pacing. It was a hard part, but a good part; I would match Mouraki with his own weapons; my cynicism should beat his, my indifference to the claims of honor overtop his shameless use of terror or of force. The smiles should now be not all the pasha's; I would have a smile, too; one that would, I trusted, compel a scowl even from his smooth inscrutable face.

I was walking quickly; and on a sudden I came almost in contact with a man, who leapt on one side to avoid me. "Who's there?" I cried, standing on my defence, as I had learnt was wise in Neopalia.

"It is I, Demetri," answered a sullen voice.

"What do you here, Demetri? And with your gun?"

"I walk by night, like my lord."

"Your walks by night have had a meaning before now."

"They mean no harm to you now."

"Harm to any one?"

A pause followed before his gruff voice answered:

"Harm to nobody. What harm can be done when my gracious lord, the governor, is on the island, and watches over it?"

"True, Demetri. He has small mercy for wrong-doers and turbulent fellows, such as some I know of."

"I know him as well as you, my lord, and better," said the fellow, and his voice was charged with a passionate hate. "Yes, there are many in Neopalia who know Mouraki."

"So says Mouraki; and he says it as though it pleased him."

"One day he shall have proof enough to satisfy him," growled Demetri.

The savage rage of the fellow's tone had caught my attention, and I gazed intently into his face; not even the darkness quite hid the angry gleam of his deep-set eyes.

"Demetri, Demetri," said I, "aren't you on a dangerous path? I see a long knife in your belt there, and that gun—is it not loaded? Come, go back to your home."

He seemed influenced by my remonstrances, but he denied the suggestion I made.

"I don't seek his life," he said sullenly. "If we were strong enough to fight openly—well, I say nothing of that. He killed my brother, my lord."

"I killed a brother of yours, too, Demetri."

"Yes, in honest fighting, when he sought to kill you. You did not half kill him with the lash before his mother's eyes, and finish the work with a rope."

"And Mouraki did?"

"Yes, my lord. But it is nothing, my lord. I mean no harm."

"Look here, Demetri, I don't love Mouraki myself, and you did me a good turn a little while ago. But if I find you hanging about here again with your gun and your knife, I'll tell Mouraki, as sure as I'm alive. Where I come from we don't assassinate. Do you see?"

"I hear, my lord. Indeed I had no such purpose."

"You know your purpose best; and now you know what I shall do. Come, be off with you, and don't appear here again."

He cringed before me with renewed protestations; but his invention provided no excuse for his presence. He swore to me that I wronged him. I contented myself with ordering him off, and at last he went off, striking back toward the village. "Upon my word," said I, "it's a nuisance to be honorably brought up." For it would have been marvellously convenient to let Demetri have a shot at the pasha with that gun of his or a stab with the long knife he had fingered so affectionately.

This encounter had passed the time of waiting, and now I strolled back to the house. It was hard on midnight; the light in Mouraki's window was extinguished; two soldiers stood sentry by the closed door. They let me in and locked the door behind me. This watch was not kept on me; Mouraki knew very well that I had no desire to leave the island. Phroso was the prisoner and the prize that the pasha guarded; perhaps also he had an inkling that he was not popular in Neopalia, and that he would not be wise to trust to the loyalty of its inhabitants.

Soon I found myself in the compound at the back of the house. The ladder was placed ready; Kortes stood beside it. There seemed to be nobody else about. The rain still fell, and the wind had risen till it whistled wildly in the wood.

"She is waiting for you," whispered Kortes. "She knows, and will second the plan."

"Where is she?"

"On the roof. She is wrapped in my cloak; she will take no hurt."

"And Mouraki?"

"He has gone to bed. She was with him two hours."

I mounted the ladder, and found myself on the flat roof, where Phroso had once stood gazing up toward the cottage on the hill. We were fighting Constantine then. Mouraki was our foe now. Constantine lay a prisoner, harmless, as it seemed, and helpless. I prayed for a like good fortune in the new enterprise. An instant later I found Phroso's hand in mine. I carried it to my lips, as I murmured my greeting in a hushed voice. The first answer to it was a nervous sob, but Phroso followed it with a pleading apology.

"I am so tired," she said, "so tired. I have fought him for two hours to-night. Forgive me. I will be brave, my lord."

I had determined on a cold, businesslike manner; and I went as straight to the point as a busy man in his city office.

"You know the plan? You consent to it?" I asked.

"Yes, I think I understand it. It is good of you, my lord. For you may run great danger through me."

That was indeed true, and in more senses than one.

"I do for you what you did not hesitate to do for me," said I.

"Yes," said Phroso, in a very low whisper.

"You pretended; well then, now I pretend." And my voice sounded now not only cold, but bitter and unpleasant. "I think it may succeed," I continued. "He will not dare to take any extreme steps against me. I don't see how he can prevent our going."

"He will let us go, you think?"

"I don't know how he can refuse. But where will you go?"

"I have some friends at Athens—people who knew my father."

"Good. I'll take you there and—" I paused. "I'll take you there and—" Again I paused; I could not help it. "And leave you there in safety," I ended at last in a gruff, harsh whisper.

"Yes, my lord. And then you will go home in safety?"

"Perhaps. That doesn't matter."

"Yes, it does matter," said she softly. "For I would not be in safety unless you were."

"Ah, Phroso, don't do that!" I groaned inwardly.

"Yes, you will go back in safety, back to your own land, back to the lady—"

"Never mind—" I began.

"Back to the lady whom my lord loves," whispered Phroso. "Then you will forget this troublesome island and the troublesome—the troublesome people on it."

Her face was no more than a foot from mine—pale, with sad eyes, and a smile that quivered on trembling lips—the fairest face in the world that I had seen or believed any man to have seen, and her hand rested in mine. There may have lived folk who would have looked over her head and not in those eyes—saints or dolts—I was neither; not I. I looked. I looked as though I should never look elsewhere again nor cared to live if I could not look. But Phroso's hand was drawn from mine, and her eyes fell. I had to end the silence.

"I shall go straight to Mouraki to-morrow morning," said I, "and tell him you have agreed to be my wife; that you will come with me under the care of Kortes and his sister, and that we shall be married on the first opportunity."

"But he knows about—about the lady you love."

"It will not surprise Mouraki to hear that I am going to break my faith with—the lady I love," said I.

"No," said Phroso, refusing resolutely to look at me again. "It will not surprise Mouraki."

"Perhaps it would not surprise any one."

Phroso made no comment on this. And on the moment that I said it I heard a voice from below, a voice I knew very well.

"What's the ladder here for, my friend?" it asked.

"It enables one to ascend or descend, my lord," answered Kortes's grave voice, without the least touch of irony.

"It's Mouraki," whispered Phroso; at the time of danger her frightened eyes came back to mine, and she drew nearer to me. "It's Mouraki, my lord."

"I know it is," said I. "So much the better."

"That seems probable," observed Mouraki. "But to enable whom to ascend and descend, friend Kortes?"

"Any one who desires, my lord."

"Then I will ascend," said Mouraki.

"A thousand pardons, my lord!"

"Stand aside, sir. What, you dare—"

"Run back to your room," I whispered. "Quick. Good-night."

I caught her hand and pressed it. She

turned and disappeared swiftly through the door that gave access to the inside of the house, and thence to her room. And I, glad that the interview had been interrupted, for I could have borne little more of it, walked to the battlements and looked over. Kortes stood like a wall between the astonished Mouraki and the ladder.

"Kortes, Kortes," I cried in a tone of grieved surprise, "is it possible that you don't recognize his Excellency?"

"Why, Wheatley?" cried Mouraki.

"Who else should it be, my dear Pasha? Will you come up, or shall I come down and join you? Out of the way, Kortes."

Kortes, who would not obey Mouraki, obeyed me. Mouraki seemed to hesitate about mounting. I solved the difficulty by descending rapidly. I was smiling, and I took the pasha by the arm, saying, with a laugh:

"Caught that time, I'm afraid, eh? Well, I meant to tell you soon."

I had certainly succeeded in astonishing Mouraki this time. Kortes added to his wonder by springing nimbly up the ladder, and pulling it up after him.

"I thought you were in bed," said I. "And when the cat's away the mice will play, you know. Well, we are caught!"

"We?" asked the pasha.

"Well, do you suppose I was alone? Is it the sort of night a man chooses to spend alone on a roof?"

"Who was with you, then?" he asked, suspicion alive in his crafty eyes.

I took him by the arm and led him into the house, through the kitchen, till we reached the hall, when I said:

"Am I not a man of taste? Who should it be?"

He sat down in the great armchair, and a heavy frown gathered on his brow. I cannot quite explain why, but I was radiant. The spirit of the game had entered into me; I forgot the reality that was so full of pain; I was as merry as though what I had told him had been the happy truth, instead of a tantalizing, impossible vision.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me," I laughed, standing opposite to him, swaying on my feet, and burying my hands in my pockets. "Don't wrong me, my dear Pasha. It is all just as it should be. There is nothing going on that should not go on under your Excellency's roof. It is all on the most honorable footing."

"I don't understand your riddles or your mirth," said Mouraki.

"Ah! Now once I did not quite appreciate yours. The wheel goes round, my dear Pasha. Every dog has his day. Forgive me, I am naturally elated. I meant to tell you at breakfast to-morrow, but since you surprised our tender meeting, why, I will tell you now. Congratulate me. That charming girl has owned that her avowal of love for me was nothing but bare truth, and has consented to make me happy."

"To marry you?"

"My dear Pasha! What else could I mean?" And I took my hands out of my pockets, lit a cigarette, and puffed the smoke luxuriously. Mouraki sat motionless in his chair, his eyes cold and sharp on me, his brow puckered. At last he spoke.

"And Miss Hipgrave?" he asked sneeringly.

"Is there a breach of promise of marriage law in Neopalia?" said I. "In truth, my dear Pasha, I am a little to blame there, but you mustn't be hard on me. I had a moment of conscientious qualms. I confess it. But she's too lovely, she really is. And she's so fond of me—oh, I couldn't resist it!" and I simpered like any affected young lady-killer.

Mouraki was a clever fellow, but the blow had been a sudden one. It strains the control even of clever fellows when a formidable obstacle springs up, at a moment's notice, on a path that they have carefully prepared and levelled for their steps. The pasha's rage mastered him.

"You've changed your mind rapidly, Lord Wheatley," said he.

"I know nothing," I rejoined, "that does change a man's mind so quickly as a pretty girl."

"Yet some men hold to their promises," said he with a savage sneer.

"Oh, a few perhaps, very few in these days."

"And you don't aspire to be one?"

"Oh, I aspired," said I with a laugh. "But my aspirations have not stood out againt Phroso's charms."

Then I took a step nearer to him, and, veiling impertinence under a thin show of sympathy, I said:

"I hope you are not really annoyed? You were not serious in the hint you gave of your own intentions? I thought you were only joking, you know. If you were serious, believe me, I am grieved. But it must be every man for himself in these little matters, mustn't it?"

He had borne as much as he could. He rose suddenly to his feet, and an oath hissed from between his teeth.

"You shan't have her," said he. "You think you can laugh at me; men who think that find out their mistake."

I laughed again. I did not shrink from exasperating him to the uttermost. He would be no more dangerous; he might be less discreet.

"Pardon me," said I, "but I do not perceive how we need your permission, glad as we should, of course, be of your felicitations."

"I have some power in Neopalia," he reminded me with a threatening gleam in his eye.

"No doubt, but the power has to be carefully exercised when British subjects are in question—men, if I may add so much, of some position. I cannot be considered an islander of Neopalia for all purposes, my dear Pasha."

He seemed not to hear or not to heed what I said; but he both heard and heeded, or I mistook my man.

"I do not give up what I have resolved upon," said he.

"You describe my own temper to a nicety," said I. "Now, I have resolved to marry Phroso."

"No," said Mouraki; and I greeted the word with a scornful shrug.

"You understand?" he continued. "It shall not be."

"We shall see," said I.

"You don't know the risk you're running."

"Come, come, isn't this rather near boasting?" I asked contemptuously. "Your Excellency is a great man, no doubt, but you can't afford to carry out these dark designs against a man of my position." Then I changed to a more friendly tone, saying, "My dear Pasha, had you defeated me, I should have taken it quietly. Will you not best consult your dignity by doing the same?"

A long silence followed. I watched his face. Very gradually his brow cleared; his lips relaxed into a smile. He, in his turn, shrugged his shoulders; he took a step toward me; he held out his hand.

"Wheatley," said he, "it is true. I am a fool. A man is a fool in such matters. You must make allowances for me. I was honestly in love with her. I thought myself safe from you. I allowed my temper to get the better of me. Will you shake hands?"

"Ah, now you are like yourself, my dear friend," said I, grasping his hand.

"We'll speak again about it to-morrow. But my anger is over. Fear nothing. I will be reasonable."

I murmured grateful thanks and appreciation of his generosity.

"Good-night, good-night," said he. "I wish I had not found you to-night. I should not have lost my composure like this at any other time. You are sure you forgive my hasty words?"

"From the bottom of my heart," said I, earnestly; and we pressed one another's hands. Mouraki passed on to the stairs and began to mount them slowly. He turned his head over his shoulder and said:

"How will you settle with Miss Hipgrave?"

"I must beg her forgiveness, as I must yours," said I.

"I hope you will be equally successful," said he, and his smile was in working order again by now. It was the last I saw of him as he disappeared up the stairs.

"Now," said I, sitting down, "he's gone to think how he can get my throat cut without a scandal."

In fact, Mouraki and I were beginning to understand one another.

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE ESCAPE.

YES, he was dangerous, very dangerous; now that he had regained his self-control, most dangerous. His designs against me would be limited only by the bounds that I had taken the opportunity of recalling to his mind. I was a known man; I could not disappear without excuse. But the fever of the island might be at the disposal of the governor no less than of Constantine Stefanopoulos. I must avoid the infection. I congratulated myself that the best antidote I had yet found—a revolver and cartridges—was again in my possession. Those—and open eyes—were the treatment for the sudden fatal disease that threatened inconvenient lives in Neopalia.

I thought that I had seen Mouraki safely and finally to bed when he left me in the hall after our interview. I had gone to bed almost immediately myself, and, tired out with the various emotions I had passed through, had slept soundly. But now,

looking back, I wonder whether the governor spent much of the night on his back. I doubt it, very much I doubt it. Nay, I incline to think that he had a very active night, of going to and fro, of strange meetings, of schemes and bargainings; and I fancy he had not been long back in his room before I rose for my morning walk. However, of that I knew nothing at the time, and I met him at breakfast, prepared to resume our discussion as he had promised. But, behold, he was surrounded by officers. There was a stir in the hall; orders were being given; romance and the affairs of love seemed forgotten.

"My dear lord," cried Mouraki, turning toward me with every sign of discomposure and vexation in his face, "I am terribly annoyed. These careless fellows of mine—alas, I am too good-natured, and they presume on it—have let your friend Constantine slip through their fingers."

"Constantine escaped?" I exclaimed in genuine surprise and vexation.

"Alas, yes. The sentry fell asleep; it seems that the prisoner had friends, and they got him out by the window. The news came to me at dawn, and I have been having the island scoured for him. But he is not to be found, and we think he must have had a boat in readiness."

"Have you looked in the cottage where his wife is?"

"The very first thought that struck me, my dear friend. Yes, it has been searched. In vain! And it is now so closely guarded that nobody can get in. If he ventures there, we shall have him certainly. But go on with your breakfast. We need not spoil that for you. I have one or two more orders to give."

In obedience to the pasha, I sat down and began my breakfast. But as I ate, while Mouraki conferred with his officers in a corner of the hall, I became very thoughtful concerning this escape of Constantine. Sentries do sleep—sometimes; zealous friends do open windows—sometimes; fugitives do find boats ready—sometimes. It was all possible; there was nothing even exactly improbable. Yet—yet—! Whether Mouraki's account were the whole truth, or something lay below and unrevealed, at least I knew that the escape meant that another enemy, and a bitter one, was loosed against me. I had fought Constantine; I had touched Mouraki's shield in challenge the night before; was I to have them both against me? Would it be two against one, or, as boys say, all against all? If the former, the chances of my catching the fever were considerably increased. And somehow I had a presentiment that the former was nearer the truth than the latter. I had no real evidence; Mouraki's visible chagrin seemed to contradict my theory. But was not Mouraki's chagrin just a little too visible? It was such a very obvious, hearty, genuine, honest, uncontrollable chagrin; it demanded belief in itself the least bit too loudly.

The pasha joined me over my cigarette. If Constantine were in the island, said the pasha, with a blow of his fist on the table, he would be laid by the heels before evening came; not a mole—let alone a man—could escape the soldiers' search; not a bird could enter the cottage (he seemed to repeat this very often) unobserved, nor escape from it without a bullet in its plumage. And when Constantine was caught, he should pay for this escapade. For the pasha had delayed the punishment of his crimes too long; this insolent escape was a proper penalty on the pasha's weak remissness; the pasha blamed himself very much; his honor was directly engaged in the recapture; he would not sleep till it was accomplished. In a word, the pasha's zeal beggared comparison and outran adequate description. It filled his mind; it drove out last night's topic; he waved that trifle away; it must wait, for now there was business afoot; it could be discussed only when Constantine was once more a prisoner in the hands of justice, a suppliant for the mercy of the governor.

I escaped at length from this torrent of sincerity with which Mouraki insisted on deluging me, and went into the open air. There were no signs of Phroso; Kortes was not to be seen either. I saw the yacht in the harbor, and thought of strolling down. But Denny had, no doubt, heard the great news, and I was reluctant to be out of the way, even for an hour. Events came quick in Neopalia; people appeared and disappeared in no time, escaped and—were not recaptured. But I told myself that I would send a messenger to the yacht soon; for I wanted Denny and the others to know what I—what I was strangely inclined to suspect regarding this escape.

The storm that had swept over the island the evening before was gone. It was a bright hot day, and the waves danced blue in the sun, while a light breeze blew from off the side of the land on which the house stood, and was carrying fishing boats merrily out of the harbor. If Constantine had found a boat, the wind

was fair to carry him away to safety. But had he? I glanced up at the cottage in the wood above me. A thought struck me. I could run up there and down again in a few moments.

I made my way quickly back to the house and into the compound behind. Here, to my delight, I found Kortes. A word showed me that he also had heard the news. Phroso also had heard it; it was known to every one.

"I am going to see if I can get a look into the cottage," said I.

"I am told it is guarded, my lord."

"Kortes, speak plainly. What do you say about it?"

"I don't know; I don't know what to think. If they won't let you in—"

"Yes, I meant that. How is she, Kortes?"

"Well, my sister says. I have not seen her. Run no risks, my lord. She has only you and me."

"And my friends. I am going to send them word to be on the lookout for any summons from me."

"Then send it at once," he counselled. "You may delay, Mouraki will not."

I was struck with his advice; but I was also bent on carrying out my reconnaissance of the cottage.

"I'll send it directly I come back," said I, and I ran to the angle of the wall, climbed up, and started at a quick walk through the wood. I met nobody till I was almost at the cottage. Then I came suddenly on a sentry. Another I saw to the right, a third to the left. The cottage seemed ringed round with watchful figures. The man barred my way.

"But I am going to see the lady, Madame Stefanopoulos," I protested.

"I have orders to let nobody pass," he answered. "I will call the officer."

The officer came; he was full of infinite regrets, but his Excellency's orders were absolute. Nay, did I not think they were wise? This man was so desperate a criminal, and he had so many friends. He would of course try to communicate with his wife.

"But he can't expect his wife to help him," I exclaimed. "He wants to murder her."

"But women are forgiving. He might well persuade her to help him in his escape; or he might intimidate her."

"So I am not to pass?"

"I'm afraid not, my lord. If his Excellency gives you a pass it will be another matter."

"The lady is there still?"

"Oh, I believe so. I have not myself been inside the cottage. That is not part of my duty."

"Is any one stationed in the cottage?"

The officer smiled, and answered with an apologetic shrug:

"Would not you ask his Excellency anything you desire to know, my lord?"

"Well, I daresay you're right," I admitted, and fixed a long glance on the windows of the cottage.

"Even to allow anybody to linger about here is contrary to my orders," suggested the officer, still civil, still apologetic.

"Even to look?"

"His Excellency said to linger."

"Is it the same thing?"

"His Excellency would answer that also, my lord."

The fence round the cottage was impregnable. That seemed plain. To loiter near the cottage was forbidden, to look at it a matter of suspicion. Yet looking at the cottage would not help the escape of Constantine.

There seemed nothing to be done. Slowly and reluctantly, with a conviction that I was turning away baffled from the heart of the mystery, that the clew lay there, were I but allowed to take it in my fingers, I retraced my steps down the hill through the wood. I believed that the strict guard was to prevent my intrusion and mine alone; that the pasha's search for Constantine was a pretence; in fine, that Constantine was at that moment in the cottage, with the knowledge of Mouraki and under his protection. But I could not prove my suspicions, and I could not unravel the plan which the pasha was pursuing. I had a strange, uneasy sense of fighting in the dark; my eyes were blindfolded, while my antagonist could make full use of his. In that case the odds were against me.

I passed through the house; all was quiet, nobody was about. It was now in the middle of the afternoon, and, having accomplished my useless inspection of the cottage, I sat down and wrote a note to Denny, bidding him to be on the alert, day and night; he or Hogvardt must be always on watch, the yacht ready to start at a moment's notice. I begged him to ask no questions, only to be ready; for life or death might hang on a moment. Thus I paved the way for carrying out my resolution; and my resolution was no other than to make a bold dash for the yacht with Phroso and Kortes, under

cover of night. If we reached it and got clear of the harbor, I believed that we could show a clean pair of heels to the gunboat; and, moreover, I did not think that the wary Mouraki would dare to sink us in open sea with his guns. The one point I held against him was his fear of publicity; we should be safer in the yacht than among the hidden dangers of Neopalia. I finished my note, sealed it, and strolled out in front of the house, looking for somebody to act as my messenger.

Standing there, I raised my eyes and looked down to the harbor and the sea. At what I saw, forgetting Kortes's reproof, I again uttered an oath of surprise and dismay. Smoke poured from the funnel of the yacht. See, she moved! She made for the mouth of the harbor! She set her course for the sea! Where was she going? I cared not to answer that. She must not go! It was vital that she should stay ready for me in the harbor. My scruples about leaving the house vanished before this more pressing necessity. Without an instant's delay, with hardly an instant's thought, I put my best foot foremost, and ran as a man runs for his life along the road toward the harbor. As I started I thought I heard Mouraki's voice from the window above my head, beginning in polite, wondering tones, "Why in the world, my dear Wheatley——?" Ah, didn't he know why? I would not stop for him. On I went. I reached the main road. I darted down the steep street. Women stared in surprise at me; children scurried out of my way.

I was a very John Gilpin without a horse. I did not think myself able to run so far or so fast; but apprehension gave me legs, excitement breath, and love—yes, love—why deny it now?—love speed. I neither halted nor turned nor failed till I reached the jetty. But there I sank exhausted against the wooden fencing, for the yacht was hard on a mile out to sea, and putting yards and yards between herself and me at every moment. Again I sprang up and waved my handkerchief; two or three of Mouraki's soldiers who were lounging about stared at me stolidly; a fisherman laughed mockingly; the children had flocked after me down the street and made a gaping circle about me. The note to Denny was in my hand. Denny was far out of my reach. What possessed the boy? Hard were the names that I called myself for having neglected Kortes's advice. What were the cottage and the whereabouts of Constantine compared with the presence of my friends and the yacht?

A hope ran through me. Maybe they were but passing an hour, and would turn homeward soon. I strained my eager eyes after them. The yacht held on her course, straight, swift, relentless. She seemed to be carrying with her Phroso's hopes of rescue, mine of safety; her buoyant leap embodied Mouraki's triumph. I turned from watching, sick at heart, half beaten and discouraged; and, as I turned, a boy ran up to me and thrust a letter into my hand, saying:

"The gentleman on the yacht left this for my lord. I was about to carry it up when I saw my lord run through the street, and I followed him back."

The letter bore Denny's handwriting. I tore it open with eager fingers.

"Dear Charley," it ran, "I don't know what your game is, but it's pretty slow for us. So we're off fishing. Old Mouraki has been uncommon civil and sent a fellow with us to show us the best place. If the weather is decent we shall stay out a couple of nights, so you may look for us the day after to-morrow. I knew it was no good asking you to come. Be a good boy and don't get into mischief while I'm away. Of course Mouraki will bottle Constantine again in no time; he told us he had no doubt of it, unless the fellow had found a boat. I'll run up to the house as soon as we get back. Yours ever, D. P. S. As you said you didn't want Watkins up at the house, I've taken him along to cook."

Beali innocentes! Denny was very innocent, and so, I suppose, very blessed, and my friend the pasha had got rid of him in the easiest manner possible. Indeed, it was "uncommon civil" of Mouraki. They would be back the day after to-morrow, and Denny would "run up to the house." The thing was almost ludicrous in the pitiful unconsciousness of it. I tore the note that I had written in small pieces, put Denny's in my pocket, and started to mount the hill again. But I turned once and looked on the face of the sea. To my anxious mind it seemed not to smile at me as was its wont; it was not now my refuge and my safety, but the prison bars that confined me—me and her whom I had to serve and save.

And he had taken Watkins along to cook, for I did not want him at the house. I would have given every farthing I had in the world for any honest brave man, Watkins or another. And I was not to "get into mischief." I knew very well

what Denny meant by that. Well, he might be reassured—it did not appear likely that I should enjoy much leisure for dalliance of the sort he disapproved.

"Really, you know, I shall have something else to do," I said to myself.

Slowly I walked up the street, too deep in reflection even to hasten my steps. I started like a man roused from sleep when I heard, from the side of the street, a soft cry of "My lord!" I looked round. I was directly opposite the door of Vlacho's inn, and on the threshold stood the girl Panayiota, who was Demetri's sweetheart, and had held in her lap the head of Constantine's wife, whom Demetri could not kill. She cast cautious glances up and down the street, and withdrew swiftly into the shadow of the house, beckoning to me to follow her. In a strait like mine no chance however small is to be missed or refused. I followed her. Her cheek glowed with color; she was under the influence of some excitement, whose cause I could not fathom.

"I have a message for you, my lord," she whispered. "I must tell it you quickly; we must not be seen." And she shrank back further into the shelter of the doorway.

"As quickly as you like, Panayiota," said I, "for I have little time to lose."

"You have a friend more than you know of," said she, setting her lips close to my ear.

"I'm glad to hear it," said I. "Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all—a friend more than you know of, my lord. Take courage, my lord."

I bent my eyes in question on her face; she understood that I was asking for a plainer message.

"I can tell you no more," she said. "I was told to say that—a friend more than you know of. I have said it. Don't linger, my lord. I can say no more, and there is danger."

"I'm much obliged to you. I hope he will prove of value."

"He will," she answered quickly, and she waved aside the piece of money which I had offered her, and motioned me to be gone. But again she detained me for a moment.

"The lady—the wife of the Lord Constantine—what of her?" she asked in low, hurried tones.

"I know nothing of her," said I. "I believe she is at the cottage."

"And he is loose again?"

"Yes." And I added, searching her face, "But the governor will hunt him down."

I had my answer—a plain explicit answer; it came not in words, but in a scornful smile, a lift of the brows, a shrug. I nodded in understanding. Panayiota whispered again, "Courage—a friend more than you know of—courage, my lord;" and, turning, fairly ran away from me down the passage toward the yard behind the inn.

Who was this friend? By what means did he seek to help me? I could not tell. One suspicion I had, and I fought a little fight with myself as I walked back to the house. I recollected the armed man I had met in the night, whom I had warned and threatened. Was he the friend, and was it my duty to tell Mouraki of my suspicions? I say, I had a struggle. Did I win or lose? I do not know, for I cannot even now make up my mind.

But I was exasperated at the trick Mouraki had played on me, I was fearful for Phroso, I felt that I was contending against a man who would laugh at the chivalry which warned him. I hardened my heart and shut my eyes. I owed nothing, less than nothing, to Mouraki Pasha. He had, as I verily believed, loosed a desperate and treacherous foe on me. He had, as I knew now, deluded my friends into forsaking me. Let him guard his own head and his own skin. I had enough to do with Phroso and myself. So I reasoned, seeking to justify my silence. And I have often thought since that the question raised a nice enough point of casuistry. Men who have nothing else to do may amuse themselves with the answering of it. I answered it by the time I had reached the threshold of the house. And I held my tongue.

Mouraki was waiting for me in the doorway; he was smiling as he had smiled before my bold declaration of love for Phroso had spoilt his temper.

"My dear lord," he cried, "I could have spared you a tiresome walk. I thought your friends would certainly have told you their intention, or I would have mentioned it myself."

"My dear Pasha," I rejoined, no less cordially, "to tell the truth, I knew their intentions; but it struck me suddenly that I would go with them, and I ran down to try to catch them. Unfortunately I was too late."

The extravagance of my lying served its turn. Mouraki understood, not that

I was trying to deceive him, but that I was informing him politely that he had not succeeded in deceiving me.

"You wished to accompany them?" he asked, with a broadening smile. "You —a lover!"

"A man can't always be making love," said I carelessly, though truly enough.

Mouraki took a step toward me.

"It is safer not to do it at all," said he, in a lower tone.

The man had a great gift of expression; his eyes could put a world of meaning into a few simple words. In this little sentence, that sounded like a trite remark, I discovered a last offer, an invitation to surrender, a threat in case of obstinacy. I answered it after its own kind.

"Safer, perhaps, but deplorably dull," said I.

"Ah, well, you know best," said the pasha. "If you like to take the rough with the smooth—" He broke off with a shrug, resuming a moment later. "You expect to see them back the day after to-morrow, don't you?"

I was not sure whether the particular form of this question was intentional or not. In the literal meaning of his words Mouraki asked me, not whether they would be back, but whether I thought I should witness their return—possibly a different thing.

"Denny says they'll be back then," I answered cautiously. The pasha stroked his beard; this time he was, I think, hiding a smile at my understanding and evasion of his question.

"And I hear," he pursued, with a laugh, "that you have been trying to pass my sentries, and look for our runaway on your own account? You really should not expose yourself to such risks; the man might kill you. I'm glad my officer obeyed his orders."

"Then Constantine is at the cottage?" I cried quickly; for I thought he had betrayed himself into an admission. His composed air and amused smile smothered my hopes.

"At the cottage? Oh, dear, no. Of course I have searched that. I had that searched first of all."

"And the guard—?"

"Is only to prevent him from going there."

I had not that perfect facial control that distinguished the governor. I suppose I appeared unconvinced. For Mouraki caught me by the arm, and, giving me an affectionate squeeze, cried:

"What an unbeliever! Come, you shall go with me and see for yourself."

If he took me, of course I should find nothing. The bird, if it had ever alighted on that stone, would be flown by now. His specious offer was worthless.

"My dear Pasha, of course I take your word for it."

"No, I won't be trusted! I positively won't be believed. You shall come. We two will go together." And he still clung to my arm with friendly compulsion.

I did not see how to avoid doing what he suggested without coming to an open quarrel with him, and that I did not desire. He had every motive for wishing to force me into declared enmity; a hasty word or gesture might serve him as a plausible excuse for putting me under arrest. He would have a case, if he could prove me to have been disrespectful to the governor. My only chance lay in seeming submission up to the last possible moment. And Kortes was guarding Phroso, so that I could go without uneasiness.

"Well, let us walk up the hill, then," said I carelessly. "Though I assure you, you are giving yourself needless trouble."

He would not listen, and we turned, still arm in arm, to pass through the house. Mouraki had caused a ladder to be placed against the bank of rock, for he did not enjoy clambering up by the steps cut in the side of it. He set his foot now on the lowest rung of this ladder, but he paused there an instant and turned round, facing me, and asked, as though the thought had suddenly occurred to his mind:

"Have you had any conversation with our fair friend this afternoon?"

"The Lady Phroso? No. She has not made an appearance. Perhaps I wrong you, Pasha, but I fancied you were not over-anxious that I should have a conversation with her."

"You wrong me," he said earnestly. "Indeed you wrong me. And to prove it, you shall have a *tête-à-tête* with her the moment we return. Oh, I do not fight with weapons like that! I would not use my authority like that. I am going to search again for this Constantine myself this evening with a strong party; then you shall be at perfect liberty to talk with her."

"I am infinitely obliged; you are too generous."

"I trust we are gentlemen still, though we have unhappily become rivals;" and he let go of the ladder for an instant, in order to press my hand.

Then he began to climb up, and I followed him, asking of my puzzled brain, "Now what does he mean by that?"

For it seemed to me that a man needed cat's eyes to follow the schemes of Mouraki Pasha, eyes that darkness could not blind. This last generous offer of his was beyond the piercing of my vision. I did not know whether it were merely a bit of courtesy, safe to offer, or if it hid some new design. Well, it was little use wondering. At least I should see Phroso. Perhaps—a sudden thought seized me, and I—

"What makes you look so excited?" asked the pasha; his eyes were on my face, his lips curved in a smile.

"I'm not excited," said I. But the blood was leaping in my veins. I had an idea

(To be continued.)

OLD MAN SAVARIN.

By Edward William Thomson.

OLD Ma'ame Paradis had caught seventeen small doré, four suckers, and eleven channel-catfish before she used up all the worms in her tomato-can. Therefore she was in a cheerful and loquacious humor when I came along and offered her some of my bait.

"Merci; non, M'sieu. Dat's 'nuff fishin' for me. I got too old now for fish too much. You like me make you present of six or seven doré? Yes? All right. Then you make me present of one quarter dollar."

When this transaction was completed, the old lady got out her short black clay pipe, and filled it with *tabac blanc*.

"Ver' good smell for scare mosquitoes," said she. "Sit down, M'sieu. For sure I like to be here, me, for see the river when she's like this."

Indeed, the scene was more than picturesque. Her fishing platform extended twenty feet from the rocky shore of the great Rataplan Rapid of the Ottawa, which, beginning to tumble a mile to the westward, poured a roaring torrent half a mile wide into the broader, calm brown reach below. Noble elms towered on the shores. Between their trunks we could see many whitewashed cabins, whose doors of green or blue or red scarcely disclosed their colors in that light.

The sinking sun, which already touched the river, seemed somehow the source of the vast stream that flowed radiantly from its blaze. Through the glamour of the evening mist and the maze of June flies we could see a dozen men scooping for fish from platforms like that of Ma'ame Paradis.

Each scooper lifted a great hoop-net set on a handle some fifteen feet long, threw it easily up-stream, and swept it on edge with the current to the full length of his reach. Then it was drawn out and at once thrown upward again, if no capture had been made. In case he had taken fish, he came to the inshore edge of his platform and upset the net's contents into a pool separated from the main rapid by an improvised wall of stones.

"I'm too old for scoop some now," said Ma'ame Paradis, with a sigh.

"You were never strong enough to scoop, surely," said I.

"No, eh? All right, M'sieu. Then you hain't nev' hear 'bout the time Old Man Savarin was catched up with. No, eh? Well, I'll tol' you 'bout that." And this was her story as she told it to me.

. . . . . .

"Der was fun dose time. Nobody ain't nev' catch up with dat old rascal ony other time since I'll know him first. Me, I'll be only fifteen den. Dat's long time 'go, eh? Well, for sure, I ain't so old like what I'll look. But Old Man Savarin was old already. He's old, old, old, when he's only thirty; an' *mean—baptême!* If de old Nick ain' got de hottest place for dat old stingy—yes, for sure!

"You'll see up dere where Frawce Seguin is scoop? Dat's the Laroque platform by right. Me, I was a Laroque. My fader was use for scoop dere, an' my gran'fader—the Laroques scoop dere all de time since ever dere was some Rapid Rataplan. Den Old Man Savarin he's buyed the land up dere from Felix Ladoucier, an' he's told my fader, 'You can't scoop no more wisout you pay me rent.'

"'Rent!' my fader say. '*Saprie!* Dat's my fader's platform for scoop fish! You ask anybody.'

"'Oh, I know all 'bout dat,' Old Man Savarin is say. 'Ladoucier let you scoop front of his land, for Ladoucier one big fool. De lan's mine now, an' de fishin' right is mine. You can't scoop dere wisout you pay me rent.'

"'*Baptême!* I'll show you 'bout dat,' my fader say.

"Next mawny he is go for scoop same like always. Den Old Man Savarin is fetch my fader up before de magistrate. De magistrate make my fader pay nine shillin'!

"'Mebbe dat's learn you one lesson,' Old Man Savarin is say.

"My fader swear pretty good, but my moder say: 'Well, Narcisse, dere hain' no use for take it out in *malediction.* De nine shillin' is paid. You scoop more fish—dat's de way.'

"So my fader he is go out early, early nex' mawny. He's scoop, he's scoop. He's catch plenty fish before Old Man Savarin come.

"'You ain't got 'nuff yet for fishin' on my land, eh? Come out of dat,' Old Man Savarin is say.

"'*Saprie!* Ain' I pay nine shillin' for fish here?' my fader say.

"'*Oui*—you pay nine shillin' for fish here *wisout* my leave. But you ain't pay nothin' for fish here *wis* my leave. You is goin' up before de magistrate some more.'

"So he is fetch my fader up anoder time. An' de magistrate make my fader pay twelve shillin' more!

"'Well, I s'pose I can go fish on my fader's platform now,' my fader is say.

"Old Man Savarin was laugh. 'Your honor, dis man tink he don't have for pay me no rent because you'll make him pay two fines for trespass on my land.'

"So de magistrate told my fader he ain't got no more right for go on his own platform than he was at the start. My fader is ver' angry. He's cry, he's tear his shirt; but Old Man Savarin only say, 'I guess I learn you one good lesson, Narcisse.'

"De whole village ain't told de old rascal how much dey was angry 'bout dat, for Old Man Savarin is got dem all in debt at his big store. He is grin, grin, and told everybody how he learn my fader two good lesson. An' he is told my fader: 'You see what I'll be goin' for do wis you if ever you go on my land again wisout you pay me rent.'

"'How much you want?' my fader say.

"'Half de fish you catch.'

"'*Monjee!* Never!'

"'Five dollar a year, den.'

"'*Saprie*, no. Dat's too much.'

"'All right. Keep off my lan', if you ain't want anoder lesson.'

"'You's a tief,' my fader say.

"'Hermidas, make up Narcisse Laroque bill,' de old rascal say to his clerk. 'If he ain't pay dat bill to-morrow, I sue him.'

"So my fader is scare mos' to death. Only my moder she's say, '*I'll* pay dat bill, me.'

"So she's take the money she's saved up long time for make my weddin' when it come. An' she's paid de bill. So den my fader hain't scare no more, an' he is shake his fist good under Old Man Savarin's ugly nose. But dat old rascal laugh an' say, 'Narcisse, you like to be fined some more, eh?'

"'*Tort Dieu.* You rob me of my place for fish, but I'll take my platform anyhow,' my fader say.

"'Yes, eh? All right—if you can get him wisout go on my land. But you go on my land, and see if I don't learn you anoder lesson,' Old Savarin is say.

"So my fader is rob of his platform, too. Nex' ting we hear, Frawce Seguin has rent dat platform for five dollar a year.

"Den de big fun begin. My fader an' Frawce is cousin. All de time before den dey was good friend. But my fader he is go to Frawce Seguin's place an' he is told him, 'Frawce, I'll goin' lick you so hard you can't nev' scoop on my platform.'

"Frawce only laugh. Den Old Man Savarin come up de hill.

"'Fetch him up to de magistrate an' learn him anoder lesson,' he is say to Frawce.

"'What for?' Frawce say.

"'For try to scare you.'

"'He hain't hurt me none.'

"'But he's say he will lick you.'

"'Dat's only because he's vex,' Frawce say.

"'*Baptême! Non!*' my fader say. 'I'll be goin' for lick you good, Frawce.'

"'For sure?' Frawce say.

"'*Saprie!* Yes; for sure.'

"'Well, dat's all right, den, Narcisse. When you goin' for lick me?'

"'First time I'll get drunk. I'll be goin' for get drunk dis same day.'

"'All right, Narcisse. If you goin' get drunk for lick me, I'll be goin' get drunk for lick you.' *Canadien* hain't nev' fool 'nuff for fight, M'sieu, only if dey is got drunk.

"WELL, DEY'S FIGHT LIKE DAT FOR MORE AS FOUR HOURS."

"Well, my fader he's go on old Marceau's hotel, an' he's drink all day. Frawce Seguin he's go 'cross de road on Joe Maufraud's hotel, an' *he's* drink all day. When de night come, dey's bose stand out in front of de two hotel for fight.

"Dey's bose yell an' yell for make de oder feller scare bad before dey begin. Hermidas Laronde an' Jawnny Leroi dey's hold my fader for fear he's goin' 'cross de road for keel Frawce Seguin dead. Pierre Seguin an' Magloire Sauve is hold Frawce for fear he's come 'cross de road for keel my fader dead. And dose men fight dat way 'cross de road, till dey hain't hardly able for stand up no more.

"My fader he's tear his shirt and he's yell, 'Let me at him!' Frawce he's tear his shirt and he's yell, 'Let me at him!' But de men hain't goin' for let dem loose, for fear one is strike de oder ver' hard. De whole village is shiver 'bout dat offle fight—yes, seh, shiver bad!

"Well, dey's fight like dat for more as four hours, till dey hain't able for yell no more, an' dey hain't got no money left for buy wheeskey for de crowd. Den Marceau and Joe Maufraud tol' dem bose it was a shame for two cousins to fight so bad. An' my fader he's say he's ver' sorry dat he lick Frawce so hard, and dey's bose sorry. So dey's kiss one anoder good—only all their clo'es is tore to pieces.

"An' what you tink 'bout Old Man Savarin? Old Man Savarin is just stand in front of his store all de time, an' he's say: 'I'll tink I'll fetch him *bose* hup to de magistrate, an' I'll learn him *bose* a lesson.'

"Me, I'll be only fifteen, but I hain't scare 'bout dat fight same like my moder is scare. No more is Alphonsine Seguin scare. She's seventeen, an' she wait for de fight to be all over. Den she take her fader home, same like I'll take my fader home for bed. Dat's after twelve o'clock of night.

"Nex' mawny early, my fader he's groaned and he's groaned: 'Ah—ugh—I'm sick, sick, me. I'll he goin' for die dis time, for sure.'

"'You get up an' scoop some fish,' my moder she's say, angry. 'Den you hain't be sick no more.'

"'Ach—ugh—I'll hain't be able. Oh, I'll be so sick. An' I hain' got no place for scoop fish now no more. Frawce Seguin has rob my platform.'

"'Take de nex' one lower down,' my moder she's say.

"'Dat's Jawnny Leroi's.'

"'All right for dat. Jawnny he's hire for run timber to-day.'

"'Ugh—I'll not be able for get up. Send for M'sieu le Curé—I'll be goin' for die for sure.'

"'*Misère*, but dat's no *man!* Dat's a drunk pig,' my moder she's say, angry. 'Sick, eh? Lazy, lazy—dat's so. An' dere hain't no fish for de little chilluns, an' it's Friday mawny.' So my moder she's begin for cry.

"Well, M'sieu, I'll make de rest short; for de sun is all gone now. What you tink I do dat mawny? I take de big scoop-net an' I'll come up here for see if I'll be able for scoop some fish on Jawnny Leroi's platform. Only dere hain't nev' much fish dere.

"Pretty quick I'll look up and I'll see Alphonsine Seguin scoop, scoop on my fader's old platform. Alphonsine's fader is sick, sick, same like my fader, an' all de Seguin boys is too little for scoop, same like my brudders is too little. So dere Alphonsine she's scoop, scoop for breakfas'.

"What you tink I'll see some more? I'll see Old Man Savarin. He's watchin' from de corner of de cedar bush, an' I'll know ver' good what he's watch for. He's watch for catch my fader go on his own platform. He's want for learn my fader anoder lesson. *Saprie!* dat's make me ver' angry, M'sieu!

"Alphonsine she's scoop, scoop plenty fish. I'll not be scoop none. Dat's make me more angry. I'll look up where Alphonsine is, an' I'll talk to myself:

"'Dat's my fader's platform,' I'll be say. 'Dat's my fader's fish what you catch, Alphonsine. You hain't nev' be my cousin no more. It is mean, mean for Frawce Seguin to rent my fader's platform for please dat old rascal Savarin.' Mebby I'll not be so angry at Alphonsine, M'sieu, if I was able for catch some fish; but I hain't able—I don't catch none.

"Well, M'sieu, dat's the way for long time—half-hour mebby. Den I'll hear Alphonsine yell good. I'll look up de river some more. She's try for lift her net. She's try hard, hard, but she hain't able. De net is down in de rapid, an' she's only able for hang on to de hannle. Den I'll know she's got one big sturgeon, an' he's so big she can't pull him up.

"*Monjee!* what I care 'bout dat! I'll laugh me. Den I'll laugh good some more, for I'll want Alphonsine for see how I'll laugh big. And I'll talk to myself:

"'Dat's good for dose Seguins,' I'll say. 'De big sturgeon will pull away de net. Den Alphonsine she will lose her fader's scoop wis de sturgeon. Dat's good 'nuff for dose Seguins! Take my fader's platform, eh?'

"For sure, I'll want for to go an' help Alphonsine all de same—she's my cousin, an' I'll want for see de sturgeon, me. But I'll only just laugh, laugh. Non, M'sieu; dere was not one man out on any of de oder platform dat mawny for to help Alphonsine. Dey was all sleep ver' late, for dey was all out ver' late for see de offle fight I told you 'bout.

"Well, pretty quick, what you tink? I'll see Old Man Savarin goin' to my fader's platform. He's take hold for help Alphonsine an' dey's bose pull, and pretty quick de big sturgeon is up on de platform. I'll be more angry as before.

"Oh, *tort Dieu!* What you tink come den? Why, dat Old Man Savarin is want for take de sturgeon!

"First dey hain't speak so I can hear, for de Rapid is too loud. But pretty quick dey's bose angry, and I hear dem talk.

"'Dat's my fish,' Old Man Savarin is say. 'Didn't I save him? Wasn't you goin' for lose him, for sure?'

"Me—I'll laugh good. Dass *such* an old rascal.

"'You get off dis platform, quick!' Alphonsine she's say.

"'Give me my sturgeon,' he's say.

"'Dat's a lie—it hain't your sturgeon. It's *my* sturgeon,' she's yell.

"'I'll learn you one lesson 'bout dat,' he's say.

"Well, M'sieu, Alphonsine she's pull back de fish just when Old Man Savarin is make one grab. An' when she's pull back, she's step to one side, an' de old rascal he is grab at de fish, an' de heft of de sturgeon is make him fall on his face, so he's tumble in de Rapid when Alphonsine let go de sturgeon. So dere's Old Man Savarin floating in de river—and *me!* I'll don' care eef he's drown one bit!

"One time he is on his back, one time he is on his face, one time he is all under de water. For sure he's goin' for be draw into de *culbute* an' get drown' dead, if I'll not be able for scoop him when he's go by my platform. I'll want for laugh, but I'll be too much scare.

"Well, M'sieu, I'll pick up my fader's scoop and I'll stand out on de edge of de platform. De water is run so fast, I'm mos' 'fraid de old man is boun' for pull me in when I'll scoop him. But I'll not mind for dat, I'll throw de scoop an' catch him; an' for sure, he's hold on good.

"So dere's de old rascal in de scoop,

but when I'll get him safe, I hain't able for pull him in one bit. I'll only be able for hold on an' laugh, laugh—he's look *ver'* queer! All I can do is to hold him dere so he can't go down de *culbute*. I'll can't pull him up if I'll want to.

"De old man is scare ver' bad. But pretty quick he's got hold of de cross-bar of de hoop, an' he got his ugly head up good.

"'Pull me in,' he say, ver' angry.

"'I'll hain't be able,' I'll say.

"Jus' den Alphonsine she came 'long, an' she's laugh so she can't hardly hold on wis me to de hannle. I was laugh good some more. When de old villain see us have fun, he's yell: 'I'll learn you bose one lesson for this. Pull me ashore!'

"'Oh! you's learn us bose one lesson, M'sieu Savarin, eh?' Alphonsine she's say. 'Well, den, us bose will learn M'sieu Savarin one lesson first. Pull him up a little,' she's say to me.

"So we pull him up, an' den Alphonsine she's say to me: 'Let out de hannle, quick'—and he's under de water some more. When we stop de net, he's got hees head up pretty quick.

"'LET HIM DOWN SOME MORE!' ALPHONSINE SHE'S SAY."

"'*Monjee!* I'll be drown' if you don't pull me out,' he's mos' *cry*.

"'Ver' well—if you's drown, your family be ver' glad,' Alphonsine she's say. 'Den they's got all your money for spend quick, quick.'

"M'sieu, dat scare him offle. He's begin for cry like one baby.

"'Save me out,' he's say. 'I'll give you anything I've got.'

"'How much?' Alphonsine she's say.

"He's tink, and he's say, 'Quarter dollar.'

"Alphonsine an' me is laugh, laugh.

"'Save me,' he's cry some more. 'I hain't fit for die dis mawny.'

"'You hain't fit for live no mawny,' Alphonsine she's say. 'One quarter dollar, eh? Where's my sturgeon?'

"'He's got away when I fall in,' he's say.

"'How much you goin' give me for lose my big sturgeon?' she's ask.

"'How much you'll want, Alphonsine?'

"'Two dollars.'

"'Dat's too much for one sturgeon,' he's say. For all he was not feel fit for die, he was more 'fraid for pay out his money.

"'Let him down some more,' Alphonsine she's say.

"'Oh, *misère, misère!* I'll pay de two dollare,' he's say when his head come up some more.

"'Ver' well, den,' Alphonsine she's say; 'I'll be willin' for save you, *me*. But you hain't scooped by *me*. You's in Marie's net. I'll only come for help Marie. You's her sturgeon.' An' Alphonsine she's laugh an' laugh.

"'I didn't lose no sturgeon for Marie,' he's say.

"'No, eh?' I'll say myself. 'But you's steal my fader's platform. You's take his fishin' place. You's got him fined two times. You's make my moder pay his bill wis *my* weddin' money. What you goin' pay for all dat? You tink I'll be goin' for mos' kill myself pullin' you out for noting? When you ever do someting for anybody for noting, eh, M'sieu Savarin?'

"'How much do you want?' he's say.

"'Ten dollare for de platform, dat's all.'

"'Never—dat's robbery,' he's say, an' he's begin to cry like *ver'* li'll baby.

"'Pull him hup, Marie, an' give him some more,' Alphonsine she's say.

"But de old rascal is so scare 'bout dat, dat he's say he's pay right off. So we's

pull him up near to de platform, only we hain't big 'nuff fool for let him out of de net till he's take out his purse an' pay de twelve dollare.

"*Monjee*, M'sieu! If ever you see one angry old rascal! He not even stop for say: 'T'ank you for save me from be drown' dead in the *culbute!*' He's run for his house an' he's put on dry clo'es, an' he's go up to de magistrate first ting for learn me an' Alphonsine one big lesson.

"But de magistrate hain't ver' bad magistrate. He's only laugh an' he's say:

"'M'sieu Savarin, de whole river will be laugh at you for let two young girl take eet out of smart man like you like dat. Hain't you tink your life worth twelve dollare? Didn't dey save you from de *culbute? Monjee!* I'll tink de whole river not laugh so ver' bad if you pay dose young girl one hunder dollare for save you so kind.'

"'One hunder dollare!' he's mos' cry. 'Hain't you goin' to learn dose girl one lesson for take advantage of me dat way?'

"'Didn't you pay dose girl yourself? Didn't you took out your purse yourself? Yes, eh? Well, den, I'll goin' for learn you one lesson yourself, M'sieu Savarin,' de magistrate is say. 'Dose two young girl is ver' wicked, eh? Yes, dat's so. But for why? Hain't dey just do to you what you been doin' ever since you was in beesness? Don't I know? You hain' never yet got advantage of nobody wisout you rob him all you can, an' dose wicked young girl only act just like you give dem a lesson all your life.'"

NOTE.—This story is reprinted by special permission from "Old Man Savarin and Other Stories," by Edward William Thomson; Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston, publishers.

LINCOLN'S IMPORTANT LAW CASES.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

LINCOLN'S DEFENCE OF A SLAVE GIRL.—A FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR FEE.—THE McCORMICK PATENT CASE, AND LINCOLN'S FIRST MEETING WITH STANTON.—THE ARMSTRONG MURDER CASE AND THE ALMANAC.—THE ROCK ISLAND BRIDGE CASE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S place in the legal circle of Illinois has never been clearly defined. The ordinary impression is that, though he was a faithful and trusted lawyer, he never rose to the first rank of his profession. This idea has come from imperfect information concerning his legal career. An examination of the reports of the Illinois Supreme Court from 1840, when he tried his first case before that body, to 1861, when he gave up his profession to become President of the United States, shows that in this period of twenty years, broken as it was, from 1847 to 1849, by a term in Congress, and interrupted constantly, from 1854 to 1860, by his labors in opposition to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Lincoln was engaged in nearly one hundred cases before that court, some of them of great importance. This fact alone shows him to have been one of the leading lawyers of his day. Between ninety and one hundred cases before the Supreme Court of the State in twenty years is a record surpassed by but few lawyers. It was exceeded by none of Lincoln's Illinois contemporaries.

Among the cases in which he was prominent and of which we have reports, there are several of dramatic import, viewing them, as we can now, in connection with his later life. One of the first in which he appeared before the Illinois Supreme Court involved the freedom of a negro girl called Nance. In spite of the fact that Illinois had been free since its admission as a State, many traces of slavery were still observable, particularly in the southern and central parts of the State. Among the scattered slaveholders was one Nathan Cromwell of Tazewell County, who for some years had in his service a negro girl, Nance. He claimed that Nance was bound to him by indenture, and that he had the right to sell her as any other property, a right he succeeded finally in exercising. One of his neighbors, Baily by name, bought the girl; but the purchase was conditional: Baily was to pay

for his property only when he received from Cromwell title papers showing that Nance was bound to serve under the laws of the State. These papers Cromwell failed to produce before his death. Later his heirs sued Baily for the purchase price. Baily employed Lincoln to defend him. The case was tried in September, 1839, and decided against Baily. Then in July, 1841, it was tried again, before the Supreme Court of the State. Lincoln proved that Nance had lived for several years in the State, that she was over tweny-one years of age, that she had declared herself to be free, and that she had even purchased goods on her own account. The list of authorities he used in the trial to prove that Nance could not be held in bondage shows that he was already familiar with both Federal and State legislation on the slavery question up to that date. He went back to the Ordinance of 1787, to show that slavery was forbidden in the Northwest Territory; he recalled the constitution that had made the State free in 1818; he showed that by the law of nations no person can be sold in a free State. His argument convinced the court; the judgment of the lower court was overruled, and Nance was free.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL CASE.

After Lincoln's return from Congress in 1849, he was engaged in some of the most important cases of the day. One of these was a contest between the Illinois Central Railroad, at that time building, and McLean County, Illinois. This road had been exempted by the legislature from all State taxation on condition that it pay perpetually into the State treasury seven per cent. of its annual gross earnings. When the line was laid in McLean County the county authorities declared that the State legislature could not excuse the railroad company from paying county taxes; accordingly the company's property was assessed and a tax levied. If this claim of the county could be sustained, it was certain to kill the railroad; and great preparations were made for the defence. The solicitor of the Illinois Central at that time was General Mason Brayman, who retained Lincoln. The case was tried at Bloomington, before the Supreme Court, and, largely through the efforts of Lincoln, was won for the road. According to Herndon, Lincoln charged for his services a fee of two thousand dollars. Going to Chicago he presented his bill. "Why," said the officer to whom he applied, "this is as much as a first-class lawyer would have charged." *

Stung by the ungrateful speech, Lincoln withdrew the bill, left the office, and at the first opportunity submitted the matter to his friends. Five thousand dollars, they all agreed, was a moderate fee, considering what he had done for the road, and six leading lawyers of the State signed a paper in which they declared that such a charge would not be "unreasonable." Lincoln then sued the road for that amount, and won his case. "He gave me my half," says Herndon; "and as much as we deprecated the avarice of great corporations, we both thanked the Lord for letting the Illinois Central Railroad fall into our hands."

The current version of this story names General George B. McClellan as the testy official who snubbed Lincoln when he presented the bill. This could not have been. The incident occurred in 1855; that year Captain McClellan spent in the Crimea, as one of a commission of three sent abroad to study the European military service as displayed in the Crimean War. It was not until January, 1857, that McClellan resigned his commission in the United States Army to become the chief engineer, and afterwards vice-president, of the Illinois Central Railroad. It was when an officer of the Illinois Central, however, that McClellan first met Lincoln. "Long before the war," he says, in "McClellan's Own Story," "when vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad, I knew Mr. Lincoln, for he was one of the counsel of the company. More than once I have been with him in out-of-the-way county-seats, where some important case was being tried, and, in the lack of sleeping accommodations, have spent the night in front of a stove, listening to the unceasing flow of anecdotes from his lips. He was never at a loss, and I could never quite make up my mind how many of them he had really heard before, and how many he invented on the spur of the moment. His stories were seldom refined, but were always to the point."

LINCOLN'S FIRST MEETING WITH STANTON. —THE McCORMICK PATENT CASE.

It was through his legal practice that Lincoln first met still another man who

* "Why, sir, this is as much as Daniel Webster himself would have charged. We cannot allow such a claim," is Mr. Herndon's version of the remark.

was to sustain a relation of the greatest importance to him in the war. This man was Edwin M. Stanton. The meeting occurred in Cincinnati in 1855, in connection with a patent case which is famous in the legal history of the country, and in which both Lincoln and Stanton had been retained as counsel. So much that is false has been written of this meeting, that a full and exact statement of the circumstances has been obtained for this series of articles from Mr. George Harding of Philadelphia, the only one of either judges or counsel in the case now living. Mr. Harding says:

"Cyrus H. McCormick owned reaping-machine patents granted in 1845 and 1847, upon which he sued John M. Manny and Co. of Rockford, Illinois. Mr. Manny had obtained patents also. Manny and Co. were large manufacturers of reaping machines under Manny's patents. McCormick contended that his patents were valid and secured to him a virtual monopoly of all practical reaping machines as constructed at that date. If McCormick had been successful in his contention, Manny would have been enjoined, his factory stopped, and a claim of four hundred thousand dollars damages demanded from his firm. McCormick's income from that monopoly would have been vastly increased. Hence the suit was very important to all parties and to the farming public. The plaintiff McCormick had retained Mr. E. N. Dickerson and Reverdy Johnson. The former was entrusted with the preparation of the plaintiff's case and the argument before the court on the mechanics of the case. Mr. P. H. Watson, who had procured Manny's patents, was given by Manny the entire control of the defendant's case. He employed Mr. George Harding to prepare the defence for Manny, and to argue the mechanics of the case before the court. In those times it was deemed important in patent cases to employ associate counsel not specially familiar with mechanical questions, but of high standing in the general practice of the law, and of recognized forensic ability. If such counsel represented the defendant he urged upon the court the importance of treating the patentee as a quasi-monopolist, whose claims should be limited to the precise mechanical contributions which he had made to the art; while, on the other hand, the plaintiff's forensic counsel was expected to dwell upon the privations and labor of the patentee, and insist on a very liberal view of his claims, and to hold that defendants who had appropriated any of his ideas should be treated as pirates. The necessity of the forensic contribution in the argument of patent cases is not now recognized.

"McCormick had selected Mr. Reverdy Johnson for the forensic part of his case. Mr. Watson was in doubt as to whom to select to perform this duty for the defendants. At the suggestion of Mr. Manny, Mr. Watson wrote to Mr. Lincoln, sending to him a retainer of five hundred dollars, and requesting him to read the testimony, which was sent to him from time to time as taken, so that if Mr. Watson afterward concluded to have him argue the case he would be prepared. Mr. Harding had urged the employment of Mr. Stanton, who was personally known to him, and who then resided at Pittsburg.

"With a view to determining finally who should argue the forensic part of Manny's case, Mr. Watson personally visited Springfield and conferred with Mr. Lincoln. On his way back from Springfield he called upon Mr. Stanton at Pittsburg, and, after a conference, retained Mr. Stanton, and informed him distinctly that he was to make the closing argument in the case. Nevertheless Mr. Lincoln was sent copies of the testimony; he studied the testimony, and was paid for so doing, the same as Mr. Stanton. Mr. Watson considered that it would be prudent for Mr. Lincoln to be prepared, in case of Mr. Stanton's inability, for any cause, to argue the case; so that, at the outset, Mr. Stanton was selected by Mr. Manny's direct representative to perform this duty.

"When all the parties and counsel met at Cincinnati, Mr. Lincoln was first definitely informed by Mr. Watson of his determination that Mr. Stanton was to close the case for defendants. Mr. Lincoln was evidently disappointed at Mr. Watson's decision. Mr. Lincoln had written out his argument in full. He was anxious to meet Mr. Reverdy Johnson in forensic contest. The case was important as to the amount in dispute, and of widespread interest to farmers. Mr. Lincoln's feelings were embittered, moreover, because the plaintiff's counsel subsequently, in open court, of their own motion, stated that they perceived that there were three counsel present for defendant, and that plaintiff had only two counsel present; but they were willing to allow all three of defendant's counsel to speak, provided Mr. Dickerson, who had charge of the mechanical part of McCormick's case, were

permitted to make two arguments, besides Mr. Johnson's argument. Mr. Watson, who had charge of defendant's case, declined this offer, because the case ultimately depended upon mechanical questions; and he thought that if Mr. Dickerson were allowed to open the mechanical part of the case, and then make a subsequent argument on the mechanics, the temptation would be great to make an insufficient or misleading mechanical opening of the case at first, and, after Mr. Harding had replied thereto, to make a fuller or different mechanical presentation, which could not be replied to by Mr. Harding. It was conceded that neither Mr. Lincoln nor Mr. Stanton was prepared to handle the mechanics of the case either in opening or reply. In view of these facts, Mr. Watson decided that only two arguments would be made for Manny, and that Mr. Harding would open the case for defendant on the mechanical part, and Mr. Stanton would close on the general propositions of law applicable to the case. Mr. Stanton said in court that personally he had no desire to speak, but he agreed with Mr. Watson that only two arguments should be made for defendants whether he spoke or not. Mr. Lincoln, knowing Mr. Watson's wishes, insisted that Mr. Stanton should make the closing argument, and that he would not himself speak. Mr. Stanton accepted the position, and did speak, because he knew that such was the expressed wish and direction of Mr. Watson, who controlled the conduct of defendant's case.

"Mr. Lincoln kindly and gracefully, but regretfully, accepted the situation. He attended, and exhibited much interest in the case as it proceeded. He sent to Mr. Harding the written argument which he had prepared, that he might have the benefit of it before he made his opening argument; but requested Mr. Harding not to show it to Mr. Stanton. The chagrin of Mr. Lincoln at not speaking continued, however, and he felt that Mr. Stanton should have insisted on his, Mr. Lincoln's, speaking also; while Mr. Stanton merely carried out the positive direction of his client that there should be only two arguments for defendant, and that he, Mr. Stanton, should close the case, and Mr. Harding should open the case. Mr. Lincoln expressed to Mr. Harding satisfaction at the manner in which the mechanical part of the case had been presented by him, and after Mr. Lincoln had been elected President, he showed his recollection of it by tendering Mr. Harding, of his own motion, a high position.

"In regard to the personal treatment of Mr. Lincoln while in attendance at Cincinnati, it is to be borne in mind that Mr. Lincoln was known to hardly any one in Cincinnati at that date, and that Mr. Stanton was probably not impressed with the appearance of Mr. Lincoln. It is true there was no personal intimacy formed between them while at Cincinnati. Mr. Lincoln was disappointed and unhappy while in Cincinnati, and undoubtedly did not receive the attention which he should have received. Mr. Lincoln felt all this, and particularly, but unjustly, reflected upon Mr. Stanton as the main cause. When Mr. Lincoln was nominated for President, Mr. Stanton, like many others in the country, sincerely doubted whether Mr. Lincoln was equal to the tremendous responsibility which he was to be called upon to assume as President. This is to be borne in mind, in view of events subsequent to the case at Cincinnati. Mr. Stanton never called upon Mr. Lincoln after he came to Washington as President. Mr. Lincoln in alluding to Mr. Stanton (both before and after his election as President) did not attempt to conceal his unkind feeling towards him, which had its origin at Cincinnati. This feeling did not undergo a change until after he met Mr. Stanton as Secretary of War.

"The occurrences narrated show how one great man may underrate his fellow man. Mr. Stanton saw at Cincinnati in Mr. Lincoln only his gaunt, rugged features, his awkward dress and carriage, and heard only his rural jokes; but Stanton lived to perceive in those rugged lineaments only expressions of nobility and loveliness of character, and to hear from his lips only wisdom, prudence, and courage, couched in language unsurpassed in literature. But above all they show the nobility of Mr. Lincoln's character in forgetting all unkind personal feeling engendered at Cincinnati towards Mr. Stanton, and subsequently appointing him his Secretary of War.

"The above was narrated by Mr. Harding for the main purpose of correcting the popular impression that Mr. Stanton, of his own motion, rode over and displaced Mr. Lincoln in the case at Cincinnati; for the truth is that Mr. Stanton, in the course he pursued, was directed by his clients' representative, Mr. Watson, who believed that he was serving the best interests of his clients."

Lincoln was first suggested to Mr. Manny as counsel in this case by a younger mem-

ber of the firm, Mr. Ralph Emerson, who is still living at Rockford, Illinois. Mr. Emerson, as a student of law, had been thrown much into company with Mr. Lincoln, and had learned to respect his judgment and ability. Indeed, it was Lincoln who was instrumental in deciding him to abandon the law. The young man had seen much in the practice of his chosen profession which seemed to him unjust, and he had begun to feel that the law was incompatible with his ideals. One evening, after a particularly trying day in court, he walked out with Lincoln. Suddenly turning to his companion, he said, "Mr. Lincoln, I want to ask you a question. Is it possible for a man to practise law and always do by others as he would be done by?" Lincoln's head dropped on his breast, and he walked in silence for a long way; then he heaved a heavy sigh. When he finally spoke, it was of a foreign matter. "I had my answer," said Mr. Emerson, "and that walk turned the course of my life."

During the trial at Cincinnati, Lincoln and Mr. Emerson were thrown much together, and Mr. Emerson's recollections are particularly interesting. "As I was the sole intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln in the case," he says, "when it was decided that he should not take part in the argument, he invited me to his room to express his bitter disappointment; and it was with difficulty that I persuaded him to remain as counsel during the hearing. We generally spent the afternoons together. The hearing had hardly progressed two days before Mr. Lincoln expressed to me his satisfaction that he was not to take part in the argument. So many and so deep were the questions involved that he realized he had not given the subject sufficient study to have done himself justice.

"The court-room, which during the first day or two was well filled, greatly thinned out as the argument proceeded day after day. But as the crowd diminished, Mr. Lincoln's interest in the case increased. He appeared entirely to forget himself, and at times, rising from his chair, walked back and forth in the open space of the court-room, as though he were in his own office, pausing to listen intently as one point after another was clearly made out in our favor. He manifested such delight in countenance and unconscious action that its effect on the judges, one of whom at least already highly respected him, was evidently stronger than any set speech of his could possibly have been. The impression produced on the judges was evidently that Mr. Lincoln was thoroughly convinced of the justice of our side, and anxious that we should prevail, not merely on account of his interest in his clients, but because he thought our case was just and should triumph.

"The final summing up on our side was by Mr. Stanton; and though he took but about three hours in its delivery, he had devoted as many, if not more, weeks to its preparation. It was very able, and Mr. Lincoln was throughout the whole of it a rapt listener. Mr. Stanton closed his speech in a flight of impassioned eloquence. Then the court adjourned for the day, and Mr. Lincoln invited me to take a long walk with him. For block after block he walked rapidly forward, not saying a word, evidently deeply dejected.

"At last he turned suddenly to me, exclaiming, 'Emerson, I am going home.' A pause. 'I am going home to study law.'

"'Why,' I exclaimed, 'Mr. Lincoln, you stand at the head of the bar in Illinois now! What are you talking about?'

"'Ah, yes,' he said, 'I do occupy a good position there, and I think that I can get along with the way things are done there now. But these college-trained men, who have devoted their whole lives to study, are coming West, don't you see? And they study their cases as we never do. They have got as far as Cincinnati now. They will soon be in Illinois.' Another long pause; then stopping and turning toward me, his countenance suddenly assuming that look of strong determination which those who knew him best sometimes saw upon his face, he exclaimed, 'I am going home to study law! I am as good as any of them, and when they get out to Illinois I will be ready for them.'"*

LINCOLN'S PROFESSIONAL FEES.

The fee which Lincoln received in the McCormick case, including the retainer, which was five hundred dollars—the largest retainer ever received by Lincoln—amounted to nearly two thousand dollars. Except the sum paid him by the Illinois Central Railroad, it was probably the largest fee he ever received. The two sums came to him about the same time, and undoubtedly helped to tide over the rather unfruitful period, from a financial standpoint, which followed—the period of his contest with Douglas for the Senate. Lincoln never made money. From 1850 to

* Unpublished manuscript from private papers of Mr. Ralph Emerson.

1860 his income averaged from two thousand to three thousand dollars a year. In the forties it was considerably less. The fee-book of Lincoln and Herndon for 1847 shows total earnings of only fifteen hundred dollars. The largest fee entered was one of one hundred dollars. There are several of fifty dollars, a number of twenty, more of ten, still more of five, and a few of three dollars.*

If a fee was not paid, Lincoln did not believe in suing for it. Mr. Herndon says that he would consent to be swindled before he would contest a fee. The case of the Illinois Central Railroad, however, was an exception to this rule. He was careless in accounts, never entering anything on the book. When a fee was paid to him, he simply divided the money into two parts, one of which he put into his pocket, and the other into an envelope which he labelled "Herndon's half." Lincoln's whole theory of the conduct of a lawyer in regard to money is summed up in the "notes" for a law lecture which he left among his papers:

"The matter of fees is important, far beyond the question of mere bread and butter involved. Properly attended to, fuller justice is done to both lawyer and client. An exorbitant fee should never be claimed. As a general rule never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case as if something was still in prospect for you as well as for your client. And when you lack interest in the case, the job will very likely lack skill and diligence in the performance. Settle the amount of fee and take a note in advance. Then you will feel that you are working for something, and you are sure to do your work faithfully and well. Never sell a fee note—at least not before the consideration service is performed. It leads to negligence and dishonesty—negligence, by losing interest in the case; and dishonesty, in refusing to refund when you have allowed the consideration to fail."

If a client was poor, and Lincoln's sympathies were aroused, he not infrequently refused pay. There are a few well authenticated cases of his offering his services to those whom he believed he could help, stipulating when he did it that he would make no charge. The best known example of this is the Armstrong murder case.

THE ARMSTRONG MURDER CASE.

William, or "Duff" Armstrong, as he was generally called, was the son of Lincoln's New Salem friends, Jack and Hannah Armstrong. In August, 1857, Duff and a number of his mates had joined a crowd of ruffians who had gathered on the outskirts of a camp-meeting held near Havana, in Macon County. He had drunk heavily for some days, and, finally, in a broil on the night of August 29, had beaten a comrade, one Metzker, who had provoked him to a fight. That same night Metzker was hit with an ox-yoke by another drunken reveller, Norris by name. Three days later he died. Both Armstrong and Norris were arrested. Marks of two blows were on the victim, either of which might have killed him. That Norris had dealt one was proved. Did Armstrong deal the other? He claimed he had used nothing but his fists in the broil; but both the marks on Metzker were such as must have been made by some instrument. The theory was developed that one blow was from a slung-shot used by Armstrong, and that he and Norris had acted in concert, deliberately planning to murder Metzker. Outraged by the cruelty of the deed, the whole countryside demanded the punishment of the prisoners. Just at the time that Armstrong was thrown into prison his father died, his last charge to his wife Hannah being, "Sell everything you have and clear Duff." True to her trust, Hannah engaged two lawyers of Havana, both of whom are still living, to defend her boy. Anxious lest the violence of public feeling should injure Duff's chances, the lawyers secured a change of venue to Cass County, their client remaining in prison until spring. Norris, in the meantime, was convicted, and sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary.

When the lawyers and witnesses assembled in Beardstown in May, 1858, for Armstrong's trial, it happened that Lincoln was attending court in the town. At that moment he was, after Stephen A. Douglas, the most conspicuous man in Illinois. His future course in politics was a source of interest in the East as well as the West. The coming contest with Douglas for the senatorship—for it was already probable that he would be the candidate in the convention which was only a month away—

* The volume quoted here is owned by the Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Philadelphia. On the cover of the book, in Herndon's writing, is "Day Book of Lincoln and Herndon, 1847;" on the inside of the cover, also in Herndon's writing, is "Lincoln and Herndon's Fee Book of 1847."

was causing him intense anxiety. Yet occupied as he was with his profession, and harassed by the critical political situation, he did not hesitate an instant when Hannah Armstrong came to him for advice. Going to her lawyers, he said he should like to assist them. They, of course, were glad of his aid, and he at once took the case in hand. His first care was the selection of a jury. Not knowing the neighborhood well, he could not discriminate closely as to individuals; but he took pains, as far as he could control the choice, to have only young men chosen, believing that they would be more favorable to the prisoner. A surviving witness in the case estimates that the average age of the jury was not over twenty-three years.

The jury empanelled, the examination of witnesses seems to have been conducted on behalf of the defence chiefly by Lincoln. Many of the witnesses bore familiar names. Some were sons of "Clary's Grove Boys," and Lincoln had known their fathers. "The witnesses were kept out of the court-room until called to testify," says William A. Douglas. "I happened to be the first witness called, and so heard the whole trial. When William Killian was called to the stand, Lincoln asked him his name.

"'William Killian,' was the reply.

"'Bill Killian,' Lincoln repeated in a familiar way; 'tell me, are you a son of old Jake Killian?'

"'Yes, sir,' answered the witness.

"'Well,' said Lincoln, somewhat aside, 'you are a smart boy if you take after your dad.'"

As the trial developed it became evident that there could have been no collusion between Armstrong and Norris, but there was strong evidence that Armstrong had used a slung-shot. The most damaging evidence was that of one Allen, who swore that he had seen Armstrong strike Metzker about ten or eleven o'clock in the evening. When asked how he could see, he answered that the moon shone brightly. Under Lincoln's questioning he repeated the statement until it was impossible that the jury should forget it. With Allen's testimony unimpeached, conviction seemed certain.

Lincoln's address to the jury was full of genuine pathos. It was not as a hired attorney that he was there, he said, but to discharge a debt of friendship. "Uncle Abe," says Duff Armstrong himself, "did his best talking when he told the jury what true friends my father and mother had been to him in the early days. . . . He told how he used to go out to 'Jack' Armstrong's and stay for days; how kind mother was to him; and how, many a time, he had rocked me to sleep in the old cradle."

But Lincoln was not relying on sympathy alone to win his case. In closing he reviewed the evidence, showing that all depended on Allen's testimony, and this he said he could prove to be false. Allen never saw Armstrong strike Metzker by the light of the moon, for at the hour when he said he saw the fight, between ten and eleven o'clock, the moon was not in the heavens. Then producing an almanac, he passed it to the judge and jury. The moon, which was on that night only in its first quarter, had set before midnight. This unexpected overthrow of the testimony by which Lincoln had taken care that the jury should be most deeply impressed, threw them into confusion. There was a complete change of feeling. Lincoln saw it; and as he finished his address, and the jury left the room, turning to the boy's mother, he said, "Aunt Hannah, your son will be free before sundown."

Lincoln had not misread his jury. Duff Armstrong was discharged as not guilty.

There has long been a story current that the dramatic introduction of the almanac, by which certainly the audience and jury were won, was a pure piece of trickery on Lincoln's part; that the almanac was not one of 1857, but of 1853, in which the figure three had been changed throughout to seven. The best reply to this charge of forgery is the very evident one that it was utterly unnecessary. The almanac for August, 1857, shows that the moon was exactly in the position where it served Lincoln's client's interests best. He did not need to forge an almanac, the one of the period being all that he could want.

THE HARRISON CASE.

Another murder case in which Lincoln defended the accused occurred in August, 1860, three months after his nomination to the Presidency, and when he was one of the most conspicuous men in the country. The victim was a student in his own law office, Greek Crafton. The murderer, Peachy Harrison, was the grandson of Lincoln's old political antagonist, Peter Cartwright. Both young men were connected with the best families of the county; the brother of one was married to the sister of the other; they had been life-long friends. In an altercation upon some po-

litical question hot words were exchanged, and Harrison, beside himself, stabbed Crafton, who three days later died from the wound. The best known lawyers of the State were engaged for the case. Senator John M. Palmer and General A. McClernand were on the side of the prosecution. Among those who represented the defendant were Lincoln, Herndon, Logan, and Senator Shelby M. Cullom. The tragic pathos of a case which involved, as this did, the deepest affections of almost an entire community, reached its climax in the appearance in court of the venerable Peter Cartwright. No face in Illinois was better known than his, no life had been spent in a more relentless attack on evil. Eccentric and aggressive as he was, he was honored far and wide; and when he arose in the witness stand, his white hair crowned with this cruel sorrow, the most indifferent spectator felt that his examination would be unbearable. It fell to Lincoln to question Cartwright. With the rarest gentleness he began to put his questions.

"How long have you known the prisoner?"

Cartwright's head dropped on his breast for a moment; then straightening himself, he passed his hand across his eyes and answered in a deep, quavering voice:

"I have known him since, a babe, he laughed and cried on my knee."

The examination ended by Lincoln drawing from the witness the story of how Crafton had said to him, just before his death: "I am dying; I will soon part with all I love on earth, and I want you to say to my slayer that I forgive him. I want to leave this earth with a forgiveness of all who have in any way injured me."

This examination made a profound impression on the jury. Lincoln closed his argument by picturing the scene anew, appealing to the jury to practise the same forgiving spirit that the murdered man had shown on his death-bed. It was undoubtedly to his handling of the grandfather's evidence that Harrison's acquittal was due.*

THE ROCK ISLAND BRIDGE CASE.

A class of legal work which Lincoln enjoyed particularly was that in which mathematical or mechanical problems were involved. He never lost interest in his youthful pot-boiling profession of surveying, and would go out himself to make sure of boundaries if a client's case required particular investigation. Indeed, he was generally recognized by his fellow lawyers as an authority in surveying, and as late as 1859 his opinion on a disputed question was sought by a convention of surveyors who had met in Springfield.* One of the most interesting cases involving mechanical problems which Lincoln ever argued was that of the Rock Island Bridge. It was not, however, the calculations he used which made it striking. The case was a dramatic episode in the war long waged by the Mississippi against the plains beyond. For decades the river had been the willing burden-bearer of the West. Now, however, the railroad had come. The Rock Island Road had even dared to bridge the stream to carry away the traffic which the river claimed.

In May, 1856, a steamboat struck one of the piers of the bridge, and was wrecked and burned. One pier of the bridge was also destroyed. The boat owners sued the railroad company. The suit was the beginning of the long and violent struggle for commercial supremacy between St. Louis and Chicago. In Chicago it was commonly believed that the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce had bribed the captain of the boat to run upon the pier; and it was said that later, when the bridge itself was burned, the steamers gathered near and whistled for joy. The case was felt to involve the future course of Western commerce; and when it was called in September, 1857, at Chicago, people crowded there from all over the West. Norman B. Judd, afterwards so prominent in the politics of the State, was the attorney of the road, and he engaged Lincoln, among others, as counsel. Lincoln made an address to the jury which those who remember it declare to have been one of his strongest legal arguments. "The two points relied upon by the opponents of the bridge," says Judge Blodgett of Chicago,† "were:

"First. That the river was the great waterway for the commerce of the valley, and could not legally be obstructed by a bridge.

"Second. That this particular bridge was so located with reference to the channel of the river at that point as to make it a peril to all water craft navigating the

* Information on the Harrison case was obtained from Mr. W. T. S. Kidd of Springfield, Illinois, crier of the court at the time of the trial.

* A facsimile of the opinion given by Lincoln at this time is published in McClure's "Early Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 216.

† Private letter from Judge Blodgett, quoted by permission.

river and an unnecessary obstruction to navigation.

"The first proposition had not at that time been directly passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States, although the Wheeling Bridge case involved the question; but the court had evaded a decision upon it, by holding that the Wheeling Bridge was so low as to be an unnecessary obstruction to the use of the river by steamboats. The discussion of the first proposition on the part of the bridge company devolved mainly upon Mr. Abraham Lincoln.

"I listened with much interest to his argument on this point, and while I was not impressed by it as a specially eloquent effort (as the word eloquent is generally understood), I have always considered it as one of the ablest efforts I ever heard from Mr. Lincoln at the bar. His illustrations were apt and forcible, his statements clear and logical, and his reasons in favor of the policy (and necessarily the right) to bridge the river, and thereby encourage the settlement and building up of the vast area of fertile country to the west of it, were broad and statesmanlike.

"The pith of his argument was in his statement that *one man had as good a right to cross a river as another had to sail up or down it;* that these were equal and mutual rights which must be exercised so as not to interfere with each other, like the right to cross a street or highway and the right to pass along it. From this undeniable right to cross the river he then proceeded to discuss the means for crossing. Must it always be by canoe or ferryboat? Must the products of all the boundless fertile country lying west of the river for all time be compelled to stop on its western bank, be unloaded from the cars and loaded upon a boat, and after the transit across the river, be reloaded into cars on the other side, to continue their journey east? In this connection he drew a vivid picture of the future of the great West lying beyond the river, and argued that the necessities of commerce demanded that bridges across the river be a conceded right, which the steamboat interests ought not to be allowed to successfully resist, and thereby stay the progress of development and civilization in the region to the west.

"While I cannot recall a word or sentence of the argument, I well remember its effect on all who listened to it, and the decision of the court fully sustained the right to bridge so long as it did not unnecessarily obstruct navigation."

As all the papers in regard to the trial, so far as we have been able to learn, were burned in the Chicago fire of 1871, a search for a newspaper report of this address, of which Judge Blodgett speaks so appreciatively, was made for this magazine through the files of the Chicago papers of the period. It was found that the speech was reported by Congressman Hitt of Illinois, at that time court stenographer, and published on September 24, 1857, in the Chicago "Daily Press," afterwards united with the "Tribune."

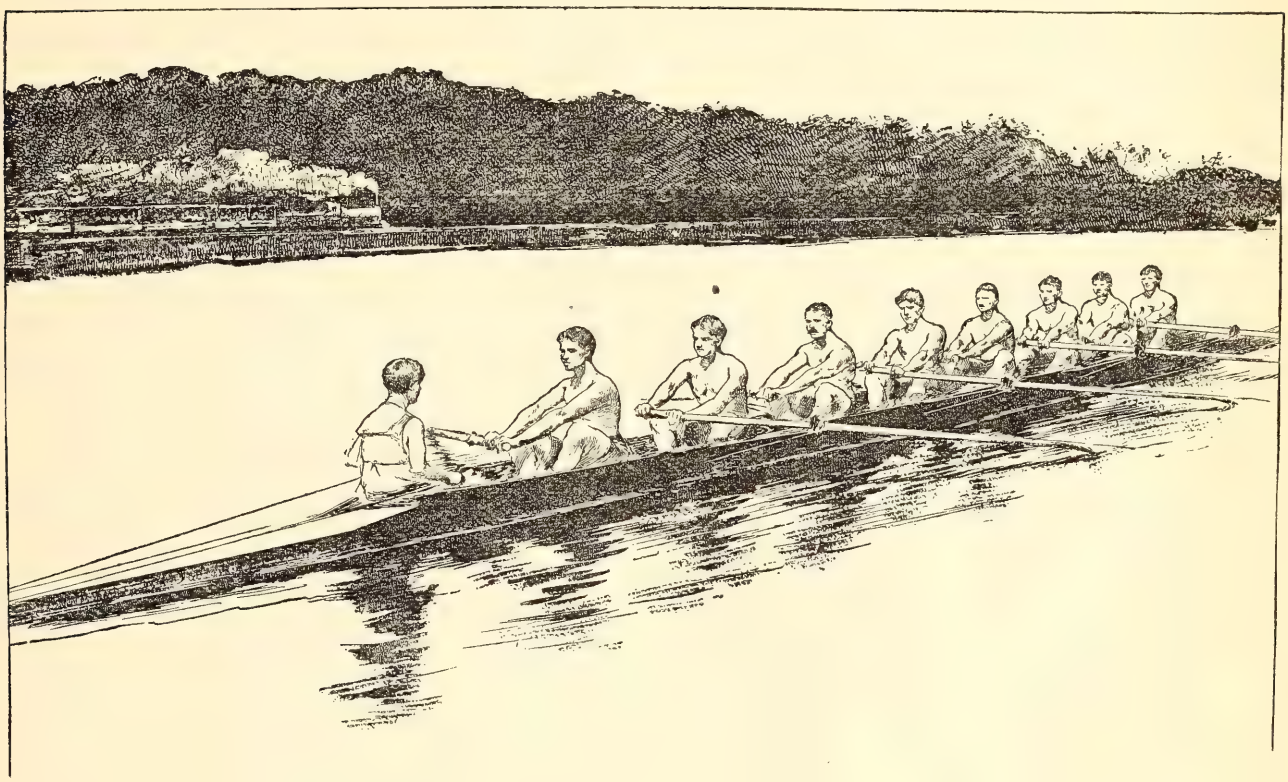
The report is exceedingly interesting, with many characteristic passages, but is too long to quote here. The first part of the speech is devoted to the points Judge Blodgett outlines above; the second part is given to a careful explanation of the currents of the Mississippi at the point where the bridge crossed. Lincoln succeeded in showing that had the pilot of the boat been as familiar as he ought to have been with the river, he could easily have prevented the accident. His argument was full of nice mathematical calculations clearly put, and was marked by perfect candor. Indeed, the honesty with which he admitted the points made by the opposite counsel caused considerable alarm to some of his associates. Mrs. Norman B. Judd (Mr. Judd was the attorney of the road) says that Mr. Joseph B. Knox, who was also engaged with Mr. Lincoln in the defence, dined at her house the day that Lincoln made his speech. "He sat down at the dinner table in great excitement," writes Mrs. Judd, "saying, 'Lincoln has lost the case for us. The admissions he made in regard to the currents in the Mississippi at Rock Island and Moline will convince the court that a bridge at that point will always be a serious and constant detriment to navigation on the river.' 'Wait until you hear the conclusion of his speech,' replied Mr. Judd; 'you will find his admission is a strong point instead of a weak one, and on it he will found a strong argument that will satisfy you.'" * And as it proved, Mr. Judd was right.

The few cases briefly outlined here show something of the range of Lincoln's legal work. They show that not only his friends like Hannah Armstrong believed in his power with a jury, but that great corporations like the Illinois Central Railroad were willing to trust their affairs in his hands; that he was not only a "jury law-

* Private letter from Mrs. Norman B. Judd, quoted by permission.

yer," as has been often stated, but trusted when it came to questions of law pure and simple. If this study of his cases were continued, it would only be to accumulate evidence on the claim made at the opening of the article, that Lincoln was considered by his contemporaries as one of the best lawyers of Illinois.

It is worth notice, too, that he made his reputation as a lawyer and tried his greatest cases *before* his debate with Douglas gave him a national reputation. It was in 1855 that the Illinois Central engaged him first as counsel; in 1855 that he went to Cincinnati on the McCormick case; in 1857 that he tried the Rock Island Bridge case. Thus his place was won purely on his legal ability unaided by official prestige. His success came, too, in middle life. Lincoln was forty years old in 1849, when he abandoned politics definitely, as he thought, for the law. He tried his greatest cases when he was from forty-five to forty-eight.



HEARTS UNFORTIFIED.

By Annie Eliot,

Author of "White Birches" and other stories.

THE observation train wound its way in clumsy writhings along the bank of the river, upon which the afternoon light fell in modified brilliancy as the west kindled towards the sunset. But if the sheen and sparkle of the earlier day had passed into something more subdued and less exhilarating, the difference was made up in the shifting action and color that moved and glowed and flashed on, above, and beside the soft clearness of the stream. The sunlight caught the turn of the wet oars and outlined the brown, muscular backs of the young athletes who were pulling the narrow shells.

The Yale blue spread itself in blocks and patches along the train, and the Harvard crimson burned in vivid stretches by its side, and all the blue and crimson seemed instinct with animation as they floated, quivered, and waved in the thrilled interest of hundreds of men and women who followed with eager eyes the knife-blades of boats cleaving the water in a quick, silent ripple of foam. The crowd of launches, tugs, yachts, and steamers pushed up the river, keeping their distance with difficulty, and from them as well as from the banks sounded the fluctuating yet unbroken cheers of encouragement and exhortation,

rising and falling in rhythmic measure, guided by public-spirited enthusiasts, or breaking out in purely individual tribute to the grand chorus of partisanship. It had been a close start, and the furor of excitement had spent itself, somewhat, during the first seconds, and now made itself felt more like the quick heart-beats of restrained emotion as the issue seemed to grow less doubtful, though reaching now and then climaxes of renewed expression.

"Alas for advancing age!" sighed a woman into the ear of her neighbor, as their eyes followed the crews, but without that fevered intensity which marked some other glances.

"By all means," he answered. "But why, particularly, just now? I was beginning to fancy myself young under the stress of present circumstance."

"Because even if one continues to keep one's emotions creditably—effervescent—one loses early the single-minded glow of contest."

"A single-minded glow is a thing that should be retained even at considerable cost."

"And what is worse yet, one grows critical about language," she continued calmly, "and gives free rein to a naturally unpleasant disposition under cover of a refined and sensitive taste."

Ellis Arnold smiled tolerantly.

"They are pretty sure to keep their lead now," he said. "The other boat is more than a length behind, and losing. They are not pulling badly, either," he added. "You were saying?" and he turned towards her for the first time since the start.

She was a handsome blonde-haired woman, perfectly dressed, with the seal of distinction set upon features, figure, and expression.

"That was what I was saying," she replied, "that the ones that are behind are not pulling badly."

"More sphinx-like than ever," he murmured. "I perceive that you speak in parables."

Miss Normaine laughed a little. The conversation was decidedly intermittent. They dropped it entirely at times, and then took it up as if there had been no pause. It was after a brief silence that she went on: "But you and I can see both boats—the success, and the disappointment too. And we can't, for the life of us, help feeling that it's hard on those who have put forth all their strength for defeat."

"But it isn't as bad as if it was our boat that was behind," he said sensibly.

"Oh, no, of course not. But I maintain that it injures the *fine fleur* of enjoyment to remember that there are two participants in a contest."

"I suppose it is useless to expect you to be logical—"

"Quite. I know enough to be entirely sure I'd rather be picturesque."

"But let me assure you, that in desiring that there should be but one participant in a contest, you are striking at the very root of all successful athletic exhibitions."

She shrugged her shoulders a little.

"Oh, well, if you like to air your powers of irony at the expense of such painful literalness!"

"The exuberance of my style has been pruned down to literalness by the relentless shears of a cold world. With you—of course,"—but he was interrupted by the shouts of the crowd, as the winning boat neared the goal. The former enthusiasm had been the soft breathings of approval compared to this outbreak of the victorious. Flags, hats, handkerchiefs rose in the air, and the university cheer echoed, re-echoed, and began again.

Arnold cheered, also, with an energy not to be deduced from his hitherto calm exterior, standing up on the seat and shouting with undivided attention; and Miss Normaine waved her silk handkerchief and laughed in response to the bursts of youthful joy from the seat in front of her.

"Oh, well," said Arnold, sitting down again. "Sport is sport for both sides, whoever wins—or else it isn't sport at all."

"Ah, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" murmured Miss Normaine.

"Katharine, I think you have turned sentimentalist."

"No—it's age, I tell you. I'm thinking more now of the accessories than I am of the race. That's a sure sign of age, to have time to notice the accessories."

Arnold nodded.

"There's compensation in it, though. If we lose a little of the drama of conflict on these occasions, we gain something in recognizing the style of presentation."

"Yes," and she glanced down at her niece, whose pretty eyes were making short work of the sunburned, broad-shouldered, smooth-faced, handsome boy who was entirely willing to close the festivities of Commencement week subjected to the ravages of a grand, even if a hopeless, passion.

From her she looked out upon the now darkening river. There had been some delay before the train could begin to move back, and the summer twilight had fallen, for the race had been at the last available moment. Though it was far from quiet, the relief from the tension of the previous moments added to the placidity of the scene. The opposite banks were dim and shadowy, and the water growing vague; there were lights on some of the craft; a star came out, and then another; there were no hard suggestions, no sordid reminders. It was a beautiful world, filled with happy people, united in a common healthy interest; the outlines of separation were softened into ambiguity and the differences veiled by good breeding.

"It is only a mimic struggle after all," she said at last. "The stage is well set, and now that the curtain is down, there is no special bitterness at the way the play ended."

"There you exaggerate as usual," he replied, "and of course in another direction from that in which you exaggerated last time."

"The pursuit of literature has made you not only precise but didactic," she observed.

"There is a good deal—if not of bitterness—of very real disappointment, and some depression."

"Which will be all gone long before the curtain goes up for the next performance."

"Ah, yes, to be sure; but nevertheless you underrate the disappointments of youth—because they are not tragic you think they are not bitter—you have always underrated them."

She met his eyes calmly, though he had spoken with a certain emphasis.

"We are talking in a circle," she replied. "That was what I said in the first place—that as we grew older we had more sympathy with defeat."

"You are incorrigible," he said, smiling; "you will accept neither consolation nor reproof."

"Life brings enough of both," she answered; "it does not need to be supplemented by one's friends."

The train was moving very slowly; people were laughing and talking gayly all about them; more lights had come out on the water, and a gentle breeze had suddenly sprung up.

"Just what do you mean by that, I wonder?" he said, slowly.

"Not much," she answered lightly. "But I do mean," she added, as he looked away from her, "that whether it be the consequence of the altruism of the day, or of advancing age, as I said at first, it has grown to be provokingly difficult to ignore those who lose more serious things than a college championship. Vereschagin and such people have spoiled history for us. Who cares who won a great battle now?—it is such a small thing to our consciousness compared to the number of people who were killed—and on one side as well as the other."

"Except, of course, where there is a great principle, not great possessions, at stake?"

"Yes," she assented, but somewhat doubtfully, "yes, of course."

"But it shows a terrible dearth of interest when we get down to principles."

"Yes," she said again, laughing. Meanwhile Miss Normaine's niece was pursuing her own ends with that directness which, though lacking the evasive subtlety of maturer years, is at once effective and commendable.

"It was nothing but a box of chocolate peppermints," she insisted. "I'd never be so reckless as to wager anything more without thinking it over. I have an allowance, and I'm obliged to be careful what I spend."

He looked her over with approval.

"You spend it well," he asserted.

"I have to," she returned, "or else boys like you would never look at me twice."

"I don't know about that." He spoke as one who, though convinced, is not a bigot.

"It's fortunate that I do," she replied decidedly. "I'm mortifyingly dependent on my clothes. There's my Aunt Katharine now, she has an air in anything."

"I like you better than your aunt," he confessed.

"Of course you do. I've taken pains to have you. But it was just as much as ever that you looked at me twice last night."

"I was afraid of making you too conspicuous."

"A lot you were," she retorted rudely. "Who was that girl you danced with?"

He smiled wearily.

"Tommy Renick's cousin from the West."

"She is pretty."

"Very good goods."

"Is she as nice as Tommy?"

"No. There are not many girls as nearly right as Tommy."

"Except me."

"Well, perhaps, except you."

"But, then, I'm not many."

"No, separate wrapper, only one in a box," he admitted handsomely.

Miss Normaine's niece had dark eyes, brown hair that curled in small inadvertent rings, and a rich warm complexion through which the crimson glowed in her round cheeks. She was so pretty that she ought to have been suppressed, and had a way of speaking that made her charming all over again.

"It was not chocolate peppermints, and you know quite well it wasn't," he said, with the finished boldness compatible with hair parted exactly in the middle and a wide experience. Miss Normaine's niece opened her eyes wide.

"What was it?"

"Nothing but your heart."

She considered the matter seriously.

"Was it really?"

"It was really."

"And I've lost," she pondered aloud.

"And you've lost."

She raised her eyes with a glance in which he could read perfect faith, glad acknowledgment, and entire surrender.

"Do you want me to keep telling you?" she demanded with adorable petulance.

"There is Henry Donald!" exclaimed Miss Normaine. "I didn't see him before. He has grown stout, hasn't he?"

"Yes, and bald."

"Isn't he young to be bald and stout too? Do tell me that he is," urged Miss Normaine with pathos. "He seems just out of college to me, and I don't like to think that I've lost all sense of proportion."

"Oh, no, you haven't," said Arnold, consolingly. "It's only he that has lost his. He doesn't take exercise enough. He's coming this way to speak to you. You had better think of something more flattering to say."

"I never thought Harry Donald would get stout and bald," went on Miss Normaine, to herself. "There was a period when I let my fancy play about him most of the time too, but I never thought of that."

"Who's that man squeezing through the crowd to speak to Aunt Katharine?" asked Alice.

"That? Oh, that's one of the old boys."

"I can see that for myself."

"He's a Judge Donald of Wisconsin. He's pretty well on, but he's a Jim-dandy after-dinner speaker. Made a smooth speech at his class reunion."

"They still like to come to the race and things, don't they?"

"Oh, yes, and they're right into it all while they're here too."

Unhappily unconscious of the kindly feeling being extended to him from the bench in front, Judge Donald seated himself by Katharine, just as they drew slowly into the station.

"You haven't been on for some years, have you?" she asked him.

"No," he answered, "I've been busy."

"Oh, we know you've been busy," she interpolated, smiling.

"You're the same Katharine Normaine," he rejoined. "I thought you were, by the looks, and now I'm sure. You don't really know that I've ever had a case, but you make me feel that my name echoes through two worlds at the very least."

"And you are still Harry Donald, suspicious of the gifts that are tossed into your lap;" and they both laughed.

"This is the man of the class," went on Judge Donald, turning to Ellis, who had taken a seat above them. "Your books have gotten out to Wisconsin, and that's fame enough for any man."

"Have they really?" said Arnold. "I supposed they only wrote notices of them in the papers."

"Oh, yes," murmured Miss Normaine, "Ellis has turned out clever,—one never knows."

"I guess they're good, too," went on Donald; "I tell 'em I used to think you wrote well in college."

"I thought I did, too," answered Arnold. "I don't believe we're either of us quite so sure I write well now."

They had delayed their steps to keep out of the crowd, for the people were leaving the train, some hurrying to catch other trains, some stopping to greet friends and acquaintances; there was a general rushing to and fro, the clamor of well-bred voices, the calling out of names in surprised accost, the frou-frou of gowns and the fragrance of flowers, in the bare and untidy station.

At last the party of which Miss Normaine was one left the car, and with the two men, she made her way down the platform, through the midst of the hubbub, which waxed more insistent every moment.

"It is with a somewhat fevered anxiety that I am keeping my eye on Alice," she said.

"She is with a young man," said Judge Donald.

"That statement has not the merit of affording information. She has been with a young man ever since we left home."

"It isn't the same one, either," supplemented Arnold.

"It never is the same one," said Miss Normaine, somewhat impatiently. "I am under no obligation to look after or even differentiate the young men. I simply have to see that the child doesn't get lost with any one of them."

"She won't get lost with one," said Arnold reassuringly, as they were separated by a cross-current of determined humanity. "She has three now, and they are all shaking hands at a terrible rate."

Judge Donald departed on a tour of investigation, and returned to say that there was no chance just at present of their getting away. It was a scene of confusion which only patience and time could elucidate. The omniscience of officials had given place to a less satisfactory if more human ignorance; last come was first served, and a seat in a train seemed by no means to insure transportation. It was as well to wait for a while outside as in; so with many others they strolled up and down, until their car should be more easily accessible.

"Alice is an excellent example of the profound truths we have been enunciating, Ellis," said Miss Normaine. "She has an ardent admirer on the defeated crew. At one time I did not know but his devotion might shake her lifelong allegiance to the other university; but now that victory has fairly perched, you observe she has small thought for the bearers of captured banners. We were saying, Mr. Arnold and I," she explained to Donald, "that it is at our time of life that people begin to remember that when somebody beats, there is somebody else that is beaten."

Donald grew grave, as grave as a man can be with the feathers of an unconscious girl tickling his ear on one side, and a fleeting chorus of the latest "catchy" song penetrating the other.

"Arnold and I can appreciate it better than you, I guess," he said, "because there have been times when we thought it highly probable we might get beaten ourselves."

"Highly," assented Arnold.

"But you, Miss Normaine, you've never had any difficulty in getting in on the first floor," went on the other. "You've quaffed the foam of the beaker and eaten the peach from the sunniest side of the wall right along—I'm quite sure of it just to look at you."

"The Scripture moveth us in sundry places," said Katharine, with a lightness that did not entirely veil something serious, "not to put too much faith in appearances. Even I am not above learning a lesson now and then."

He looked at her curiously.

"I'd like to know by what right you haven't changed more," he said.

"Did you expect to find me in ruins, after—let me see, how many years?" she laughed. "The hand of Time is heavy, but not necessarily obliterating. *What* has become of Alice?"

"She can't have gone far," said Arnold. "She was with us a moment ago."

"There she is with some of the rest of your party—I caught a glimpse of her just now," added Donald. "She's quite safe."

Alice stood talking with a girl of her own age and two or three undergraduates, on the outskirts of the crowd. One of the youths wore in his button-hole the losing color, but he bore himself with a proud dignity that forbade casual condolences. Alice's eyes were very bright, and her pretty laugh rippled forth with readily communicated mirth, while the very roses of her hat nodded with the spirit of unthinking gayety.

"There's the car that belongs to our fellows," said, half to himself, the person of sympathies alien to those of his present companions. "They must be about—yes, they're getting on," he added, as a car which had been propelled from a neighboring switch stopped at the farther end of the station. Alice's head turned with a swiftness of motion that set the roses vibrating as if a sudden breeze had ruffled their petals.

"The crew?" she asked.

"Yes," assented the young man.

She turned further towards him, away from the rest of the group, whose attention was called in another direction.

"Will you do something for me, Mr. Francis?"

"Why, of course."

Alice had not anticipated refusal, and her directions were prompt and lucid.

"Please go into that car and ask Mr. Herbert to come out to the platform at the other end to speak to me. There isn't much time to lose, so please be quick."

As he lifted his hat and moved away, she joined in the conversation of the

others, which seemed to be largely metaphorical.

"So he got it that time," one of the young men was explaining, "where Katy wore the beads."

"Well, it served him quite right," said Alice, with the generosity of ignorance. Her whole attention was apparently given to the matter in hand, but she was standing so that she could see the somewhat vague vestibule of the brilliant but curtained car.

"Oh, yes, but it wasn't on the tintype that the other fellow should have been there at all."

"No, to be sure, but that made it all the better," said Alice's friend, with sympathetic vision.

"Why, there's Eugene Herbert!" exclaimed Alice. "I really must go and tell him that he pulled beautifully, if he didn't win, and comforting things like that! Don't go off without me."

Before comment could be framed upon their lips, she had left her companions and was slipping quickly down the platform.

"She knows him very well," said the other girl; "she'll be back in a minute."

"She must have sharp eyes," said another of the group, as he looked after her. But too many people were about for fixed attention to be bestowed upon a single figure. There was but one light under the roof of that part of the station where a young man was standing, looking rather sulkily up and down. Alice was a little breathless with her rapid walk when she reached him.

"I thought Francis was giving me a song and dance," he said, as he grasped the hand she held out.

"No, I sent him," she explained hurriedly. "And I wanted to say—" She paused an instant as she looked up at him.

He was serious, and wore a look of fatigue, in spite of the superb physical health of his whole appearance. The light fell across her face under the dark brim of her hat, and touched its beauty into something vividly apart from the shadows and sordidness of the place, yet paler than its sunlit brilliancy.

"I wanted to say," she went on bravely, "that I've changed my mind. At least, I didn't really have any mind at all. And if you still want me to—" she paused again, but something in his eyes reassured her,—"I will—I'd really *like* to, you know, and *please* be quiet, there isn't but a minute to say it in—and I'd never have told you—at least not for years and *years* —if you had won the race. Now let go of my hand—there are *hundreds* of people all about—and you can come and see me to-morrow."

It was all over in a moment. She had snatched her hand away, and was speeding back with a clear-eyed look of conscious rectitude, and he had responded to the exhortations of divers occupants of the car, backed by a disinterested brakeman, and stepped aboard.

"Oh, well, there's another race next year," he said to somebody who spoke to him as he sat down in the end seat. It was early for such optimism, and they thought Herbert had a disgustingly cheerful temperament.

Alice returned just as Miss Normaine and Arnold came up, and they all went back together, collecting the rest of the party as they went to their train. It was a vivacious progress along the homeward route. Pæans of victory and the flash of Roman candles filled the air. At one time, when some particular demonstration was absorbing the attention of the men, Miss Normaine found her niece at her side.

"Aunt Katharine, you know I've always adored you," she said, with a repose of manner that disguised a trifle of apprehension.

"Yes, I know, Alice, but I really can't promise to take you anywhere to-morrow. I—"

"I don't want you to—I only want to confide in you."

"Oh, dear, what have you been doing now?"

"I think," replied Alice, while the chorus of sound about them swelled almost into sublimity, "that I've been getting engaged—to Eugene Herbert, you know."

"Only to Eugene Herbert," breathed Miss Normaine. "I'm glad it occurred to you to mention it. But why didn't you say so before?"

"It didn't—it wasn't—before," said Alice, faltering an instant under the calmly judicial eye of her aunt. "You see," she went on quickly, "it was because they lost the race. It wouldn't have been at all—not anyway for a long time," and again her mental glance swept the vista of the years she had mentioned to Herbert himself, "if it hadn't been for that; but I couldn't let him go back without either the race or—or me," she concluded ingenuously.

Arnold had been talking with a man of his own age, and hearing things that were

very pleasant to hear about his latest work, and yet, as he leaned back in his chair, and looked across at Katharine Normaine, whose own expression was a little pensive, he sighed. It was a great deal—he told himself it was nearly everything—to have what he had now in the line of effort which he loved and had chosen. It was not as good as the work itself, of course, but the recognition was grateful. And as his eyes dwelt again upon the distinction of Miss Normaine's profile, with the knot of blonde hair at the back of her well-held head, he sighed again, as he rose and went over to her. She looked up at him, and her eyes were not quite as calm as usual.

"I am sitting," she said, "among the ruins."

"Indeed?" he said. "Is there room upon a fallen column or a broken plinth for me?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "but it is not for a successful man like you, whose name is upon the public lips, to gaze with me upon demolished theories."

"I have taken my time in gazing upon them before now," he observed.

"Everybody is talking about your book," she said.

"Oh, no, only a very few people. But about your theories—which of them has proved itself unable to bear the weight of experience?"

"You may remember I dwelt somewhat at length about the indifference of happy youth to the stings of outrageous fortune when supported by some one else?"

"I remember. I regard it as the lesson for the day."

"It's early to mention it, but I am obliged to give you the evidence of my error—honor demands it—and Alice will not mind, even if she sees fit to contradict it to-morrow;" and she told him what had just been told her.

He smiled as she concluded her statement, and she, meeting his glance in all seriousness, broke down into a moment's laughter.

"'She does not know anything but that her side is beating,'" he quoted meditatively.

"I thought my generosity in confession might at least forestall sarcasm," she said severely.

"It ought to do so," he admitted.

There was a moment's pause.

"Has youth itself changed with the times, I wonder?" he speculated. "Certainly you did not sympathize overmuch with defeat at Alice's age."

She did not answer, and she was looking away from him through the glass, beyond which the darkness was pierced now and then by a shaft of illumination. The pensiveness that had rested on her face, when he had looked across the car at her, had deepened almost into sadness.

"And now," he went on, "you have called me successful—which shuts me out from your more mature sympathy."

Still she did not answer. He bent over a little nearer to her.

"Believe me, Katharine," he said, "my success is not so very intoxicating after all. I need sympathy of a certain kind as much as I did twenty years ago."

She glanced at him. "Is that all you want?" she asked with a swift smile.

"No," he returned boldly; and she looked away again out into the darkness through which they were rushing.

"I had hoped," he went on, "that my so-called success might be something to offer you after all this time—something you would care for—and now I find that your ideals are all reversed. I have not won much, but I have won a little, and you tell me to-day that it is only extreme youth that cares for the winners."

"And that I have found out that I was mistaken." Her voice was low but quite clear. "Have I not told you that, too?"

"And about experience of life making us care the more for those who fail in everything?"—he waited a moment. "You have not mentioned that that was a mistake also. I wish you'd stop looking out of that confounded window," he added irritably, "and look at me. Heaven knows I've failed in some things!"

She laughed a little at his tone, but she did not follow his suggestion.

"Oh, no," she said, "you have succeeded."

"And that means—what?"

"I told you I was sitting among the ruins of my theories," she said, while a faint color, which he saw with sudden pleasure, rose in her cheek.

"That adverse theory—has that gone too?"

"I have had enough of theories," she declared softly. "What I really care for is success."

THE CITY SPARROW.

By John Ernest McCann.

Despised by man, pursued by cat,
  Stoned by gamin, day by day ;
Flying this way, hopping that,
  Darting under horse and dray :
Brazen, bold, ill-bred, thou art ;
  Rusty brown thy ragged dress—
But, oh, thy Cœur-de-Lion heart
  I every waking hour bless !

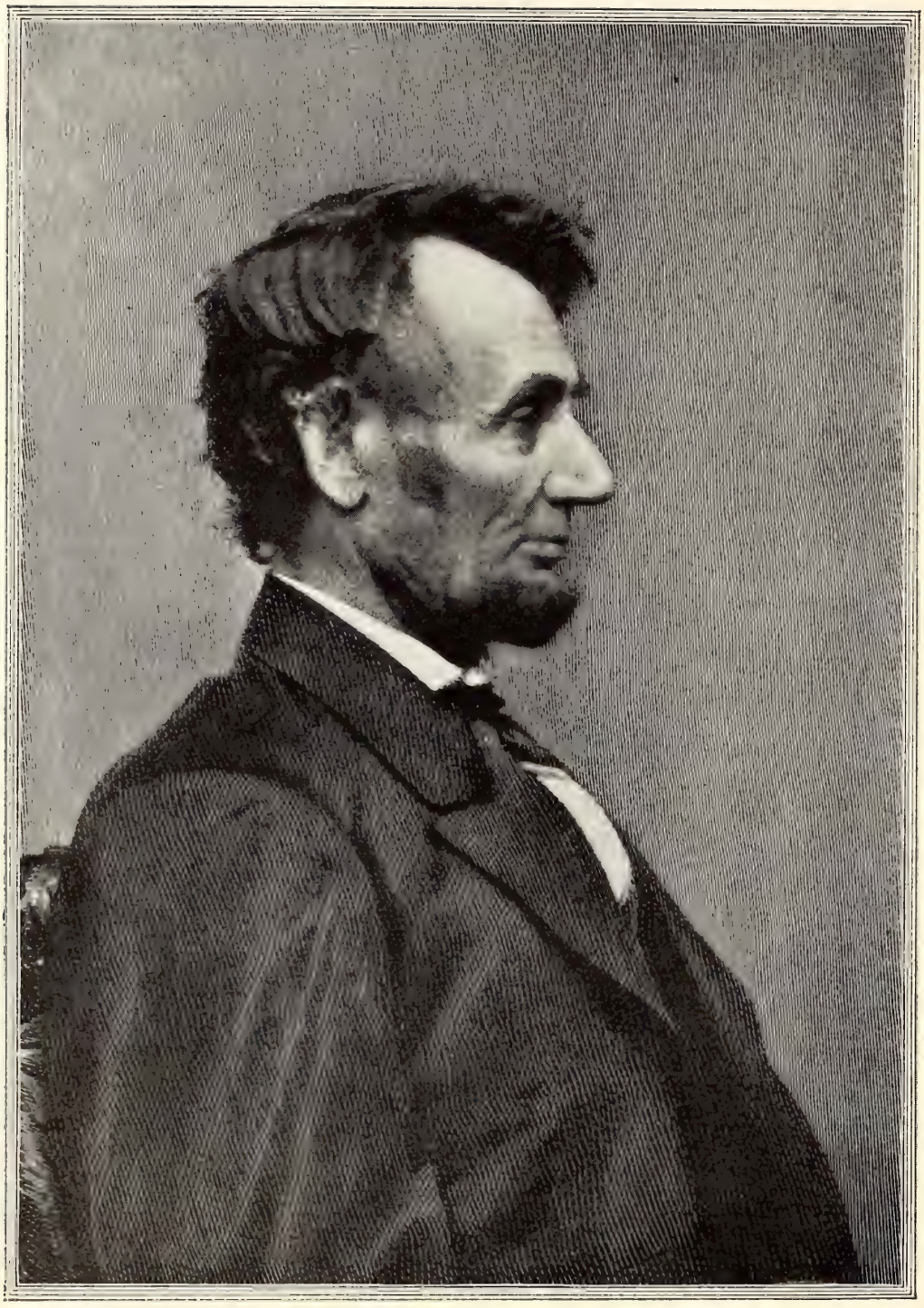
Thou dost not dread to live or die ;
  From dawn to dark thou art alive
In each thin fibre of thy high-
  Strung, throbbing, restless, wiry hive !
Despair no message to thee sends—
  And fear hast never crossed thy path.
The gods alone are thy true friends ;
  Thank only them for what thou hath !

For man's indifferent to thee—
  Or thinks of thee with light contempt.
Of thy superior spirit he
  Hath never, for one instant, dreamt.
Yet, when his spirit lags and flags,
  Whimpers, shrivels, moans, and dies,
Thine, though its essence be in rags,
  To some high, friendly cornice flies.

However bleak and cold the time,
  However wicked blizzards blow,
And though thy house be thick with rime,
  Thy spirit never lieth low !
For when the blackest night is gone,
  And day thy dauntless head hath kissed,
To live thou still art fighting on,
  Thou game, unconquered pugilist !

Many a lesson thou hast taught
  To me and mine, thou feathered elf.
The battles thou hast bravely fought
  Would shame a Ghibelline or Guelph.
Thou Hannibal of city streets !
  Thou Robin Hood of curb and park !
Thy life hath never known life's sweets—
  And yet thou chirpest in the dark !

For I do hear thee, 'neath the eaves,
  Between the midnight and the morn,
When thy small mate in dreamland grieves
  Of toils and troubles yet unborn.
And those brave chirps send to my soul
  The iron drops that should not rust
Till life's beyond my small control,
  And all my dreams and heart are dust.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN ABOUT 1864.

From a photograph by Brady, kindly loaned by the Hon. Augustus Brandegee of New London, Connecticut. (See page 319.)

McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VII. SEPTEMBER, 1896. No. 4.

THE 'EATHEN.

By Rudyard Kipling.

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The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful; 'e leaves 'em all about;
An' then comes up the Regiment, an' pokes the 'eathen out.

All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,
All along of abby-nay, kul,† and hazar-ho;‡*
Mind yer keep your rifle an' your kit jus' so!

The young recruit is 'aughty—'e draf's from Gawd knows where;
They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is mattrass square;
'E calls it bloomin' nonsense—'e doesn't know no more—
An' then comes up 'is Company, an' kicks 'em round the floor!

The young recruit is 'ammered—'e takes it very 'ard,
'E 'angs 'is 'ead an' mutters—'e sulks about the yard,
'E talks o' "cruel tyrants" 'e'll swing for by an' by,
An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly—'e talks o' suicide;
'E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e 'asn't found 'is pride;
But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit,
Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.

Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,
Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-or-less;
Not so fond of abby-nay, kul, nor hazar-ho;
Learns to keep 'is rifle an' 'is kit jus' so!

The young recruit is 'appy—'e throws a chest to suit;
You see 'im grow mustaches; you 'ear 'im slap 'is boot;
'E learns to drop the "bloodies" from every word he slings,
An' 'e shows an 'ealthy brisket when 'e strips for bars an' rings.

* Not now. † To-morrow. ‡ Wait a bit.

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The cruel tyrant Sergeants, they watch 'im 'arf a year ;
They watch 'im with 'is comrades, they watch 'im with 'is beer ;
They watch 'im with the women at the regimental dance,
And the cruel tyrant Sergeants send 'is name along for " Lance."

An' now 'e's 'arf o' nothin', an' all a private yet ;
'Is room they up an' rags 'im to see what they will get;
They rags 'im low and cunnin', each dirty trick they can ;
But 'e learns to sweat 'is temper, an' 'e learns to know 'is man.

An', last, a Color Sergeant, as such to be obeyed,
'E leads 'is men at cricket, 'e leads 'em on parade;
They sees 'em quick an' 'andy, uncommon set an' smart,
An' so 'e talks to Orficers which 'ave the Core at 'eart.

'E learns to do 'is watchin' without it showin' plain ;
'E learns to save a dummy, an' shove 'im straight again ;
'E learns to check a ranker that's buyin' leave to shirk ;
An' 'e learns to make men like 'im so they'll learn to like their work.

An' when it comes to marchin', he'll see their socks are right ;
An' when it comes to action, 'e shows 'em 'ow to sight ;
'E knows their ways of thinkin' an' just what's in their mind ;
'E feels when they are comin' on an' when they've fell be'ind.

'E knows each talkin' corpral that leads a squad astray;
'E feels 'is innards 'eavin', 'is bowels givin' way ;
'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to grin,
An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time to cap 'em in.

An' now the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust ;
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must ;
So like a man in irons which isn't glad to go,
They moves 'em off by companies uncommonly stiff an' slow.

Of all 'is five years' schoolin' they don't remember much
Excep' the not retreatin', the step, an' keepin' touch.
It looks like teachin' wasted when they duck an' spread an' 'op ;
But if 'e 'adn't learned 'em, they'd be all about the shop.

An' now it's " Oo goes backward ? " an' now it's " Oo comes on ? "
An' now it's " Get the doolies ; " an' now the Captain's gone ;
An' now it's bloody murder ; but all the while they 'ear
'Is voice, the same as barrack-drill, a-shepherdin' the rear.

'E's just as sick as they are ; 'is 'eart is like to split ;
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em, till 'e feels 'em take the bit ;
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins the day !

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own ;
The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,
But the backbone of the Army is the non-commissioned man !

Keep away from dirtiness—keep away from mess;
Don't get into doin' things rather-more-or-less ;
Let's ha' done with abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho;
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so !

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—HENRI REGNAULT AND BASTIEN-LEPAGE.—JULES BRETON AND HIS LIMITATION.—MEISSONIER THE ACCEPTED LEADER OF HIS COUNTRY.—HÉBERT, CHAPLIN, AND CABANEL.—THE PORTRAITISTS BONNAT AND DURAN.—TWO EXAMPLES OF HISTORICAL PAINTING.

By Will H. Low.

TO reduce one's material to a strictly chronological and classified order is almost impossible when dealing with a subject so contemporaneous as the art of our own century. My effort in these papers has been thus far to put myself in the place of the reader interested in art and, divesting the subject of its purely technical aspect, to retrace the steps by which a general knowledge of modern painting has been acquired by me ; and it seems wise now to profit by the elasticity of the scheme adopted and take my readers still more into my confidence. In this and the following papers I shall endeavor to note down the impressions which the painting of Europe has made on the mind of a student of art, venturing to take myself as such typical student.

The American student of art whose lines were cast in Paris in the early seventies was fortunate. The great school of 1830 was firmly established, and many of its chief men were still alive, in the full force of production. The museums were filled with their works, their pupils seconded their masters' activity in the current exhibitions, and throughout the city the dealers' galleries were rich in examples of the great modern painters. In opposition to this, giving the spice which variety brings, was the nascent school of Impression-

SALOME. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HENRI REGNAULT.

It was Salome who, at the instigation of her mother Herodias, obtained the gift of the head of John the Baptist in a charger. This picture created a profound sensation at the time of its exhibition at the Salon. It is an audacious experiment in color : the draperies, costume, and the golden charger on the knees of the figure are painted in different tones of yellow, with which the amber notes of the flesh and the purple black hair contrast effectively.

REST (LES FOINS). FROM A PAINTING BY JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

The original was painted at Damvillers, in the open air, in 1877, and was the notable picture of the Salon in the following year.

ism. In the middle ground the great army of average painters, with their almost countless contributions to the annual Salons, were upheld by the no less numerous body of students. The country itself furnished no little of the element of interest with which life within its precincts was endowed. France had been rudely shaken by its German foe, and well nigh overthrown by the disturbances of the Commune. But with the courage of despair, the country had paid its milliards, and restored order within its borders. In the new life which then began, every phase of human endeavor seemed to take on renewed force, and art shared this impulse.

The effect of this active artistic environment upon a youth in his teens was essentially stimulating, though at times confusing. To a youth from the United States, though from its greatest city, it was the transition from darkness to light. Those whose interest in art leads them to exhibitions and galleries in New York to-day can hardly realize what has been accomplished in the last twenty-five years. In the days of which I write the Metropolitan Museum, with a beggarly array of pictures, had just been founded, and was sheltered within a private house in Fourteenth Street. The Academy of Design and the American Water Color Society furnished annual exhibitions, in which even the best of the pictures were injured by the provincialism of the whole exhibit. Goupil, or his successor, had just moved from Ninth Street "away uptown" to Twenty-second Street. There could be seen the works of French, Belgian, and German painters, many of them now justly forgotten, but a few of them giving token of an art wider in its scope and stronger technically than could be seen elsewhere in the city. It was there that my first Corot charmed me. It seems

strange to-day to think that this acknowledged master, whose reputation in Europe at that time even was beyond cavil or dispute, had all the attraction of a forbidden fruit to a young art student in 1872. Such was the fact, in New York at least; our Boston cousins, thanks to the teachings of William Morris Hunt, having considered Corot seriously a few years earlier. I well remember the scornful question addressed to me by a painter of great local reputation at that time as to what I "pretended" to see in that "daub painted with cigar-ashes." The daub was a Corot which, to my young eyes, opened a vista through the wall on which it hung and gave me a sense of atmosphere, which the painfully precise and stippled landscapes of local production failed to do.

Most of the pictures, however, to be seen in the dealers' galleries, were selected from a commercial standpoint. The one collection which might have given an insight, though an insufficient one, into the methods of the old masters was then, as now, surrounded by a labyrinth of forms to be observed before an entrance could be effected. The New York Historical Society's collection comprised, along with many indifferent pictures, a few lovely examples of old painting; but it was, as it still remains, difficult of access, and I am but one of many art students who have thus missed a preliminary acquaintance with the works of those men of whose paintings the Louvre possesses such a plenteous store. From this picture of New York in the past, it would be injustice, however, to omit mention of the few private collections, like that of Mr. John Taylor Johnston — welcome oases in the artistic desert of the time.

This almost total unfamiliarity with the productions of the past gave the American student, on his arrival in Paris, too wide a horizon, and, necessarily, the first impressions were of the most confused order. Arriving in Paris late on Saturday night, my first steps on Sunday morning were directed, by the aid of my guide-book, to the Champs Elysées. There, under the spell of the magnificent avenue, I blindly followed a crowd entering a large building which, in my ignorance, I did not know to be the Palais de l'Industrie, where the annual Salon is held. To suddenly find oneself in the midst of a couple of thousand pictures, the majority of which were, technically, at least, of greater merit than those to which I was accustomed, was enough delight for one day. I know that when, hours after, I dragged my tired self away, I car-

THE GLEANER. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES ADOLPHE BRETON.

This picture was first exhibited in the Salon of 1877; afterwards purchased for the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris, where it now is.

SOAP-BUBBLES. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CHARLES CHAPLIN, FORMERLY IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

ried but a confused idea of what I had seen. Subsequent visits cleared away this vagueness somewhat, though to-day I am glad that my chief remembrance of the Salon of 1873 is that it was there that I first knew the work of Puvis de Chavannes, of whom I wish to speak later, which has ever since excited my warmest admiration.

In the Luxembourg of that day were to be seen many of the pictures already reproduced in these pages. Corot was still living. Rousseau, Delacroix, and Ingres were so lately dead that the requisite ten years which must elapse after his death before an artist's work can be placed in the Louvre had not yet passed. The gallery was then, as now, the best standpoint from which to view the contemporaneous art of a people which any nation possesses. The New Museum at Berlin, with its admirable chronological arrangement, aims at a greater result, but, on the whole, is less typically representative, than the Luxembourg gallery. The conservatism of the directors of the Luxembourg accords little sympathy to the men whose position has not been confirmed by public appreciation; but too great laxity in admitting pictures would result in a complete reconsideration every few years, and a consequent "weeding out," which would

be detrimental to the authority that a great museum should exercise. Of the pictures in the gallery in 1870, or added to it during the ten years following, a selection is reproduced here, together with other pictures which, during the same epoch, were at one time or another the talk of the town. In art, at least at that time, it might be said that Paris spoke for the world.

Of the painters of modern times, none, perhaps, has had a more brilliant career, nor a more glorious death, than Henri Regnault. He was, perhaps, the last full flower of the romanticism of which Delacroix was the sturdy root, and perhaps death closed his career at its apex. It is certain that splendid as his work is, we view it to-day with eyes more indifferent to brilliant painting and complete mastery of the palette than twenty-five years ago. Less influence from other pictures, and more reliance on individual impressions from nature, enlist our sympathies to-day. Since Regnault, who was born in Paris, October 30, 1843, ran the gamut of scholastic success, other men, more plodding, perhaps no less sincere, but less subservient to outside influences, have turned the current of art into another channel. Throughout his brief life, which ended in a skirmish at Buzenval in 1871, where he was killed, with "possibly the last bullet fired in the Franco-Prussian war," as one of his compatriots has written, he was successful in everything he undertook. By birth allied to all that was artistically influential in France, his father a director of the manufactory at Sèvres, which had proved so good a school for Troyon, Dupré, and Diaz, he was the prize pupil of different masters and schools, until, at twenty-three years of age, he won the Prix de Rome. From Rome he sent home the superb canvas now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts of "Automedon Taming the Horses of Achilles," in which burns much of the fire of Delacroix, tempered by severity of form such as the greater master rarely attained. Handsome, accomplished in many directions, a favorite with all who knew him, the Director of the French Academy in Rome allowed him unusual liberty. Fortuny's work, which he first saw in Rome, impressed him greatly, and the stipend of the Roman prize-man being added to from

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALEXANDRE CABANEL, FORMERLY IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

The story of Francesca da Rimini forms a well-known episode in Dante's "Inferno." Francesca falls in love with her husband's brother, and the husband, on discovering her unfaithfulness, assassinates both her and her lover.

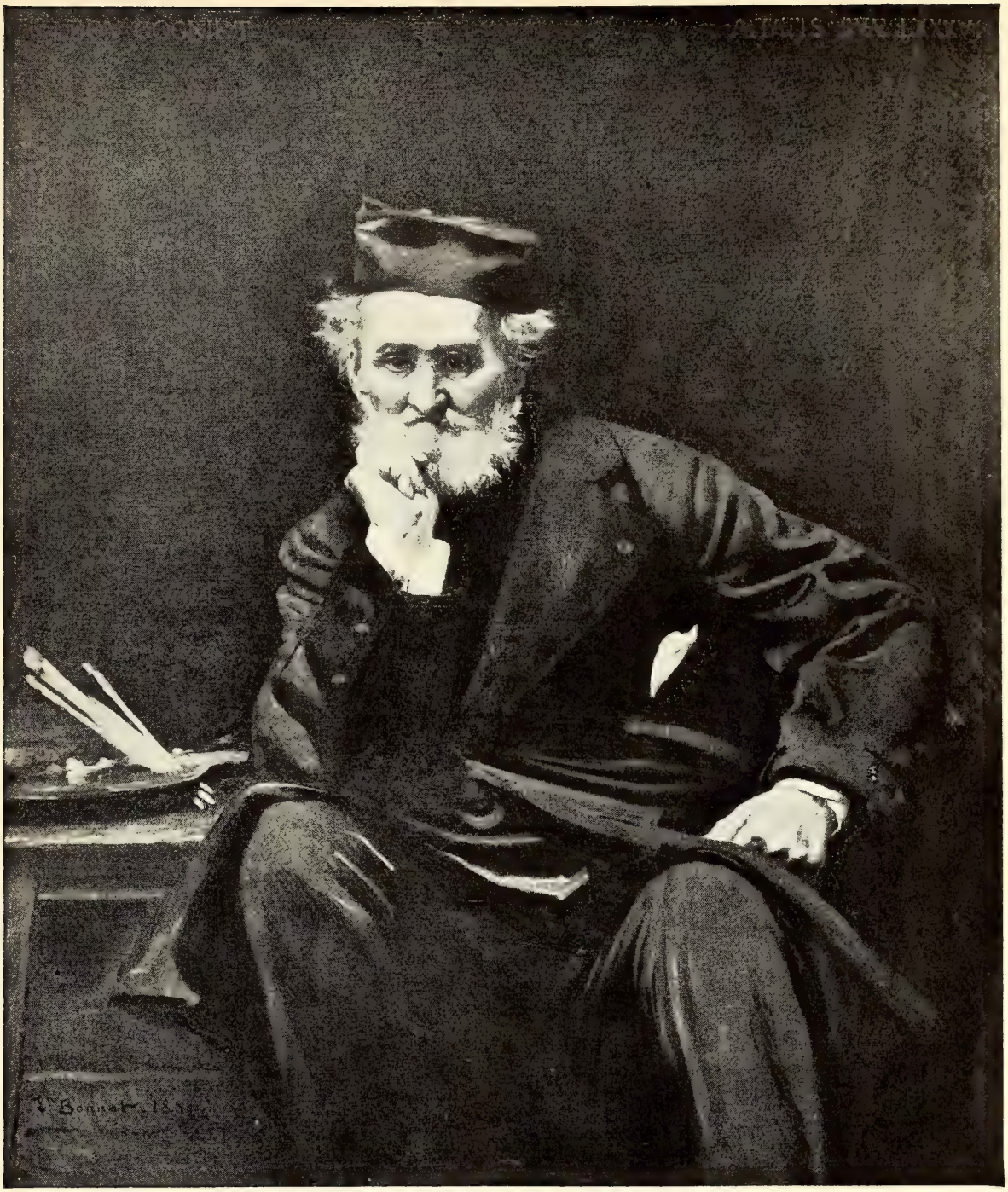
home, he visited Spain. It was there that he painted the portrait of General Prim, the Spanish leader, in so daring a fashion that, fortunately for the Luxembourg, where it hung at the time of which I write (it is now in the Louvre), the Spaniard refused it. Visits to the Alhambra, resulting in many brilliant studies, and the tragical "Execution without Judgment," also in the Louvre, filled out the space of his brief life until the alarm of war called him home, where, doing duty as a private soldier, he met his death.

In 1874 there was held in the palace of the *Corps Legislatif* a great art exhibition in aid of those in the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which had been annexed by Germany, who had chosen to retain their French nationality, thereby causing their expulsion from the conquered territory. For such a cause the great private art collections of France lent their chief treasures, and probably never has so fine an exhibition been gathered together. It was there that the "Salome" of Regnault, reproduced here, was shown for the second time, the painter having sent it to the Salon of 1869 from Rome, where it was painted. Of the "Daughter of Herodias" there may not be much—in fact, the picture is said to be a portrait of a young Italian model—but as what was at the time a most audacious experiment in color, it was remarkable. We have grown accustomed to pictures, symphonies, in the popular term, executed in differing tones of the same color. Regnault's picture was of the most intense yellow, from the curtain behind the figure, through various tones of the same color in the basin which she holds, to her draperies and slippers; in the midst of all which her purple black hair and amber flesh contrasted superbly. The picture added greatly to the painter's reputation in the Salon of 1869, and its success was confirmed in the Alsace-Lorraine exhibition.

Nothing could show the change of tendencies in a few short years better than the contrast between "Les Foins" of Jules Bastien-Lepage, which was painted in 1877, and the work of Regnault. It is the contrast of the splendors of the last days of the Second Empire with the purposeful regeneration of France which has lent stability to the Republic. The painter, like Regnault, was doomed to die young,—in his thirty-seventh year. He was born in Damvillers (Department of the Meuse), November 1, 1848, and died in Paris, December 10, 1884. He was, like Regnault, a pupil of Alexandre Cabanel, and, despite his resolute independence in refusing to follow the traditions of the École des Beaux-Arts, was a favorite pupil of his master. It was Cabanel's preference for a more submissive pupil, however, which prevented Bastien from receiving the Prix de Rome in 1875, which had been conceded him by all the artists outside of the Academy and by many within. The young painter's vindication three years later was the picture now in the Luxembourg.

"Les Foins," which, literally translated, means "the hay," can be as well called "Rest." It is a more literal rendering of the sentiment expressed by Millet in the "Man with a Hoe;" and it is a typical sign of the times that the storm of protest which the earlier picture had called forth was changed to a chorus of praise when "Rest" was exhibited. The change was not wholly that of time, however, for the picture by Bastien-Lepage met its public half way; and where Millet, with his impressive silhouette, was tragical, Bastien, with his carefully-studied detail, with the portrait-like character of his figures, which brought them well within the ken of humanity, was almost idyllic. The picture, indeed, does not give quite the impression of reality which the painter aimed at. His qualities as a painter were at their best in a more circumscribed space. A portrait, especially a portrait of less than life size, brought out the charm of his work. Spread out over a large canvas it becomes somewhat fatiguing through excess of detail. In the picture here presented, however, the degree of failure counts but little against the mastery of form and the expression of subtle gradations of space between the objects represented. The character of the woman, pitting her young strength against the invincible adversaries of sun and work, and beaten in the contest, is finely rendered, and foretells the future grasp of character of higher import in the "Jeanne d'Arc," which we are so fortunate as to possess in the Metropolitan Museum.

Before exhibiting "Les Foins" Bastien had gained the public of the Salon, as well as the suffrages of his artistic compeers, by a number of portraits, notable among which were that of his grandfather, a superb rendering of an old man seated out of doors in the shade, and the exquisite study of a young girl dressed in white for her first communion. Of his life little can be told here, though it chanced that when I went to Paris I was thrown into the intimacy of a group of young French artists of whom Bastien was one. In a little restaurant frequented by cab-drivers, a small room



PORTRAIT OF LÉON COGNIET. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LÉON BONNAT, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

The subject of this portrait was a distinguished French painter, the master of Bonnat.

looking on a garden, where the prospect was pleasing, though the fare was vile, was reserved for us ; and with the freedom of student life, intimacies were quickly formed. As he was with his comrades of that day, Bastien remained to the end. Alert, courageous, with something of the old German masters, inherited through his Lorraine ancestry, in his make-up, he was quick to receive, and patient to elaborate, the message of his time.

In appearance Bastien was of rather small stature, of sturdy aspect, blond, with a slight beard, and hair combed low on his forehead; keen blue eyes, somewhat pugnacious in expression, which was further accented by a nose that was almost impudently *retroussé*, and a mouth firm-set and resolute. Gifted with greater physical strength, no nature could be better fitted to cope with the art world of Paris, which seeks to drag down to-day the master whom yesterday it acclaimed. The burden was greater than his young shoulders could bear ; but he had won the battle before he laid down his arms to die. If, skilful tactician as he proved himself, he had been obliged to make certain sacrifices, and had won the disdainful appreciation of the incorruptible Degas, who called him the "Bouguereau of real-

THE LADY WITH THE GLOVE ("LA DAME AU GANT"). FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY CAROLUS DURAN, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

This portrait, painted in 1869, represents the painter's wife.

ism," he left, at least, as a legacy to those who follow, a confirmation of the truth which cannot be repeated too often. Simple reliance on nature was his highest quality, and when, by the peculiarities of his temperament, he measured his art with an absolutely fitting theme he produced a masterpiece.

The cause which Bastien-Lepage gained might have been won years before, it would seem, by an elder painter in whose hands the themes of Millet had been divested of their rugged aspect and endowed with a pleasing glamour of sentiment calculated to charm all comers. Jules Breton, in fact, pleased the public, but behind the public lagged the painters and their artistic following. It has been in vain, therefore, that eager collectors have fought in public sales for this or that picture, and that official honors, medals, and membership in the Institute have been showered upon him. Truly it profits little that an artist gains the whole world if he lacks the support of his profession. Yet it is curious that so able a painter, sincerely attached to his art, holding beliefs which on the surface are so closely akin to those of Millet or Bastien, should fail to reach the high place attained by at least one of these men. Breton re-

mains, therefore, in a plane like that occupied in literature by Longfellow, assuredly great, but limited by excess of culture; superior in intelligence, but lacking the blind intuition which leads the artist to heights which wisdom, if he possessed it, might lead him to fear. "The Gleaner," from the picture in the Luxembourg, is a good example of Breton, superb in carriage, noble with the nobility of the received standards of beauty, but as far removed from the grandeur of Millet's "Gleaners," which likewise descends from the same Greek parentage, as it is from the Holbein-like accuracy of the realism of Bastien-Lepage.

Jules Breton was born at Courrières (Department of Pas-de-Calais), May 1, 1827. He has passed his life there, in the midst of the scenes which he loves to paint, and in a volume of charming verses, as well as in an autobiographical volume of souvenirs, displays the same simple, contained spirit as that which marks his painting.

"Meissonier (Jean Louis Ernest), born at Lyons, February 21, 1815; died in Paris, January 31, 1891; pupil of Léon Cogniet; chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1846; officer, 1856; commander, 1867; grand officer, 1878; great cross of the Legion, 1889; member of the Institute, 1861; great medal of honor, 1855, (Exposition Universelle); medal of honor, 1867, (Exposition Universelle); *rappel* of medal of honor, 1878, (Exposition Universelle)." Such are the honorific titles of him whom the French are prone to consider their greatest painter, as they appear in the catalogue of the Luxembourg gallery. The memberships allotted him in foreign academies, the medals obtained in the salons at home, are omitted; but there is enough to show the esteem in which he was held during a long and busy life. The influence which he exercised was in the direction of honest and healthy painting. A man of set purpose, absolutely lacking in imaginative quality, he broadened with the years, and accepted and made use of the discoveries of his period in painting light and out-of-door effects. His pictures lack atmosphere, perhaps from the fact that his microscopic eye refused to follow the promptings of his mind. The singularly small scale on which he conceived his work, "painting a battlefield on a visiting-card," as one critic humorously complained, influenced many others to follow; and the result for a time was a host of pictures in which smallness of execution vied with their diminutive scale. His own works, however, were free from this fault, and many of his inch-high figures could be

THE BEARERS OF ILL-TIDINGS. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JULES JEAN ANTOINE LECOMTE-DU-NOUY, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

The subject, depicted with rare dramatic power, is taken from a story of Théophile Gautier's. Pharaoh awaiting news of a battle, and exasperated with the tidings brought, hews down the successive messengers as they appear.

THE ETCHER. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER.

This picture is an example of Meissonier's painting of interiors, not unlike and equal to the better known "Waiting" (*L'Attente*), which the painter bequeathed to the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

enlarged to life size without loss of force. His life and works are so well known, and their consideration would entail such comprehensive treatment, that the painting here reproduced must stand in place of it.

The memory of the Luxembourg of twenty years ago always brings to mind three men whose works in different ways were extremely typical of the French race. The works of Auguste Ernest Hébert, born at Grenoble, November 3, 1817, represent the somewhat morbid tendencies of romanticism. Hébert was a Prix de Rome in 1839, is now a member of the Institute, and for a number of years after 1867 resided at Rome as the director of the French Academy.

Charles Chaplin, born of English parents at Les Andelys (Department of Eure), June 8, 1825, died in Paris, a naturalized Frenchman, January 30, 1891. His loyalty to his adopted country would never be called in question on the testimony of his works, which seem lineal descendants of those of Boucher, Fragonard, and other painters of the eighteenth century. At its best Chaplin's work has also something of the honest simplicity of Chardin, the painter beloved of painters. At all times he is facile, gracious, and interesting. His themes are

THE PEST IN ROME. FROM A PAINTING BY JULES ÉLIE DELAUNAY, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

". . . And then appeared to all eyes a good angel, who commanded a bad angel to strike the houses with a spear, and as many as the strokes of the spear, so many were the deaths therein."—Jacques de Voragine: "The Golden Legend." This quotation, taken from the catalogue of the Museum of the Luxembourg, explains the subject of this admirably conceived picture.

futile enough, but the charm of execution, the lack of pretence, excuses all. The young girl blowing soap-bubbles, which is no longer in the Luxembourg, greets one like an old friend in these pages; and a painter can recall with delight the suave painting of the satin, the simplicity and naturalness of pose, and the direct impression of the picture. Less admirable in sentiment, as though tainted by a decadent spirit, are the two works which have been chosen to replace the earlier picture in the present Luxembourg, though equally admirable in execution.

Alexandre Cabanel, the third of this typical trio, was for many years the embodiment of the academic spirit in France. Directly or indirectly, the Prix de Rome was given, and the medals in the Salon were awarded, through his influence. Strictly submissive to academical rule, he was Prix de Rome in 1845, at twenty-two years of age, having been born at Montpelier (Department of Hérault), September 28, 1823. For many years, until his death in 1889, he was one of the most successful teachers in the École des Beaux-Arts, and his many pupils constituted a following which was all powerful in school and Salon. The "Francesca da Rimini," of which a reproduction is given here, has been replaced in the Luxembourg by the "Birth of Venus," which was an ornament of the Tuileries until the fall of the Second Empire. As students, I recall how often we were called upon to admire the foreshortening of the legs of the fallen figure in the "Francesca da Rimini," and they are certainly admirably well drawn, as is indeed the whole picture. It may well serve as typical of the fondness for tragical subjects which even still characterizes the painters of France. It is a comparatively mild example, but, like them all, its tragedy is that of the theatre.

In competition with Léon Bonnat and Carolus Duran, Cabanel was the popular portraitist of the time, and a long line of fair women owe the preservation of their beauty on canvas to his aristocratic brush.

No better example of the distinction which lived on his canvas can be found than the portrait of Miss Catherine Wolfe in the Metropolitan Museum. With Léon Bonnat it is the masculine portrait which has given him deserved fame. We owe to his brush the portaits of many of the greatest men of modern France. No one of his works represents him better than the portrait of his master, Léon Cogniet, which, true labor of love from pupil to master, figures in the Luxembourg gallery, and is reproduced here.

To the last of the three portraitists mentioned, to Carolus Duran, I owe personally the respect due from pupil to master. As the three men had their respective *ateliers* at the time of which I write, so the partisan students met and fought wordy battles over the merits of their respective masters. Time, which has stilled the youthful animosity to all that claimed kin with Bonnat, has not lessened my admiration for Duran's great gifts, if it has made me somewhat more clear-sighted in regard to his deficiencies. The portrait of the "Lady with a Glove," which vied by contrast of sobriety with Regnault's "Salome" in the Salon of 1869, has long hung in the Luxembourg. It is full of dignity tempered by grace; and the painter who is known to us now as an audacious colorist, won his first success by this black-robed woman, with the simple gray background. The portrait of Mademoiselle Croizette of the Comédie Française, on horseback at the edge of the sea, was another of the early achievements of Carolus Duran. It met with merited recognition at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. Though chiefly a painter of portraits, Duran has attempted with success numerous compositions since the early "Assassination in Rome," which is now in the gallery at Lille, from which city, where he was born in 1839, he was sent to Rome as a *pensionnaire* of the School of Fine Arts. There are many of his portraits in this country; and a number of his pupils, of whom John S. Sargent is the most gifted, have been Americans.

Not the least of the advantages which a student enjoys in Paris are the posthumous exhibitions held in the École des Beaux-Arts soon after the death of the more prominent painters. From such an exhibition of the collected works of Eugene Fromentin, held in 1877, a better idea of his work could be formed than by the scattered productions which are seen from time to time. His earlier works, representing the sylvan life of the fabled Centaurs, brought into play a generally ignored vein of imagination, and from these creations of fable the transition to the modern Centaurs of Algeria was but natural. But Fromentin's greatest work is in his volume of criticism "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois," than which no art criticism has ever risen higher.

An early picture by a painter who has hardly fulfilled the promise of his youth is included here, partly because the writer remembers that, after the Salon of 1872, a photograph of the picture found its way to New York. The admirable draughtsmanship of the picture, no less than the clear presentation of the subject, created a profound impression in our little band of students, all yearning for the advantages of study in Europe. Something of this on a larger scale had followed the exhibition in the Salon of the "Bringers of Bad Tidings," and the picture won its place in the Luxembourg. Lecomte-du-Nouy has not fulfilled the promise of his youth, but as an example of the art which owes its creation and acceptance to Jean Léon Gérôme this picture remains notable.

Of far greater importance is a picture by Jules Élie Delaunay which from my student days till now has stood the test of changing opinions. Delaunay's "Pest in Rome" is an admirable example of a picture conceived within the limits of academic convention and executed with fervor and intensity of feeling. Dramatic to the last degree, it is in no wise theatrical, and the extract from the "Golden Legend," from which the painter drew his inspiration, is no more naïvely credulous in its belief in the appearance of the "good and bad angels" than the apparent conviction of the artist in depicting the scene.

The recollections of Paris in the seventies crowd upon the writer, who must here adjourn their registration until another month, when other influences than those exclusively French may have consideration; for Paris is distinctly cosmopolitan, and its art influence is that of the world at large.

IN THE TIME OF THE SWEETBRIER.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Author of "A Master Spirit," "Marquis of Carabas," etc.

F Sally had not known Tom all her life, so that he was as much a feature of the universe as the air or the sunshine, it might have been different. But suddenly the other one came home from sea, having run away a boy and returned a dark and towering man, and Tom's day was over.

Humphrey simply took things for granted. Here was the loveliest girl on the Shore. The loveliest girl on the Shore was his by right. He did not hesitate to possess himself. And she fluttered like a bird to his hand. Her tender brown eyes glowed, her soft cheek flushed, her mouth dimpled at the sight of him, the thought of him. She had entered an enchanted country in which there dwelt no one but Humphrey and herself—and perhaps the great-grandmother: a little woman so old that she had no grasp upon the passing moment, and neither care nor sorrow touched her as she sat wrapped in a cloud of memories.

And Tom stood off, astounded, half-angry—how could he be wholly angry with one as much a child as a woman and sweet as a flower? And how could Tom be angry with Humphrey, who once had been his other self; who seemed to him, come home from foreign lands, like one who had the freedom of great seas and cities? And an old, admiring loyalty was still faithful to him.

Humphrey took Tom into his confidence; he was going to settle down now to a trade; he was going to marry Sally. And Tom, too much aghast at the suddenness of the proposition for speech, found afterwards that silence was golden. But the heart went out of his stroke and the cunning out of his hand.

The late summer sunlight that came through the door opening above the river, and lay level in the shop, always hailed with impatience before, now was only a mockery. The other men, one evening, had been gone some time; but he had lingered alone among the piles of lumber, in the fragrance of the freshly cut wood. It was a pretty boat he had drafted—the season being dull—for himself and Sally. He had made it of the best pine; there was to be a back and a cushion to the seat in the stern, and it should carry a light sail on occasion,—he had chosen the stick for the mast, and hewn out its eight sides, and smoothed and polished and oiled it till he could do no more. And all the time he worked he was dreaming of happy hours with Sally, now rowing into the sunset where high banks, and mid-tide rocks, and mirroring water and flowing flame melting into blue mists, made it like sailing the seas of fairyland—not that Tom knew much about fairyland, but that in every one's consciousness there is something answering to that charmed meridian; now off on the other side, into the Island River, with sails in silver creeks, across reaches of emerald marsh, with yellow sandhills and skimming flocks of peeps and plovers. And not that he had any right to think of Sally as his companion, but that it was his hope and pleasure—and now—ah, was it really with Sally that he had rowed out into the afterglow as if they would penetrate a bubble, or had sat on the doorstone of the little house in the field where she lived with her great-grandmother? Humphrey would be sitting there now. And Tom stayed on alone in the shop, seeing twilight steal up the river with the tide, till it was as dark about him as his own thoughts.

He had gone outside on the platform over the water at the back of the shop, when he heard a movement within, and saw the gleam of a lantern.

Presently there was a tumbling among the boards, and a muttering voice; then the lifting and falling of lumber and the steady sound of a saw.

"What you doing there?" called Tom.

"Don't you know what I'm doing?" answered Humphrey, sullenly. "I'm making her a wooden cloak, by king!" And Tom remembered, with a sudden pang, the tradition that the father of Humphrey's mother had lost his wits, and that his madness began with making a coffin for his wife.

"No, no!" Tom cried out. "My God!"

He darted into the inner shop, and Humphrey, taken unawares in the gloom, sprang at him and grappled, and in a moment, Tom held fast in the mad young giant's grip, they were rolling and tumbling out upon the platform, and had plunged together into the tide beneath.

Perhaps the shock of the cold water quenched some of the fire in that hot brain. They swam out, and climbed the shore. "Good Lord, Tom Brier," said Humphrey, "keep your mouth shet! The' ain't nothin'—ben kinder het up worryin' by spells. I do' know's I think a feller thet hes them spells hed oughter marry Sally. Now, do you think he hed?"

"No," said Tom, "no."

Humphrey stopped, all dripping as he was. "That's because you want her yourself!" he cried fiercely.

"I'll make a bargain with you," said Tom. "Ef you'll stan' off, I will."

"An' let another man hev my Sally fer his wife?" He gave a roar like a young bull, and started away on a run through the dark night, Tom following. And Tom and Jo Burns took care of Humphrey then through a smart season of what was called brain fever. As soon as Humphrey was able, he went to sea again with Captain Mather in the "Man of Mull," and he went without bidding Sally good-by. And Sally didn't pretend to hold up her head; and even the little old grandmother felt dimly through her haze that the sun was not shining. "Seem's ef I was goin' ter a berryin'," she moaned now and then.

"Wal, so ye be," said Mrs. Mather, the captain's young black-eyed bride, "unless Sally here—I sh'd think you'd hev more pride, Sally!"

"I ain't any pride," said Sally, slowly, the tears welling up and standing in her eyes till they looked like some great unknown brown jewels.

"Now, Sally, child, don't! I guess you're jest's well off."

"Would you 'a' ben as well off ef Cap'n Mather'd lef' you 'thout a word?"

"I sh'd think there was some difference," said Mrs. Mather, with a pretty dignity, "w'en I'm Cap'n Mather's wife."

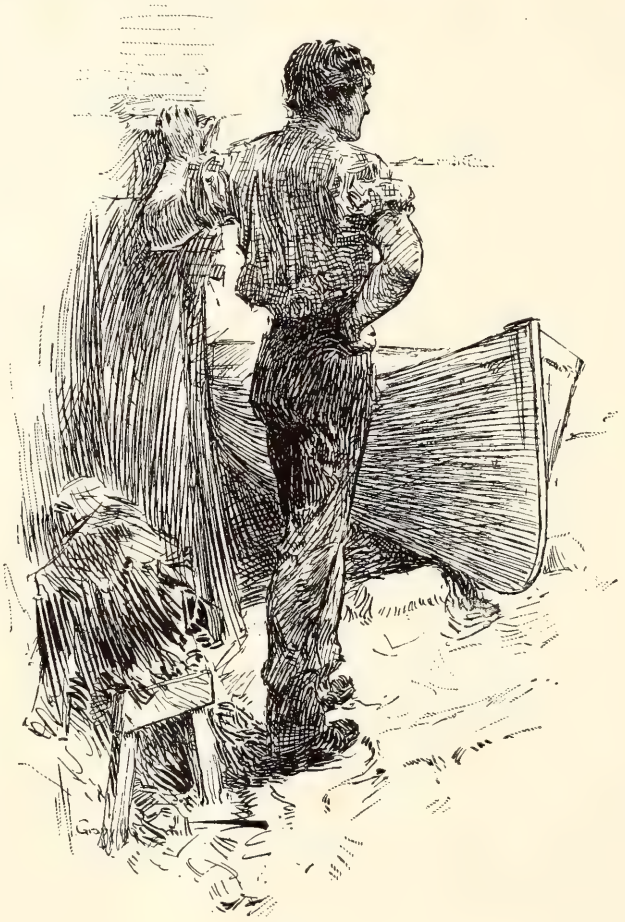
"I'm the same thin' es Humphrey's," said Sally, the tear sparkling in a thousand points as it fell and broke upon her needle.

"Be you! Sally, now, the's a good many o' yer fren's precious glad you ain't!"

"I do' know w'y!— Yes, gran'ma'am, I'll put the plums in yer porritch. It's real dull fer ye, dear soul. She likes ter hev me sing, but somehow I can't seem ter bring a soun' out'n my throat."

"Sally, you jest listen ter reason. Humphrey Lavendar comes of a strange sort. An' thet's drorin' it mild. It's more'n likely he's gone off teched now. I feel all nervoused up w'enever I think he's on the brig 'ith the cap'n. Ef Tom Brier hedn't shet up shop an' gone erlong tew, I couldn' stan' it no way. Tom's got a notion o' lookin' out fer Humphrey, an'll keep him out o' harm's way. But you know mos' folks agrees," continued Mrs. Mather, rubbing her knitting-needle through her hair, her own color mounting as she saw the mounting color on the downcast face before her, "in condemnin' crazy folks fer marryin' an' bringin' grief to them thet's unborn—"

"I'm real ashamed o' you, Ann Mather!" suddenly cried the little old grandmother, with a spark of to-day's life. "You ain't a mite modest, a-talkin' so. An' t' our Sally, tew!"



TOM.

"My land, Mis' Good'n, how ye started me!"

"Sally's my gran'darter—or I'm hern —I do' know jest how't come—W'y, tain't but t'other day I turned up my hair. Lisha said, thet day, I rekerlec' jest es ef 'twas yestiddy, 'An' the hair of thine head like purple.' It wuz—all pupply black;" and the old voice went babbling on like a bee in a flower.

"Oh, Ann, Ann, I wisht you wouldn'! I know ye mean well. But I wisht you wouldn'!" cried Sally, hiding her face in both hands. "You do' know! Oh, I feel's ef Humphrey an' me's ben one soul in all the lives thet's ever ben, an' was ter be one soul in all the lives thet is ter come, an' jes' becos his head goes wrong now an' then in this 'ere one, I guess it ain't goin' ter break all thet up—ef it doos go wrong—I can't say. An' I couldn', oh, I couldn', talk ter you so, ef I didn' feel sure he'd come back, an' you an' me allus sech frien's—"

"Don't you think you'd better be runnin' home?" asked the grandmother in a coaxing tone, suddenly observing Sally's sobs. "I guess yer ma'am'll be a-lookin' fer ye. It's mos' supper-time, tew, an' I shouldn't wonner ef yer stent's all knit up. I guess you'd better be a-runnin' home."

"Wal, yis, Mis' Good'n, I guess I be," said Mrs. Mather, laughing, and rolling up her work. "I wisht I was goin' ter see the 'Man of Mull' rounding the corner of Great Rock," she said then.

"I wisht you was," said Sally.

But it was many a month before the "Man of Mull" rounded the corner of Great Rock; and when she stood off in the harbor like a glimmering twilight ghost, Sally was the one who knew it first, running home over the back pasture, and waiting breathless at the foot of the field that night for Humphrey.

But Humphrey did not come. And when a week passed he had not come. She had upbuoyed herself by unexpressed hope that he had gone away to test their affection. And now she did not know what to think.

"Ef she'd on'y the leastest mite o' sperrit, she'd be mad an' git over it," said Mrs. Mather to the captain. "My! I sh'd like ter see myself ef you'd acted the way Humphrey hes—"

"I shouldn't, then," said the captain.

Three weeks of the dull spring weather had passed, and now the sun shone, and the soft winds curled, a shimmer of golden green bathed all the air, and the rose and snow of clouds of apple-bloom seemed to give wings to the world. Only Sally crept about as if her feet were leaden, and her heart was leaden, too. There were no wings for her, not even when the pungency of the lilacs had vanished and the sweetbriers were shedding their delicate spice upon the air of all the soft June days.

"Be I never goin' ter meetin' any more?" moaned the little old grandmother, as she heard the evening bell ring out across the shore. It made no difference to the happenings of her thought that she had not been there in twenty years; the fact that the bell was ringing and Sally was not going, worked that way in her dim mind. "Where's my bunnit, Sally? There'll be a dretfle goin' in the mulberries ef I stay away frum meetin'."

"I guess we won't hurry," one sitting on the doorstone heard Sally's soft voice say.

"Be you expectin' anybody, Sally?" asked the grandmother in a puzzled tone.

"Be I? Oh, no, indeed, gran'ma'am, not any more. Oh, no." And the voice was so low and tired that the chair-bound old woman paused a moment, considering it, before she said, "All het up, you be. Go an' set down in the door an' git cooled off afore we start. An' fetch me in a bit o' the sweetbrier. I allers like ter wear a sprig o' sweetbrier w'en I go ter meetin'." And she began to sing in a thin little pipe her treble part in the fugue that many and many a season ago she had sung in the singing-seats:

> "Come, my beloved, haste away,
> Cut short the hours of thy delay."

Sally went out and sat down upon the doorstone, and leaned her head against the post, where a thorn of the vine caught her hair. Then, as she lifted her hand wearily to free the fluttering tress, for Sally's hair was always blowing about her eyes, she became conscious that some one else was sitting on the stone. And before she could exclaim, or before her eyes had become accustomed to the clear dark, she knew that it was Humphrey. "I couldn't help it, Sally," he murmured. "I couldn't help it no way. I tried to keep away. I had to come."

And, all at once, with an unaccountable caprice of love and reproach and sorrow, Sally felt the floods of indignation sweeping over her in a hot wave, and she could

SALLY SIGHTS THE "MAN OF MULL."

not have spoken or have turned her head to save her life.

That he could have subjected her to all these months of suffering and shame! "Sally," said he, "ain't ye goin' ter speak ter me?" That he should have tried to keep away! That he should come now, as if she were a poor, spiritless thing who only had to be called!

"Sally," he said again, with a faltering voice, "I 'most broke your heart, I know. You ain't a-goin' ter break mine?"

She would have liked to utter some short, sharp sentence, if her voice could obey her. She would have gone in and left him, if her knees had not trembled so. She was only half conscious of herself, but wholly conscious of wrong and outrage. It was the flame in which the last flicker of self was burning out. And then the wind stirred the sweetbrier climbing up the doorway, and the dewy deliciousness of its odor crept about them, and she remembered a starlit, soft-blowing night a year ago when he had said— She would be crying in another moment. She must tell him a man was not to play fast and loose with her. She must tell him she never wanted to see his face again. Then the little old voice within quavered in its high-pitched key, "Is that Lisha on the step?" Lisha was the husband dead and gone this three-score years. "Tell 'im I'm comin' in a minute," she said. "I wisht I wasn't so shame-faced. We was called in meetin' last Sabba' day. I seen Loisy Burns crane her neck roun', an' I was pink es my ribbins, an' I growed pinker an' pinker tell I couldn' stan' it a minute more, an' ups an' runs out o' meetin'. An' Lisha, he growed red, an' he growed redder, they ses; an' he wanted ter foller, an' he didn' darst; an' at lenth he'd 'a' bolted sure, but Jane wouldn' let him by. An' ma'am ses the elders 'll be up ter deal 'ith me."

There was a moment's silence; and Sally could hear her own heart beat before the voice went singing on again, the little old woman in there thinking her own thoughts aloud. "I do' know how I'm ever goin' ter stan' it ter walk out bride," she said. "Sally's trimmed my bunnit with pink

sweetbrier, sister Sally. I hed a notion fer sweetbrier. I was all twisted roun' in a bush of it w'en it fust come ter Lisha thet mebbe I was pretty. I like ter hev Lisha think I'm pretty. An' I be pretty," chirped the little old woman, whose withered face was a woven work of lines, and whose purblind eyes were sunken in their pits. "An' the' ain't many young men like Lisha, fer all o' Jeff. They useter say the' was Injun in thet blood, he was thet tall an' stret, an' his eyes like black coals 'ith the fire in them. Wal, ef the' is, Injun blood's good blood, certain; the blood o' kings an' chiefs, upright and downright; an' w'en he's said a thin' onst, he's said it fer good an' all. I guess I hed reason ter know." The voice ceased then a space. But Sally did not stir.

Perhaps a light slumber overcame the tired old speaker; for when in a few moments she spoke again, the scene had changed in her fancy. "The's nothin' like the smell o' the sweetbrier in the mornin'—you gittin' me a sprig, Sally? It's got the hull o' the summer in it. The wind's allers blowin' fresh an' soft, an' the sun's shinin', an' the's cobwebs on the grass, an' dew onter them a-twinklin' like the jewels in the high-priest's breas'plate, w'en ye smell the sweetbrier. I s'pose it's erlong o' my gittin' tangled in thet vine in the swamp where I'd run down fer some sassafras sticks, an' he come by drivin' the w'ite heifer thet stole her calf. An' I see him a-comin', an' tried ter git quit o' the vine an' on'y got tangled more, tel I was twisted ev'ey which way 'ith the blows, an' there come a gret bumbly-bee a-buzzin' an' a-boomin' inter the flowers an' a-bangin' agin my face. An' I was all in a shiver, —I never could abide the bumbly-bees— an' I screamed. 'He teks it fer one o' the flowers,' ses Lisha, ses he, leavin' the cow. An' he flirted off the bee with the branch he kerried, an' he bent his face es ef he was goin' ter kiss me, an' I was mad enough, I tell ye. An' then he straightened up es ef he'd never thought of it, an' I was madder still. 'W'en I do kiss ye, Sally Brent,' ses he, 'you'll hev ter ask me ter,' ses he. An' then I jest wrenched my ginggum gown out'n thet vine tell 'twas mos'ly slits an' catry-corners, an' scampered. But he come up the yard thet night, slow an' l'iterin' like, an' stood leanin' agin the porch, an' he was a-talkin' 'ith Jeff w'ether 'twas wuth w'ile ter hev planted es many o' them new-fangle pertaterses es they hed, an' I sot on the stun a-sayin' nothin'. An' jest's he was goin', he pulled down a stem o' the sweetbrier thet was growin' over the porch, an' he stooped an' said, low like, 'The' ain't but one thin' sweeter'n sweetbrier is, I cal-h'late;' an' then he pulled hisself up, an' kinder laffed, an' was off. An' it warn't no fault o' mine ef my heart was off arter him. An' w'en I went ter prayer-meetin' nex' time, it was Lisha thet was comin' home my way; an' w'en singin'-schule was over, it was Lisha thet kep on beside me; an' it was Lisha thet stepped furrud w'en I come out o' meetin' Sabba days; an' it was Lisha thet, w'en we all went berryin', kerried my pail; an' it was Lisha thet never so much as took a holt of my han'; an' it was Lisha thet kep all the other boys as far away es ef they lived in the nex' township; an' it was Lisha thet come up the yard ev'ey durin' evenin' ter talk crops some consid'able 'ith Jeff, or else ter argy about free-will an' predestination. 'The's more thin's 'n one thet's predesternated,' he ses ter me, as he was goin' onst, an' p'raps his han' thet he leaned agin' the porch 'ith trem'led a mite, I do' know. But down fell all the last o' the sweetbrier round me,—the porch was so old 'twas jes' punk. An' it tuk him no eend o' time ter git the vine back,—fer Jeff hed gone off mad w'en Lisha said he din' b'lieve in no eternal damnation,—an' then to git the thorns out'n my han's. An' our faces was ferfle clost together, an' I could see the moonlight a-sparklin' in them gret black eyes o' his'n es ef I was lookin' down a well. An' I felt's ef he was sayin', 'Now's yer chance,' an' I thought ter myself I'd die fust! An' Jeff come ter the door an' called me in—we'd got sech a habit o' mindin' Jeff, 'ith him a-managin' the farm, though the farm warn't no more his'n than 'twas Dolly's an' Betsey's an' Sally's an' mine, thet I jes' crep' in. An' Jeff come out, an' begun the argyin' over agin, hammer an' tongs, fer they'd ben gittin' real stormy 'ith their talk, es ef all creation hinged on't; an' nex' day Jeff went at it agin full chisel 'ith us gals, an' called Lisha, Abaddon an' Apollyon an' all the rest on 'em, an' I was tew shamed ter open my mouth. 'Twas the very nex' night, jest arter Lisha come sarnterin' up the yard, and Jeff hed tackled him 'thout regards ter time o' day nor manners, thet Deacon James come sarnterin' up tew, an' presen'ly who should come arter him but the elder. An' then I see w'at Jeff was up ter. He didn' like Lisha no way, an' he warn't goin' ter hev him merryin' me, an' he was goin' ter

"'SALLY,' SAID HE, 'AIN'T YE GOIN' TER SPEAK TER ME?'"

show him up fer an unbeliever an' hev him hauled over the coals. 'Hear him!' he cries to the elder. 'Hear this feller a-denyin' the fundermentle princerples o' religion. He don' believe thet the's some folks foredoomed frum all eternity—'

"'No, I don't,' ses Lisha. 'An' I don't believe in the damnation o' babies.'

"'Nor of anybody else!' cries out Jeff.

"'Nor of anybody else,' says Lisha.

"'He don't believe in an angry an' offended God—'

"'No, I don't,' ses Lisha. 'I don't believe in a cruel being thet makes folks jes fer the pleasure of damnin' 'em, an' I wouldn't worship him ef I did!'

"'An' the nex' thin' he'll be sayin' he don't b'lieve the worl' was made in six days—'

"'No, I don't,' ses Lisha.

"'He's chock full o' Antinomian heresy, he's a condemned Arian, he's a freethinker!' roars Jeff. An' then es I see Lisha a-stan'in' there in the moonshine, one agin all the rest on 'em, my heart begun to swell. 'An' I demand you shall call the deacons an' members together, an' hev him read out o' meetin',' shouted Jeff. 'I won't fellership 'ith no sech—'

"'Then you won't fellership 'ith me!' I cries, an' I sprung up an' run an' caught Lisha's han' an' pulled his arm roun' me. 'Fer I b'lieve jest es Lisha doos,' I ses. The' was dead silence. I see Dolly an' Betsey an' sister Sally, who'd a ben settin' in the door behind me, all give a start, an' then stop, an' then of a sudden, an' in a minnit, jes 's ef 'twas now or never, they all come runnin' ter where I was. 'We b'lieve jest 's Lisha doos,' they ses, ses they, es solemn like es ef they was on public trial. An' nobody spoke. An' it seemed ter me 'twas time for sun-up afore the elder cleared his throat. 'Brother,' ses the elder to Jeff, 'the fundermentle princerple o' religion isn't hate. It's love. The Lord didn't put us here ter say w'at he's done an' w'at he's goin' ter do, nor w'at he is an' w'at he isn't. I guess I wouldn' read Lisha out o' meetin' because

he thinks better o' God than ter believe evil of Him. Ef he loves the Lord with all his heart, an' with all his soul, an' with all his strenth, an' with all his mind, an' his neighbor es himself—'

"'I du!' ses Lisha.

"'Then he's obeyin' the fundermentle princerple o' religion es our Lord an' Master give it us himself. I guess you'd better let argyments go, Jeff, an' shake han's 'ith Lisha. The's more religion in brotherly love,' ses the elder, ses he, his old face w'ite an' shinin' in the moon, 'than there is in doctrines an' damnations. How's yer cider, Jeff? I do' know es I know of a pootier thin' in all natur' than the way the cider down in the close bar'l in the dark suller feels the blossomin' o' the apple-trees up in the light an' the air, an' gits all worked up, at the same time, a-rememberin' or a-sympathizin' 'ith the stir o' the new life. It's full o' speritooal significance,' ses the elder, es they all went in. But Lisha kep' his arm clost roun' me—he never lemme go—an' we sot down together on the doorstun there. 'I guess I ain't ben livin' up ter my princerples,' ses he, low like ter me, 'boun' ter hev my own way, an' a-actin' like a child, an' showin' temper towards you, w'en all the time I loved ye so. Ain't ye goin' ter kiss me now?' ses he. Oh, me, me, me! It's I do' know how many years ago! Oh, my! ef I could feel them lips on mine agin! Ef I on'y could! I be a little wizened-up old woman,—I sense it, oh I du—but the old love allus stirs in me in sweetbrier time, jes's the life doos in the cider come apple-blow. Sometimes my heart jest aches fer the kiss I wouldn' give you onst. Ef ye could on'y kiss me now, Lisha,"—and she was crying to herself before she fell asleep again.

For a moment after the little piping voice was hushed Sally sat stone still. Then she put out her arm gropingly in the dusk between the playing of the low summer lightnings. "I do' know w'y you went away, nor w'y you stayed away," she whispered; "but you're here now! And, oh, Humphrey, no matter what happens"—and Humphrey felt a face as soft as the brushing of rose-petals, and two warm, trembling lips on his, and the present was all heaven, and the future was hidden in the dark.

THE DISCOVERY OF ANÆSTHESIA.*

Dr. W. T. G. MORTON AND HIS HEROIC BATTLE FOR A NEW IDEA.—HOW PAINLESS SURGERY BEGAN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Elizabeth Whitman Morton.

Y husband, whose full name was William Thomas Green Morton, was born in Charlton, Massachusetts, August 19, 1819. The family house stood on a farm of about one hundred acres, and was an old-fashioned wooden structure with an immense stone chimney in the centre. It was shaded by old trees, and covered by creepers and climbing plants. It was a typical New England farm-house, and the boy grew up among wholesome surroundings, gaining a strength of body that served him in the severe strain of later years. Curiously enough, even at an early age his mind turned naturally toward medicine, and he was nicknamed "doctor" by his playmates, for whose imaginary ills he used to prescribe learnedly from an outfit of elder-tree vials and bread pills. On one occasion he nearly caused the death of his little sister by pouring down her throat some extraordinary concoction of his own, while she lay asleep in her cradle.

The instruction he received was imparted in the schools of his native town and at the neighboring academies of Leicester and Northfield, where he studied hard for three years, leaving at the age of seventeen, when he went to Boston to begin earning his living. Here he gained employment in the publishing house of the editor of the "Christian Witness," James B. Dow, whose beautiful wife took a great interest in him and arranged that he should live with them. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dow showed themselves staunch friends to the

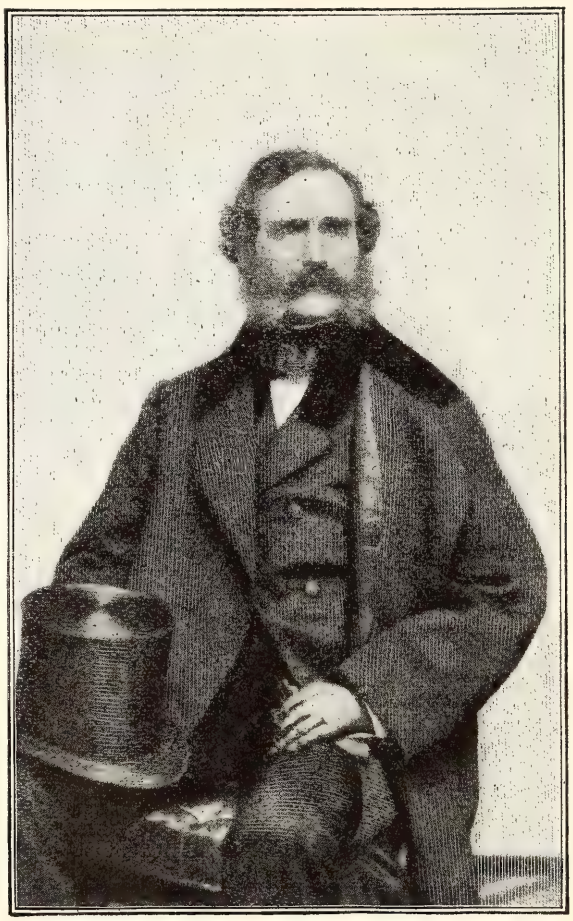
* It will be fifty years on the 16th of next October since Dr. Morton publicly proved his priceless discovery, and the jubilee of the event is to be duly celebrated in Boston. This gives a special timeliness to Mrs. Morton's paper, the only intimate personal account of Dr. Morton's labors and trials ever published.—Editor.

young man, and recognized his unusual talents. The friendship was maintained to the end of Dr. Morton's life. Kind as they were to him, however, he soon became dissatisfied, his duties allowing him little time for study, which was his great ambition. So devoted was the boy to books that all his leisure moments were spent in reading. A few months of this busy life convinced him that he could never be happy in that way of existence, and, uncertain what to do and homesick, he went back to his father's house in Charlton. He then concluded to study dentistry, which at that time had attained the dignity of a respected profession.

His success was rapid. In 1844, two years after his graduation at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery (the first dental college established in America), he was earning from his profession an income of about ten thousand dollars, being already recognized as one of the most skilful dental surgeons in Boston. He had established himself in Boston a little before our marriage, I being a young girl of seventeen, just out of Miss Porter's school at Farmington, Connecticut, where my father lived. For a year before, Dr. Morton had paid me attentions, which were not well received by my family, he being regarded as a poor young man with an undesirable profession. I thought him very handsome, however, and he was much in love with me, coming regularly from Boston to visit me. I learned later on that from the first day he saw me he had determined to marry me if he could, and after his death I found in an old diary of that year an entry written just after my first meeting with him, where he expressed his intention of making me his wife, and even noted the gown and hood I wore. In my eighteenth year he took me from the fine old homestead we lived in—quite an historic mansion it was, where John C. Calhoun had often visited my father's family—and brought me to Boston. My uncle Lemuel was then a classmate of Calhoun's in Yale, and later on a member of Congress from Connecticut. Two others of my Whitman ancestors, father and son, were graduated at Harvard, one in 1668, and the other in 1696. The son settled in Farmington as one of the earliest ministers.

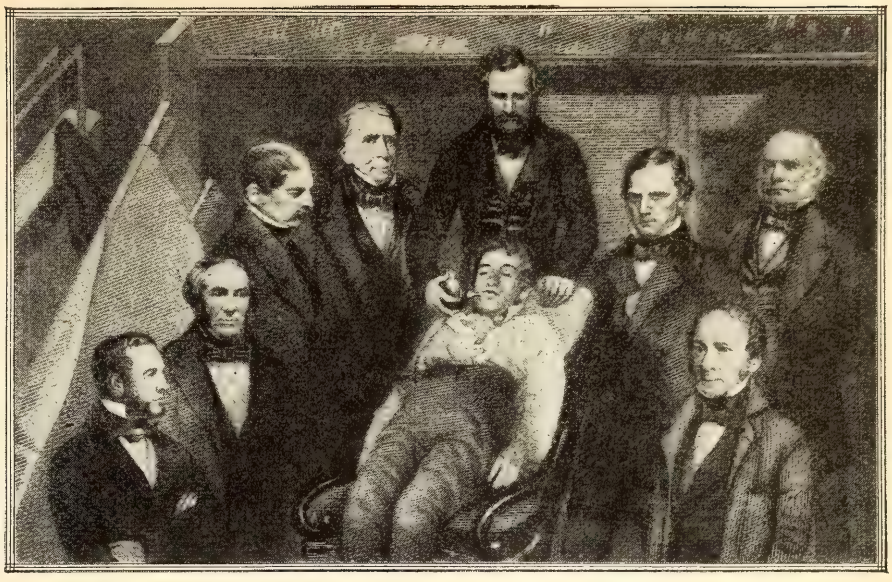
Dr. Morton was one of those tremendously earnest men who believe they have a high destiny to fulfil. How many times he said to me in the months preceding his great discovery: "I have a work to do in this world, Lizzie!" Or, again: "The time will come when I will do away with pain!" During our early married life, while he was making himself known as one of the most skilful dentists in Boston and carrying on an enormous business, he found time in addition to pursue his medical studies at the Harvard Medical School, in order to take a medical degree, for he had promised my mother to give up dentistry. Every morning he used to rise between four and five o'clock to get time for what he called his serious work; and never shall I forget my sensation as a young bride at sleeping in a room where a tall, gaunt skeleton stood in a big box near the head of the bed. After the first successful use of the sulphuric ether, the immense responsibilities that came upon him, and the unceasing anxiety and annoyances, compelled him to give up the study of medicine and devote himself to anæsthesia. This was a great grief to him, because he was at that time within a few months of taking his degree.

At the time of our marriage Dr. Morton was twenty-four years old, and, as I have said, his mind was already occupied with



DR. WILLIAM T. G. MORTON.

From a photograph taken in 1854 by Silsbee, Case & Co., Boston, Massachusetts.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1. Dr. Henry H. J. Bigelow. 3. Dr. J. Mason Warren. 5. Dr. Morton.
2. Dr. A. A. Gould. 4. Dr. John Collins Warren. 6. Dr. Samuel Parkman.
7. Dr. Geo. Hayward. 8. Dr. S. D. Townsend.

DR. MORTON MAKING THE FIRST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF ETHERIZATION AT THE MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL, BOSTON, OCTOBER 16, 1846.

After a steel engraving published in "Trials of a Public Benefactor," by Nathan P. Rice, M.D.; Pudney and Russell, Publishers, New York, 1859.

thoughts destined to lead to his discovery. Every spare hour he could get was spent in experiment. At Wellesley, Massachusetts, where was our summer home, there was a spring which contained a number of gold-fish, and I noticed that my husband would often go to it, and I would see him catching the fish and looking at them intently as if studying them as he held them wriggling in his hand. Then he used to make experiments nearly every day on "Nig," a black water-spaniel, a good-sized dog that had belonged to his father. I was only a girl of eighteen at this time, and had not the least idea of what he was trying to do; nor would I have understood the importance of his experiments had he told me. I only knew that his clothes seemed always saturated with the smell of ether, and I did not like it. One day he came running into the house in great distress (for he was always tender-hearted), leading the dog, which walked rather queerly, and said:

"Poor Nig; I've had him asleep a long time. I was afraid I had killed him."

"Do you put the fish asleep, too?" I asked, laughing.

"I try to," he said, quite seriously, "but have not succeeded yet."

I laughed again, thinking it was all a joke, but my husband became very grave, and said:

"The time will come, my dear, when I will banish pain from the world."

It was at this time also that he used to bottle-up all sorts of queer bugs and insects, until the house was full of crawling things. He would administer ether to all these little creatures, and especially to the big green worms he found on grape vines.

I remember how Dr. Morton's friends laughed at these queer experiments, and I am afraid I joined with them sometimes. But he continued on his way undaunted, frequently saying: "I shall succeed; there must be some way of deadening pain."

As he began to near success I became alarmed, for, not satisfied with trying the ether on bugs and animals, my husband began experimenting upon himself. He sent out his assistants offering a reward of five dollars to any person who would have a tooth drawn while under the influence of his pain-annulling agency. There were many people suffering from aching teeth which needed to be extracted, and the five dollars was an object; but no one could be induced to take the risk. Finally his two assistants allowed him to experiment upon them, but the result was not satisfactory, because of impurities in the ether. Having detected this, my husband, with characteristic persistence, at once procured a supply of pure ether, and, unwilling to wait longer for a subject, shut himself up in his office, and tested it upon himself, with such success that for several minutes he lay there unconscious. That night he came home late, in a great state of excitement, but so happy that he could scarcely calm himself to tell me what had occurred; and I, too, became so excited that I could scarcely wait to hear. At last he told me of the experiment upon himself, and I grew sick at heart as the thought came to me that he might have died there alone. He went on to say that he was resolved not to sleep that night until he had repeated the experiment, and declared that, late as it was, he must still find a patient. Returning to his office, he could find no one who could be induced to have a tooth

drawn by the "painless method," which was what the doctor was now so eager to demonstrate. Discouraged, he was on the point of etherizing himself once more, and having one of his assistants extract a tooth from his own head, when there came a faint ring at the bell.

It was long past the hour for patients, but there stood a man with his face all bandaged and evidently suffering acute pain. And strangest of all were his words.

"Doctor," he said, "I have the most frightful toothache, and my mouth is so sore I am afraid to have the tooth drawn. Can't you mesmerize me?"

The doctor could almost have shouted with delight, but, preserving his self-possession, he brought the man into his office and told him he could do something better than mesmerize him. Then he explained his purpose of administering the sulphuric ether, and the man eagerly consented. Without delay my husband saturated a handkerchief with ether, and held it over the man's face, for him to inhale the fumes. The assistant, Dr. Hayden, who held the lamp, trembled visibly when Dr. Morton introduced the forceps into the mouth of the man and prepared to pull the tooth. Then came the strain, the wrench, and the tooth was out, but the patient made neither sign nor sound; he was quite unconscious.

Dr. Morton was overjoyed at the result. Then, as the man continued to make no movement, he grew alarmed, and it flashed through his mind that perhaps he had killed his patient. Snatching up a glass of water, he emptied it full into the face of the unconscious man, who presently opened his eyes and looked about him in a bewildered way.

"Are you ready now to have the tooth out?" asked the doctor.

"I am ready," said the man.

"Well, it is out now," said the doctor, pointing to the tooth lying on the floor.

"No!" cried the man in greatest amazement, springing from the chair, and, being a good Methodist, shouting, "Glory! Hallelujah!"

From that moment Dr. Morton felt that the success of sulphuric ether was assured. Thenceforward he was unceasing in his efforts to bring his discovery before the medical world, and, after many discouragements, he succeeded in inducing Dr. John C. Warren, senior surgeon in the Massachusetts General Hospital, to allow him to visit the hospital and try his discovery upon a patient who was about to be operated upon.

ELIZABETH W. MORTON, WIFE OF DR. MORTON.

From a photograph taken in Washington in 1862.

The night before the operation, my husband worked until one or two o'clock in the morning upon an inhaler he had devised, and then regarded as essential to the operation, although it has since been discarded. I assisted him, nearly beside myself with anxiety, for the strongest influences had been brought to bear upon me to dissuade him from making this attempt. I had been told that one of two things was sure to happen: either the test would fail and my husband would be ruined by the world's ridicule, or he would kill the patient and be tried for manslaughter. Thus I was drawn in two ways; for while I had unbounded confidence in my husband, it did not seem possible that so young a man (he was only twenty-seven years old at this time) could be wiser than the learned and scientific men before whom he proposed to make his demonstration.

After resting a few hours, Dr. Morton was off early in the morning to see the instrument-maker, for there were still changes necessary in the inhaler. From that moment I saw nothing of him for twelve hours, which were hours of mortal anxiety. How they dragged along as I sat at the

DR. AND MRS. MORTON AND THEIR CHILDREN AT THEIR SUMMER HOME AT WELLESLEY.

Drawn by Victor Perard from a photograph taken in 1856.

window, expecting every moment some messenger to tell me that the patient had died under the ether and that the doctor would be held responsible! Two o'clock came, three o'clock, and it was not until nearly four that Dr. Morton walked in, with his usually genial face so sad that I felt failure must have come. He took me in his arms, almost fainting as I was, and said tenderly: "Well, dear, I succeeded."

In spite of these words his gloom of manner and evident depression made it impossible for me to believe the good news. It seemed as if he should have been so highly elated at having accomplished one of the most splendid achievements of the century, and yet there he was, sick at heart, crushed down, one would have said, by a load of discouragement. This was due not only to bodily fatigue and the reaction after his great efforts, but to an intuitive perception of the troubles in store for him. It is literally true that Dr. Morton never was the same man after that day; his whole after life was embittered through this priceless boon he had conferred upon the human race.

Of the three men now living who saw this first operation upon a patient under the influence of ether, one is Dr. Robert Davis of Fall River. He was then a medical student in Boston, and he has given me the description of what happened on this memorable occasion. The amphitheatre of the operating-room was crowded with members of the medical profession, doctors and students, all curious, and all skeptical, as to the outcome of the experiment to be made. All the great surgeons of Boston were present, including the celebrated Dr. Jacob Bigelow, whose son, Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, a young and enthusiastic surgeon of about Dr. Morton's age, was a warm friend of Dr. Morton's, and perhaps the only man present who had faith in him. It must be said, however, that he had more grounds for his belief than the others, since he had been privileged to witness some of my husband's previous tests with ether in private.

The hour for the operation arrived and Dr. Morton was not on hand. Five minutes passed, ten minutes, and then Dr. Warren, the eminent surgeon, looking around with a smile on his face, slightly sarcastic, suggested that, as Dr. Morton was not present, it might be well to let the operation go on in the usual way. The patient had meantime been brought in, and was lying on the operating-table deathly white, doubly apprehensive of what was to come. At that moment Dr. Morton came in, breathless from haste, carrying the inhaler, which had just been delivered to him by the maker and had nearly been the cause of the failure of the test.

Without any delay, and with a coolness and self-possession in strong contrast with the general nervous tension of the assembly, Dr. Morton proceeded to administer sulphuric ether to a human being, for the purpose of destroying pain by forced anæsthesia in a surgical operation, for the first time in the world's history. Pouring the liquid into the inhaler, he lifted the latter to the patient's nostrils, and held it there for some minutes, allowing the man to breathe the fumes. Then, looking into his face intently, and feeling the pulse, he turned to Dr. Warren, who stood near with his surgeon's knife behind him, and said, in a quiet tone that sounded plainly through the silence:

"Your patient is ready, doctor."

Then in all parts of the amphitheatre there came a quick catching of the breath, followed by a silence almost deathlike, as Dr. Warren stepped forward and prepared to operate. The sheet was thrown back, exposing the portion of the body from which a tumor was to be removed, an operation exceedingly painful under ordinary conditions, although neither very difficult nor very dangerous. The patient lay silent, with eyes closed as if in sleep; but every one present fully expected to hear a shriek of agony ring out as the knife struck down into the sensitive nerves. But the stroke came with no accompanying cry. Then another and another, and still the patient lay silent, sleeping, while the blood from severed arteries spurted forth. The surgeon was doing his work, and the patient was free from pain, so it seemed at least; and all in wonder strained their eyes and bent forward, following eagerly every step in the operation. Those in the front rows leaned far over or knelt on the floor, so that those behind might see better. The operation advanced quickly and easily to its finish. The tumor was taken away, the arteries fastened with ligatures, the gaping wound sewed up, then dressed and bandaged. Half an hour covered the whole of it. During that time no cry or groan escaped the patient, no indication of suffering.

Dr. Morton aroused the patient after the operation was completed, and said, "Did you feel any pain?" The patient replied, "No." Then Dr. Warren, turning to the company, said in his impressive manner, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug." All pressed about Dr. Morton and congratulated him upon his success.

Many successful operations followed quickly. The hospital authorities, though, refused to make further use of the discovery, on the ground that they did not know the nature of the drug employed in inducing unconsciousness. My husband at once offered to give them full information on this point; but opposition had been aroused, and for several weeks operations at the hospital were performed by the old method of making the patient bear the torture.

Partly with a view to keeping his discovery out of the hands of persons who might use it unwisely, and acting upon the advice of Rufus Choate and Caleb Cushing, lawyers of national reputation, Dr. Morton patented his application of sulphuric ether; but he never enforced the patent, for his humanity was too great to keep back from suffering millions so precious an agency of relief. Yet he was criticised on all sides for taking out the patent, and cruel attacks were made upon him that cut him to the heart. At this time, it seemed to us who had to bear the brunt of these attacks that the value of this greatest of blessings, brought so suddenly and unexpectedly to the suffering, was lost sight of in the attempt to traduce the discoverer's character and motive. Abuse and ridicule were showered upon him by the public press, from the pulpit, and also by prominent medical journals, for presuming or daring to claim that he could prevent the pain of surgical operations. In those days I feared to look into a newspaper, for what wife does not feel more keenly unjust aspersions on her husband than he for himself? Then, too, the world's way—jealousy, malice, and envy—was new to me. Soon there sprang up contestants to Dr. Morton's title of discovery: men who claimed as theirs the work which he had accomplished with such infinite labor and for which he had hazarded life and reputation.

After the successful use of the sulphuric ether at the hospital, it became necessary to find a name for the new agent, and much discussion ensued. A meeting of physicians was called at the house of Dr. A. A. Gould, among those present being Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Professor Agassiz, and Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, one of Boston's most eminent surgeons, who had encouraged Dr. Morton in his experiments at a time when many were in doubt or against him. Dr. Gould read a list of names that had been suggested, and on hearing the word "Letheon," my husband exclaimed: "That is the name; I want the discovery christened 'Letheon.'" Others were of the same opinion, but finally the suggestion of Dr. Holmes was accepted, and the word "anæsthesia" was chosen.

In spite of various efforts that were made during subsequent years to obtain recognition from the United States government of Dr. Morton's services to the country and to the world, nothing was ever done. This was, perhaps, the greatest sorrow of my husband's later years, a sorrow rendered all the more keen from the fact that other governments hastened to bestow upon him orders and decorations. Russia gave him the "Cross of the Order of St. Vladimir;" Norway and Sweden gave him the "Cross of the Order of Vasa;" and the French Academy of Arts and Sciences sent him a gold medal, the Montyon prize. What he regarded as his greatest treasure was a small silver casket containing one thousand dollars in money, and presented by the trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital. This was given "in honor of the ether discovery, September 30, 1846." The casket, medal, and decorations are now in the Historical Rooms in Boston, as well as many original documents relating to the discovery, the medal, and the orders. In 1852 Dr. Morton received the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine from his original alma mater, the Washington University of Medicine, afterwards merged into the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of Baltimore, Maryland.

During the war my husband served with Grant in the battle of the Wilderness, and with General Burnside at Fredericksburg, and had abundant opportunity to demonstrate the value of his discovery in the treatment of surgical cases on the battlefield. The following is an extract from one of his letters, written to a friend in May, 1864:

"When there is any heavy firing heard, the ambulance corps, with its attendants, stationed nearest to the scene of action starts for the wounded. The ambulances are halted near by, and the attendants go in with stretchers and bring out the wounded. The rebels do not generally fire upon those wearing ambulance badges.

"Upon the arrival of a train of ambulances at a field hospital, the wounds are hastily examined, and those who can bear the journey are sent at once to Fredericksburg. The nature of the operations to be performed upon the others is then decided upon, and noted on a bit of paper pinned to the pillow or roll of blankets under each patient's head. When this had been done, I prepared the patients for the knife, producing perfect anæsthesia in an average time of three minutes, and the operators followed, performing their operations with dexterous skill, while the dressers in their turn bound up the stumps."

Dr. John H. Brinton of Philadelphia, in a valedictory address to the graduating class of Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia in 1892, relates an interesting incident from personal reminiscence.

"In the early summer of 1864, during the fierce contest in the Virginia wilderness, I was present officially at the headquarters of Lieutenant-General Grant, on whose staff I had previously served. When in conversation with him, an aide approached, and said to him that a stranger, a civilian doctor, wished to see him for the purpose of obtaining an ambulance, for his personal use in visiting the field hospitals. The answer of the general was prompt and decided: 'The ambulances are intended only for the sick and wounded, and under no circumstances can be taken for private use.' This response was carried, as given, to the waiting applicant, a travel-stained man, in brownish clothes, whom at the distance I thought I recognized. I went to him and found that he was Dr. W. T. G. Morton. I asked him to wait a minute, and returned to the general. On repeating his request, I received the same answer. 'But, general,' I ventured to say, 'if you knew who that man is, I think you would give him what he asks for.'

"'No, I will not,' he replied. 'I will not divert an ambulance to-day for any one; they are all required elsewhere.'

"'General,' I replied, 'I am sure you will give him the wagon, he has done so much for mankind, so much for the soldier—more than any soldier or civilian has ever done before; and you will say so when you know his name.'

"The general took his cigar from his mouth, looked curiously at the applicant, and asked, 'Who is he?'

"'He is Dr. Morton, the discoverer of ether,' I answered.

"The general paused a moment; then said, 'You are right, doctor, he has done more for the soldier than any one else, soldier or civilian, for he has taught you all to banish pain. Let him have the ambulance and anything else he wants.'

"Afterward, during his stay, by order of the general commanding, he was tendered the hospitalities of the headquarters, ambulance, tent, mess, and servant."

Now I come to the last days of my husband's life. On July 6, 1868, he left

Etherton Cottage for New York, to reply to an article that had recently appeared in one of the monthlies advocating Dr. Jackson's claim to be the discoverer of sulphuric ether. It was some time since anything of the sort had appeared, for medical journals the world over had admitted Dr. Morton's right to the discovery, and this article agitated him to an extent I had never seen before. The weather was very hot, and on July 11 he telegraphed me that he was ill and wished me to come to him. I went at once, and found he was suffering with rheumatism in one leg. Under the treatment of the distinguished Dr. Sayre, my husband improved, and on Wednesday, after dinner, he proposed we should drive to Washington Heights and spend the night there at the hotel, as a change from the hot city. We started about eight o'clock in the evening, Dr. Morton himself driving.

After a little he complained of feeling sleepy, but refused to give me the reins or to turn back. Just as we were leaving the Park, without a word he sprang from the carriage, and for a few moments stood on the ground, apparently in great distress. Seeing a crowd gathering about, I took from his pocket his watch, purse, also his two decorations and the gold medal. Quickly he lost consciousness, and I was obliged to call upon a policeman and a passing druggist, Dr. Swann, who assisted me. We laid my husband upon the grass, but he was past hope of recovery. We sent at once for a double carriage, but it was an hour before one came. Then two policemen lifted him tenderly upon the seat, I being unable to do anything from the condition I was in: the horror of the situation had stunned me, finding myself alone with a dying husband, surrounded by strangers, in an open park at eleven o'clock at night.

We were driven at once to St. Luke's Hospital, where my husband was taken in on the stretcher, and immediately the chief surgeon and house physicians gathered about him. At a glance the chief surgeon recognized him, and said to me: "This is Dr. Morton?"

I simply replied, "Yes."

After a moment's silence he turned to the group of house pupils, and said: "Young gentlemen, you see lying before you a man who has done more for humanity and for the relief of suffering than any man who has ever lived."

In the bitterness of the moment, I put my hand in my pocket, and taking out the three medals, laid them beside my husband, saying: "Yes, and here is all the recompense he has ever received for it."

Dr. Morton died at the age of forty-eight. He was buried in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, near Boston, in the presence of many noted physicians of Boston. Over his grave stands a monument erected by the citizens of Boston, with this inscription, written by the late Dr. Jacob Bigelow of Boston:

"William T. G. Morton, Inventor and Revealer of Anæsthetic Inhalation. By whom pain in surgery was averted and annulled. Before whom in all time surgery was agony. Since whom science has control of pain."

Dr. Morton's recreation was work on his farm at Wellesley, the town which is now the seat of Wellesley College. He was always a great lover of nature. People did not interest him very much, and he cared little for clubs. Not long after our marriage he purchased from a brother of Edward Everett a small place at Wellesley, then West Needham, where we went to live in the spring of 1846, having built a new cottage, and where several of our children were born.

My husband loved his children and made companions of them. He taught his boys to shoot as soon as they were large enough to hold a revolver, and vied with them in target practice until they became experts. My second son, Edward, possibly influenced by this early training, served through the Zulu war in South Africa, as a member of the Cape Mounted Rifles, gaining the decoration of the Victoria medal. Two sons are practising physicians, and the two daughters are married. Our home at Wellesley was sold some years ago; a public library has been erected upon the site of our cottage, and the grounds are a public park.

It has been a great pleasure to me to know that within the last two years my husband's name has been enrolled upon the base of the dome in the new chamber of the House of Representatives in the State House in Boston, among the selected fifty-three of Massachusetts's most distinguished citizens. "The names have been selected in such a way that each shall either mark an epoch, or designate a man who has turned the course of events." In the outside walls of the new Public Library in Boston are thirty arches filled with memorial tablets, inscribed with about five hundred names of writers, artists, and scientists. In this "roll of honor" also is inscribed my husband's name.

"LINCOLN'S LOST SPEECH."

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE UNIQUE REPORT.

By H. C. Whitney,

Author of "Life on the Circuit with Lincoln."

THE CIRCUMSTANCES AND EFFECT OF ITS DELIVERY.

By Joseph Medill,

Editor of the "Chicago Tribune."

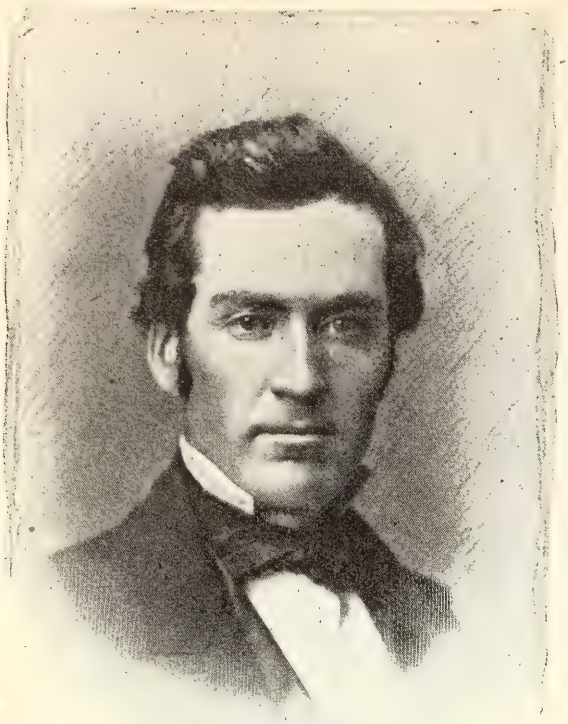
THE Republican party was first organized in Illinois on May 29, 1856, at a State convention held in Bloomington. It was here that Abraham Lincoln made the speech which definitely severed his relations with the Whigs and allied him to the new organization. For two years previous he had been slowly working towards this change. We have seen how the failure of his political ambitions in the summer of 1849 had decided him henceforth to devote himself to the law. For nearly six years he had kept this resolution. Then, in the spring of 1854, the passage by Congress of the Kansas-Nebraska bill repealing the Missouri Compromise of 1820, and establishing the principle of popular sovereignty, had so aroused him that he flung himself again into politics.

The Kansas-Nebraska bill originated with Lincoln's former political and social rival, Stephen A. Douglas. It was regarded in Illinois as so flagrant a violation of trust that Douglas was obliged to go about the State defending the measure to his constituents. In October, 1854, he went to Springfield to speak at the State Fair. Lincoln had been so active in his opposition to the bill in the few months since its passage, that he was asked to reply to Douglas on this occasion. A fortnight later he met Douglas in joint debate at Peoria. Lincoln's strength was such that Douglas actually suggested that they both go home and speak no more in the campaign.

Elected to the legislature in the fall of 1854, Lincoln had resigned in order to contest the vacant seat in the United States Senate. He showed in this campaign how much more important he considered it to insure legislation against slavery extension than to elect one of his own party; for when he found that the balance of power in the legislature which was to elect the senator was held by five anti-Nebraska Democrats, he persuaded his supporters to go over to the five, whom he knew to be of the same mind as himself in regard to the extension of slavery, rather than to allow a combination on a man who would oppose the measure but lukewarmly.

When, in the spring of 1856, the Illinois opponents of slavery extension had sufficient strength to form another branch of the now rapidly growing Republican party, Lincoln was ready to join them. The speech he made at the first convention was long known in Illinois as "Lincoln's Lost Speech," a name given it because the reporters were so carried away by his eloquence that they forgot to take notes and could give no report to their papers. As Lincoln himself refused to try to write it out, it was supposed to have been, in fact, a "lost speech."

It seems, however, that though the reporters, under the effect of Lincoln's eloquence, all lost their heads, there was at least one auditor who had enough control to pursue his usual habit of making notes of the speeches he heard. This was a young lawyer on the same circuit as Lincoln, Mr. H. C. Whitney. For some three weeks before the convention, Lincoln and Whitney had been attending court at Danville. They had discussed the political situation in the State carefully, and to Whitney, Lincoln had stated his convictions and determinations. Knowing as he did that Lincoln had not written out his speech, Whitney went to the convention intending to take notes. Fortunately, he had a cool enough head to keep to his purpose. These



JOSEPH MEDILL.

From a daguerreotype taken in 1854, when Mr. Medill was twenty-nine years of age.

notes Whitney kept for many years, always intending to write them out, but never attending to it, until last year McClure's Magazine learned that he had them, and persuaded him to carry out his intention. Mr. Whitney does not claim that he has made a perfect report. He does claim, however, that the argument is correct, and that in many cases the expressions are exact.

The speech has been submitted by us to several of those who were at the Bloomington convention, among others to Mr. Joseph Medill, editor of the "Chicago Tribune," who says:

MR. MEDILL'S LETTER.

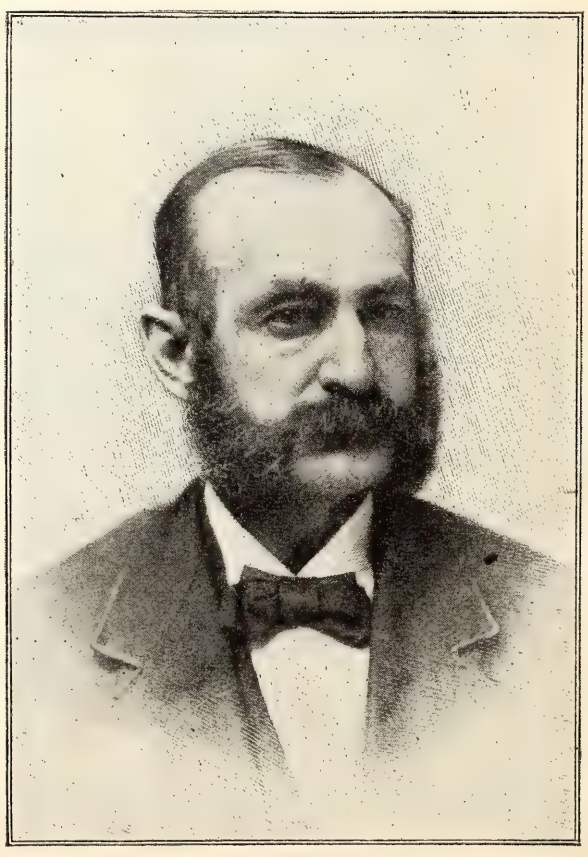
Chicago, *May* 15, 1896.

Editor McClure's Magazine,
New York City.

Dear Sir: You invited my attention recently to H. C. Whitney's report of the great radical "anti-Nebraska" speech of Mr. Lincoln, delivered in Bloomington, May 29, 1856, before the first Republican State Convention of Illinois; and, as I was present as a delegate and heard it, you ask me to state how accurately, according to my best recollection, it is reproduced in this report.

I have carefully and reflectively read it, and taking into account that Mr. Whitney did not take down the speech stenographically, but only took notes, and afterwards wrote them out in full, he has reproduced with remarkable accuracy what Mr. Lincoln said, largely in his identical language and partly in synonymous terms. The report is close enough in thought and word to recall the wonderful speech delivered forty years ago with vivid freshness. No one was expecting a great speech at the time. We all knew that he could say something worthy of the occasion, but nobody anticipated such a Demosthenean outburst of oratory. There was great political excitement at the time in Illinois and all over the old Northwest, growing out of the efforts of the South to introduce slavery into Kansas and Nebraska. The free-soil men were highly wrought up in opposition, and Mr. Lincoln partook of their feelings.

I am unable to point out those sentences and parts of the reported speech which vary most in phraseology from the precise language he used, because there is an approximation of his words in every part of it. The ideas uttered are all there. The sequence of argument is accurately given. The invectives hurled at pro-slavery aggression are not exaggerated in the report of the speech. Some portions of the argu-



H. C. WHITNEY.

From a photograph taken by Copelin, Chicago, in 1874.

ment citing pro-slavery aggressions seem rather more elaborate than he delivered; but he was speaking under a high degree of excitement, and the convention was in a responsive mood, and it is impossible to be certain about it. The least that can be said is, that the Whitney report, not being shorthand, is yet a remarkably good one, and is the only one in existence that reproduces the speech.

During all the preceding year the public mind of the West had been lashed into a high state of commotion over the repeal of the Missouri Compromise the year before, which had excluded the introduction of slavery into all territory north of 36.30 degrees. Taking advantage of the repeal, the slaveholders of Missouri and other slave States, aided by the administration of Franklin Pierce, were striving to convert Kansas and Nebraska into slave States. This bad work was carried on actively in the spring of 1856. Many houses of the free-State men of the new city of Lawrence, including their hotel, were burnt. Printing-offices were destroyed; store goods were carried off; horses and cattle were stolen; sharp fights were taking place; men were being killed, and civil war was raging in "bleeding Kansas." In Washington, Brooks of South Carolina entered the Senate chamber and nearly clubbed to death Senator Sumner of Massachusetts. Judge Trumbull offered a resolution in the Senate to prevent civil war in Kansas.

While this state of things was going on, the first State Republican Convention ever held in Illinois assembled in Bloomington May 29, 1856. It was composed of Abolitionists, Free-Soil Whigs, and "Anti-Nebraska" Democrats. Owen Lovejoy embodied the first named, Abraham Lincoln and John M. Palmer the second and third elements; the whole united, made the new Republican party, which has dominated the State ever since, though Palmer, now Senator, returned to the Democratic party, taking Trumbull with him, several years ago.

At this Bloomington Republican convention delegates were appointed who voted to nominate Frémont for President. Abraham Lincoln was placed at the head of the State electoral ticket, and Colonel Bissell (of the Mexican war) was nominated for Governor, and free-soil resolutions were passed. Mr. John M. Palmer presided, and made a stirring free-soil speech. Mr. Lincoln, who was a delegate, counselled every step that was taken, in his quiet, persuasive way. A sharp dispute broke out in the platform committee between the radicals, led by the Abolitionist, Owen Lovejoy (afterwards member of Congress), and O. H. Browning (afterwards Senator and Secretary of the Interior) leading the conservatives. Lincoln acted as a peacemaker and counsellor. He advised the committee to endorse "the Declaration of Independence and the rights of man, and to declare that in accordance with the opinions and practices of the great statesmen of all parties for the past sixty years, Congress possessed full constitutional power to prohibit slavery in all territories, and that such power should be exerted to prevent such extension," which was done. Mr. Browning (conservative) was allowed to add some high-sounding platitudes to the platform. He made the opening speech in the convention, and delivered it in a courtly manner and orotund voice, advising great moderation, and invoking the convention "to ever remember that slavery itself was one of the compromises of the Constitution, and was sacredly protected by the supreme law." He was followed by the radical Owen Lovejoy, in a terrific declamation against slavery and all its works.

Mr. Emery, a "free-State" man just from "bleeding Kansas," told of the "border ruffian" raids from Missouri upon the free-State settlers in Kansas: the burnings, robberies, and murders they were then committing; and asked for help to repel them. When he finished, Lincoln was vociferously called for from all parts of Major's large hall. He came forward and took the platform beside the presiding officer. At first his voice was shrill and hesitating. There was a curious introspective look in his eyes, which lasted for a few moments. Then his voice began to move steadily and smoothly forward, and the modulations were under perfect control from thenceforward to the finish. He warmed up as he went on, and spoke more rapidly; he looked a foot taller as he straightened himself to his full height, and his eyes flashed fire; his countenance became wrapped in intense emotion; he rushed along like a thunderstorm. He prophesied war as the outcome of these aggressions, and poured forth hot denunciations upon the slave power. The convention was kept in an uproar, applauding and cheering and stamping; and this reacted on the speaker, and gave him a tongue of fire. The thrilling scene in that old Bloomington hall forty years ago arises

in my mind as vividly as the day after its enactment.

There stood Lincoln in the forefront, erect, tall, and majestic in appearance, hurling thunderbolts at the foes of freedom, while the great convention roared its endorsement! I never witnessed such a scene before or since. As he described the aims and aggressions of the unappeasable slaveholders and the servility of their Northern allies as illustrated by the perfidious repeal of the Missouri Compromise two years previously, and their grasping after the rich prairies of Kansas and Nebraska, to blight them with slavery and to deprive free labor of this rich inheritance, and exhorted the friends of freedom to resist them to the death, the convention went fairly wild. It paralleled or exceeded the scene in the Revolutionary Virginia convention of eighty-one years before, when Patrick Henry invoked death if liberty could not be preserved, and said, "After all we must fight." Strange, too, that this same man received death a few years afterwards while conferring freedom on the slave race and preserving the American Union from dismemberment.

While Mr. Lincoln did not write out even a memorandum of his Bloomington speech beforehand, neither was it extemporary. He intended days before to make it, and conned it over in his mind in outline, and gathered his facts, and arranged his arguments in regular order, and trusted to the inspiration of the occasion to furnish him the diction with which to clothe the skeleton of his great oration. It is difficult to name any speech by another orator delivered on the same subject about that time or subsequently that equalled it—not excepting those made by Sumner, Seward, or Chase—in strength of argument or dramatic power.

It was my journalistic duty, though a delegate to the convention, to make a longhand report of the speeches delivered, for "The Chicago Tribune." I did make a few paragraphs of report of what Lincoln said in the first eight or ten minutes; but I became so absorbed in his magnetic oratory that I forgot myself and ceased to take notes, and joined with the convention in cheering and stamping and clapping to the end of his speech. I well remember that after Lincoln had sat down and calm had succeeded the tempest, I waked out of a sort of hypnotic trance, and then thought of my report for "The Tribune." There was nothing written but an abbreviated introduction. It was some sort of satisfaction to find that I had not been "scooped," as all the newspaper men present had been equally carried away by the excitement caused by the wonderful oration, and had made no report or sketch of the speech.

It was fortunate, however, that a cool-nerved young lawyer and ardent friend of Lincoln's who was present, with nimble fingers took down so much of the exact words as they fell from the great orator's lips that he was afterwards able to reproduce the speech almost identically as it was uttered, and has thus saved it to posterity.

Mr. Lincoln was strongly urged by party friends to write out his speech, to be used as a campaign document for the Frémont Presidential contest of that year; but he declared that "it would be impossible for him to recall the language he used on that occasion, as he had spoken under some excitement."

My belief is that, after Mr. Lincoln cooled down, he was rather pleased that his speech had not been reported, as it was too radical in expression on the slavery question for the digestion of central and southern Illinois at that time, and that he preferred to let it stand as a remembrance in the minds of his audience. But be that as it may, the effect of it was such on his hearers that he bounded to the leadership of the new Republican party of Illinois, and no man afterwards ever thought of disputing that position with him. On that occasion he planted the seed which germinated into a Presidential candidacy and that gave him the nomination over Seward at the Chicago convention of 1860, which placed him in the Presidential chair, there to complete his predestined work of destroying slavery and making freedom universal, but yielding his life as a sacrifice for the glorious deeds.

I am, very respectfully yours,

JOSEPH MEDILL.

MR. LINCOLN'S SPEECH.*

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I was over at [cries of "Platform!" "Take the platform!"]—I say, that while I was at Danville Court, some of our friends of anti-Nebraska got together in Springfield and elected me as one delegate to represent old Sangamon with them in this convention, and I am here certainly as a sympathizer in this movement and by virtue

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of that meeting and selection. But we can hardly be called delegates strictly, inasmuch as, properly speaking, we represent nobody but ourselves. I think it altogether fair to say that we have no anti-Nebraska party in Sangamon, although there is a good deal of anti-Nebraska feeling there; but I say for myself, and I think I may speak also for my colleagues, that we who are here fully approve of the platform and of all that has been done [a voice: "Yes!"]; and even if we are not regularly delegates, it will be right for me to answer your call to speak. I suppose we truly stand for the public sentiment of Sangamon on the great question of the repeal, although we do not yet represent many numbers who have taken a distinct position on the question.

We are in a trying time—it ranges above mere party—and this movement to call a halt and turn our steps backward needs all the help and good counsels it can get; for unless popular opinion makes itself very strongly felt, and a change is made in our present course, *blood will flow on account of Nebraska, and brother's hand will be raised against brother!* [The last sentence was uttered in such an earnest, impressive, if not, indeed, tragic, manner, as to make a cold chill creep over me. Others gave a similar experience.]

I have listened with great interest to the earnest appeal made to Illinois men by the gentleman from Lawrence [James S. Emery] who has just addressed us so eloquently and forcibly. I was deeply moved by his statement of the wrongs done to free-State men out there. I think it just to say that all true men North should sympathize with them, and ought to be willing to do any possible and needful thing to right their wrongs. But we must not promise what we ought not, lest we be called on to perform what we cannot; we must be calm and moderate, and consider the whole difficulty, and determine what is possible and just. We must not be led by excitement and passion to do that which our sober judgments would not approve in our cooler moments. We have higher aims; we will have more serious business than to dally with temporary measures.

We are here to stand firmly for a principle—to stand firmly for a right. We know that great political and moral wrongs are done, and outrages committed, and we denounce those wrongs and outrages, although we cannot, at present, do much more. But we desire to reach out beyond those personal outrages and establish a rule that will apply to all, and so prevent any future outrages.

We have seen to-day that every shade of popular opinion is represented here, with *Freedom* or rather *Free-Soil* as the basis. We have come together as in some sort representatives of popular opinion against the extension of slavery into territory now free in fact as well as by law, and the pledged word of the statesmen of the nation who are now no more. We come—we are here assembled together—to protest as well as we can against a great wrong, and to take measures, as well as we now can, to make that wrong right; to place the nation, as far as it may be possible now, as it was before the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; and the plain way to do this is to restore the Compromise, and to demand and determine that *Kansas shall be free!* [Immense applause.] While we affirm, and reaffirm, if necessary, our devotion to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, let our practical work here be limited to the above. We know that there is not a perfect agreement of sentiment here on the public questions which might be rightfully considered in this convention, and that the indignation which we all must feel cannot be helped; but all of us must give up something for the good of the cause. There is one desire which is uppermost in the mind, one wish common to us all—to which no dissent will be made; and I counsel you earnestly to bury all resentment, to sink all personal feeling, make all things work to a common purpose in which we are united and agreed about, and which all present will agree is absolutely necessary—which *must* be done by any rightful mode if there be such: *Slavery must be kept out of Kansas!* [Applause.] The test—the pinch—is right there. If we lose Kansas to freedom, an example will be set which will prove fatal to freedom in the end. We, therefore, in the language of the *Bible*, must "lay the axe to the root of the tree." Temporizing will not do longer; now is the time for decision—for firm, persistent, resolute action. [Applause.]

The Nebraska bill, or rather Nebraska law, is not one of wholesome legislation, but was and is an act of legislative usurpation, whose result, if not indeed intention, is to make slavery national; and unless headed off in some effective way, we are in a fair way to see this land of boasted freedom converted into a land of slavery in fact. [Sensation.] Just open

your two eyes, and see if this be not so. I need do no more than state, to command universal approval, that almost the entire North, as well as a large following in the border States, is radically opposed to the planting of slavery in free territory. Probably in a popular vote throughout the nation nine-tenths of the voters in the free States, and at least one-half in the border States, if they could express their sentiments freely, would vote NO on such an issue; and it is safe to say that two-thirds of the votes of the entire nation would be opposed to it. And yet, in spite of this overbalancing of sentiment in this free country, we are in a fair way to see Kansas present itself for admission as a slave State. Indeed, it is a felony, by the local law of Kansas, to deny that slavery exists there even now. By every principle of law, a negro in Kansas is free; yet the *bogus* legislature makes it an infamous crime to tell him that he is free! *

The party lash and the fear of ridicule will overawe justice and liberty; for it is a singular fact, but none the less a fact, and well known by the most common experience, that men will do things under the terror of the party lash that they would not on any account or for any consideration do otherwise; while men who will march up to the mouth of a loaded cannon without shrinking, will run from the terrible name of "Abolitionist," even when pronounced by a worthless creature whom they, with good reason, despise. For instance—to press this point a little—Judge Douglas introduced his anti-Nebraska bill in January; and we had an extra session of our legislature in the succeeding February, in which were seventy-five Democrats; and at a party caucus, fully attended, there were just three votes out of the whole seventy-five, for the measure. But in a few days orders came on from Washington, commanding them to approve the measure; the party lash was applied, and it was brought up again in caucus, and passed by a large majority. The masses were against it, but party necessity carried it; and it was passed through the lower house of Congress against the will of the people, for the same reason. Here is where the greatest danger lies—that, while we profess to be a government of law and reason, law will give way to violence on demand of this awful and crushing power. Like the great Juggernaut—I think that is the name—the great idol, it crushes everything that comes in its way, and makes a—or as I read once, in a black-letter law book, "a slave is a human being who is legally not a *person* but a *thing*." And if the safeguards to liberty are broken down, as is now attempted, when they have made *things* of all the free negroes, how long, think you, before they will begin to make *things* of poor white men? [Applause.] Be not deceived. Revolutions do not go backward. The founder of the Democratic party declared that *all* men were created equal. His successor in the leadership has written the word "white" before men, making it read "all *white* men are created equal." Pray, will or may not the Know-nothings, if they should get in power, add the word "protestant," making it read "*all protestant white men*"?

Meanwhile the hapless negro is the fruitful subject of reprisals in other quarters. John Pettit, whom Tom Benton paid his respects to, you will recollect, calls the immortal Declaration "a self-evident lie;" while at the birthplace of freedom—in the shadow of Bunker Hill and of the "cradle of liberty," at the home of the Adamses and Warren and Otis—Choate, from our side of the house, dares to fritter away the birthday promise of liberty by proclaiming the Declaration to be "a string of glittering generalities;" and the Southern Whigs, working hand in hand with pro-slavery Democrats, are making Choate's theories practical. Thomas Jefferson, a slaveholder, mindful of the moral element in slavery, solemnly declared that he "trembled for his country when he remembered that God is just;" while Judge Douglas, with an insignificant wave of the hand, "don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down." Now, if slavery is right, or even negative, he has a right to treat it in this trifling manner. But if it is a moral and political wrong, as all Christendom considers it to be, how can he answer to God for this attempt to spread and fortify it? [Applause.]

But no man, and Judge Douglas no more than any other, can maintain a negative, or merely neutral, position on this question; and, accordingly, he avows that the Union was made *by* white men and *for*

* Statutes of Kansas, 1855, Chapter 151, Sec. 12. If any free person, by speaking or by writing, assert or maintain that persons have not the right to hold slaves in this Territory, or shall introduce into this Territory, print, publish, write, circulate . . . any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet, or circular containing any denial of the right of persons to hold slaves in this Territory, such person shall be deemed guilty of *felony*, and punished by imprisonment at hard labor for a term of not less than two years.

Sec. 13. No person who is conscientiously opposed to holding slaves, or who does not admit the right to hold slaves in this Territory, shall sit as a juror on the trial of any prosecution for any violation of any Sections of this Act.

white men and their descendants. As matter of fact, the first branch of the proposition is historically true; the government was made by white men, and they were and are the superior race. This I admit. But the corner-stone of the government, so to speak, was the declaration that "*all* men are created equal," and all entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." [Applause.]

And not only so, but the framers of the Constitution were particular to keep out of that instrument the word "slave," the reason being that slavery would ultimately come to an end, and they did not wish to have any reminder that in this free country human beings were ever prostituted to slavery. [Applause.] Nor is it any argument that we are superior and the negro inferior—that he has but one talent while we have ten. Let the negro possess the little he has in independence; if he has but one talent, he should be permitted to keep the little he has. [Applause.] But slavery will endure no test of reason or logic; and yet its advocates, like Douglas, use a sort of bastard logic, or noisy assumption, it might better be termed, like the above, in order to prepare the mind for the gradual, but none the less certain, encroachments of the Moloch of slavery upon the fair domain of freedom. But however much you may argue upon it, or smother it in soft phrases, slavery can only be maintained by force—by violence. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise was by violence. It was a violation of both law and the sacred obligations of honor, to overthrow and trample underfoot a solemn compromise, obtained by the fearful loss to freedom of one of the fairest of our Western domains. Congress violated the will and confidence of its constituents in voting for the bill; and while public sentiment, as shown by the elections of 1854, demanded the restoration of this compromise, Congress violated its trust by refusing, simply because it had the force of numbers to hold on to it. And murderous violence is being used now, in order to force slavery on to Kansas; for it cannot be done in any other way. [Sensation.]

The necessary result was to establish the rule of violence—force, instead of the rule of law and reason; to perpetuate and spread slavery, and, in time, to make it general. We see it at both ends of the line. In Washington, on the very spot where the outrage was started, the fearless Sumner is beaten to insensibility, and is now slowly dying; while senators who claim to be gentlemen and Christians stood by, countenancing the act, and even applauding it afterward in their places in the Senate. Even Douglas, our man, saw it all and was within helping distance, yet let the murderous blows fall unopposed. Then, at the other end of the line, at the very time Sumner was being murdered, Lawrence was being destroyed for the crime of Freedom. It was the most prominent stronghold of liberty in Kansas, and must give way to the all-dominating power of slavery. Only two days ago, Judge Trumbull found it necessary to propose a bill in the Senate to prevent a general civil war and to restore peace in Kansas.

We live in the midst of alarms; anxiety beclouds the future; we expect some new disaster with each newspaper we read. Are we in a healthful political state? Are not the tendencies plain? Do not the signs of the times point plainly the way in which we are going? [Sensation.]

In the early days of the Constitution slavery was recognized, by South and North alike, as an evil, and the division of sentiment about it was not controlled by geographical lines or considerations of climate, but by moral and philanthropic views. Petitions for the abolition of slavery were presented to the very first Congress by Virginia and Massachusetts alike. To show the harmony which prevailed, I will state that a fugitive slave law was passed in 1793, with no dissenting voice in the Senate, and but seven dissenting votes in the House. It was, however, a wise law, moderate, and, under the Constitution, a just one. Twenty-five years later, a more stringent law was proposed and defeated; and thirty-five years after that, the present law, drafted by Mason of Virginia, was passed by Northern votes. I am not, just now, complaining of this law, but I am trying to show how the current sets; for the proposed law of 1817 was far less offensive than the present one. In 1774 the Continental Congress pledged itself, without a dissenting vote, to wholly discontinue the slave trade, and to neither purchase nor import any slave; and less than three months before the passage of the Declaration of Independence, the same Congress which adopted that declaration unanimously resolved "that *no slave be imported into any of the thirteeen United Colonies.*" [Great applause.]

On the second day of July, 1776, the draft of a Declaration of Independence was reported to Congress by the committee,

and in it the slave trade was characterized as "an execrable commerce," as "a piratical warfare," as the "opprobrium of infidel powers," and as "a cruel war against human nature." [Applause.] All agreed on this except South Carolina and Georgia, and in order to preserve harmony, and from the necessity of the case, these expressions were omitted. Indeed, abolition societies existed as far south as Virginia; and it is a well-known fact that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Lee, Henry, Mason, and Pendleton were qualified abolitionists, and much more radical on that subject than we of the Whig and Democratic parties claim to be to-day. On March 1, 1784, Virginia ceded to the confederation all its lands lying northwest of the Ohio River. Jefferson, Chase of Maryland, and Howell of Rhode Island, as a committee on that and territory thereafter *to be ceded*, reported that no slavery should exist after the year 1800. Had this report been adopted, not only the Northwest, but Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi also would have been free; but it required the assent of nine States to ratify it. North Carolina was divided, and thus its vote was lost; and Delaware, Georgia, and New Jersey refused to vote. In point of fact, as it was, it was assented to by six States. Three years later, on a square vote to exclude slavery from the Northwest, only one vote, and that from New York, was against it. And yet, thirty-seven years later, five thousand citizens of Illinois out of a voting mass of less than twelve thousand, deliberately, after a long and heated contest, voted to introduce slavery in Illinois; and, to-day, a large party in the free State of Illinois are willing to vote to fasten the shackles of slavery on the fair domain of Kansas, notwithstanding it received the dowry of freedom long before its birth as a political community. I repeat, therefore, the question: Is it not plain in what direction we are tending? [Sensation.] In the colonial time, Mason, Pendleton, and Jefferson were as hostile to slavery in Virginia as Otis, Ames, and the Adamses were in Massachusetts; and Virginia made as earnest an effort to get rid of it as old Massachusetts did. But circumstances were against them and they failed; but not that the good will of its leading men was lacking. Yet within less than fifty years Virginia changed its tune, and made negro-breeding for the cotton and sugar States one of its leading industries. [Laughter and applause.]

In the Constitutional Convention, George Mason of Virginia made a more violent abolition speech than my friends Lovejoy or Codding would desire to make here to-day—a speech which could not be safely repeated anywhere on Southern soil in this enlightened year. But while there were some differences of opinion on this subject even then, discussion was allowed; but as you see by the Kansas slave code, which, as you know, is the Missouri slave code, merely ferried across the river, it is a felony to even express an opinion hostile to that foul blot in the land of Washington and the Declaration of Independence. [Sensation.]

In Kentucky—my State—in 1849, on a test vote, the mighty influence of Henry Clay and many other good men there could not get a symptom of expression in favor of gradual emancipation on a plain issue of marching toward the light of civilization with Ohio and Illinois; but the State of Boone and Hardin and Henry Clay, with a *nigger* under each arm, took the black trail toward the deadly swamps of barbarism. Is there—can there be—any doubt about this thing? And is there any doubt that we must all lay aside our prejudices and march, shoulder to shoulder, in the great army of Freedom? [Applause.]

Every Fourth of July our young orators all proclaim this to be "the land of the *free* and the home of the brave!" Well, now, when you orators get that off next year, and, may be, this very year, how would you like some old grizzled farmer to get up in the grove and deny it? [Laughter.] How would you like that? But suppose Kansas comes in as a slave State, and all the "border ruffians" have barbecues about it, and free-State men come trailing back to the dishonored North, like whipped dogs with their tails between their legs, it is—ain't it?—evident that this is no more the "land of the free;" and if we let it go so, we won't dare to say "home of the brave" out loud. [Sensation and confusion.]

Can any man doubt that, even in spite of the people's will, slavery will triumph through violence, unless that will be made manifest and enforced? Even Governor Reeder claimed at the outset that the contest in Kansas was to be fair, but he got his eyes open at last; and I believe that, as a result of this moral and physical violence, Kansas will soon apply for admission as a slave State. And yet we can't mistake that the people don't want it so,

and that it is a land which is free both by natural and political law. *No law, is free law!* Such is the understanding of all Christendom. In the Somerset case, decided nearly a century ago, the great Lord Mansfield held that slavery was of such a nature that it must take its rise in *positive* (as distinguished from *natural*) law; and that in no country or age could it be traced back to any other source. Will some one please tell me where is the *positive* law that establishes slavery in Kansas? [A voice: "The *bogus* laws."] Aye, the *bogus* laws! And, on the same principle, a gang of Missouri horse-thieves could come into Illinois and declare horse-stealing to be legal [Laughter], and it would be just as legal as slavery is in Kansas. But by express statute, in the land of Washington and Jefferson, we may soon be brought face to face with the discreditable fact of showing to the world by our acts that we prefer slavery to freedom—darkness to light! [Sensation.]

It is, I believe, a principle in law that when one party to a contract violates it so grossly as to chiefly destroy the object for which it is made, the other party may rescind it. I will ask Browning if that ain't good law. [Voices: "Yes!"] Well, now if that be right, I go for rescinding the whole, entire Missouri Compromise and thus turning Missouri into a free State; and I should like to know the difference—should like for any one to point out the difference—between *our* making a free State of Missouri and *their* making a slave State of Kansas. [Great applause.] There ain't one bit of difference, except that our way would be a great mercy to humanity. But I have never said—and the Whig party has never said—and those who oppose the Nebraska bill do not as a body say, that they have any intention of interfering with slavery in the slave States. Our platform says just the contrary. We allow slavery to exist in the slave States,—not because slavery is right or good, but from the necessities of our Union. We grant a fugitive slave law because it is so "nominated in the bond;" because our fathers so stipulated—had to—and we are bound to carry out this agreement. But they did not agree to introduce slavery in regions where it did not previously exist. On the contrary, they said by their example and teachings that they did not deem it expedient—did not consider it right—to do so; and it is wise and right to do just as they did about it [Voices: "Good!"], and that is what we propose—not to interfere with slavery where it exists (we have never tried to do it), and to give them a reasonable and efficient fugitive slave law. [A voice: "No!"] I say YES! [Applause.] It was part of the bargain, and I'm for living up to it; but I go no further; I'm not bound to do more, and I won't agree any further. [Great applause.]

We, here in Illinois, should feel especially proud of the provision of the Missouri Compromise excluding slavery from what is now Kansas; for an Illinois man, Jesse B. Thomas, was its father. Henry Clay, who is credited with the authorship of the Compromise in general terms, did not even vote for that provision, but only advocated the ultimate admission by a second compromise; and Thomas was, beyond all controversy, the real author of the "slavery restriction" branch of the Compromise. To show the generosity of the Northern members toward the Southern side: on a test vote to exclude slavery from Missouri, ninety voted not to exclude, and eighty-seven to exclude, every vote from the slave States being ranged with the former and fourteen votes from the free States, of whom seven were from New England alone; while on a vote to exclude slavery from what is now Kansas, the vote was one hundred and thirty-four *for*, to forty-two *against*. The scheme, as a whole, was, of course, a Southern triumph. It is idle to contend otherwise, as is now being done by the Nebraskaites; it was so shown by the votes and quite as emphatically by the expressions of representative men. Mr. Lowndes of South Carolina was never known to commit a political mistake; his was the great judgment of that section; and he declared that this measure "would restore tranquillity to the country—a result demanded by every consideration of discretion, of moderation, of wisdom, and of virtue." When the measure came before President Monroe for his approval, he put to each member of his cabinet this question: "Has Congress the constitutional power to prohibit slavery in a territory?" And John C. Calhoun and William H. Crawford from the South, equally with John Quincy Adams, Benjamin Rush, and Smith Thompson from the North, alike answered, "*Yes!*" without qualification or equivocation; and this measure, of so great consequence to the South, was passed; and Missouri was, by means of it, finally enabled to knock at the door of the Republic for an open passage to its brood of slaves. And, in spite of this, Freedom's share is about to be taken by

violence—by the force of misrepresentative votes, not called for by the popular will. What name can I, in common decency, give to this wicked transaction? [Sensation.]

But even then the contest was not over; for when the Missouri constitution came before Congress for its approval, it forbade any free negro or mulatto from entering the State. In short, our Illinois "black laws" were hidden away in their constitution [Laughter], and the controversy was thus revived. Then it was that Mr. Clay's talents shone out conspicuously, and the controversy that shook the Union to its foundation was finally settled to the satisfaction of the conservative parties on both sides of the line, though not to the extremists on either, and Missouri was admitted by the small majority of six in the lower House. How great a majority, do you think, would have been given had Kansas also been secured for slavery? [A voice: "A majority the other way."] "A majority the other way," is answered. Do you think it would have been safe for a Northern man to have confronted his constituents after having voted to consign both Missouri and Kansas to hopeless slavery? And yet this man Douglas, who misrepresents his constituents and who has exerted his highest talents in that direction, will be carried in triumph through the State and hailed with honor while applauding that act. [Three groans for "*Dug!*"] And this shows whither we are tending. This thing of slavery is more powerful than its supporters—even than the high priests that minister at its altar. It debauches even our greatest men. It gathers strength, like a rolling snow-ball, by its own infamy. Monstrous crimes are committed in its name by persons collectively which they would not dare to commit as individuals. Its aggressions and encroachments almost surpass belief. In a despotism, one might not wonder to see slavery advance steadily and remorselessly into new dominions; but is it not wonderful, is it not even alarming, to see its steady advance in a land dedicated to the proposition that "all men are created equal"? [Sensation.]

It yields nothing itself; it keeps all it has, and gets all it can besides. It really came dangerously near securing Illinois in 1824; it did get Missouri in 1821. The first proposition was to admit what is now Arkansas *and* Missouri as one slave State. But the territory was divided, and Arkansas came in, without serious question, as a slave State; and afterwards Missouri, not as a sort of equality, *free*, but also as a slave State. Then we had Florida and Texas; and now Kansas is about to be forced into the dismal procession. [Sensation.] And so it is wherever you look. We have not forgotten—it is but six years since—how dangerously near California came to being a slave State. Texas is a slave State, and four other slave States may be carved from its vast domain. And yet, in the year 1829, slavery was abolished throughout that vast region by a royal decree of the then sovereign of Mexico. Will you please tell me by what *right* slavery exists in Texas to-day? By the same right as, and no higher or greater than, slavery is seeking dominion in Kansas: by political force—peaceful, if that will suffice; by the torch (as in Kansas) and the bludgeon (as in the Senate chamber), if required. And so history repeats itself; and even as slavery has kept its course by craft, intimidation, and violence in the past, so it will persist, in my judgment, until met and dominated by the will of a people bent on its restriction.

We have, this very afternoon, heard bitter denunciations of Brooks in Washington, and Titus, Stringfellow, Atchison, Jones, and Shannon in Kansas—the battle-ground of slavery. I certainly am not going to advocate or shield them; but they and their acts are but the necessary outcome of the Nebraska law. We should reserve our highest censure for the authors of the mischief, and not for the catspaws which they use. I believe it was Shakespeare who said, "Where the offence lies, there let the axe fall;" and, in my opinion, this man Douglas and the Northern men in Congress who advocate "Nebraska" are more guilty than a thousand Joneses and Stringfellows, with all their murderous practices, can be. [Applause.]

We have made a good beginning here to-day. As our Methodist friends would say, "I feel it is good to be here." While extremists may find some fault with the moderation of our platform, they should recollect that "the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift." In grave emergencies, moderation is generally safer than radicalism; and as this struggle is likely to be long and earnest, we must not, by our action, repel any who are in sympathy with us in the main, but rather win all that we can to our standard. We must not belittle nor overlook the facts of our condition—that we are new and comparatively weak, while our enemies are

entrenched and relatively strong. They have the administration and the political power; and, right or wrong, at present they have the numbers. Our friends who urge an appeal to arms with so much force and eloquence, should recollect that the government is arrayed against us, and that the numbers are now arrayed against us as well; or, to state it nearer to the truth, they are not yet expressly and affirmatively for us; and we should repel friends rather than gain them by anything savoring of revolutionary methods. As it now stands, we must appeal to the sober sense and patriotism of the people. We will make converts day by day; we will grow strong by calmness and moderation; we will grow strong by the violence and injustice of our adversaries. And, unless truth be a mockery and justice a hollow lie, we will be in the majority after a while, and then the revolution which we will accomplish will be none the less radical from being the result of pacific measures. The battle of freedom is to be fought out on principle. Slavery is a violation of the eternal right. We have temporized with it from the necessities of our condition; but *as sure as God reigns and school children read,* THAT BLACK FOUL LIE CAN NEVER BE CONSECRATED INTO GOD'S HALLOWED TRUTH! [Immense applause lasting some time.] One of our greatest difficulties is, that men who *know* that slavery is a detestable crime and ruinous to the nation, are compelled, by our peculiar condition and other circumstances, to advocate it concretely, though damning it in the raw. Henry Clay was a brilliant example of this tendency; others of our purest statesmen are compelled to do so; and thus slavery secures actual support from those who detest it at heart. Yet Henry Clay perfected and forced through the Compromise which secured to slavery a great State as well as a political advantage. Not that he hated slavery less, but that he loved the whole Union more. As long as slavery profited by his great Compromise, the hosts of pro-slavery could not sufficiently cover him with praise; but now that this Compromise stands in their way—

> ". . . they never mention him,
> His name is never heard:
> Their lips are now forbid to speak
> That once familiar word."

They have slaughtered one of his most cherished measures, and his ghost would arise to rebuke them. [Great applause.]

Now, let us harmonize, my friends, and appeal to the moderation and patriotism of the people: to the sober second thought; to the awakened public conscience. The repeal of the sacred Missouri Compromise has installed the weapons of violence: the bludgeon, the incendiary torch, the death-dealing rifle, the bristling cannon—the weapons of kingcraft, of the inquisition, of ignorance, of barbarism, of oppression. We see its fruits in the dying bed of the heroic Sumner; in the ruins of the "Free State" hotel; in the smoking embers of the "Herald of Freedom;" in the free-State Governor of Kansas chained to a stake on freedom's soil like a horse-thief, for the crime of freedom. [Applause.] We see it in Christian statesmen, and Christian newspapers, and Christian pulpits applauding *the cowardly act of a low bully,* WHO CRAWLED UPON HIS VICTIM BEHIND HIS BACK AND DEALT THE DEADLY BLOW. [Sensation and applause.] We note our political demoralization in the catch-words that are coming into such common use; on the one hand, "freedom-shriekers," and sometimes "freedom-screechers" [Laughter]; and, on the other hand, "border ruffians," and that fully deserved. And the significance of catch-words cannot pass unheeded, for they constitute a sign of the times. Everything in this world "jibes" in with everything else, and all the fruits of this Nebraska bill are like the poisoned source from which they come. I will not say that we may not sooner or later be compelled to meet force by force; but the time has not yet come, and if we are true to ourselves, may never come. Do not mistake that the ballot is stronger than the bullet. Therefore let the legions of slavery use bullets; but let us wait patiently till November, and fire ballots at them in return; and by that peaceful policy, I believe we shall ultimately win. [Applause.]

It was by that policy that here in Illinois the early fathers fought the good fight and gained the victory. In 1824 the free men of our State, led by Governor Coles (who was a native of Maryland and President Madison's private secretary), determined that those beautiful groves should never reëcho the dirge of one who has no title to himself. By their resolute determination, the winds that sweep across our broad prairies shall never cool the parched brow, nor shall the unfettered streams that bring joy and gladness to our free soil water the tired feet, of a *slavé;* but so long as those heavenly breezes and sparkling streams bless the land, or the groves and their fra-

grance or their memory remain, the humanity to which they minister SHALL BE FOREVER FREE! [Great applause.] Palmer, Yates, Williams, Browning, and some more in this convention came from Kentucky to Illinois (instead of going to Missouri), not only to better their conditions, but also to get away from slavery. They have said so to me, and it is understood among us Kentuckians that we don't like it one bit. Now, can we, mindful of the blessings of liberty which the early men of Illinois left to us, refuse a like privilege to the free men who seek to plant Freedom's banner on our Western outposts? ["No! No!"] Should we not stand by our neighbors who seek to better their conditions in Kansas and Nebraska? ["Yes!" "Yes!"] Can we as Christian men, and strong and free ourselves, wield the sledge or hold the iron which is to manacle anew an already oppressed race? ["No! No!"] "Woe unto them," it is written, "that decree unrighteous decrees and that write grievousness which they have prescribed." Can we afford to sin any more deeply against human liberty? ["No! No!"]

One great trouble in the matter is, that slavery is an insidious and crafty power, and gains equally by open violence of the brutal as well as by sly management of the peaceful. Even after the ordinance of 1787, the settlers in Indiana and Illinois (it was all one government then) tried to get Congress to allow slavery temporarily, and petitions to that end were sent from Kaskaskia, and General Harrison, the Governor, urged it from Vincennes, the capital. If that had succeeded, good-by to liberty here. But John Randolph of Virginia made a vigorous report against it; and although they persevered so well as to get three favorable reports for it, yet the United States Senate, with the aid of some slave States, finally *squelched* it for good. [Applause.] And that is why this hall is to-day a temple for free men instead of a negro livery stable. [Great applause and laughter.] Once let slavery get planted in a locality, by ever so weak or doubtful a title, and in ever so small numbers, and it is like the Canada thistle or Bermuda grass—you can't root it out. You yourself may detest slavery; but your neighbor has five or six slaves, and he is an excellent neighbor, or your son has married his daughter, and they beg you to help save their property, and you vote against your interest and principles to accommodate a neighbor, hoping that your vote will be on the losing side. And others do the same; and in those ways slavery gets a sure foothold. And when that is done the whole mighty Union—the force of the nation—is committed to its support. And that very process is working in Kansas to-day. And you must recollect that the slave property is worth a billion of dollars ($1,000,000,000); while free-State men must work for sentiment alone. Then there are "blue lodges"—as they call them—everywhere doing their secret and deadly work.

It is a very strange thing, and not solvable by any moral law that I know of, that if a man loses his horse, the whole country will turn out to help hang the thief; but if a man but a shade or two darker than I am is himself stolen, the same crowd will hang one who aids in restoring him to liberty. Such are the inconsistencies of slavery, where a horse is more sacred than a man; and the essence of *squatter* or popular sovereignty—I don't care how you call it—is that if one man chooses to make a slave of another, no third man shall be allowed to object. And if you can do this in free Kansas, and it is allowed to stand, the next thing you will see is ship loads of negroes from Africa at the wharf at Charleston; for one thing is as truly lawful as the other; and these are the bastard notions we have got to stamp out, else they will stamp us out. [Sensation and applause.]

Two years ago, at Springfield, Judge Douglas avowed that Illinois came into the Union as a slave State, and that slavery was weeded out by the operation of his great, patent, everlasting principle of "popular sovereignty." [Laughter.] Well, now, that argument must be answered, for it has a little grain of truth at the bottom. I do not mean that it is true in essence, as he would have us believe. It could not be essentially true if the ordinance of '87 was valid. But, in point of fact, there were some degraded beings called slaves in Kaskaskia and the other French settlements when our first State constitution was adopted; that is a fact, and I don't deny it. Slaves were brought here as early as 1720, and were kept here in spite of the ordinance of 1787 against it. But slavery did not thrive here. On the contrary, under the influence of the ordinance, the number *decreased* fifty-one from 1810 to 1820; while under the influence of *squatter* sovereignty, right across the river in Missouri, they *increased* seven thousand two hundred and eleven in

the same time; and slavery finally faded out in Illinois, under the influence of the law of freedom, while it grew stronger and stronger in Missouri, under the law or practice of "popular sovereignty." In point of fact there were but one hundred and seventeen slaves in Illinois one year after its admission, or one to every four hundred and seventy of its population; or, to state it in another way, if Illinois was a slave State in 1820, so were New York and New Jersey much greater slave States from having had greater numbers, slavery having been established there in very early times. But there is this vital difference between all these States and the judge's Kansas experiment: that they sought to disestablish slavery which had been already established, while the judge seeks, so far as he can, to disestablish freedom, which had been established there by the Missouri Compromise. [Voices: "Good!"]

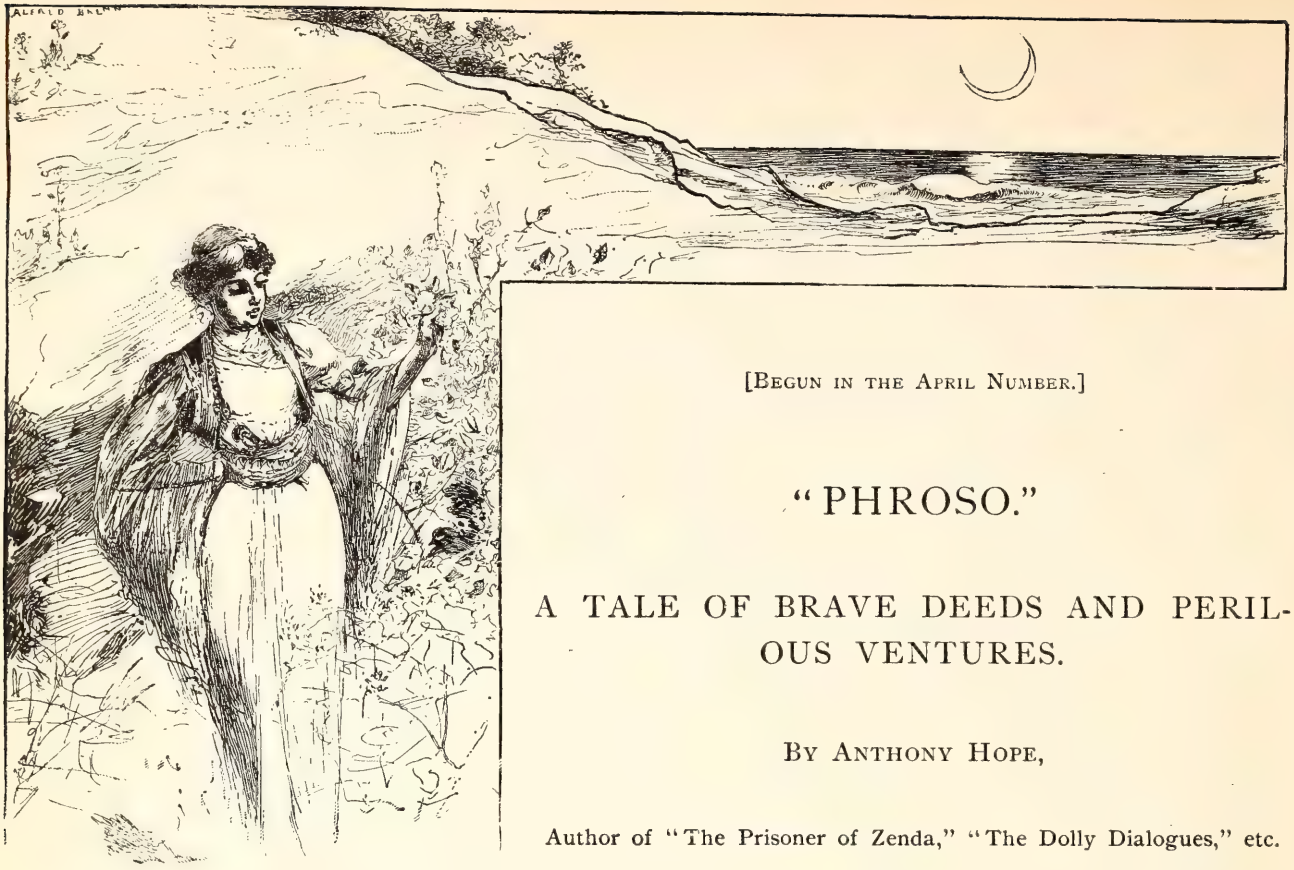
The Union is undergoing a fearful strain; but it is a stout old ship, and has weathered many a hard blow, and "the stars in their courses," aye, an invisible power, greater than the puny efforts of men, will fight for us. But we ourselves must not decline the burden of responsibility, nor take counsel of unworthy passions. Whatever duty urges us to do or to omit, must be done or omitted; and the recklessness with which our adversaries break the laws, or counsel their violation, should afford no example for us. Therefore, let us revere the Declaration of Independence; let us continue to obey the Constitution and the laws; let us keep step to the music of the Union. Let us draw a cordon, so to speak, around the slave States, and the hateful institution, like a reptile poisoning itself, will perish by its own infamy. [Applause.]

But we cannot be free men if this is, by our national choice, to be a land of slavery. Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves; and, under the rule of a just God, cannot long retain it. [Loud applause.]

Did you ever, my friends, seriously reflect upon the speed with which we are tending downwards? Within the memory of men now present the leading statesmen of Virginia could make genuine, red-hot abolitionist speeches in old Virginia; and, as I have said, now even in "free Kansas" it is a crime to declare that it is free Kansas." The very sentiments that I and others have just uttered, would entitle us, and each of us, to the ignominy and seclusion of a dungeon; and yet I suppose that, like Paul, we were "free born." But if this thing is allowed to continue, it will be but one step further to impress the same rule in Illinois. [Sensation.]

The conclusion of all is, that we must restore the Missouri Compromise. We must highly resolve that *Kansas must be free!* [Great applause.] We must reinstate the birthday promise of the Republic; we must reaffirm the Declaration of Independence; we must make good in essence as well as in form Madison's avowal that "the word *slave* ought not to appear in the Constitution;" and we must even go further, and decree that only local law, and not that time-honored instrument, shall shelter a slave-holder. We must make this a land of liberty in fact, as it is in name. But in seeking to attain these results—so indispensable if the liberty which is our pride and boast shall endure—we will be loyal to the Constitution and to the "flag of our Union," and no matter what our grievance—even though Kansas shall come in as a slave State; and no matter what theirs—even if we shall restore the Compromise—WE WILL SAY TO THE SOUTHERN DISUNIONISTS, WE WON'T GO OUT OF THE UNION, AND YOU SHAN'T!!! [This was the climax; the audience rose to its feet *en masse*, applauded, stamped, waved handkerchiefs, threw hats in the air, and ran riot for several minutes. The arch-enchanter who wrought this transformation looked, meanwhile, like the personification of political justice.]

But let us, meanwhile, appeal to the sense and patriotism of the people, and not to their prejudices; let us spread the floods of enthusiasm here aroused all over these vast prairies, so suggestive of freedom. Let us commence by electing the gallant soldier Governor (Colonel) Bissell who stood for the honor of our State alike on the plains and amidst the chaparral of Mexico and on the floor of Congress, while he defied the Southern Hotspur; and that will have a greater moral effect than all the border ruffians can accomplish in all their raids on Kansas. There is both a power and a magic in popular opinion. To that let us now appeal; and while, in all probability, no resort to force will be needed, our moderation and forbearance will stand us in good stead when, if ever, WE MUST MAKE AN APPEAL TO BATTLE AND TO THE GOD OF HOSTS!! [Immense applause and a rush for the orator.]



[Begun in the April Number.]

"PHROSO."

A TALE OF BRAVE DEEDS AND PERILOUS VENTURES.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNFINISHED LETTER.

I have learnt on my way through the world how dangerous a thing is a conceit of a man's own cleverness; and among the most striking lessons of this truth stands one which Mouraki Pasha taught me in Neopalia. My game was against a past master in the art of intrigue; yet I made sure I had caught him napping, sure that my wits were quicker than his, and that he missed what was plain to my eyes. In vain, they say, is the net spread in the sight of any bird. Aye, of any bird that has eyes and knows how to use them. But if the bird has no eyes, or employs them in admiring its own plumage, there is a chance for the fowler after all.

These reflections occur to my mind when I recollect the hope and exultation in my heart as I followed the governor's leisurely upward march through the wood to the cottage. Mouraki, I said to myself, thought that he was allaying my suspicions and lulling my watchfulness to sleep by the courtesy with which he arranged an interview between Phroso and myself. Was that what he was really doing? No, I declared triumphantly; he was putting in my way the one sovereign chance that fate had hitherto denied. He was to be away, and most of his men with him. Phroso, Kortes, and I would be alone together at the house, alone for an hour, perhaps two. At the moment I felt that I asked no more of fortune. Had the pasha never heard of the secret of the Stefanopouloi? It almost seemed so; but I myself had told him of it, and Denny's information had preceded mine. Yet he was leaving us alone by the hidden door. But he knew of it? Had he stopped it? My ardor was cooled, my face fell. Certainly he knew; and since he knew, of a surety the passage would be watched.

"By the way," said Mouraki, turning to me, "I want you to show me that passage you told me of some time to-morrow. I've never found time to go down there yet, and I have a taste for these medieval curiosities."

"I shall be proud to be your guide, pasha. You would trust yourself there with me?"

"Oh, my dear Wheatley, such things are not done now," smiled the pasha. "You and I will settle our little difference another way. Have you been down since I came?"

"No. I've had about enough of the passage," said I carelessly. "I should be glad never to see it again; but I must strain a point and go with you."

"Yes, you must do that," he answered.

"How steep this hill is! Really, I must be growing old, as Phroso is cruel enough to think!"

This conversation, seeming to fall in so pat with my musings, and indicating, if it did not state, that Mouraki treated the passage as a trifle of no moment, brought us to the outskirts of the wood, and the cottage was there before us. We had passed only one sentry; the cordon was gone. This change struck me at once, and I remarked on it to Mouraki.

"Yes, I thought it safe to send most of them away. There are one or two more than you see, though. But he won't venture back now."

I smiled to myself. I was pleased again at my penetration; and, in this instance, unlike the other at which I have hinted, I do not think I was wrong. The cordon had been here—then Constantine had. The cordon was gone—and I made no doubt that Constantine was gone also.

The front of the cottage was dark, and the curtains of the windows drawn, as they had been when I came before, on the night that I killed Vlacho the inn-keeper and fell into the hands of Kortes and Demetri. The whirligig had turned since then; for then this man Mouraki had been my far-off, much-desired deliverer, Kortes and Demetri open enemies. Now Mouraki was my peril, Kortes my best friend, Demetri—well, what and whom had Panayiota meant?

"Shall we go in?" asked Mouraki, as we came to the house. "Stay, though; I'll knock on the door with my stick. Madame Stefanopoulos is, no doubt, within. I think she will probably not have joined her husband."

"I imagine she will have heard of his escape with great regret," said I.

The pasha knocked with the gold-headed cane which he carried. He waited, and then repeated the blow. No answer came.

"Well," said he with a shrug, "we have given her fair warning. Let us enter. She knows you, my dear Wheatley, and will not be alarmed."

"But if Constantine's here?" I suggested, with a mocking smile. "Your life is a valuable one; run no risks; he is a desperate man."

The pasha shifted his cane to his left hand, smiled in answer to my smile, and produced a revolver.

"You are wise," said I, and I took my revolver out of my pocket.

"We are ready for anything now," said Mouraki.

I think "anything" in that sentence was meant to include "one another."

The pasha opened the door, and passed in. Nothing seemed to be changed since my last visit. The door of the room on the right was open, the table was again spread, for two this time; the left-hand door was shut.

"You see the fugitive is not in that room," observed the pasha, waving his hand to the right. "Let us try the other;" and he turned the door-handle of the room on the left, and preceded me into it.

At this point I am impelled to a little confession. The murderous impulse is, perhaps, not so uncommon as we suppose. I dare say many respectable men and amiable women have felt it in all its attractive simplicity once or twice in their lives. It seems at such moments hardly sinful, merely too dangerous, and to be recognized as impossible to gratify by reason of its danger. But I perceive that I am accusing the rest of the world in the hope of excusing myself; for at that moment, when the pasha's broad, solid back was presented to me, a yard in front, I experienced a momentary but extremely strong temptation to raise my arm, move my finger, and—transform the situation. I did not do it; but, on the other hand, I have never counted the desire to do it among the great sins of my life. Mouraki, I thought then and know now, deserved nothing better. Unhappily we have our own consciences to consider, and are thus often prevented from meting out to others the measure their deeds claim.

"I see nobody," said the pasha. "But then the room is dark. Shall I pull back the curtain?"

"You had better be careful," said I, laughing. "That was what Vlacho did."

"Ah, but you are on the same side this time," he answered, and stepped across the room toward the curtain.

Suddenly I became, or seemed to become, vaguely, uncomfortably, even terribly conscious of something there. Yet I could see nothing in the dark room, and I heard nothing. I can hardly think Mouraki shared my strange, oppressive feeling; yet the curtain was not immediately drawn back, his figure bulked motionless just in front of me, and he repeated in tones that betrayed uneasiness, "I suppose I'd better draw back the curtain, hadn't I?"

What was it? It must have been all fancy, born of the strain of excitement

and nervous tension in which I was living. I have had something of the feeling in the dark before and since, but never so strong, distinct, and almost palpable. I knew Constantine was not there; I had no fear of him, if he were. Yet my forehead grew damp with sweat.

Mouraki's hand was on the curtain; he drew it back; the dull evening light spread sluggishly through the room. Mouraki turned, and looked at me. I returned his gaze. A moment passed before either of us looked round.

"There is nobody behind the curtain," said he. "Do you see any one anywhere?"

Then I pulled myself together and looked round. The chairs near me were empty; the couch had no occupant. But away in the corner of the room, in the shadow of a projecting angle of the wall, I saw a figure seated in front of a table. On the table were writing materials; the figure was a woman's; her arms were spread on the table, and her head lay between them. I raised my hand, and pointed to her. Mouraki's eyes obeyed my direction, but came quickly back to me in question; and he arched his brows.

I stepped across the room towards where the woman sat; I heard the pasha following with hesitating step, and I waited till he overtook me. Then I called her name softly; yet I knew that it was no use to call her name; it was only the protest my horror made. She would hear her name no more. Again I pointed with my right hand, catching Mouraki's arm with my left at the same moment.

"There," I said, "there—between the shoulders—a knife!"

I felt his arm tremble. I must do him justice. I am convinced that he did not foresee or anticipate this among the results of the letting loose of Constantine Stefanopoulos. I heard him clear his throat; I saw him lick his lips; his lids settled low over his cunning eyes. I turned from him to that motionless figure in the chair.

She was dead—had been dead some little while—and must have died instantly on that foul stroke. Why had the brute dealt it? Was it mere revenge and cruelty—persistent nursed wrath at her betrayal of him on St. Tryphon's day? Or had some new cause evoked fresh passion from him?

"Let us lay her here on the sofa," I said to Mouraki. "And you must send some one to look after her."

He seemed reluctant to help me, and I leant forward alone, and, putting my arm around her, raised her from the table, and set her upright in the chair. I rejoiced to find no trace of pain or horror on her face. As I looked at it I gave a sudden short sob. I was unstrung: the thing was so cruelly wanton and horrible.

"He has made good use of his liberty," I said in a low, fierce tone, turning on Mouraki in a sudden burst of anger against the hand that had set that villain free. But the pasha's composure wrapped him like a cloak again. He knew what I meant, and read the implied taunt in my words, but he answered calmly:

"We have no proof yet that it was her husband who killed her."

"Who else should?"

He shrugged his shoulders, saying: "No proof, I said; perhaps he did, perhaps not; we do not know."

"Help me with her," said I, brusquely.

Between us we lifted her and laid her on the couch, and spread over her a fur rug that draped one of the chairs. While this was done we did not exchange a word with one another. Mouraki uttered a sigh of relief when the task was finished.

"I will send a couple of women up as soon as we get back. Meanwhile the place is guarded, and nobody can come in. Need we delay longer? It is not a pleasant place."

"I should think we might as well go," I answered, casting my eye again round the room, to the spot where Vlacho had fallen, enveloped in the curtain that he dragged down with him, and to the writing-table that had supported the dead body of Francesca. Mouraki's hand was on the door-handle; he stood there, impatient to be out of the place, waiting for me to accompany him. But my last glance had seen something new; with a sudden low exclamation I darted across the room to the table. For I had perceived a sheet of paper lying just where Francesca's head had been.

"What's the matter?" asked Mouraki.

I made no answer. I seized the piece of paper. A pen lay between it and the inkstand. On the paper was a line or two of writing; the characters were blurred, as though Francesca's hair had smeared them before the ink was dry. I held it up. Mouraki stepped briskly up to me.

"Give it to me," he said, holding out his hand. "It may be something I ought to see"

The first hint of action, of new light or

a new development, restored their cool alertness to my faculties.

"Why not something which I ought to see, my dear pasha?" I asked, holding the paper behind my back and facing him.

"You forget the position I hold, Lord Wheatley. You have no such position."

I did not argue that. I walked to the window, to get the best of the light. Mouraki followed me closely.

"I'll read it to you," said I. "There is not much of it."

I held it to the light. The pasha was close by my shoulder, his pale face leaning forward towards the paper. Straining my eyes on to the blurred characters, I read, and I read aloud, according to my promise, hearing Mouraki's breathing that accompanied my words.

"My lord, take care. He is free. Mouraki has set—"

That was all; a blot followed the last word. At that word the pen must have fallen from her fingers, as her husband's dagger stole her life. We had read her last words. The writing of that line saw the moment of her death; did it also supply the cause? If so, not the old grudge, but rage at a fresh betrayal of a fresh villainy had impelled Constantine's arm to his foul stroke. He had caught her in the act of writing it, had taken his revenge, and secured his safety.

After I had read, there was silence. The pasha's face was still by my shoulder. I gazed, as if fascinated, on the fatal unfinished note. At last I turned and looked him in the face. His eyes met mine in unmoved steely composure.

"I think," said I, "that I had a right to read the note after all. For, as I guess, the writer was addressing it to me, and not to you."

For a moment Mouraki hesitated; then he shrugged his shoulders, saying:

"My dear lord, I don't know whom it is addressed to or what it means. Had the unfortunate lady been allowed to finish it—"

"We should know more than we do now," I interrupted.

"I was about to say as much. I see she introduced my name; she can, however, have known nothing of any course I might be pursuing."

"Unless some one who knew told her."

"Who could?"

"Well, her husband."

"Who was killing her?" he asked, with a scornful smile.

"He may have told her before—and she tried to forward the information to me."

"It is all the purest conjecture," shrugged the governor.

I looked him in the eyes, and I think my eyes told him pretty plainly my views of the meaning of this note. He answered my glance at first with a carefully inexpressive gaze; but presently a meaning came into his eyes; he seemed to confess to me and to challenge me to make what use I could of the confession. But then the momentary candor of his regard passed, and blankness spread over his face again.

Desperately I struggled with myself, clinging to self-control. To this day I believe that, had my life, and my life only, been in question, I should then and there have compelled Mouraki to fight me, man to man, in the little gloomy room where the dead woman lay on the sofa; we should not have disturbed her. And I think also that Mouraki, who did not want for courage, would have caught at my challenge and cried content to a proposal that we should, there and then, put our quarrel to an issue, and that one only of us should go alive down the hill. I read such a mood in his eyes in the moment of their candor; I saw the courage to act on it in his resolute lips and his tense, still attitude.

Well, we could neither of us afford the luxury. If I killed him, I should bring grave suspicion on Phroso; she and her islanders would be held accomplices; and, although this was a secondary matter to my hot rage, I should myself stand in a position of great danger. And he could not kill me; for all his schemes against me were still controlled and limited by the necessities of his position. Had I been an islander, or even an unknown man concerning whom no questions would be asked, his work would have been simple, and, as I believed, would have been carried out before now. But it was not so; he would be held responsible for a satisfactory account of how I met my death. It would tax his invention to give it if he killed me himself with his own hand and without witnesses. In fact the finding of the note left us where we were so far as action was concerned; but it tore away the last shreds of the veil, the last pretenses of honesty and friendliness which had been kept up between us. In that swift, full, open glance which we had exchanged, our undisguised quarrel, the great issue between us, was legibly written and plainly

read. Yet not a word passed our lips concerning it. Mouraki and I began to need words no more than lovers do. For hate matches love in penetration.

I put the note in my pocket. Mouraki blinked eyes now utterly free from expression. I gave a final glance at the dead woman, feeling a touch of shame at having for a moment forgotten her fate in my quarrel.

"Shall we go down, pasha?" said I.

"As soon as you please, Lord Wheatley," he answered; and this formal mode of address was perhaps an acknowledgment that the time for hypocrisy and the hollow show of friendship was over between us. The change was just in his way—slight, subtle, but sufficient.

I followed Mouraki out of the house. He walked in his usual slow, deliberate manner. He beckoned to the sentry as we passed him, told him that two women who would shortly come up were to be admitted, but nobody else, until an officer came bearing further orders. Having made these arrangements, he resumed his way down, taking his place in front of me and maintaining an absolute silence. I did not care to talk. I had enough to think about. But already, now I was out in the fresh air, the feeling of sick horror with which the little room had affected me began to pass away. I felt braced up again. I was better prepared for the great effort which loomed before me as a present and urgent necessity. Mouraki had found an instrument; he had set Constantine free, that Constantine might do against me what Mouraki could not openly do himself. My friends were away. The hour of the stroke must even now be upon me. Well, the hour of my counter-stroke was come also, the counter-stroke for which my interview with Phroso in Mouraki's absence opened the way; for he thought the passage no more than a medieval curiosity!

We reached the house, and entered the hall together. As we passed through the compound I had seen an alert sentinel. Looking out from the front door, I perceived two men on guard. A party of ten or a dozen more were drawn up, an officer at their head; these were the men who waited to attend Mouraki on his evening expedition. The pasha seated himself, and wrote a note; he looked up as he finished it, and said:

"I am informing the Lady Euphrosyne that you will await her here in half an hour's time and that she is at liberty to spend what time she pleases with you. Is that what you wish?"

"Precisely, your Excellency. I am much obliged to you."

His only answer was a dignified bow; but he turned to a sub-officer who stood by him at attention, and said: "On no account allow Lord Wheatley to be interrupted this evening. You will, of course, keep the sentries on guard behind and in front of the house; but do not let them intrude here."

After giving his orders, the pasha sat silent for some minutes. He had lighted a cigarette, and smoked it slowly. Then he let it out—a thing I had never seen him do before—lit another, and resumed his slow inhalings. I knew that he would speak before long; and after a few more moments he gave me the result of his meditations. For we were now alone together.

"It would have been much better," said he, "if that poor woman—whose fate I sincerely regret—had been let alone and this girl had died instead of her;" and he nodded at me with convinced emphasis.

"If Phroso had died!" leapt from my mouth in astonishment.

"Yes, if Phroso had died. We would have hanged Constantine together, wept together over her grave, and each of us gone home with a sweet memory—you to your *fiancée*, I to my work. And we should have forgiven one another any little causes of reproach."

To this speculation in might-have-beens I made no answer. The feelings with which I received it showed me, had I still needed showing, what Phroso was to me. I had been shocked and grieved at Francesca's fate, but rather that a thousand times than the things on which Mouraki cooly mused!

"It would have been much better, so much better," he repeated, with a curiously regretful intonation.

"The one thing that would be better, to my thinking," I said, "is that you should behave as an honorable man and leave this lady free to do as she wishes."

"And another thing, surely?" he asked, smiling now. "That you should behave as an honorable man and go back to Miss Hipgrave?" A low laugh marked the point he had scored. Then he added, with his usual shrug, "We are slaves, we men—slaves all!"

He rose from his chair, and completed his preparations for going out, flinging a large military cloak over his shoulders.

His momentary irresolution, or remorse, or what you will, had passed. His speech became terse and resolute again.

"We shall meet early to-morrow, I expect," he said, "and then we must settle this matter. Do I understand that you are resolved not to yield?"

"I am absolutely resolved," said I; and at the sight of his calm, sneering face my temper suddenly got the better of me. "Yes, I am resolved. You can do what you like. You can bribe ruffians to assassinate me, as I believe you have bribed Constantine."

He started at that, as a man will at plain speech, even though the plain speech tells him nothing that he did not know of the speaker's mind.

"The blood of that unhappy woman is on your head," I cried, vehemently. "Through your act she lies dead. If a like fate befalls me, the blame of that will be on your head also. It is you, and not your tool, who will be responsible."

"Responsible!" he echoed; and his voice was mocking and easy, though his face was paler even than it was wont to be. "Responsible? What does that mean? Responsible to whom?"

"To God," said I.

He laughed a low, derisive laugh.

"Come, that's better," he said. "I expected you to say public opinion. Your sentiment is more respectable than that claptrap of public opinion. So be it. I shall be responsible. Where shall you be?" He paused, smiling, and ended, "And where Phroso?"

My self-restraint was exhausted. I sprang up. In another moment my hands would have been on his throat; and next, I suppose, I should have been a dead man or a prisoner in the hands of his guard. But that was not his scheme; he had shown me too much now to be content with less than my life; and he was not to be turned from his scheme either by his own temper or by mine. He had moved towards the door while he had been speaking to me, and, as I sprang at him, a quick, dexterous movement of his hand opened it, a rapid twist of his body removed him from my reach. He eluded me; the door was shut in my face. The pasha's low laugh reached me, as I sank back in my chair, still raging that I had not got him by the throat, but in an instant glad also that my rashness had been foiled.

I heard the tramp of his party in their orderly march along the road from the house. Their steps died away, and all was very still. I looked round the hall; there was nobody but myself. I rose and looked into the kitchen; it was empty. Mouraki had kept his word; we were alone. In front there were sentries, behind there were sentries, but the house was mine. Hope rose again, strong and urgent in my heart, as my eyes fell on the spot under the staircase, where was the entrance to the secret passage. I looked at my watch. It was eleven o'clock. The wind blew softly, the night was fine. A crescent moon was just visible through the narrow windows. The time was come, the time left free by Mouraki's strange oversight.

It was then—and then only—that a sudden gleam of enlightenment, a sudden chilling suspicion, fell upon me, transforming my hope to fear, my triumph to doubt and misgiving. Was Mouraki Pasha the man to be guilty of an oversight, of so plain an oversight? When an enemy leaves open an obvious retreat, is it always by oversight? When he seems to indicate a way of safety, is the way safe? These disturbing thoughts crowded on me as I sat, and I looked now at the entrance to the secret passage with new eyes.

The sentries were behind the house; the sentries were in front of the house; in neither direction was there any chance of escape. One way was open—the passage, and that one way only. I asked the question of myself, framing the words in an inarticulate low whisper, "Is that way a trap?"

"You fool—you fool—you fool!" I cried, beating my fist upon the wooden table.

For if that way were a trap, then there was no way of safety, and the last hope was gone. Had Mouraki, indeed, thought of the passage only as a medieval curiosity? Well, were not oubliettes, down which a man went and was seen no more, also a medieval curiosity?

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE JAWS OF THE TRAP.

I SAT for some minutes in stupefied despair; the fall from hope was so great and sudden, the revelation of my own blind folly so cruel. But the mood did not last long, and soon I was busy thinking again. Alas, the matter gave little need of thought! It was sadly simple.

Before the yacht came back, Mouraki would have it settled once for all, if the settling of it were left to him. Therefore I could not wait. The passage might be a trap. True, but the house was a prison, and a prison whose gate I could not open. I had rather meet my fate in the hot struggle of effort than wait for it tamely, here in my chair. And I did not think of myself alone, for Phroso's interests pointed to action. I could trust Mouraki to allow no harm to come to her; he prized her life even as I did. To her then the passage threatened no new danger, while it contained a possible slender chance. Would she come with me? If she would, it might be that Kortes and I, or Kortes or I, might, by some kind caprice of fortune, bring her safe out of Mouraki's hands. On the top of these calculations came a calm, cool, intense anger, urging me on to try the issue, hand to hand and man to man, whispering to me that nothing was impossible, and that Mouraki bore no charmed life. For by now I was ready, aye, more than ready, to kill him, if only I could come at him, and I made nothing of the consequences of his death being laid at my door. So is prudence burnt up in the bright flame of a man's rage.

I knew where to find Kortes. He would be keeping his faithful watch outside his mistress's room. Mouraki had never raised any objection to this attendance of his; to forbid it would have been to throw off the mask before the moment came, and Mouraki would not be guilty of such premature disclosures. Moreover, the pasha held the men of Neopalia in no great respect, and certainly did not think that a single islander could offer any resistance to his schemes. I went to the foot of the stairs, and called softly to our trusty adherent. He came down to me at once, and I asked him about Phroso.

"She is alone in her room, my lord," he answered. "The governor has sent my sister away."

"Sent her away? Where to?"

"To the cottage on the hill," said he. "I do not know why; the governor spoke to her apart."

"I know why," said I; and I told him briefly of the crime that had been done.

"That man should not live," said Kortes. "I did not doubt that his escape was allowed in order that he might be dangerous to you."

"Well, he hasn't done much yet."

"No, not yet," said Kortes gravely. I am bound to add that he took the news of Francesca's death with remarkable coolness. In spite of his good qualities, Kortes was a thorough Neopalian, and it needed much to perturb him. Besides he was thinking of Phroso only, and the affairs of everybody else passed unheeded by him. This was very evident when I asked his opinion as to waiting where we were or essaying the way that Mouraki's suspicious carelessness seemed to leave open to us.

"Oh, the passage, my lord! Let it be the passage. For you and me the passage is very dangerous, yet hardly more than here, and the Lady Phroso has her only chance of escape through the passage."

"You think it very dangerous for us?"

"Possibly one of us will come through," he said.

"And at the other end?"

"There may be a boat. If there is none, she must try (and we with her, if we are alive) to steal round to the town and hide in one of the houses till a boat can be found.

"Mouraki would scour the island."

"Yes, but a clear hour or two would be enough, if we could get into a boat."

"But he would send the gunboat after her."

"Yes, but, my lord, am I saying that escape is likely? It is possible only; and possibly the boat might evade pursuit."

I had the highest regard for Kortes, but he was not a very cheering companion in an adventure. Given the same desperate circumstances, Denny would have been serenely confident of success and valiantly scornful of our opponent. I heaved a regretful sigh for him, and said to Kortes with a little irritation:

"Hang it, we've come out right side up before now, and we may again. Hadn't we better rouse her?"

During this conversation Kortes had been standing on the lowest step of the staircase, and I, facing him, on the floor of the hall, with one hand resting on the balustrade. We had talked in low tones, partly from a fear of eaves-droppers, even more, I think, from the influence which our position exerted over us. Our voices sounded as no more than low murmurs in the large hall; consequently they could not have been audible—where? In the passage!

For as I spoke to Kortes in a petulant, reproachful whisper, a sound struck on my ear—a very faint sound. I caught my companion's arm, imposing silence on him

by a look. The sound came again. I knew the sound. I had heard it before. I stepped back a pace, and I looked round the balustrade to the spot where the entrance to the passage lay.

I should have been past surprise now, after my sojourn in Neopalia. But I was not. I sprang back with a cry of wonder, almost (must I admit it?) of alarm. Small and faint as the noise had been, it had sufficed for the opening of the door; and in the opening made by the receding of the planks were the head and shoulders of a man. His face was hardly a yard from my face, and the face was the face of Constantine Stefanopoulos.

In the instant of paralyzed immobility that followed, the explanation flashed like lightning through my brain. Constantine, buying his liberty and pardon from Mouraki, had stolen along that passage, he had opened the door, he hoped to find me alone—if not alone, yet off my guard—in the hall. Then a single shot would be enough, his errand would be done, his pardon won. That my explanation was right, the revolver in his hand witnessed. But he also was surprised; I was closer than he thought, so close that he also started back for an instant. The interval was enough; before he could raise his weapon and take aim I put my head down between my shoulders and rushed at him. I think my head knocked his arm up, his revolver went off, the noise echoing through the hall. I almost had hold of him when I was suddenly seized from behind and hurled backwards. Kortes had a mind to come first, and stood on no ceremony. But in the instant that he was free Constantine dived down, like a rabbit into a burrow; he disappeared. With a shouted oath, Kortes sprang after him. I heard the feet of both of them pattering down the flight of steps.

For a single moment I paused. The shot had echoed loud through the hall. The sentries must have heard it—the sentries before the house, the sentries behind the house. Yet none of them rushed in; not a movement, not a word, not a challenge came from them. Mouraki Pasha kept good discipline; his orders were law, his directions held good, though shots rang loud and startling through the house. Even at that moment I gave a short, sharp laugh, for I remembered that on no account was Lord Wheatley to be interrupted—no, neither Lord Wheatley nor the man who came to kill Lord Wheatley was to be interrupted. O Mouraki, Mouraki, your score was mounting up! Should you ever pay the reckoning?

Shorter far than it has taken to write my thoughts was the pause during which they galloped through my palpitating brain. In a second I also was down the opening and down the flight of stairs beyond. I heard the steps in front of me, but I could see nothing. It was very dark that night in the passage. I ran on, but I seemed to come no nearer to the steps in front of me. And suddenly I paused, for there were now steps behind me also, light steps that yet sounded distinct in my ear. Then a voice cried, in terror and distress, "My lord! Don't leave me, my lord!"

I turned. Even in the deep gloom I saw a gleam of white; a moment later I caught Phroso by both her hands.

"The shot, the shot?" she whispered.

"Constantine. He shot at me—no, I'm not hurt. Kortes is after him."

She swayed towards me; I caught her, and passed my arm round her; without that she would have fallen on the rocky floor of the dim passage.

"I heard it, and rushed down," she panted. "I heard it from my room."

"Any sign of the sentries?"

"No."

"I must go and help Kortes."

"Not without me?"

"You must wait here."

"Not without you;" and her arms held me now by the shoulders with a stronger grip than I had thought possible. She would not let me go. Well, then, we must face it together.

"Come along, then," said I. "I can see nothing in this rat-hole."

Suddenly, from in front of us, a cry rang out; it was some distance off; we started toward it, for it was Kortes's voice that cried.

"Be careful, be careful," urged Phroso. "We are near the bridge now."

It was true. As she spoke the walls of rock on either side receded; we had come to the opening; the dark water was below us, and before us the isolated bridge of rock that spanned the pool. We were where the lord of the island had been wont to hurl his enemy headlong from his side to death.

What happened on the bridge, on the narrow ridge of rock that ran in front of us? We could not see. But from it came strange sounds—low oaths and mutterings, the scraping of men's limbs and the rasping of cloth on the rock, the hard breathings of struggling combatants; now a

fierce, low cry of triumph, a disappointed curse, a desperate groan, the silence that marked a culminating effort. And now, straining my eyes to the uttermost, and having grown a little more accustomed to the darkness, I discerned, beyond the centre of the bridge, a coiling, writhing mass, that seemed some one many-limbed animal, but was in truth two men, twisted and turned round about one another in an embrace which could have no end save death. Which was Kortes, which Constantine, I could not tell. How they came there I could not tell. I dared not fire. Phroso hung about me in a paroxysm of fear, her hands holding me motionless; I was myself awed and fascinated by the dim spectacle and the confused sounds of that mortal strife.

Backward and forward, to and fro, up and down, they writhed and rolled. Now they hung, a protrusion of deeper blackness, over the black gulf on this side, now on that. Now the mass separated a little, as one pressed the other downward, and seemed about to hurl his enemy over, and himself remain triumphant; now that one, in his turn, tottered to the edge, as if about to fall and leave the other panting on the bridge. Again they were mixed together, so that I could not tell which was which, and the strange appearance of a single writhing, crawling shape returned. Then suddenly, from both at once, rang out cries: there was dread and surprise in one; fierce, uncalculating, self-forgetful triumph in the other. Not even for Phroso's sake or the hold of her encircling arms, could I rest longer. Roughly, I fear, at least with suddenness, I disengaged myself from her grasp. She cried out in protest and in fear, "Don't go, don't leave me!" I could not rest. Recollecting the peril, I yet rushed quickly on to the bridge, and moved warily along its narrow, perilous way. But even as I came near the two who fought in the middle, there was a deep groan, a second wild, triumphant cry, a great lurch of the mass, a moment—a short moment—when it hung poised over the yawning vault, and then an instant of utter stillness. I waited as a boy waits to hear the stone he has thrown strike the water at the bottom of the well. The stone struck the water, there was a great resounding splash, the water moved beneath the blow. I saw its dark gleam agitated. Then all was still again, and the passage of the bridge was clear.

I walked to the spot where the struggle had been, and whence the two had fallen together. I knelt down, and gazed into the chasm. Three times I called Kortes's name. No answer came up, and I could discern no movement of the dark waters. They had sunk, the two together, and neither rose. Perhaps they were wounded to death; perhaps only their fatal embrace prevented all effort for life. I could see nothing and hear nothing. My heart was heavy for Kortes, a brave, true man, and our only friend. In the death of Constantine I saw less than his fitting judgment; yet I was glad that he was gone, and the long line of his villainies closed. This last attempt had been a bold one. Mouraki, no doubt, had forced him to it, and even a craven will be bold where the penalty of cowardice is death. Yet he had not dared to stand when discovered; he had fled, and must have been flying when Kortes came up and grappled with him. For a snapshot at an unwary man he had found courage, but not for a fair fight. He was an utter coward, after all; he was well dead, and his wife avenged.

But it was fatal to linger here. Mouraki would be expecting the return of his emissary. I saw now clearly that the pasha had cleared the way for Constantine's attempt. If no news came, he would not wait long. I put my reflections behind me, and walked briskly back to where I had left Phroso. I found her lying on the ground; she seemed to be in a faint; setting my face close to hers I saw that her eyes were shut and her lips parted; I sat down in the narrow passage by her, and supported her head on my arm. Then I took out a flask, and pouring some of the brandy and water it contained into the cup, forced a little between her lips. With a heavy sigh she opened her eyes and shuddered.

"It is over," I said. "There is no need to be afraid; all is over now."

"Constantine?"

"He is dead."

"And Kortes?"

"They are both gone. They fell together into the pool and must be dead, for there is no sound from it."

A loud sob was her answer, and she put her hand up to her eyes.

"Ah, dear Kortes," she whispered; and I heard her sob gently again.

"He was a brave man," said I. "God rest his soul."

"He loved me," she said, simply, between her sobs. "He—he and his sister were the only ones I had."

"You have other friends," said I; and my voice was well-nigh as low as hers.

"You are very good to me, my lord," she said. She conquered her sobs, and lay still, her head on my arm, her hair enveloping my hand in its silken masses.

"We must go now," said I. "We mustn't stay here. Our only chance is to go on."

"Chance? Chance of what?" she echoed, in a little despairing murmur. "Where am I to go? Why should I struggle any more?"

"Would you fall into Mouraki's power?" I asked, from between set lips.

"No; but I need not. I have my dagger."

"God forbid!" I cried in sudden horror; and in spite of myself I felt my hand tighten and press her head among the coils of her hair. She also felt it; she raised herself on her elbow, turned to me, and sent a straining look into my eyes. What answer could I make to it? I averted my face; she dropped her head between her hands on the rocky floor.

"We must go," said I again. "Can you walk, Phroso?"

I did not notice the name I called her, nor did she appear to mark it.

"I can't go," she moaned. "Let me stay here. I can get back to the house, perhaps."

"I will not leave you here. I won't leave you to Mouraki."

"It will not be to Mouraki, it will be to—"

I caught her hand, crying in a low whisper, "No, no!"

"What else?" she asked, again sitting up and looking at me.

"We must make a push for safety, as we meant to before."

"Safety?" Her lips bent in a sadly derisive little smile. "What is this safety you talk about?" she seemed to say.

"Yes, safety."

"Ah, yes, you must be safe," she said, appearing to awake suddenly to a consciousness of something forgotten. "Ah, yes, my lord, you must be safe. Don't linger, my lord. Don't linger!"

"Do you suppose I'm going alone?" I asked; and in spite of everything I could not help smiling as I put the question. I believe she really thought that the course in question might commend itself to me.

"No," she said. "You wouldn't go alone. But I—I can't cross that awful bridge."

"Oh, yes, you can," said I. "Come along;" and I rose, and held out my arms toward her.

She looked at me, the tears still on her cheeks, a doubtful smile dawning on her lips.

"My dear lord," she said very softly, and stood while I put my arms round her and lifted her till she lay easily. Then came what I think was the hardest thing of all to bear. She let her head fall on my shoulder and lay trustfully, I could almost say luxuriously, back in my arms; a little happy sigh of relief and peace came from her lips; her eyes closed; she was content.

Well, I started; and I shall not record precisely what I thought as I started. What I ought to have thought about was picking my way over the bridge; and if more matter for consideration were needed, I might have speculated on the best thing to do when we reached the outlet of this passage. Suppose, then, that I thought about what I ought to have thought about.

"Don't move while we are on the bridge," said I to Phroso. "It's not over broad, you know."

A little movement of the head, till it rested in yet greater seeming comfort, was Phroso's only disobedience; for the rest she was absolutely still. It was fortunate, for to cross that bridge in the dark, carrying a lady, was not a job I cared much about. However, we came to the other side. The walls of rock closed in again on either hand, and I felt the way begin to slope downwards under my feet.

"Does it go pretty straight now?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, quite straight. You can't miss it, my lord," said Phroso; and another little sigh of content followed the words. I had, I suppose, little enough to laugh at, but I did laugh, very gently and silently; and I did not propose that Phroso should walk.

"Are you tired?" she said presently, just opening her eyes for an instant.

"I could carry you forever," I answered.

Phroso smiled under lazy lids that closed again.

In spite of Phroso's assurance of its simple straightness, the road had many twists and turns in it, and I had often to ask my way. Phroso gave me directions at once, and without hesitation. Evidently she was thoroughly familiar with the track. When I remarked on this, she said:

"Oh, yes. I often used to come this way. It leads to such a pretty cave, you know."

"Then it doesn't come out at the same point as the way my friends took?"

"No, more than a mile away from that. We must be nearly there now. Are you tired, my lord?"

"Not a bit," said I; and Phroso accepted the answer without demur.

There can, however, be no harm in admitting now that I was tired, not so much from carrying Phroso, though, as from the strain of the day and night that I had passed through; and I hailed with joy a glimmer of light that danced before my eyes at the end of a long, straight tunnel. We were going down rapidly now; and, hark, there was the wash of water welcoming us to the outer air and the light of the upper world; for day had just dawned as we came to the end of the way. The light that I saw ahead was ruddy with the rays of the new-risen sun.

"Ah," sighed Phroso, happily, "I hear the sea. I smell it. And see, my lord, the light!"

I turned from the light, joyful as was the beholding of it, to the face that lay close by mine. That, too, I could see now for the first time plainly. I met Phroso's eyes. A slight tinge of color dyed her cheeks, but she lay still, looking at me; and she said softly, in low rich tones:

"You look very weary. Let me walk now, my lord."

"No, we'll go on to the end now," I said.

The end was near; another five minutes brought us where, once again, the enfolding walls spread out; the path broadened into a stony beach; above us the rocks formed an arch; we were in a little cave, and the waves rolled gently to and fro on the margin of the beach. The mouth of the cave was narrow and low, the rocks leaving only about a yard between themselves above the water below; there was just room for a boat to pass out and in. Phroso sprang from my arms, and stretched out her hands to the light.

"Ah, if we had a boat!" I cried, stopping a few feet from the water's edge.

Had the luck indeed changed, and fortune begun to smile? It seemed so, for I had hardly spoken when Phroso suddenly clapped her hands and cried:

"A boat! There is a boat, my lord;" and she leapt forward and caught me by the hand, her eyes sparkling.

It was true—by marvel it was true! A good, stout, broad-bottomed little fishing-boat lay beached on the shingle, with its sculls lying in it. How had it come? Well, I didn't stop to ask that; my eyes met Phroso's in delight. The joy of our happy fortune overcame us. I think that for the moment we forgot the terrible events that had happened before our eyes, the sadness of the parting that, at the best, lay before us. Both her hands were in mine, and we were happy as two children prosperously launched on some fairy-tale adventure—prince and princess in their cockle-boat on the magic sea.

"Isn't it wonderful?" cried Phroso. "Ah, my lord, all goes well with you. I think God loves you, my lord, as much as—"

She stopped. A rush of rich color flooded her cheeks. Her deep eyes, that had gleamed in exultant merriment, sank to the ground. Her hands loosed mine.

"As the lady who waits for you loves you, my lord," she said.

I do not know how it was, but Phroso's words summoned up before my eyes a vision of Beatrice Hipgrave pursuing her cheerful way through the gayeties of the season—or had she gone to the country by now?—without wasting very many thoughts on the foolish man who had gone to the horrid island. The picture of her as the lady who waited for a lover, forlorn because he tarried, struck with bitter amusement on my sense of humor. Phroso saw me smile, and her eyes asked a wondering question. I did not answer it, but turned away and walked down to where the boat lay.

"I suppose," I said coldly, "that this is the best chance."

"It is the only chance, my lord," she answered; but her eyes were still puzzled and her tone almost careless, as if the matter of our escape had ceased to be the thing that pressed most urgently on her mind. I could say nothing; not from my lips, which longed to forswear her, could come the slightest word in depreciation of "the lady who waited."

"Will you get in, then?" I asked.

"Yes," said Phroso; but the joy had gone out of her voice and out of her eyes.

I helped her into the boat, then I launched it, and when it floated clear on the water of the cave I jumped in myself and took the sculls. Phroso sat silent in the stern. I struck the water with my blades, and the boat moved. A couple of strokes took us across the cave. We reached the mouth. I felt the sun on my neck with its faint early warmth; that is a good feeling, and puts heart in a man.

"Ah, but the sea and the air are good,"

said Phroso. "And it is good to be free, my lord."

I looked at her; the sun had caught her eyes now, and the gleam in them seemed to fire me. I forgot something that I ought to have remembered. I rested for a moment on my oars, and, leaning forward, said in a low voice:

"Aye, to be free and together, Phroso!"

Again came the flash of color, again the sudden happy, dancing eyes, and the smile that curved in unconquerable wilfulness. I stretched out a hand, and Phroso's hand stole timidly to meet it. Well, surely the recording angel looked away!

Thus were we, just outside the cave. There rose a straight rock on the left hand, ending in a level top, some four feet above our heads. And as our hands approached, and our eyes, those quicker foregatherers, met, there came from the top of the rock a laugh, a low chuckle that I knew well. I don't think I looked up. I looked still at Phroso. As I looked her color fled, fright leapt into her eyes, her lips quivered in horror. I knew the truth from her face.

"Very nice! But what have you done with cousin Constantine?" asked Mouraki Pasha.

The trap, then, had double jaws, and we had escaped Constantine, only to fall into the hands of his master. It was so like Mouraki, I was so much aghast, and yet so little surprised, the fall was so sudden, our defeat so ludicrous, that I believe I smiled as I turned my eyes from Phroso's, and cast a glance at the pasha.

"I might have known it, you know," said I, aloud.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

THE boat still moved a little from the impulse of the last stroke, and we floated slowly past Mouraki, who stood like some great sea bird on the rock. To his cynical question—for it revealed shamelessly the use he had meant to make of his tool—I returned no answer. I could smile in amused bitterness, but for the moment I could not speak. Phroso sat twisting one hand round the other and with downcast eyes; the pasha was content to answer my smile with his own. The boat drew past the rock, and, as we came round its elbow, I found across our path a larger boat, manned by four of Mouraki's soldiers, who had laid down their oars and sat rifles in hand. In the coxswain's place was Demetri; it seemed strange to find him in that company. One of the soldiers laid hold of the nose of my boat, and turned it round, impelling it towards the beach. A moment later we grated on the shingle where the pasha, who had leapt nimbly down from his perch, stood awaiting us. Thoughts had been running rapidly through my brain, wild thoughts of resistance, of a sudden rush, of emptying my revolver haphazard into the other boat, aye, even of assassinating Mouraki with an unexpected shot. All that was folly; I let it go, sprang from the boat, and, giving my hand to Phroso, helped her to land, and led her to a broad, smooth ledge of rock, on which she seated herself, still silent, but giving me a look of grief and despair. Then I turned to the pasha.

"I think," said I, "that you will have to wait a day or two for cousin Constantine. I am told that bodies do not find their way out so soon as living men."

"Ah, I thought that must be it! You threw him down into the pool?" he asked.

"No, not I. My friend Kortes."

"And Kortes?"

"They fell together."

"How very dramatic!" smiled the pasha. "How came you to let Kortes have at him first?"

"Believe me, it was unintentional; it was without any design of disappointing you, pasha."

"And there is an end of both of them?" said he, smiling at my hit.

"They must both be dead. Forgive me, pasha, but I don't understand your comedy. We were in your power at the house; why play this farce? Why not have done then what I presume you will do now?"

"My dear lord," said he, after a glance round to see that nobody listened, "the conventions must be observed. Yesterday you had not committed the offences of which, I regret to say, you have now been guilty."

"The offences? You amuse me, pasha."

"I do not grudge it you," said Mouraki. "Yes, the offences of aiding my prisoner—that lady—to escape, and—Well, the death of Constantine is at least a matter for inquiry, isn't it? You'll admit that? The man was a rogue, of course; but we must observe the law, my dear Wheatley. Besides—" He paused; then he added, "You must not grudge me my

amusement, either. Believe me, your joy at finding the boat which I caused to be placed there for your convenience, and that touching little scene which I interrupted, occasioned me infinite diversion."

I made no answer to this, and he continued:

"I made sure that if—well, if Constantine failed in perpetrating his last crime—you follow me, my dear lord?—you would make for the passage; so I obtained the guidance of that faithful fellow Demetri, and he brought us round very comfortably. Indeed, we have been waiting some little while for you. Of course Phroso delayed you."

Mouraki's sneers and jocularity had no power in themselves to anger me. Indeed, I felt myself cool and calm, ready to bandy retorts and banter with him. But there was another characteristic of his conversation on which my mind fastened, finding in it matter for thought; this was his barefaced frankness. Plainly he told me that he had employed Constantine to assassinate me; plainly he exposed to me the trick by which he had obtained a handle against me. Now to whom, if to any one, does a man like Mouraki Pasha reveal such things as these? Why to men, and only to men, who will tell no tales. And there is a proverb which hints that only one class of men tell no tales. That was why I attached significance to the governor's frankness.

I believe the man followed my thoughts with his wonderfully acute intelligence and power of penetrating the minds of others, for he smiled again as he said:

"I do not mind being frank with you, my dear Wheatley. I'm sure you will not use the little admissions I may seem to make, against me. How grieved you must be for your poor friend Kortes!"

"We have both lost a friend this morning, pasha."

"Constantine? Ah, yes. Still—he is as well where he is; just as well where he is."

"He will not be able to use your little admissions either?"

"How you catch my meaning, my dear lord! It is a pleasure to talk to you." But he turned suddenly from me, and called to his men. Three came up at once. "This gentleman," he said, indicating me and speaking now in sharp authoritative tones, "is in your custody for the present. Do not let him move."

I seated myself on a rock; the three men stood round me. The pasha bowed slightly, walked down to where Phroso sat, and began to talk to her. So at least I supposed, but I did not hear anything that he said to her; his back was towards me, and he hid Phroso from my view. I took out my flask, and had a pull at my brandy and water; it was a poor breakfast, but I was offered no other.

Up to this time the fourth soldier and Demetri had remained in the boat. They now landed, and hauled their boat up on to the beach. Then they turned to the smaller boat, which the pasha had provided in malicious sport for our more complete mortification. The soldier laid hold of its stern, and prepared to haul it also out of the water; but Demetri said something—what I could not hear—and shrugged his shoulders. The soldier nodded in apparent assent, and they left the boat where it was, merely attaching it by a rope to the other. Then they walked to the rocks, and sat down at a little distance from where I was, Demetri taking a hunch of bread and a large knife from his pocket and beginning to cut and munch. I looked at him, but he refused to meet my eye, glancing in every direction except at me.

Suddenly, while I was idly regarding Demetri, the three fellows sprang on me. One had me by each arm before I could do so much as move. The third dashed his hand into the breast pocket of my coat, and seized my revolver. They leapt away again, caught up the rifles they had dropped, and held them levelled toward me. The thing was done in a moment—I sitting like a man paralyzed. Then one of the ruffians cried:

"Your Excellency, the gentleman moved his hand to his pocket, to his pistol."

"What?" asked Mouraki, turning round. "Moved his hand to a pistol? Had he a pistol?"

My revolver was held up as damning evidence.

"And he tried to use it?" asked Mouraki, in mournful tones.

"It looked like it," said the fellow.

"It's a lie. I wasn't thinking of it," said I, for I was exasperated at the trick. I had made up my mind to fight it out, sooner than give up the revolver.

"I'm afraid it may have been so," said Mouraki, shaking his head. "Give the pistol to me, my man. I will keep it safe." His eye shot triumph at me as he took my revolver and turned again to Phroso. I was now powerless indeed.

Demetri finished his hunch of bread, and began to clean his knife, polishing its blade

leisurely and lovingly on the palm of his hand, and feeling its point with the end of his thumb. During this operation he hummed softly and contentedly to himself. I could not help smiling when I recognized the tune. It was an old friend, the chant that One-eyed Alexander wrote on the death of Stefan Stefanopoulos two hundred years ago. Demetri polished, and Demetri hummed, and Demetri looked across the blue water with a speculative eye. I did not choose to consider what might be in the mind of Demetri as he hummed and polished and gazed over the sea that girt his native island. Demetri's thoughts were his own. Let Mouraki look to them, if they were worth his care.

There! I have made that confession as plainly as I mean to make it. I put out of my mind what Demetri might be planning as he polished the knife and hummed One-eyed Alexander's chant.

Apparently, Mouraki did not think the matter worth his care. He had approached very near to Phroso now, leaning towards her as she sat on the rock. Suddenly I heard a low cry of terror, and, "No, no," in horrified accents; but Mouraki, raising his voice a little, answered, "Yes, yes."

I strained my ears to hear; nay, I half rose from where I sat, and sank back only under the pointed hint of a soldier's bayonet. I could not hear the words, but a soft pleading murmuring came from Phroso, a short, relentless laugh from Mouraki, a silence, a shrug of Mouraki's shoulders. Then he turned, and came across to me.

"Stand back a little," said he to the soldiers; "but keep your eyes on your prisoner, and if he attempts any movement—" He did not finish the sentence, which indeed was plain enough without a formal ending. Then he began to speak to me in French.

"A beautiful thing, my dear lord," said he, "is the devotion of woman. Fortunate are you who have found two ladies to love you!"

"You have been married twice yourself, I think you told me?"

"It is not exactly the same thing—not necessarily. I am very likely to be married a third time; but I fear I should flatter myself if I thought that much love would accompany the lady's hand. However, it was of you that I desired to speak. This lady here, my dear lord, is so attached to you that I believe she will marry me, purely to insure your safety. Is it not a touching sacrifice?"

"I hope she'll do nothing of the sort," said I.

"Well, it is little more than a polite fiction," he conceded. "For she will be compelled to marry me anyhow. But it is the sort of idea that comforts a woman."

He fixed his eyes on me as he made this remark, enjoying the study of its effect on me.

"Well," said I, "I never meant to marry her. I'm bound, you know. It was only another polite fiction designed to annoy you, my dear pasha."

"Ah, is that so? Now, really that is amusing," and he chuckled. He did not appear annoyed at having been deceived. I wondered a little at that—then.

"We have, really," he continued, "been living in an atmosphere of polite fictions. For example, Lord Wheatley, there was a polite fiction that I was grieved at Constantine's escape."

"And another that you were anxious to recapture him."

"And a third that you were not anxious to escape from my—hospitality."

"And a fourth that you were so solicitous for my friends' enjoyment that you exerted yourself to find them good fishing."

"Ah, yes, yes," he laughed. "And there is to be one more polite fiction, my dear lord."

"I believe I can guess it," said I, meeting his eye.

"You are always so acute," he observed, admiringly.

"Though the precise form of it I confess I do not understand."

"Well, our lamented Constantine, who had much experience, but rather wanted imagination, was in favor of a fever. He told me that it was the usual device in Neopalia."

"His wife died of it, I suppose?" I believe I smiled as I put the question. Great as my peril was, I still found a pleasure in fencing with the pasha.

"Oh, no. Now that is unworthy of you. Never have a fiction when the truth will serve. Since he is dead, he murdered his wife. If he had lived, of course—"

"Ah, then it would have been fever."

"Precisely. We must adapt ourselves to circumstances; that is the part of wise men. Now, in your case—" He bent, and looked hard in my face.

"In my case," said I, "you can call it what you like, pasha."

"Don't you think that the outraged patriotism of Neopalia—?" he suggested

with a smile. "You bought the island, you a stranger! It was very rash. These islanders are desperate fellows."

"That would have served with Constantine alive; but he is dead. Your patriot is gone, pasha."

"Alas, yes, our good Constantine is dead. But there are others. There is a fellow whom I ought to hang."

"Ah?" And my eyes wandered toward where Demetri hummed and polished.

"And who has certainly not earned his life merely by bringing me to meet you this morning, though I give him some credit for that."

"Demetri?" I asked, with a careless air.

"Well, yes, Demetri," smiled the pasha. "Demetri is very open to reason."

Across the current of our talk came still Demetri's soft, happy humming. The pasha heard it.

"I hanged his brother three years ago," he observed.

"I know you did," said I. "You seem to have done some characteristic things three years ago."

"And he went to the gallows humming that tune. You know it?"

"Very well indeed, pasha. It was one of the first things I heard in Neopalia; it's going to be one of the last perhaps."

"That tune lends a great plausibility to my little fiction," said Mouraki.

"It will no doubt be a very valuable confirmation of it," I rejoined.

The pasha made no further remark for a moment. I looked past him and past the four soldiers—for the last had now joined his comrades—to Phroso. She was leaning against the cliff side; her head was thrown back and her face upturned, but her eyes were closed. I think she had swooned or at least sunk into a half-unconscious state. Mouraki detected my glance.

"Look at her well, use your time," he said in a savage tone. "You have not long to enjoy the sight of her."

"I have as long as it may happen to please God," said I. "Neither you nor I know how long."

"I can make a guess," observed Mouraki, a quiet smile succeeding his frown.

"Yes, you can make a guess."

He stood looking at me a moment longer. Then he turned away. As he passed the soldiers he spoke to them. I saw them smile. No doubt he had picked his men for this job and could rely on them.

The little bay in which we were was surrounded by steep and precipitous rocks except in one place. Here there was a narrow cleft; the cliffs did not rise abruptly, but the ground sloped gradually upwards as it receded from the beach. Just on this spot of gradually rising ground Demetri sat, and the pasha, having amused himself with me for as long as it pleased him, walked up to Demetri. The fellow sprang to his feet and saluted Mouraki with great respect. Mouraki beckoned to him to come nearer, and began to speak to him.

I sat still where I was, under the bayonets of the soldiers, who faced me and had their backs to their commander. My eyes were steadily fixed on the pair who stood conferring on the slope, and my mind was in a ferment. Scruples troubled me no more; Mouraki himself had made them absurd. I read my only chance of life in the choice or caprice of the wild, passionate barbarian—he was little else—who stood with head meekly bowed and knife carelessly dangling in his hand. This man was he of whom Panayiota had spoken so mysteriously; he was the friend whom I had "more than I knew of;" in his blood-feud with the pasha, in his revengeful wrath, lay my chance.

It was only a chance, indeed, for the soldiers might kill me. But it was a chance, and there was no other. For if Mouraki won him over by promises and bribes, or intimidated him into doing his will, then Demetri would take the easier task, that which carried no risk, and did not involve his own death, as an attack on the pasha almost certainly would. Would he be prudent and turn his hand against the single helpless man? Or would his long-nursed rage stifle all care for himself and drive him against Mouraki? If so, if he chose that way, there was a glimmer of hope. I glanced at Phroso's motionless figure and pallid face; I glanced at the little boat that floated (why had Demetri not beached it?); I glanced at the rope that bound it to the other boat; I measured the distance between the boats and myself; I thrust my hand into the pocket of my coat, and contrived to open the blade of my clasp-knife, which was now the only weapon left to me.

Mouraki spoke and smiled; he made no gesture, but there was just a movement of his eyes towards me; Demetri's eyes followed his for an instant, but would not dwell on my face. The pasha spoke again; Demetri shook his head, and Mouraki's face assumed a persuasive, good-

humored expression, Demetri glanced apprehensively around. The pasha took him by the arm, and they went a few paces farther up the slope, so as to be more private in their talk—but was that the object with both of them? Still Demetri shook his head. The pasha's smile vanished, his mouth grew stern, his eyes cold, and he frowned. He spoke in short, sharp sentences, the snap of his lips showing when his mind was spoken. Demetri seemed to plead; he looked uneasy; he shifted from foot to foot; he drew back from the imperious man, as though he shunned him and would fain escape from him. Mouraki would not let him go, but followed him in his retreat, step for step; thus another ten yards were put between them and me. Anger and contempt blazed now on Mouraki's face; he raised his hand and brought it down clenched on the palm of the other. Demetri held out his hand as though in protest or supplication. The pasha stamped with his foot. There were no signs of relenting in his manner.

My eyes grew weary with intent watching. I felt like a man who has been staring at a bright white light, too fascinated by its intensity to blink or turn away, even though it pains him to look longer. The figures of the two seemed to become indistinct and blurred. I rubbed my knuckles into my eyes to clear my vision, and looked again. Yes, they were a little farther off, even still a little farther off than when I had looked before. It could not be by chance and unwittingly that Demetri always and always and always gave back a pace, luring the pasha to follow him. No, there was a plan in his head; and in my heart suddenly came a great beat of savage joy—of joy at the chance heaven gave; yes, and of lust for the blood of the man against whom I had so mighty a debt of wrong. And, as I gazed now, for an instant—a single, barely perceptible instant—came the swiftest message from Demetri's eyes. I read it; I knew its meaning. I sat where I was, but every muscle of my body was tense and strung in readiness for that desperate leap, and every nerve of me quivered with a repressed excitement that seemed almost to kill. Now, now! Was it now? I was within an ace of crying "Strike!" But I held the word in and still gazed. And the soldiers leant easily on their bayonets, exchanging a word or two now and again, yawning sometimes, weary of a dull job, wondering when his Excellency would let them get home again. Of what was going on behind their backs, there on the slope of the rock, they took no heed.

Ah, there was a change now! Demetri had ceased to protest, to deprecate, and to retreat. Mouraki's frowns had vanished, he smiled again satisfaction and approval. Demetri threw a glance at him. Mouraki spoke. Demetri answered. For an instant I looked at the soldiers; they were more weary and inattentive than ever. Back went my eyes; and now Mouraki, with suave graciousness, in condescending recognition of a good servant, stepped quite close up to Demetri, and, raising his hand, reached round the fellow's shoulder and patted him approvingly on the back.

"It will be now," I thought; nay, I believe I whispered, as I drew my legs up under me and grasped the hidden knife in my pocket. "Yes, it must be now!"

Mouraki patted, laughed, evidently praised. Demetri bowed his head. But his long, lithe, bare brown right arm, that had hung so weary a time in idle waiting by his side—the arm whose hand held the great bright blade so lovingly polished, so carefully tested—the arm began slowly and cautiously to crawl up his side. It bent at the elbow, it rested a moment after its stealthy, secret climb. Then, quick as lightning, it flew above Demetri's head; the blade sparkled in the sun, the hand swooped down, and the gleams of the steel were quenched in the body of Mouraki. With a sudden cry of amazement, of horror and of agony, the pasha staggered and fell prone on the rocky ground. But Demetri cried: "At last, my God, at last!" and laughed aloud.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ARMENIAN DOG.

THE death-cry that Mouraki Pasha uttered under Demetri's avenging knife seemed to touch a spring and set us all a-moving. At the sound of it the soldiers sprang from idle lassitude to an amazed wonder, which again passed in an instant to fierce excitement. Phroso leapt to her feet with a shriek. I hurled myself across the space between me and the rope, knife in hand. The soldiers, forgetful of their unarmed prisoner, turned with a shout of rage, and rushed wildly up the slope to where Demetri stood, holding his blade towards heaven. The rope parted under my impetuous hand; Phroso was by my side; in an instant we were in the boat; I

pushed off; I siezed the sculls. But then I hesitated. Was this man my friend—my ally—my accomplice—what you will? I looked up the slope. Demetri stood by the body of Mouraki; the four soldiers rushed toward him. I could not approve his deed; but I had suffered it to be done, and I must not run away now. I pushed the sculls into Phroso's hands. But she had caught my purpose, and threw herself upon me, twining her arms about me and crying, "No, no, my lord! My lord, no, no!" Her love gave her strength; for a moment I could not disengage myself, but stood fast bound in her embrace.

The moment was enough; it was the end—the end of that brief, fierce drama on the rocky slope, the end of any power I might have had to aid Demetri. For he did not try to defend himself. He stood still as a statue where he was, holding the knife up to heaven, the smile that his loud laugh left, still on his lips. Phroso's head sank upon my shoulder; she would not look. But the sight drew my eyes with an irresistible attraction. The bayonets flashed in the air and buried themselves in Demetri's body. He sank with a groan. But again the blades, drawn back, were driven into him, and again, and again. He was a mangled corpse, but in hot revenge for their leader they thrust and thrust. It turned me sick to look; yet I looked till at last they ceased and stood for an instant over the two bodies, regarding them. Then I loosed Phroso's arms off me; she sank back in the stern; and again I took the sculls, and laid to with a will. Where we were to go, or what help we could look for, I knew not; but a fever to be away from the place had come upon me, and I pulled, thinking less of life and safety than of putting distance between me and that sickening scene.

"They do not move," whispered Phroso. "They stand still. Now, my lord, row!"

A moment passed, I pulled with all my strength. Her voice came again, low but urgent:

"Now they move; they're coming down to the shore. Ah, my lord, they're taking aim!"

"God help us," said I between my teeth. "Crouch in the boat. Low down—get right down. Can you see? Lower down, Phroso, lower down!"

"Yes, I can see! Ah, one has knocked up the rifle! They're talking again. Why don't they fire?"

"Do they look like hesitating?"

"Yes. No, they're aiming again. No, they've stopped. Row, my lord, row!"

I was rowing as I had not rowed since I stroked my college boat and bumped the head of the river opposite the boathouse on the last day of the Eights', ten years before. I thought of it at the moment; so strange a thing is the human mind.

"They are running to the boat now. They are getting in. Are they coming after us, my lord?"

"Heaven knows! I suppose so."

I was wondering why they had not used their rifles; they had evidently thought of firing at first, but something had held their hands. Perhaps they, mere humble soldiers, shrank from the responsibility; their leader, whose protection would have held them harmless and whose favor rewarded them, lay dead. They might well hesitate to fire on a man whom they knew to be a person of some position and who had taken no part in Mouraki's death.

"They're launching the boat! They're in now," came in Phroso's breathless whisper.

"How far off are we?"

"I don't know—two hundred yards, perhaps. They're started now."

"Do they move well?"

"Yes, they're rowing hard. Oh, my dear lord, can you row harder?" and she clasped her hands in entreaty.

"No, I can't, Phroso," said I; and I believe I smiled. Did the dear girl think I should choose that moment for paddling?

"They're gaining," she cried. "They're gaining. On, my lord, on!"

"How many are rowing?"

"Three, my lord; each with two oars."

"Oh, the deuce! It's no good, Phroso."

"No good, my lord? But if they catch us?"

"I wish I could answer you. How near now?"

"Half as near as they were before."

"Look round. Do you see any boats anywhere? Look all around."

"There's nothing anywhere, my lord."

"Then the game's up," said I; and I rested on my oars, and began to pant. I was not in training for a race.

The boat containing the soldiers drew near. Our boat, now motionless, awaited their coming. Phroso sat with a despairing look in her eyes. But my mood was not the same. Mouraki was dead. I knew the change his death made was great. Mouraki was dead; and I did not believe that there was another man at Neopalia

who would dare to take any extreme step against me. For why had they not fired? They did not fire now, when they could have shot me through the head without difficulty, and without danger.

Their boat came alongside of ours. I touched Phroso's hand, and she looked up.

"Courage," said I. "The braver we look the better we shall come off." And I turned to the pursuers, and regarded them steadily, waiting for them to speak. The first communication was in dumb show. The man who was steering—he appeared to be a subordinate officer—covered me with his barrel.

"I am absolutely unarmed," I said. "You know that. You took my weapon away from me."

"You are trying to escape," said he, not moving his rifle.

"Where is your warrant for stopping me?"

"The pasha—"

"The pasha is dead. Be careful what you do. I am an Englishman, and in my country I am as great a man as your pasha was." This assertion was perhaps on, or beyond, the confines of strict truth; it had considerable effect, however.

"You were our prisoner, my lord," said the officer, more civilly. "We cannot allow you to escape. This lady was a prisoner also. She is not English, she is of the island. And one of the islanders has slain the pasha. She must answer for it."

"What can she have had to do with it?"

"It may have been planned between her and the criminal."

"Oh, and between me and the criminal, too, perhaps?"

"Perhaps, my lord. It is not my place to inquire into that."

I shrugged my shoulders with an appearance of mingled carelessness and impatience.

"Well, what do you want of us?" I asked.

"You must accompany us back to Neopalia."

"Well, where did you suppose I was going? Is this a boat to go for a voyage in? And can I row a hundred miles to Rhodes? Come, you're a silly fellow!"

He was rather embarrassed by this; for he did not know whether to believe me or not. Phroso caught the cue well enough to keep her tongue between her pretty lips and her lids low over her wondering eyes.

"But," I pursued, in a tone of ironical remonstrance, "are you going to leave the pasha there? The other is a rogue and a murderer (it rather went to my heart to describe the useful, if unscrupulous, Demetri in these terms), let him be. But does it suit the dignity of Mouraki Pasha to lie untended on the shore, while his men go to the harbor? It will look as though you had loved him little. You—four of you—allow one man to kill him, and you leave his body as if it were the body of a dog!"

I had no definite reason for wishing them to return to Mouraki's body; but every moment gained was something. Neopalia had bred in me a constant hope of new chances, of fresh turns, of a smile from fortune following quick on a frown. So I urged on them anything which would give a respite. My appeal was not wasted; the officer held a hurried, whispered consultation with the soldier who sat on the seat next to him. Then he said:

"It is true, my lord. It is more fitting that we carry the body; but you must row back with us."

"With all my heart," said I; and I took up my sculls with alacrity.

The officer responded to this move by laying his rifle in readiness across his knees; both boats turned, and we set out again for the beach. As soon as we reached it, three of them went up the slope. I saw them kick Demetri's body out of the way; for he had so fallen that his arm was over the breast of his victim. Then they raised Mouraki, and began to carry him down. Phroso hid her face in her hands. My eyes were on Mouraki's face, and I watched him carried down to the boat, meditating on the strange toss-up which had allotted to him the fate that he had with such ruthless cunning prepared for me. Suddenly I sprang up, leapt out of the boat, and began to walk up the slope. I passed the soldiers who carried Mouraki. They paused in surprise and uneasiness. I walked briskly by them, taking no notice of them, and came where Demetri's body lay. I knelt for a moment by him, and closed his eyes with my hand. Then I took off the silk scarf I was wearing and spread it over his face, and I rose to my feet again. Somehow I felt that I owed to Demetri some such small office of friendship as that; and I found myself hoping that there had been good in the man, and that He who sees all of the heart would see good even in the wild, desperate soul of Demetri of Neopalia. So I arranged the scarf carefully, and, turning, walked down the slope to the boats again, glad that I could tell the girl Panayiota that some one had closed her lover's eyes.

Thus I left the friend that I knew not of; and, looking into my own heart, I did not judge him harshly. I had let the thing be done.

When I reached the shore the soldiers were about to lay Mouraki's body in the larger of the two boats. But, having nothing to cover his body with, they proceeded to remove his undress frock coat, and left it lying for an instant on the shingle, while they lifted him in. Seeing that they were ready, I picked up the coat and handed it to them. They took it, and arranged it over the trunk and head. Two of them then got into the boat in which Phroso sat, and signed to me to jump in. I was about to obey, when I perceived a pocket-book lying on the shingle. It was not mine; neither Demetri nor the soldiers were likely to carry a handsome morocco letter-case. It must have belonged to Mouraki, and have fallen from his coat as I lifted it. It lay now open, face upwards. I stooped for it, intending to give it to the officer. But an instant later it was in my own pocket; and I, under the screen of a most innocent expression, was covertly watching my guards, to see whether they had detected my action. The two who rowed Mouraki had already started; the others had been taking their seats in the boat, and had not perceived the swift motion with which I picked up the book. I now walked past them, and sat down behind them in the bows. Phroso was in the stern. One of them asked her, with a considerable show of respect, if she would steer. She assented with a nod. I crouched down low in the bows behind the back of the soldiers; and I took out Mouraki's pocket-book and opened it. My action seemed, no doubt, not far removed from theft. But, as the book lay open on the shore, I had seen in it something which belonged to me, something that was inalienably mine, of which no schemes or violence could deprive me. This was nothing else than my name.

Very quietly and stealthily I drew out a slip of paper; behind that was another slip, and again a third. They were cuttings from a Greek newspaper. Neither the name of the paper, nor the dates, nor the place of publication appeared: the extracts were merely three short paragraphs, and my name headed each of them. I had not been aware that any chronicle of my somewhat unexpected fortunes had reached the outer world; I set myself to read them with much interest. Great men may become *blasés* as to what the papers say about them; I had never attained to this Olympian indifference.

"Let's have a look," said I to myself, after a cautious glance over my shoulder at the other boat.

The first paragraph ran thus: "We regret to hear that Lord Wheatley, the English nobleman who has recently purchased the island of Neopalia and taken up his residence there, is suffering from an attack of the fever which is at the present time prevalent in the island."

"Now, that's very curious," I thought. For I had never enjoyed better health than during my sojourn at Neopalia. I turned with increased interest to the second cutting. I wanted to see what progress I had made in my serious sickness; I was naturally interested.

"We greatly regret to announce that Lord Wheatley's condition is more serious. The fever has abated, but the patient is extremely prostrate."

"It would be even more interesting, if one had the dates," thought I.

The last paragraph was extremely brief: "Lord Wheatley died at seven o'clock yesterday morning."

I lay back in the bows of the boat, holding these remarkable little slips of paper in my hand. They gave occasion for some thought. Then I replaced them in the pocket-book, and I had, I regret to say, the curiosity to explore farther. I lifted the outer flap of leather, and looked in the inner compartment. It held only a single piece of paper, not in print this time, but in handwriting; and the handwriting looked very much like what I had seen over Mouraki's name.

"Report of Lord Wheatley's death unfounded. Reason to suspect intended foul play on the part of the islanders. Governor is making inquiries. Lord Wheatley is carefully guarded, as attempts on his life are feared. Feeling in island is much exasperated, the sale to Lord Wheatley being very unpopular."

"There's another compartment yet," said I to myself, and I turned to it eagerly.

Alas, I was disappointed! There was a sheet of paper in it, but the paper was a blank! Yet I looked at the blank piece of paper with even greater interest; for I had no doubt that it had been intended to carry another message, a message that was true and no lie; that was to have been written this very morning by the dagger of Demetri. Something like this it would run, would it not, in the terse style of my friend Mouraki Pasha? "Lord Wheatley

assassinated this morning. Criminal killed by governor's guard. Governor is taking severe measures."

Mouraki, Mouraki! In your life you loved irony, and in your death you were not divided from it. For, while you lay a corpse in the stern of your boat, I lived to read those unwritten words on the blank paper in your pocket-book. Constantine had killed me—so I interpreted the matter—by fever; but that would not serve, when Denny and Hogvardt and faithful Watkins knew that it was a lie. Therefore the lie was declared a lie; and you set yourself to prove again that truth is better than a lie—especially when a man can manufacture it to his own order. Yet, surely, Mouraki, if you can look now into this world, your smile will be a wry one! For cunning as you were and full of twists, more cunning still and richer in expedients is the thing called Fate; and the dagger of Demetri wrote another message to fill the blank sheet that your provident note-book carried! Thinking thus, I put the book in my pocket, and looked round with a smile on my lips. I wished the man were alive that I might mock him; I grudged him the sudden death that fenced him from my triumphant raillery. And suddenly, there in the bows of the boat, I laughed aloud, so that the soldiers turned startled faces over their shoulders and Phroso looked in wonder at me.

"It is nothing," said I. "Since I am alive I may laugh, I suppose?" For Mouraki Pasha was not alive.

My reading and my meditation had passed the time. Now we were round the point that lay between us and the harbor, and were heading straight for the gunboat, that lay just across the head of the jetty. Phroso's eyes met mine in an appeal; I could give her no hope of escape. There was nothing for it; we must go on—we and Mouraki together. But my heart was buoyant within me, and I exulted in the favors of fortune as a lover in his mistress's smiles. Was not Mouraki lying dead in the stern of the boat, and was not I alive?

We drew near to the gunboat, and now I perceived that her steam launch lay by her, and smoke poured from its funnel. Evidently the launch was ready for a voyage. Whither? Could it be to Rhodes? And did the pocket-book that I felt against my ribs, by any chance, contain the cargo that was to have been speeded on its way to-day? I laughed again as our boat came alongside and a movement of excitement and interest rose from the deck of gunboat and launch alike.

The officer went on board the gunboat, and for an hour or more we sat where we were, sheltered by the sides of the vessel from the heat of the sun; for it was now noon. What was happening on board I could not tell, but there was stir and bustle. The excitement seemed to grow. Presently it spread from the vessel to the shore, and groups of islanders began to collect. I saw men point at Phroso, at me, at the stiffened figure under the coat. They spoke also, and freely, more boldly than I had heard them since Mouraki had landed and his presence turned their fierce pride to meekness. It was as though a weight had been lifted off them, and I knew from my own mind the relief that had come to them by the death of the hard man and the removal of the ruthless arm. Presently a boat put off, and began to pull round the promontory. The soldiers did not interfere, but watched the boat go in idle toleration. I guessed its errand; it went to take up the corpse of Demetri, and (I was much afraid) to give it a patriot's funeral.

At last Mouraki's body was carried on to the gunboat, and then a summons came to me. With a glance of encouragement at Phroso, who sat in a sort of stupor, I rose and obeyed. I was conducted on to the deck of the gunboat, and found myself face to face with its captain. He was a Turk, a young man of dignified and pleasant appearance. He bowed courteously, although slightly, to me. I supposed that Mouraki's death left him the supreme authority in Neopalia, and I made him the obeisance proper to his new position.

"This is a terrible, a startling event, my lord," said he.

"It is the loss of a very eminent and distinguished man," I observed.

"Ah, yes, and in a very fearful manner," he answered. "I am not prejudging your position, but you must see that it puts you in a rather serious situation."

There were two or three of his officers round him; I took a step towards him. I liked his looks, and somehow his grief at Mouraki's end did not seem intense. I determined to play the bold game.

"Nothing, I assure you, to what I should have been in if it had not occurred," said I composedly.

A start and a murmur ran around the group. The captain looked uncomfortable.

"With his Excellency's plans we have nothing to do," he began.

"Aye, but I have," said I. "And when I tell you—"

"Gentlemen," said the captain hastily, "leave us alone for a little while."

I saw at once that I had made an impression. It seemed not difficult to create an impression averse to Mouraki, now he was dead; though it had not been wise to display one when he was alive.

"I don't know," said I, when we were left alone together, "if you knew the relations between the late pasha and myself?"

"No," said he, in a steady voice, looking me full in the face.

"It was not, perhaps, within the sphere of your duty to know them?" I hazarded.

"It was not," said he. I thought I saw the slightest of smiles glimmering between beard and mustache.

"But now that you are in command it is different?"

"It is undoubtedly different now," he allowed.

"Shall we talk in your cabin?"

"By all means;" and he led the way.

When we reached the cabin I gave him a short sketch of what had happened since Mouraki's arrival; he was already informed as to the events before that date. He heard me with unmoved face. At last I came to my attempted escape with Phroso by the secret passage and the attack of Constantine.

"That fellow was a villain," he observed.

"Yes," said I. "Read those." And I handed him the printed slips, adding, "I suppose he sent these by fishing-boats to Rhodes, first to pave the way, and finally to account for my disappearance."

"I must congratulate you on a lucky escape, my lord."

"You have more than that to congratulate me on. Captain, your launch seems ready for a voyage."

"Yes, but I have countermanded the orders."

"What were they?"

"I beg your pardon, my lord, but what concern is it—"

"For a trip to Rhodes, perhaps?"

"I shall not deny it if you guess it."

"By the order of the pasha?"

"Undoubtedly."

"On what errand?"

"His Excellency did not inform me."

"To carry this, perhaps?" and I flung the paper which had Mouraki's handwriting, on the table that stood between us.

He took it up and read it; and while he read I took my pencil from my pocket, and I wrote on the blank slip of paper which I had found in the pocket-book the message that Mouraki's brain had surely conceived, though his fingers had grown stiff in death before they could write it.

"What does it mean?" asked the captain.

"To-morrow," said I, "I think another message would have gone to Rhodes—"

"I had orders to be ready to go myself to-morrow."

"You had?" I cried. "And what would you have carried?"

"That I do not know."

"Aye, but I do. There's your cargo;" and I flung down what I had written.

He read it once and again, and looked across the table at me, fingering the slip of paper.

"He did not write this?" he said.

"As you saw, I wrote it. If he had lived, then as surely as I live he would have written it. Captain, it was for me that the dagger was meant. Else why did he take with him this morning the man Demetri? Had Demetri cause to love him, or he cause to trust Demetri?"

The captain stood with the paper in his hand. I walked round the table, and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"You did not know his schemes," said I. "They were not schemes that he could tell to a Turkish gentleman."

At this instant the door opened and the officer who had been with us in the morning entered.

"I have laid his Excellency's body in his cabin," he said.

"Come," said the captain, "we will go and see it, my lord."

I followed him to where Mouraki lay. The pasha's face was composed, and there was even a semblance of a smile on his lips.

"Do you believe what I tell you?" I asked. "I tried to save the girl from him, and in return he meant to kill me. Do you believe? If not, hang me for his murder; if you do, why am I a prisoner? What have I done? Where is my offense?"

The captain looked down on Mouraki's face, tugged his beard, smiled, was silent an instant. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and he said—he who had not dared, a day before, to lift his voice or raise his finger unbidden in Mouraki's presence:

"Faugh, the Armenian dog!"

There was, I fear, race prejudice in

that, but I did not contradict it. I stood looking down on Mouraki's face; and to my fancy, strung by the events of the past hours and twisted from sobriety to strange excesses of delusion, the lips seemed once again to curl in their old bitter smile, as he lay still and heard himself spurned, and could not move to exact the vengeance that in his life he had never missed.

So we left him—the Armenian dog!

(To be concluded next month.)

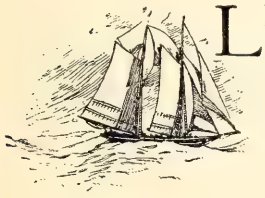
AMONG THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN.

A CHAPTER OF REMINISCENCES.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," etc.

A GLOUCESTER TRAGEDY.—A GLOUCESTER TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—A FISHERMEN'S REFORM CLUB.—TWO NOTABLE SERMONS BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.



LIFE at Gloucester began very much as other life begins in the first delightful possession of one's "ain fireside." Is happiness essentially selfish? For some years after my cottage was built, I surrendered my summers to the luxury of entertaining. I remember those as the Years of the Friends. I was slow in asking whether the North Shore had other claims upon me than those of giving pleasure to other comfortable people and receiving more than I gave. Having waited, apparently, long enough for me to ask, fate abruptly told me, without the formality of a question.

One summer evening, in a year of whose date I cannot be sure, except that it was in the seventies, I was driving with a friend through the main street of East Gloucester. It was after tea; and a sky, translucent overhead, was burning down towards the west, preparing for one of the famous Gloucester sunsets.

We were driving through a weir of stores and fish-firms and fish-flakes—which last, it should be said, is the technical term for the frames or trellises on which salt fish is dried. For Gloucester, it must be understood, is the most important fishing port in the world, and Fish, whether dead or living, is always spelled there with a capital. In fact, there is a dignity about this form of commerce upon which, to the reduction of most other kinds of interests, Gloucester insists. Her summer guests may come and go, may pay or not, may criticise or adore; but her fish bite on forever. The result of my own observation has been that Gloucester, in her heart of hearts, regards her large summer population with a certain contempt. We are weak on the topics of main-sheets and jib-hanks, of blocks and "popple-ballast" and seines. We are not learned in the times when herring strike and mackerel are due. We cannot man a Grand Banker in a gale. We do not go "haddockin'" in March. We do not pack "Cape Ann turkey" to the limits of the globe. Our incomes, if we have any, are drawn from invisible sources, looked upon with instinctive suspicion. They are neither caught with a hook, nor salted in a box, nor telephoned to the Board of Trade when the cargoes come in. We are more or less idle folk, who wander about the streets (who knows why?), or sun ourselves stupidly on the red and purple rocks, or dig for clams on the beaches at high tide, or exasperate the farmers by trampling down the hay and letting the cattle into the apple orchards. We are artists whose crop of white umbrellas sprouts everywhere and bothers everybody, and whose brushes do not know a back-stay from corn-silk. We are boarders who capsize the cat-boats, or pay by the hour to sail in a calm, and don't know any better; cottagers who create homes in extraordinary localities hitherto little respected; or even writers who put Gloucester adoringly into the magazines out of the impulses of our loyal and loving hearts, and

are hated, accordingly, of all men for the tribute's sake.

Perhaps every line of this page may cost its writer a friend in Gloucester—who can tell? Yet I mean only gracious things by the dear old place, which I have loved for twenty years. I devoutly believe and firmly proclaim that the shore of Gloucester Harbor is the most adorable spot in this part of the world in which to spend the summer; and that he who has never known her Junes and her Septembers, her wonderful downs (said to be the only specimens of the real thing on our coast), the warm heart of her fishing-folk, and the colors of her waves, seen returning from afternoon sails in a light southwester, misses something out of life which the next will remind him that he lacks. I am aware that this is a strong statement, and beyond it I cannot go. This does not mean that I am unconscious of the faults in the loveliest of places; though, for love's sake, I may pass them lightly by.

All seaport towns drink. I do not know if Gloucester is any thirstier than other places of her kind. I like to think not; but on the summer evening of which I speak, it first came to my thought—or knowledge—that this little city seethed with tempted men, having peculiar difficulties and dangers, and needing peculiar treatment. As we drove through the chief street of East Gloucester, we saw a crowd thickening before us in front of a store, or shop, whose existence I did not remember to have observed before. It was a large crowd for a small place, and evidently under intense excitement. All along the sides of the street women who did not join the crowd came to their doors and looked out soberly. They were white to the lips, every woman of them; some of them shook their fists in the direction of the crowd; some wept; some seemed to curse, and some to pray.

"If men-folks *will* do such things, they must *expect* such things to happen!" cried one matron.

"I hope they'll raze the place to the ground! I hope they'll fire it to ashes! I hope they won't leave stick nor stone of it till morning!" said another, in the deep tones of irreproachable anathema.

I had stopped my horse, and begged to be told what had happened; but it was some time before the women paid attention enough to me to answer my question. I was only a "summer boarder," alien to them and to the sorrows of their lives. I was of far less importance to them than the school of mackerel which entered or swarmed past Gloucester Harbor; one might easily say, of less than the barnacles on the old piers.

"Haven't you heard?" said a woman at last, scornfully. "Why, it happened in —— ——'s rum-shop."

Now, I had been in East Gloucester more summers than I cared, just then, to remember, and never till that moment had I known that —— —— had a rum-shop in the centre of the town.

"There's a man murdered there," continued the speaker more gently, observing, perhaps, the expression of my face. "He's just dead. Him and this other fellar had words, and he drove a knife into him and out again three times. He's stone dead, layin' there on the floor. . . . See the men-folks crowdin' round to look at him! If men-folks will do such things, they must *expect* such things to happen! I hope they won't leave stick nor stone to that place, come mornin'!"

"Was he a married man?"

"She lives up to the Block. And the young ones."

"How many?"

"Twelve."

"Has anybody been to see this poor creature—the widow? Has any woman gone to her?"

"Hey?" staring. "I guess not. Not that I know of."

I turned my horse and drove straight to the smitten family. My friend (who had the worst of it) kindly agreed to sit in the carriage, among the gathering people, while I went into the tenement. I felt like thanking her warmly, for it would have been easy to make that little decision hard for me; or to turn my own mind in the trembling of a choice upon which, I came to think afterwards, a good deal that may have been important swung.

I went in. It was like other places of its kind, neither better nor worse. Such homes were not unfamiliar to me; but I had never entered one before on such an errand. To my selfish relief, I found that some newsbearer had preceded me, and that it did not devolve upon me to break the tidings to the widow. She was pacing up and down the dark, close rooms like a large creature in a very little cage. She uttered strange, monotonous shrieks. She did not notice my entrance. In fact, no one paid any attention to me. The twelve (I think it was twelve) children, in various stages of grief and fright, were scattered about. Her oldest son leaned

GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN ON THE GRAND BANKS.

against the wall, and looked helplessly at the screaming woman. She wailed:

"Oh, ain't it hard? Ain't it, ain't it?"

A neighbor came in, a big, red woman, and offered consolation in this form:

"Mis' ——, Mis' ——! Be still now, there, *and have the patience of God!*"

This modest and moderate demand, strange to say, was disregarded by the afflicted creature, who moaned on pitifully.

I was an uninvited guest in that stricken household, and it seems like a breach of something for which we have no precise name for me to dwell too far upon the details of such a scene as no spectator could easily forget or describe. In point of fact, nothing and nobody quieted the woman; and so I went up, saying no words at all, and took her in my arms.

For a little, her wailing continued steadily; then I saw, at last, that her eyes had fallen upon my gloves. They were white, like the rest of my dress; the room was heavy with the advancing dusk, and I suppose they made a spot of light by which her frenzied sight was arrested. Her sobbing broke; she turned and looked up into my face. Still I did not speak, but only held her quietly. . . . I stayed with her till the body was brought home, and then we drove away. As we turned into the main street, I heard low cries from the people:

"There he is! There he is! They've caught him! They've got the murderer! He ran and hid down to the water—but there he is!"

A carryall, rapidly driven and closely guarded by officers, passed us. The sunset was dying, and against a cold streak of wintry color, beyond the western shore of the harbor, I saw the profile of the murderer, as pale as that other face which I had left with a woman wailing over it. He was a very young man, they told me, and came of a self-respecting family.

I had read, of course, like other intelligent people, of women who entered rumshops on moral and religious errands. In

fact, I think, once, in Andover, when I was a very young lady, I personally besought a liquor-seller, in behalf of some ruined family in which I was interested, to abandon the error of his ways. He received me politely, and continued them steadily. But as for what is known, in this country, as the Temperance Movement, it was as unfamiliar to me as the gossip of Tahiti. I was reared in circles which pursued their own proportion of Christian charity in their own ways, and which knew but little of this form of ethical progress. In a word, I was without education for that kind of service to humanity, and I had, hitherto, paid no more attention to it than any woman of society. In fact, if the truth were to be told, I had, perhaps, little more confidence in the wisdom of its prevailing methods. Ignorance is always prejudice; and I was prejudiced in proportion to mine.

A GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN.

That Gloucester murder, and the short sunset hour which I spent in that devastated home, did for me what all the temperance conventions and crusades of America, generalled by braver and broader-minded women than I, had failed to do. All my traditions went down, and my common sense and human heart came up. From that day "I asked no questions; I had no replies;" but gave my sympathy, without paltry hesitation, to the work done by the women of America for the salvation of men endangered or ruined by the liquor habit.

"I am going into that rum-shop next Sunday," I announced, "to hold a service."

"*You?*" My friends stared at me anxiously. Would two physicians and the legal certificate of incarceration be needed shortly? Afterwards I remembered how they looked. At the time I scarcely noticed it, but proceeded on my way, with the absorption of all young reformers in a new enthusiasm.

Of course my first step was to visit the bar-tender. I was received with drawing-room politeness. He was more than willing that I should hold a religious service in his saloon. He was, I thought, personally very grateful. He felt the odium under which he stood. He was pale and perturbed. He welcomed me with significant cordiality. Indeed, I think he looked upon me, for the moment, as his individual savior from social downfall. It had not occurred to me that I was enlisting my energies to protect the rum-seller, and I must say that this amusing view of the situation rather staggered me. But, concluding to ignore it gracefully, I went on with my plan for the Sunday.

"You'll say, won't you," pleaded the dealer in death, "that this ain't my fault? You'll tell 'em it might have happened anywhere, won't you? Why, *it might have happened in a church!* There's murders do. You'll say so, won't you, ma'am?"

Without committing myself on this delicate point, I arranged our little programme, securing the help of a lovely, gray-haired "lady from Philadelphia"—for this was in the days when my own hair was still so dark that I liked to be mothered a little in difficult positions. We went into the saloon the next Sunday, and opened our short service.

Now, my companion had been trained by Phillips Brooks in his younger pastorate, and she was far better qualified than I to conduct the service. But, with the pertinacity of gentle women, she refused. She would read, she would sing, she would help; but speak she would not.

"You *will* not?" pleaded I; "but I *cannot*. I never opened my mouth in a public place in my life. I shall drop of stage fright—and think of the scene! It will be little less exciting than the murder. I am a coward, born, bred, and graduated, on this point. It is morally impossible for me to speak in that, or any other, place." But I prevailed nothing against her; and speak I had to.

The saloon was, of course, packed. It overflowed to the porch, and into the street, and back through the three little rooms within rooms, which, according to my limited observation, seem to characterize the grog-shops of our native land; an architectural peculiarity into whose causes or effects I have never penetrated.

VIEW TOWARDS GLOUCESTER FROM THE TOP OF MR. AND MRS. WARD'S SUMMER COTTAGE.

There were a few women there to sing for us, and certain of the wives of the men who frequented the shop; but our hearers were chiefly men, and precisely the men who were the usual customers of this and kindred places. A great red stain in the floor was covered from sight by the crowd.

To say that the audience was respectful, is to say little enough. If we had been angels from the clouds or courts of heaven we could not have been received with more deference, more delicacy, or more attention. To say that no disturbance of any kind took place, is, again, to say too little for the occasion. Not a foot stirred, not a lip whispered; indeed, it is quite within bounds to say that not an eye wandered. We read a little—not too much—from the Bible; and we sang a hymn or two, and I said a few words, and we came away. Those men listened to us as if they had never heard a message of mercy before in all their lives, and never might again. I remember that some of them hung their heads upon their breasts, like guilty children; and that they looked ashamed and sorry. But most of them met us in the eye, and drank what we said thirstily. Their attention and gravity amounted to solemnity, and had the appearance of resolution. But of that who can testify?

We did not too much blame these men; they had reasons for getting drunk which life had never made apparent to us. Nor did we berate the rum-seller; we were his guests. We read and spoke to them of better things; that was all. I remember that we read from the Revelation about the dead, great and small, who stand before God to be judged; and I can never forget how those men looked as I laid down my father's Bible, with those words. Life has given and withheld much from me that has been, or has seemed to be, rich and valuable. It has never given me another hour when I felt that I had found the chief privilege of existence, as I felt when I forgot myself, and pleaded with Heaven for those miserable men; nor has it withheld much that I should have treasured more than the power to continue my happy work among them.

It lasted for but three years. Though it began, it did not seem to begin, with the murder; for, after a few Sundays, our services in the saloon came to an end. The bar-tender's religious character was not prominently developed, and his hospitality cooled as the excitement waned. Not wishing to intrude upon it,—for, after

all, the rum was his, and the legal right to sell it,—we devoted ourselves for a little to the concerns of the fatherless family, and returned to the normal course of summer existence. Without were drunkards and murderers; and we thought of them no more.

I thought of them no more—at least not then. But God's lessons are not lost so easily as that. The next year, when The Old Maid's Paradise was opened for the season, a person indistinctly known to our domestic world as "the vegetable man" one day quietly made his way from the back door to the front, and boldly demanded that I should visit the Reform Club and give a temperance lecture. If he had asked me to discover the North Pole in a Gloucester dory, I should have been less astounded; perhaps less shocked. In vain did I reason that I did not know what a reform club was; that I was not, and never might, could, would, or should be, a lecturer; and that a temperance lecturer was a being so apart from my nature and qualifications, that I was better fitted to salt fish upon the wharves than to assume the position which I was desired to fill. The petitioner was dogged, obstinate, and respectful. It seemed that the organization which he represented, having heard of the rum-shop services, had appointed a committee to request my presence in the appalling capacity specified; and "No" for an answer the enthusiasts declined to take.

"I do not lecture," I persisted; "but I will come up to your clubroom, and help you somehow."

Thus compromising with my fate, I rode up in the vegetable man's carryall to the clubroom; and I left it, that first evening, the firm friend of those struggling men and women, and of all like them, in hard positions and in service like theirs, forever.

The little local organization with which I was concerned had, in some respects, an exceptional history; but it belonged to a great class at that time popular with the mass of our people, and unquestionably useful in stimulating a taste for decent ways of living among that proportion of our fellow citizens whom the liquor traffic disgraces and ruins. Having become once convinced that the method, however foreign to my taste and to my training, was sound and sensible; was, in fact, so much wiser and greater than my ignorance or timidity, that it commanded my respect, as well as my conscience; of course I had no choice but to give myself to the principle, and try to improve its practice if I might. As our Methodist friends would say, I "followed the leading," and I never regretted it.

For three years I had the great happiness of serving the people who had needed

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE OUTER HARBOR, GLOUCESTER.

From a photograph by Joseph H. Perry, Gloucester.

THE GLOUCESTER WHARVES.

and selected me. There and then, if ever, I became acquainted with life. I learned more from my Gloucester people than I ever taught them, and I shall hold them gratefully and lovingly in my heart as long as I live.

The pathetic battle of those tempted men with themselves; the hardships of the fishermen, shipped for midwinter voyages; rum on the wharves, and rum on the vessel, mocking the vow of the newly-sobered man; the distrusts and jealousies and obstacles flung in the way of "reformed men" by their own mates, or by respectable citizens who ought to have sunk to their knees with shame for deeds that I have known to be done; the coldness of some churches (alas, that I must say it!) towards us, and the persistent unpopularity of our efforts,—an unpopularity known to all movements, everywhere, in the pursuance of what is called the temperance work—such things one remembers when the easy side of existence is forgotten. In the ultimate valuation of life, when soul and body are "put to the question," one may no longer feel concern about the creation of a style, or the verity of a literary school, or the importance of a light touch; one may not recall the brilliant conversers of the choicest society one has known and valued; possibly even precious passion of study, on sheltered winter days, by open fires, among one's dearest books, and with one's highest masters, may pass—who can tell?

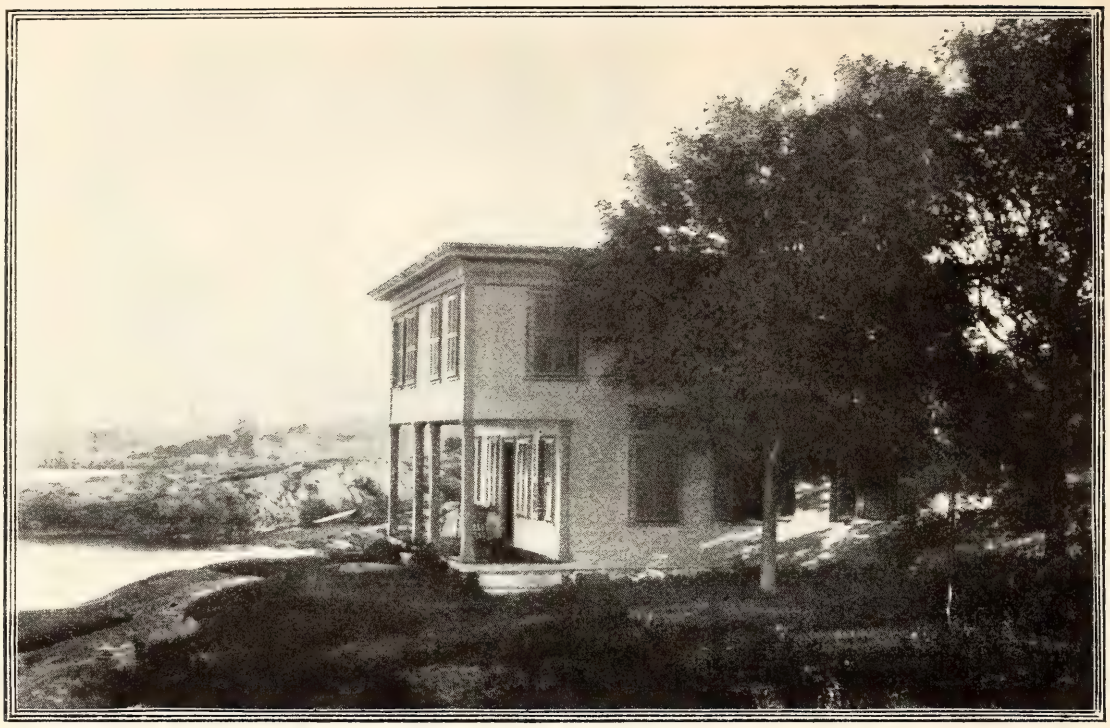
I think there are things that will not pass. The look of a manly fellow when he has been sober for two years; the expression in the eyes of his wife, and a word or two she said; the sobs of a man who had "broken his pledge," and begged for his soul's life to be saved (a vulgar incident, I grant you. Did I claim that it was "literature"?); the eyes of the men when they stopped in the middle of an oath upon the wharves, and came in and finished the hymn that we were singing in the clubroom; and oh, the way the *women* looked!—these common scenes may last when every other brain-cell but those retaining them and such as they has given back its impression to the great Engraver.

Touching beyond words were the appeals of the women. One, I remember, walked miles to my house, and she was quite unfit for walking, to beg me, in their superstitious way, to "stop her husband drinking." For I was sometimes accosted on the street by strange men who would detain me respectfully to say:

"I hear when you talk to folks they stop drinkin'. I wish you'd talk to me!"

This woman pulled up her sleeve, and showed me big purple bruises on her beautiful arm and shoulder.

"He's always kind when he's sober," she urged. "But I wish you'd talk to him. He peeked in at the winder last night at the club to see you. He said he see you, and you was readin' something out of a book. He said he wanted to go



WONSON'S COVE, EAST GLOUCESTER.

The cottage shown in the picture was used by Miss Phelps several summers as a study.

in and listen, but he dassent, for he felt ashamed. So he come home and throwed himself on the lounge, and put his hands acrosst his eyes, and groaned, as if he was hurted in an accident, and he says, 'Jane, I wisht I was a better man.' An' I says, 'Tom, I wisht you was.' And he says he'd like to have you talk to him; so I come down. First I thought I'd go to Mrs. Cæsar Augustus Smith, but he *didn't say anything* about Mrs. Cæsar Augustus Smith, an' so I come to you. For he never hits me when he's sober, and he likes the baby; and so I thought I'd come."

Speaking of literature, I remember a bit of pure eloquence which I heard from one of our men, one evening. He was a fine fellow—or was meant to be—a tall, well-looking man, with a good head, and something in it. He drank till he was fifty; then stopped, slipped a few times, but died sober. He had never been a man of many words on matters of religious belief, and was popularly credited with a tinge of awful scepticism. When, one day, therefore, he quietly announced to his mates in our little organization his purpose to sympathize with the more religious aspects of its work, the incident created a furore. The man's motives were immediately and bitterly impugned. Few of his neighbors but questioned his sincerity. It would be difficult to make one unfamiliar with just such forms of service among precisely such people understand the large temporary importance of small events like these. The next week our "reformed man" rose serenely in the little chapel and said this only:

"I understand that my sincerity has been doubted in what I said here last week—that I meant to be a better man, and that I should like to live a different life. I want to say this: If my old neighbors cannot forget my past, I have been *taught to believe that Christ can.*"

For clear "persuasion of speech" I have seldom heard that surpassed.

It occurs to me that I have said more of the obstacles than of the aids to our work among the Gloucester drunkards; and far be it from me to fall into that coarseness of heart which is more conscious of the absence than of the presence of human sympathy. It was invigorating to me at the time, and as I look back upon it from this distance it seems to have been extraordinary that we received so much assistance from sources outside of the boundary of local interest. I used often to be asked to drive down the North Shore and tell the summer people what we were doing for the fishermen. These parlor talks always resulted in something less evasive than pleasant words. Generous and hearty, to a surprising degree, were the contributions to our always clamorous needs, of a people to whose tastes and experience our work was quite foreign. Our

steadiest and greatest help came from a noble woman, a life-long invalid, whose large, unselfish heart went out to meet the cry of the world from which she was shut in.

It is so easy to doubt the humanity of the easy classes; flings at the hardness of wealth and social position are so common and so often unjust, that I am glad to take this chance to testify of the warm hearts, the generous impulses, the lavish purses, and the sincere sympathy which I found only waiting for the opportunity to pour themselves upon a need in whose reality they could trust. The thing which interested me about it, in this especial case, was that so much of this practical cordiality came from people who had the smallest natural amount of sympathy with the religious aspect of what we were doing.

I remember one day, sitting alone in my little study by the harbor, that I heard the tap-tapping of a very small, pointed, feminine heel upon the rocks, and that the shadow of a little lady suddenly darkened the door. I knew her at a glance for one of the queens of that phase of society which we still call fashionable. She was, in fact, a very gay little lady—and remains so. She came in quite soberly and gently, and began to talk with me about the Gloucester fishermen, asking the most appreciative and intelligent of questions; I wondered at them. Her boys, she said, wanted to put a set of standard novels in the library of our clubroom. When she went away she left substantial evidence of —what was it? A moment's sympathy? An hour's genuineness? A movement of regret, or of resolve? Who can say? Perhaps this gay benefactress needed a missionary, in her way, as much as our drunkards in theirs. Perhaps she was doing a bit of penance of her own. It is possible. Did I feel at liberty to use her name, a large portion of the gay world would appreciate the incident. But, for myself, whenever I hear this little lady, as one sometimes does, criticized for her merry making at life, I recall that afternoon at Gloucester. I hear the tapping of the tiny heels upon my rocks. I see the sober face, chastened with a look never seen in the drawing-rooms, where she rules it whimsically and royally. I hear an accent of something like perplexity, like wonder, like appeal, like reverence, in her

LOOKING ACROSS THE HARBOR FROM EAST GLOUCESTER.

From a photograph by Joseph H. Perry, Gloucester.

elaborate voice, and I am silent; for my thoughts of her are kind, "long thoughts."

To this little group of puzzled and tempted people, for whom my heart was full, at my audacious request came Phillips Brooks. Indeed, he came not once, but twice, in the busiest part of his year, and preached to us—once in September, and again, I think, in March. I know that the Indian summer was on the harbor at the time of his first visit, and that the snow lay heavily upon the narrow streets when he came again.

Take it altogether, this is the pleasantest memory which I have of the great preacher. He lent himself to those little people with luxurious heartiness. He had that gracious way of conferring a favor as if he were its recipient. In fact, he seemed to enjoy the two sermons preached to that handful of fishermen—outside of his own church connections, outside of the trend of his own work, and perhaps a little strange to his experience of audiences—as much as any which I ever heard from his lips. Of course our people were touched with the honor which he did them, and they thronged the hall, or audience-room. The wharves and the streets and the fleets poured out a great delegation; Trinity Church never gave him more devout attention. It was a beautiful sight.

Now, one thing I noticed. In the course of his two sermons given to those drunkards and fishermen, the preacher alluded to the object for which we were united but a single time. Then he said:

"There are men who give up the beautiful possibilities of life to low sins and—*drunkenness.*" He drew himself to his superb height, and brought out that one word with an accent of glorious scorn. The tempted men lowered their eyes before it. It scathed them harder than hours of denunciation, and moved them more than pages of appeal.

A SEA CHANGE.

A TALE OF A MATE AND A COOK.

By Morgan Robertson.

AT the age of twenty-five, John Dorsey possessed few attributes of mind or body that would distinguish him from other sea-faring men, unless it was the deep resonance of his voice and a strong memory for faces, facts, and places—which latter made him a wonderful pilot, his mind retaining a vivid picture of every harbor, island, rock or shoal that he had once seen. His strong lungs, with his pilotage and a general intelligence, raised him early to the quarter-deck.

Born at Nassau, in the Bahamas, where his mother still lived, he had obtained such education as the island schools afforded, had followed "wrecking" until his brain was a comprehensive chart of the whole West India group, and had then made four long voyages—one in the engine-room. The closing years of the Civil War found him engaged in blockade-running, which had grown to be a prosperous—though risky—and, from his insular standpoint, a legitimate business. Long, low, speedy steamers were built, painted slate-color, loaded with munitions of war, and sent to dodge their way past Federal cruisers into Southern ports, to return with cotton. In one of these—the "Petrel"—he occupied the position of first mate, and stood aft near the taffrail, one dark night, watching the indefinite loom of a pursuing sloop-of-war about a mile astern.

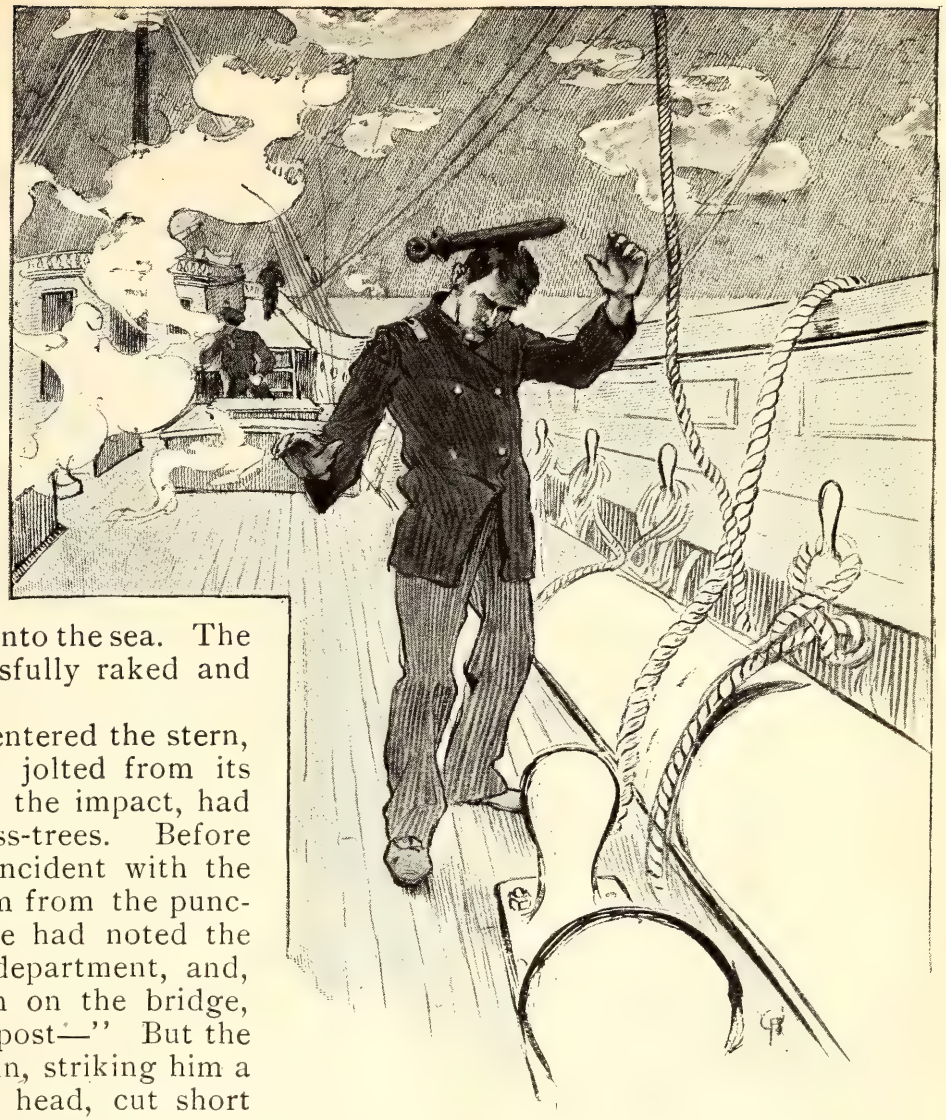
At intervals a gleam, as of heat lightning, would light up the blackness. Then could be heard the humming and "cheep, cheep" of a ricochetting solid shot, followed by the bark of the gun. They were firing low.

The chase, commencing with the wind abeam, ended with the wind ahead; for the quarry, with large engine and small sail power, had edged around in a wide curve until the sails of the pursuer no longer drew. The cruisers of that time were at best but auxiliaries, unfitted to chase to windward, and had not this one, as though to voice her disgust to the night, discharged a broadside as she squared away, the fleeing steamer might have escaped.

It is this broadside, or, particularly, one round, nine-inch shot of it, that concerns us. The rest of them, with the screaming

shells, flew wide or short. This shot, unaimed and unhoped of, struck a sea at a quarter of the distance, another at three-quarters, arose in the air, and crashed through the rudder and stern posts of the "Petrel," forward through the boiler, and then on through the length of the steamer, making holes for itself where necessary, from the last of which—in the port bow—it dropped into the sea. The "Petrel" was successfully raked and disabled.

When the shot had entered the stern, an iron belaying-pin, jolted from its place in the taffrail by the impact, had spun high as the cross-trees. Before it came down, and coincident with the roar of escaping steam from the punctured boiler, the mate had noted the damage done in his department, and, to apprise the captain on the bridge, roared out: "Rudder post—" But the descending belaying-pin, striking him a glancing blow on the head, cut short the sentence, and he fell to the deck.



"THE DESCENDING BELAYING-PIN, STRIKING HIM A GLANCING BLOW ON THE HEAD, CUT SHORT THE SENTENCE."

The escaping steam brought the cruiser back to the chase, and the "Petrel" was captured, towed to a Northern port, and condemned. Here John Dorsey, still unconscious, though breathing, was placed in the hospital of a military prison. In a week he opened his eyes and smiled—as a baby smiles. Then as a baby looks at his hands, he looked at his, and cooed softly. His skull had not, apparently, been injured, and the lump raised had disappeared; so he was told to get up and dress. He only smiled, and was then assisted.

It could hardly have been said that John Dorsey had recovered consciousness. While physically healthy, a negative, non-combative good-humor, indicated by his smile, was the only mental attribute apparent. He even seemed to lack some of the instincts of self-preservation which the human, in common with other animals, inherits from parents. Feeling hunger, he would not eat food placed before him until shown how; and then not with a knife and fork, or even by intelligent use of his fingers, but by lowering his head in the manner of brutes. Hustled aside by a harsh attendant, he felt pain, and cried out—with no articulation. But he felt no fear at the next meeting; he could not remember.

An inner sub-consciousness directed necessary physiological functions, and he lived and gained flesh. But, though far below the level of brutes in intellect, he differed from them and idiots in his capacity for improvement. For he learned—to dress himself; to use a knife and fork; to make his bed, sweep, carry water, etc. The first sign of memory he displayed was in his avoidance of the nurse who habitually abused him. He learned the names of things one by one, and, in time, essayed to speak them. But only with the progress of a gurgling infant did he acquire a vocabulary sufficient for his wants; and this he used, not in the breezy, quarter-deck tone of John Dorsey, but in accents soft and low, as became the gentleness of his new nature.

Not being a prisoner of war, he was discharged—cured; but being useful, and not a stickler for salary, was allowed to remain in the hospital until it was officially abolished, six months after the close of the war. Then he was turned adrift—a man in physique but a child in experience; for his life now dated from the awakening in the hospital, and what he knew he had learned since then. Not a glimmer or shadow of memory as to his past remained. It was as though the soul of John Dorsey had gone from him, and in its place had come another—but a limited, a weakling soul: one that could feel no strong emotions; that could neither love, nor hate, nor fear, in a human sense.

Poorly equipped as he was, he naturally became a beggar, but would work when told to. He wandered, associating with tramps; and under the tutelage of tramps, his mind expanded, but only to the limits of his soul. Some things he could not understand.

In a measure the embargo on his faculties impressed its stamp on his face; but the features of the intelligent John Dorsey did not at once yield to the new conditions, and while still a fit candidate for an asylum, the strange mixture of expression, resembling careworn candor, saved him from commitment as weak-minded, though he was often sent to jail as a vagrant.

For thirty years he was a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth, at the end of which time he had learned much, considering his limitations. He could talk fairly well in the slang of the road, and in an evenly-modulated tone of voice which was somewhat plaintive. He could not read or write; but he could count, though telling the time by the clock marked the limit of his progress in practical mathematics. A time-table map, the chart of his wandering *confrères*, was an incomprehensible puzzle to him. He knew the use of money, and what his day's labor was worth, though his lack of skill at the simplest tasks prevented his holding a job; hence, his ever-reactionary tendency to beggary. But latterly he had worked in a hotel kitchen, and liking the shelter and warmth, cultivated the industry to the extent of becoming, in spite of himself, a fairly good third-rate cook.

At the hospital he had been number seven. Asked his name later, he had given this number, which his tramp companions corrupted to "Shiven," and prefixed with "Jack"—their hall-mark of fellowship. His beard had grown, and with his hair, was of a soft shade of brown. With no vices to age him, and tormented by no speculations as to his origin or destiny—the impressions of a year back being forgotten unless renewed by friction—his face, though changed, was even more youthful than the sailor Dorsey's. In repose it was stupid; but when he was pleased and smiled—with the same infantile smile that marked the birth of his new existence—it lighted up with the ineffable glory of an angel's. It was the mute expression of an innocence of soul which approached the divine—beyond human understanding. And it won him universal good-will, though not always good treatment.

In the autumn of 1895 he was in New York, penniless; and overhearing from a group of South Street loungers that the "Avon," at Pier No. 9, wanted a cook, hurried there and met her captain, stepping over the rail to find him.

"I heard you had no cook," he began.

"You a cook?"

"I kin cook plain grub."

"Ever been to sea?"

"No."

"Where're your clothes?"

The applicant looked down at himself.

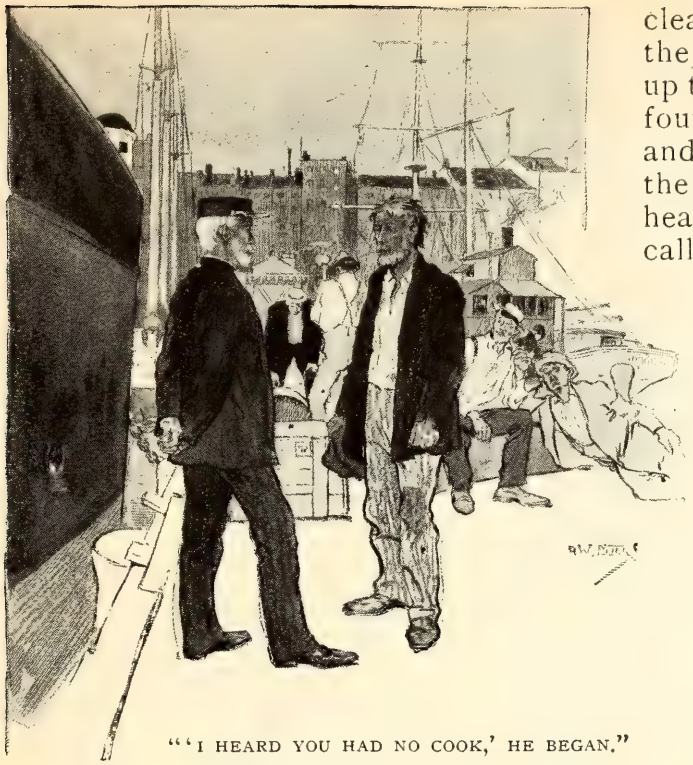
"Tramp, aren't you?" said the captain, good-humoredly.

"Yes, kinder," he answered, and smiled.

"Come aboard. I'm in a hurry. Thirty dollars a month. Say 'Sir' when you speak to me or the mate."

The "Avon" was a two-masted, schooner-rigged, five-hundred-ton, iron screw steamer, with an old-fashioned oscillating engine, which her old-fashioned engineer patted lovingly for the wonderful bursts of speed he could induce from it. Against his name on the "Avon's" articles, the new cook placed his mark for the highest rate of pay he had worked for as Jack Shiven. He was seasick the first day out, but recovered, and gave satisfaction. Quiet, good-humored, and obliging, he smiled on all hands and won their hearts. "He's a daft man, but a good 'un," said the engineer.

At Cedar Keys, Florida, the captain brought aboard, one evening, a tall, dark man, with whom he consulted locked in his cabin. As they parted at the rail, he said, in a low tone: "We're speedy enough to get away from any cutter on the coast, and, I think, any cruiser the Spanish have over. This was a blockade dodger in war times, named 'Petrel.' Still, as I said, Doctor, I must consult my crew. It's risky work."



"'I HEARD YOU HAD NO COOK,' HE BEGAN."

"Did you own the 'Avon' then, when she was the 'Petrel'?" asked the other, speaking with an accent that stamped him a foreigner.

"No," answered the captain; "I bought her years afterward. But," he added proudly, "I sailed in her 'fore the mast when she was captured. They jugged us for a while; then let us go. 'Twas curious about the mate, a fellow named Dorsey. Got a rap on the head somehow, and came to in the hospital, but lost his bearings —didn't know his name, and couldn't understand when told. They let him out 'fore they did us, and we lost all track of him. It's pitiful, the way his old mother sits up on the rocks over at Nassau and watches the channels. She expects her boy back; says she knows he'll come. I've got so I hate to bring the 'Avon' there; for every time I've done it, she's recognized the old 'Petrel,' and waved her shawl from the rocks, and rushed aboard. And I've always had to give her the same old story: 'Haven't heard from him.' It's heart-breaking. But John Dorsey's dead, sure."

In a couple of days the "Avon" sailed, with the dark stranger below in the empty hold. Two hours later a revenue cutter, primed with information of a purposed breach of the neutrality laws, lifted her anchor and followed, a menacing speck on the horizon astern of the "Avon," and an irritation to the quickened nerves of her captain, as he viewed her through the glasses, and wondered, and guessed, and swore. But next morning the horizon was clear, and the "Avon," having doubled the Florida reef in the night, was steaming up the east coast. The following midnight found her well up past Cape Canaveral, and here, after answering a rocket from the shore, she cautiously, and with much heaving of the lead, and speaking-tube calls to the engine-room, felt her way through a narrow inlet in the outlying reef, or sand-covered barrier, into the enclosed lagoon, where she lay, with steam up and without anchoring, while her crew brought off, with the three boats, numerous boxes, cases, and barrels, which they stowed carefully in the hold.

As the largest boat came out, the captain said to the tall stranger: "I'll not have that stuff aboard. We'll tow it astern. It's fine weather and smooth water. Here, you cook, Jack Shiven, watch this boat. Don't let it touch the side, or it'll blow your old head off. Keep it away with an oar." The boat was fastened to the stern by the painter, and the cook, who had been awakened by the unusual proceedings, obeyed orders.

Then, leaving the dark man on the bridge to watch the horizon, and a negro fireman in the boiler-room to keep up steam, every other man in the crew from the captain to the mess-boy went ashore in the next boat, for the last and hardest lift of all. A large shell-gun, too heavy for one boat, was to be carried off on a temporary deck covering two. At this work they were engaged when daylight broke; and with its coming appeared, outside the barrier and heading for the inlet, the revenue cutter that had followed them, with ports open, guns showing, and at her gaff-end a string of small flags which, in the silent Volapük of the sea, said: "Get under way as fast as you can."

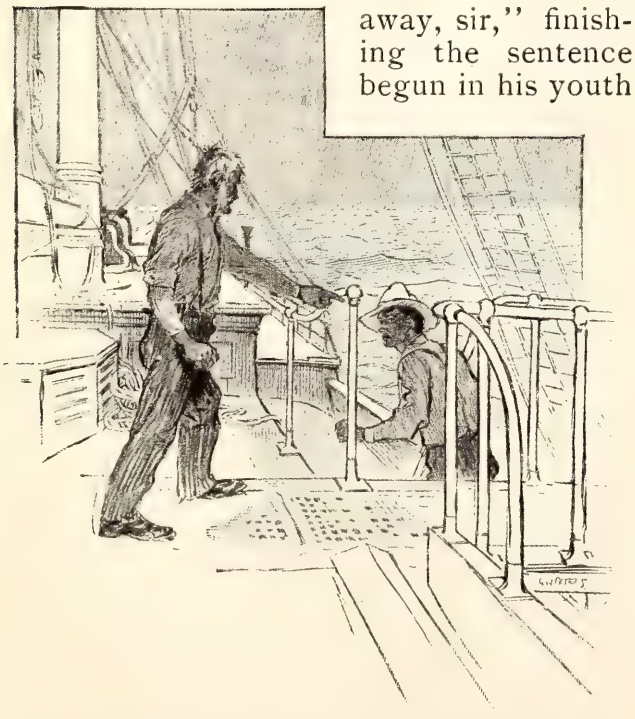
A signal-book and a good glass are needed, as a rule, to interpret this language. The captain and mate ashore had neither, and those aboard were not tutored in their use; so the command was neither answered nor obeyed. "The jig's up," said the captain. "Get this gun ashore again. We'll go aboard and answer, or he may fire. They'll confiscate my boat, but I don't want her sunk."

But their hurry to unload the gun resulted in the swamping of one boat and the staving of the other; so they were forced to remain—and hope.

"Run up a white flag," roared the captain; "then scull that boat ashore."

The cook heard, but could not understand. The man on the bridge understood, but could not obey—he could not find the flag locker. However, he impressed on the cook's mind the wisdom of getting the boat ashore. But Jack Shiven only smiled and shook his head. He could not scull a boat. Neither could the Cuban—for such he was—and the fireman conscientiously and emphatically refused to leave his work. He had shipped fireman, not sailor.

The boom of an unshotted gun was heard from seaward—given as a hint, which, of course, was not taken. Then another report, louder, came from the cutter, and with it a shot, aimed to cross the stern of the "Avon." But years of service in the revenue marine had somewhat demoralized the old man-of-war's-man who had charge of the gun. He did not allow for the half-charge of powder, and the lateral deflection given the consequently ricochetting shot by choppy waves, running at angle with his aim. That shot, barely clearing the reef, made a curve, shorter with each blow of a glancing sea, bounded over the stern of the "Avon," and cut through the port main-boom lift (a wire rope), which fell and struck the wondering, smiling cook on the head—a slight blow, but enough. The shot buried itself in the sand on the beach, having undone the work of that other government shot fired thirty years before; it had wakened the sleeping soul of John Dorsey. He reeled, recovered, and in a cracked falsetto, cried out: "—carried away, sir," finishing the sentence begun in his youth and interrupted by the descending belaying-pin. Clapping his hands to his head, he looked around bewildered; then bounded forward to the bridge. The Cuban followed.



"WHO ARE YOU? GET OFF THE BRIDGE! WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?"

"Are you hurt?" asked the latter.

"Hurt? Who are you? Get off the bridge! Where's the captain? Who's got the wheel?" His voice was choked and guttural.

"The captain is on shore with the crew. Do you not see them?"

Dorsey reached into the pilot-house, and in the old familiar nook placed his hand on a pair of glasses, with which, after a suspicious inspection, he examined the group on the beach.

"None of our crowd," he muttered. Then he turned the glasses on the revenue vessel outside.

"Haven't they got enough men-of-war on the coast without trotting out their cutters?" he growled. "What's he say? 'M, L, H,'—'get under way.' Say, you," he demanded of the Cuban, "what's happened? What time is it? When'd you join this boat?"

"On the day before yesterday, at Cedar Keys."

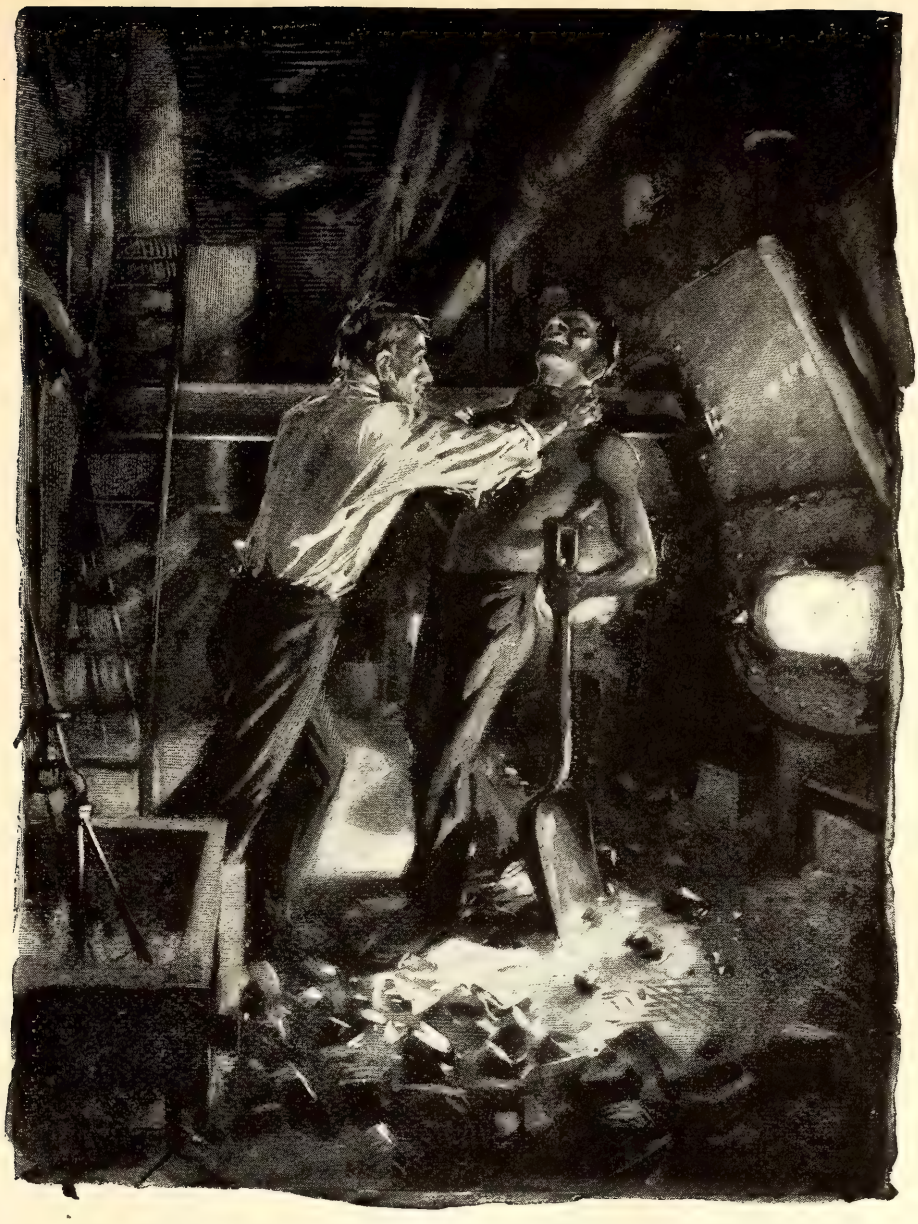
"You lie," snarled Dorsey. "We haven't been there in four months: but —" he felt his head again—"what's happened? Everything looks queer. Where's the ball on the pilot-house? Two minutes ago it was night-time. What does this mean?"

"Two minutes ago you were struck on the head, and have acted strangely since," answered the Cuban, who thought the cook was crazed by the blow.

"Yes, I know something belted me; my head's pretty sore. But you weren't aboard, and t'was up near Hatteras. Now we're down here in Gallino Bay, and it's daylight. I must ha' been knocked silly and stayed so. What day is it? Monday? Three days ago!" Dorsey's mind had solved the problem, though, of course, with no regard to the lapse of time. But his mind had not yet regained the command of Jack Shiven's body: his gestures were clumsy, and his eyes—wide open and alert—though not the eyes of Jack Shiven, were not the eyes of John Dorsey. His voice was a mixture of strange sounds, and he coughed continually.

"What ails my throat? And this!" he exclaimed; he had felt of his beard. "Say, Mister Man, am I dead or alive, or asleep, or crazy? Who am I?"

'I believe you are the cook of this



"THE FIREMAN GOT NO FARTHER. DORSEY'S FINGERS GRIPPED HIS THROAT."

boat, in a sad condition of mind," said the Cuban dryly, more interested now in the approaching cutter.

"Cook! I'm mate, if I'm anything," spluttered Dorsey, the sailor in him aroused by the affront. Yet the terror in his eyes might have indicated his doubts that he was anything.

The vessel outside had stopped her engines at the mouth of the inlet, and now sent another and better-aimed shot across the "Avon's" stern. It aroused Dorsey to fury.

"That's your game, is it?" he growled, hoarsely. "All right. 'Get under way,' you say." He sprang to the deck, saw that the anchors were on the rail; then, to satisfy misgivings thirty years old, ran aft and looked over the stern at the rudder. It was there, intact, and he hurried to the engine-room hatch.

"Down there, Chief?" he called. "Who's below?"

There was no answer. He reached the fire-room hatch at a bound, and met, emerging, the woolly head of the fireman, who had heard the gun and wanted to know.

"What steam you got?" demanded Dorsey, who recognized his craft, though not knowing him.

"Wha' dat yo' business, Jack Shiven? Yo' g' back t' yo' pots an' pans, an' doan yo' cum foolin' 'roun' dis yere fire-hole. Dis fire too hot f' yo'. Yo' git bawned, shua! Yah, yah, yah-ha. Who fire dat cannon, cookie?"

"What steam you got?"—the words seemed to explode from the throat—"answer me, you black imp, or I'll jam you into that furnace. How many pounds?"

"Wha' dat?"

The fireman got no farther. Dorsey's fin-

gers gripped his throat, and in a second he was sprawled backward over the hatch-combing. Squeezing hard for a moment, the infuriated questioner again demanded: "What steam you got?"

"Fifty pounds, Jack," gurgled the negro; "le' go; wha' yo' want?"

"Get down there! Bring it up to sixty, and keep it so. I'm going to start the engine. Down with you, quick! Don't you leave that fire-hold till I tell you."

The frightened fireman descended, and Dorsey examined the engine.

"Same scrap-heap," he muttered. "Hasn't changed like me and the boat, and the heavens and earth." He ran forward again. In the after end of the pilot-house he found a chest, which he kicked open, scattering the contents—signal flags—on the floor. He picked out three, and called the Cuban.

"Who are you, anyhow?" he asked. "Can you run the engine?"

"No."

"Can you steer?"

"I cannot."

"Then I must do both. Run these three flags up to the truck in the order I name them—K, G, P. Understand? K on top. They're marked. Quick, now."

"Why," demanded the other, "what do these flags say?"

"They say our engine's broken down, if you must know," yelled Dorsey. "I want to stop his fire, and draw him into the inlet; then dash by him. It's our only chance. D'you want to end your days in a Yankee prison? Bear a hand, or you will—that is, unless you want to swim." The Cuban glanced at three dorsal fins alongside toward which Dorsey pointed, and took the flags. He had watched the friction at the hatch with as much amusement as would mingle with his apprehension of arrest. But this masterful, methodical lunatic, who had given such forceful instructions to the fireman, and who now seemed to have the International Signal Code in his head, was the same smiling imbecile who could not scull a boat. Suspicions of Spanish espionage disturbed him. Yet, the other's action might indicate a desire to escape; and so, reasoning that whatever the flags might say, his position would be made no worse, he hoisted them, while Dorsey, after giving a tentative turn or two to the engine, watched the effect on the cutter.

The ruse succeeded. The mendacious message, read aboard the government craft, caused her to reserve her fire and enter the inlet. Then Dorsey threw the throttle wide open, and with a passing objurgation to the victim in the fire-room, ran to the wheel.

"Come up here and give me a hand," he called; but the Cuban did not answer. He had just seen a dark figure emerge from the fire-hold, take a hurried look around, and speed to the stern, where the boat, nearly on end now as the steamer gathered way, was fastened by its painter. Acting on a sudden resolution, he followed, choosing to join the party ashore with the aid of the fireman—who could scull—rather than remain with a man who, if not a maniac, was a most aggressive and unpleasant companion—possibly a Spanish spy. He slipped down the rope after the negro, and cut the boat clear.

Dorsey saw them, shook his fist, and steered for the inlet.

The wind had drifted the "Avon" close to the opening; so now, with the other vessel just entering, they were not a quarter of a mile apart, and a minute later were within hailing distance.

"Where are you going?" bawled a brass-buttoned officer from the cutter's bridge. "Stop your engine or I'll sink you!"

Dorsey stretched his head and half his body through the pilot-house window, and shouted in reply: "Our engine's running away with us—lever's broken. We'll pull our fires outside."

The officer doubted, but hesitated, and the "Avon" shot by at a fifteen-knot rate. Dorsey edged up into the cutter's wake, and by keeping her masts in line, avoided, for awhile, her fire; for she was a revenue cutter, built to pursue, not to flee; hence none of her guns could be trained over the stern. Was ever dignified government craft caught in a more undignified position? She could not safely back out of the inlet, and by the time she had steamed in, turned around, and started seaward, the "Avon" was a mile and a half away, with an increased blackness to her line of belching smoke which indicated anything but an intention to "pull fires." Dorsey, lashing the wheel, had gone down and added fuel, tried the water, and talked (after the fashion of the engine-room) to the oscillating cylinder, wagging away like the stump-tail of an over-pleased dog. He now returned to the wheel.

Shot after shot from the cutter's long-range guns hummed around the "Avon," but none of them struck. Though her armament was comparatively modern, her

engine was old—older than the "Avon's," and inferior by two knots' speed per hour.

Dorsey steered due east, made periodical trips to the boat's vitals, and in three hours whooped in triumph as he saw the pursuer head slowly around and start back. An hour later he drew his fires, stopped the engine, and cooked his breakfast, hardly yet recovered from his excitement sufficiently to realize to the full his isolation—not of space, but of time. He was still of the past; just escaped from peril a generation gone.

He finished his meal and wanted a smoke. Going to his old room, he found strange clothing, strange alterations of the fittings, but no pipe. "Queer," he muttered. "Got some one in my place, I suppose." His tone was aggrieved. "Might ha' waited more'n three days. Wonder how long, though, I've been silly. Not long—my head's sore yet. Yet, I've grown a beard. Wonder what hit me. I'll get a pipe down forrard."

"HE STOOD TRANSFIXED BY THE STRANGE, STARING, BEARDED FACE."

In the forecastle he found one and a strange brand of tobacco, which he confiscated. Returning to the deck he smoked and reflected. But in a minute he put the pipe down nauseated. Jack Shiven had not been a smoker.

"What'll I do?" he mused. "Go back to the coast and pick up the crew—that wasn't the crew! The boat's changed hands. Has she been seized? May be; and I was too dead to move. Wish I knew where that cutter'll hunt next. Wish I knew what's happened. What ails the boat? She looks as though she'd been through seven hells. He went to the rail. Old paint! *old woodwork!* OLD BOAT! Where's she been to? Wire-rigged, too! I'll see the articles. I'll see if I belong here."

The captain's room was locked. In no condition of mind to care for nautical etiquette, he raised his foot, burst in the door, and entered. A large mirror on the bulkhead reflected his image, and he stood transfixed by the strange, staring, bearded face—which was not his own. He raised his hand; the image did the same. He inclined his head to the right and the left, and was accompanied.

"It's me," he groaned, "and it isn't me!" Approaching the glass, he examined closely the spectre confronting him. There was not a trace of resemblance between the old and the new John Dorsey, unless it was the color of the eyes. Hair, features, even the shape of the nose and thickness of the lips, were changed. The shoulders, too, were more sloping, as though dragged down by weights. John Dorsey had pulled ropes, downward; Jack Shiven had wheeled barrows.

He sank down on a chest in helpless fright, while perspiration oozed from his forehead. A discolored newspaper lay folded in the berth, which he seized and examined. It was dated January 1, 1895. He threw it down. "Can't be," he said, with a doubting, though piteous, half smile. "Seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety-five—thirty years. Nonsense. Where's the log-book?"

He found it in the mate's room; its last departure dated October 3, 1895. With brain on fire, he returned to the captain's room, and attacked the boat's library, tearing books from their places, examining the publishers' imprints, and throwing them down. They bore dates ranging through the years following the war. He burst the captain's desk apart, and rummaged for the articles. His name was not there. The last entered was "Jack Shiven, cook;" and the articles also were dated thirty years into the future. He crept on deck. He wanted air.

Not a breath of air ruffled the glassy smoothness of the ground swell which, sent by some distant gale, had thrown the "Avon" into its trough and was rolling her gently as she drifted north with the Gulf Stream. The sun was shining from a cloud-flecked sky, and in the air were all the mild warmth and softness of the Florida winter. But to this human soul, torn from its past, plunged alone and unguided far into the unknown, there was something unreal and unearthly in the aspect of the sea and sky. There was insufferable heat

and dryness to the air he breathed, and a new, metallic ring to the tinkling swash of the water as the boat rolled; and this sound, with the hissing of steam from the boiler, instead of relieving, seemed but to accentuate the intense silence of the ocean —which bore him down and crushed him.

"Who am I?" he thought, rather than uttered. "I'm not John Dorsey. I'm some one else. Who?"

He backed up against the side of the forward house. Off to the westward was a speck—the revenue cutter. It was a tangible reality, and his dazed faculties seized it. He traced back, painfully, the events of the morning. "She chased me out here," he whispered. "Who was that Dago? He knew me. Who was the nigger, and the crowd on the beach? They were not the crew—I'm not the mate." He walked aft. "Here I stood this morning—last night—when I was struck; and then—all at once—it was daylight, and I was here." He moved a few steps. "And nothing is the same." He noticed the broken wire-rope on the deck. "What parted the lift? It seems—yes—it must be—that is what hit me. I remember now; I saw it move on the deck. It must have knocked me senseless, and meanwhile the boat has had trouble. But they haven't mended the lift, and it was a hemp lift, too —and I'm still in her—no, I'm not—I'm not John Dorsey. I'm somebody else. Who am I? I can't make it out. Who am I?" He clung to the rail and screamed loudly and hoarsely, in an agony of terror. Then he ran forward, then aft, and forward again. He burst into the captain's room, examined again the face in the glass —which he loathed—and fled from it.

On the pilot-house was the boat's name, which he had not noticed in the articles. He saw it now for the first time. He sprang to the bow, and looked over. There, in block copper letters, where once had been the word "Petrel," he saw the boat's later name. Aft on the stern he read it again— "Avon, of New York." He seated himself on a hatch, steadier in mind now for the removal of the "Petrel" from the problem. As he sat there he noticed an anchor worked in india-ink on the back of his hand—the soft, white hand of Jack Shiven, the cook. He looked at it in amazement; then pulled up his right sleeve. There, close to his elbow, was a wreath, and within it the initials "J. D." He tore open his shirt, and on his breast found a mole. He sprang to his feet, raised his clenched fist, brought it down, and said, calmly and decisively: "I am John Dorsey. And this boat—" he scanned the fabric from trucks to curving deck with the eye of a sailor who loves his craft,—"has once been the 'Petrel.'"

As the noon hour approached he thought of an observation. "I know the latitude," he mused. "I can subtract that from the zenith distance and get the declination, and that will give me the month and day in the almanac. But what's the use? I'll know to-morrow, when I see the owners. The sun's well south of the line; it's the fall of the year. It was last January when my light went out."

He threw on coal, started the engine, and shaped a course for the Providence channel. All that day and the following night he gravitated from the wheel to the boiler and engine, and next morning, as the languid islanders were waking to their indolent existence, he steered into the west entrance of Nassau harbor.

On the highest point of the low shore was a figure that waved to him something red. He did not see it. Inside the harbor, he stopped the engine, while he puzzled over the mechanism of a patent windlass, which was new to him. Mastering this, he went on at half speed. The figure had left the rocks, and, still waving the red cloth, was hastening toward the landing. Close in as he dared go, he again shut off steam, pried the small anchor off the rail, dropped it, and after paying out a few fathoms, banked the fires, and hailed a shore boat. As he landed, an old woman in a red shawl was waiting. She flung herself upon him with a glad cry, and after a moment he knew her for his mother. But his greeting of her was rather a cold one, for by his chronology it was only a week since he kissed her good-by. Later, when questioned, he said: "I didn't know mother, at first; she had grown so old." She, on her part, declared, with streaming eyes: "I recognized Johnny the minute I saw him. And I always knew he'd come back in the old 'Petrel.'"

Dorsey did not go to seek the owners of the "Petrel." Men who professed to be friends of his, but who looked curiously old and weatherbeaten, talked to him in such a way that everything grew more uncertain than ever. Then, one day, as he climbed over the "Avon's" rail, a man emerged from the cabin, and with a stern countenance, though with a secret twinkle in the eye, advanced and collared him. "So-ho, my man," said he; "never been to sea, hey? Yet you can navigate.

Can't scull a boat ashore, but can run an engine, and steal a big steamer?"

He gave Dorsey a gentle shake. The next moment he was seated on the deck a dozen feet away, rubbing a smarting spot on his chest about as large as Dorsey's fist —which fist, as unused to such collisions as Dorsey was to being shaken, was also being rubbed. In his incomplete correspondence with his environment, he was still the mate of the "Petrel," dealing with an insolent member of her crew; for time had touched lightly the captain of the "Avon," and Dorsey recognized him as his old shipmate.

"The nigger was right," muttered the captain, as he arose; "mad as an Irish duke on a tater-hill." He started for the rail, and had nearly scrambled over when Dorsey seized, dragged him inboard, and seated him, not too gently, on a hatch.

"Now then, you sit right there and answer a few questions," said Dorsey, with his hand on the captain's collar. "They tell me it's a long time you and I were together. What do you know? What became of me after that shot from the Yankee?"

"Why, I don't really know, Jack," said the captain, resolved to humor his captor, whose maniacal strength prevented an escape; but his neck was nearly dislocated by the sudden shake he received as Dorsey thundered: "Don't call me Jack! Answer me!"

"I don't know; I s'pose you came here. You ran off with my boat; but that's all right; good thing you did; don't choke me, don't!"

Dorsey had shifted his fingers. "No nonsense. Where'd I go after we were taken?"

"We weren't taken. Don't you remember? You started the machine, and fooled the cutter, and got away. I s'pose you kept right on and brought up here."

Dorsey released him. "But that was in this boat. Do you belong in her?"

"I'm her captain and owner; and it seems I'm getting queer treatment from my cook. You've looted my cabin." The captain grew easier. There was no gleam of insanity in the earnest eyes that were fixed on him.

"Was I the cook? What was my name? Where'd I come from?" asked Dorsey eagerly.

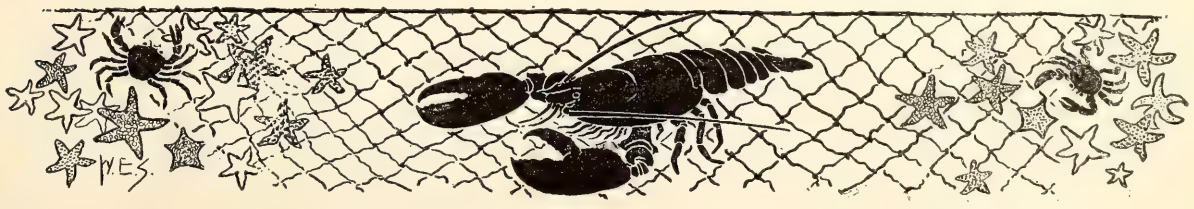
"You shipped in New York as Jack Shiven; that's all I know. You're not a bewildering success as a cook, but I'll admit you were a well-behaved man until lately. The fireman swears you're crazy." The grinning captain said nothing of his own doubts on this point.

"Jack Shiven," repeated Dorsey; "yes, that's what he called me. But, Captain, I meant the 'Petrel'—when she was taken—it was last week to me—but they tell me it's thirty years back—when you were 'fore the mast and I was mate; what happened? Where'd I go?"

"Wha-at?" exclaimed the captain, springing up; "you Mr. Dorsey? Not much! I'd know him with wings on."

"I tell you I am," said Dorsey vehemently. "My mother knows me."

"She does? Then I'll take it on faith. But," he seized Dorsey's hand, and began to shake it vigorously—"Mr. Dorsey, I might ha' known it—I might ha' known it, if I'd thought. No man on earth but John Dorsey would have got by that cutter. Why, it was a miracle, that's what it was. Takes blockadin' to develop a man. I s'pose old times brought you round. Yes, don't you know? You was stunned and couldn't remember. And you've seen your mother. I'd give this boat to have been at that meeting. Thirty long years, winter and summer, she's sat on those rocks, waiting for you, Mr. Dorsey, and now you've come!" The captain was winking hard. "Come below, Mr. Dorsey. There's only one thing that fits this occasion. If you'd smashed more furniture, you'd ha' found it. It was bottled the year you went under."



KITTY NEIL

By John Francis Waller, LL.D.

PICTURES BY H. LATIMER BROWN 1894

"AH, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel;
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore-tree—
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley,
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing.
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to—go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipe to his knee,
And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly—
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form—
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye as he cries, with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

WHISTLER, PAINTER AND COMEDIAN.*

HIS REPARTEES AND STORIES.—HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—HIS ORIGINAL WAY OF ENTERTAINING GUESTS AND BAILIFFS.

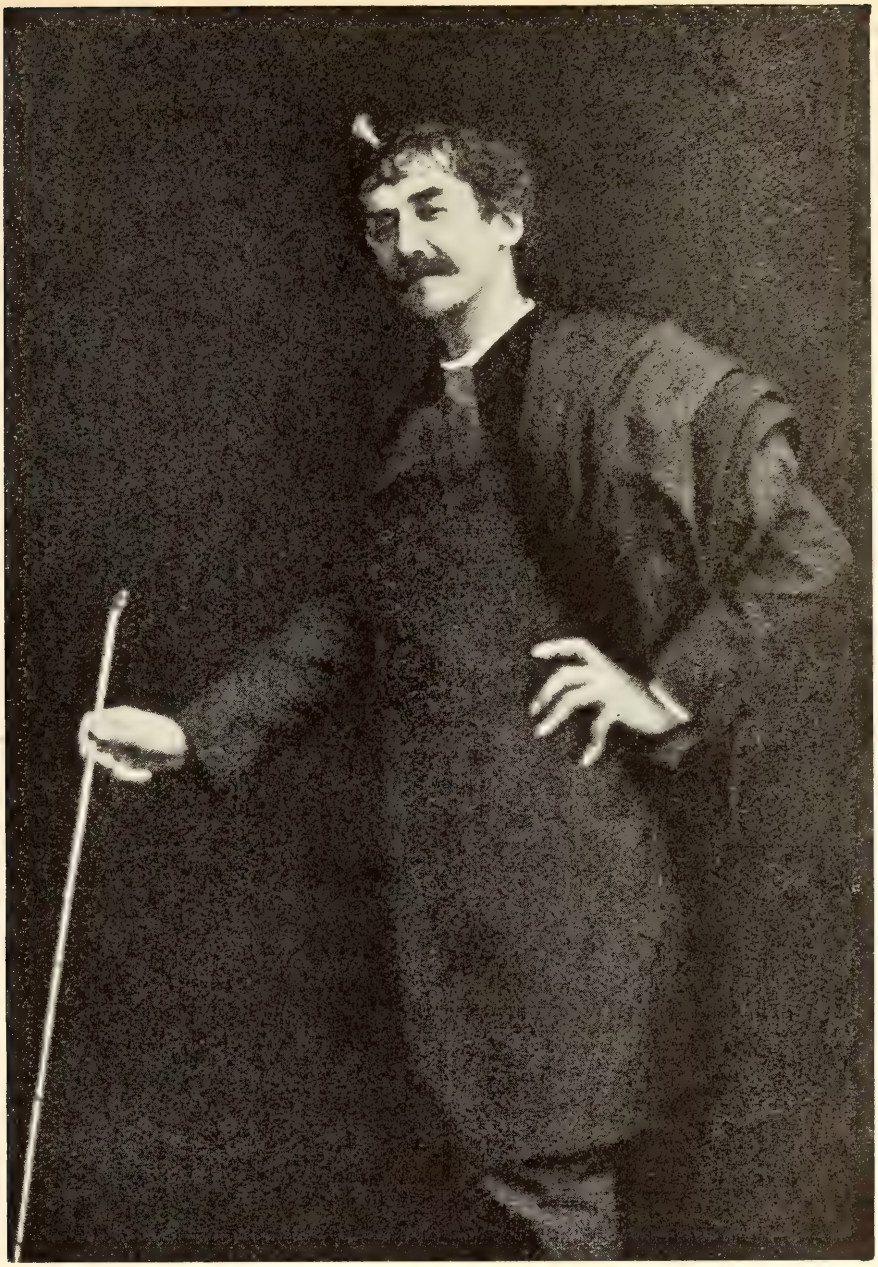
I FIRST knew Mr. James McNeill Whistler many years ago in Venice, when he was quite unknown to fame. He had lodgings at the top of an old palace in the uttermost parts of the town, and many days he would breakfast, lunch, and dine off nothing more nutritious than a plateful of polenta or macaroni. He was just as witty, and gave himself just the same outrageous but inoffensive airs, as afterwards in the days of his prosperity. He used to go about and do marvellous etchings for which he could find no market, or else only starvation prices. When he was absolutely obliged to, he would sell them for what he could get; but he never lost the fullest confidence in his own powers, and, whenever he could, he preferred to keep them in the expectation—nay, the certainty—of being able to sell them some day at a high figure.

One of the pictures that he sold in this way for a few francs to a Venetian pawnbroker found its way some two or three years ago into a Bond Street shop, where it was priced at several hundreds of pounds. One of his disciples saw it there, and raved about its perfections to the artist, who at once hurried off to see it. He found some one on the point of buying it and a number of young impressionist painters vieing with each other in its glorification. "Look at the amazing value of that background," Mr. Sickert was saying to Mr. Roussel. "Yes, but what marvellous tones, what a melodious composition, and what exquisite delicacy of outline!" Mr. Roussel was saying to Mr. Sickert. "Verily, it is the master's greatest masterpiece," they were chorusing as Mr. Whistler entered. He deliberately wiped his single eyeglass with his silk pocket-handkerchief, and adjusted it in his right eye. He looked up and down the picture contemptuously, and grunted out: "Humph! Can't say I think much of it. Why, it isn't half finished." Everybody was hugely tickled, except the two disciples whose admiration had been so hastily repudiated, and the picture dealer who thereby lost his opportunity of making a deal. A discussion on the subject in the press prompted Mr. Whistler to write and denounce the picture as "long ago barely begun and thrown aside for destruction;" whereupon some one else wrote and quoted from one of Mr. Whistler's speeches the theory that "the work of a master is complete from the very beginning."

He used to go roaming about Venice in search of subjects for his etchings, and those who know all about it say that the charm of his work lies quite as much in the choice of subjects as in their execution. He used to make a great deal of mystery about his etching expeditions, and was rarely prevailed upon to let any one accompany him. If he did, it was always under the strictest pledge of secrecy. What was the use, he would ask, of his ferreting out some wonderful old bridge or archway, and thinking of making it immortal, if some second-rate painter-man were to come after him and make it commonplace with his caricatures? On the other hand, if some friend of his discovered an ideal spot, and asked him what he thought of it, he would not scruple for an instant to say: "Come, now, this is all nonsense, your trying to do this. It is much too good a subject to be wasted on you. You'd better let me see what I can do with it." And he would be so charming about it, and take his own superiority so completely for granted, that no one ever dreamed of refusing him.

Those who know Mr. Whistler now can scarcely imagine him anything but the cheeriest and most sanguine of mortals.

* James Abbott McNeill Whistler was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834. He was educated at West Point, and then studied art for two years in Paris. In 1863 he removed to London, where he has had his residence most of the time since. In 1886 he was elected president of the Society of British Artists. His more notable paintings are "White Girl" (1862), "Coast of Brittany" (1863), "At the Piano" (1867), "Portrait of my Mother" (1872), "Great Fire Wheel" (1883), "Arrangement in Black" (a portrait; 1888), and "Arrangement in Gray and Green" (a portrait; 1888). For the portrait of his mother, first exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1872, Mr. Whistler was awarded the gold medal of the French Salon of 1884, and in 1891 the portrait was purchased by the French government for the Luxembourg gallery. Mr. Whistler is no less distinguished as an etcher than as a painter. In 1877 some of his pictures were judged very unfavorably in a criticism by John Ruskin. The artist thereupon sued Mr. Ruskin for libel. The judgment was nominally in his favor. He was awarded damages; but only for one farthing, and without costs.



JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER.

From a copyrighted photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, London.

It seems as if no calamity could ruffle him, and as if there were no room in his delightful character for such a thing as vexation. But, like many light-hearted people, when he does let himself run down, he runs down farther than a prosaic person would do. I am told that at one time he and his model fully made up their minds to commit suicide together by jumping into one of the canals of Venice. They set the house in order, and started out on their dismal errand, but happening to meet a friend on the way, they forgot all about it.

Mr. Whistler's usual habit, when anything goes wrong, is to say: "Now, see here, this is all nonsense;" or to chuckle, and rub his hands, and say, "Tut, tut, tut, too bad! We can't have this sort of thing going on." As if bad luck were a thing to be reasoned with and coaxed to go away. I am sure there are very few people whom Mr. Whistler could not coax if he chose. He even succeeded once in taming a bailiff who was in possession of his house at Chelsea. When the man first appeared, he tried to wear his hat in the drawing-room and smoke and spit all over the house. Mr. Whistler soon settled that. He went out into the hall, and fetched a stick, and daintily knocked the man's hat off. The man was so surprised that he forgot to be angry, and within a day or two he had been trained to wait at table. One morning, when Mr. Whistler was shaving, a message was brought up that the man (he was always known in the house as "the man," as if he were the only one of his species) wanted to speak to him.

"Very well, send him up," said Mr. Whistler. He went on shaving, and when the man came in, said abruptly: "Now, then, what do you want?"

"I want my money, sir."

"What money?"

"My possession money, sir."

"What, haven't they given it to you?"

"No, sir; it's you that have to give it me."

"Oh, the deuce I have!" and Mr. Whistler laughingly gave him to understand that, if he wanted money, his only chance was to apply elsewhere.

"Well, I think it's very hard, sir," the man began to snivel; "I have my own family to keep, and my own rent to pay—"

"I'll tell you what I advise you to do," Mr. Whistler returned, as he gently pushed him out of the room; "you should do as I do, and have a man in yourself."

Soon after this, the man came and said that if he was not paid he would have to put bills up outside the house announcing a sale. And, sure enough, a few days after, great posters were stuck up all over the front of the house, announcing so many tables and so many chairs and so much old Nankin china for sale on a given day. Mr. Whistler enjoyed the joke hugely, and hastened to send out invitations to all his friends to a luncheon party, adding, as a postscript, "You will know the house by the bills of sale stuck up outside." And the bailiff proved an admirable butler, and the party one of the merriest ever known.

There is another bailiff story which Mr. Whistler is very fond of relating. Some one had told him that a mixture of snuff and beer had the property of sending people off to sleep. So he purchased a large parcel of snuff, and put the greater part of it into a gigantic tankard full of beer, which he sent out to his bailiff in the garden. It was a very hot summer afternoon, and the man eagerly welcomed his refreshment. Mr. Whistler was indoors painting, and forgot all about him. In the evening he said to his servant, "Where's the man?" The servant replied, "I don't know, sir. I suppose he must have gone away."

The next morning Mr. Whistler got up very late and went out into the garden, where he was astounded to see the bailiff sitting in precisely the same position as the day before. The empty tankard was on the table beside him, and his pipe had fallen from his hand on to the grass. "Hallo, my sleeping beauty," said Mr. Whistler, "have you been there all this while?" But the man made no answer, and all Mr. Whistler's efforts to rouse him were unavailing. Late in the afternoon he awoke in the most natural way in the world, exclaiming that it was dreadfully hot weather, and that he must have been asleep over an hour. Meanwhile Mr. Whistler had got some money together and was able to pay him off. Some hours later, when Mr. Whistler was sipping his coffee after dinner, in a very contented frame of mind, a ring was heard at the door, and the man rushed unceremoniously in. He was evidently in a great state of excitement, and began by asking Mr. Whistler what day of the month it was. "If that's all you want to know," was the reply, "you may as well go away again."

"Well, sir," the man said, "I can't make it out at all. Here you've paid me three days' possession money, and I could have sworn it was the sixteenth; but somehow or other, everybody tells me it's the seventeenth, and I see the evening papers are dated the seventeenth, and my wife's been blowing me up for being out all last night without being able to explain it. I told her I'd been here; but she said if I had, that would make four days' possession money. So I thought the only thing was to come and ask you, sir, what it all meant."

However, Mr. Whistler was not to be led into a confession. He gave him some more money, but he told him that, now his demands had been satisfied, the sooner he cleared out the better.

In 1879 the papers published details of "a petition for liquidation by arrangement" of Mr. Whistler's affairs, whereupon a wit wrote:

> "Of various 'arrangements' we've had an array,
> Black and white, gold and silver, tawny and gray;
> But of all the arrangements there yet remains one,
> And that's to arrange with the troublesome dun."

The secret of Mr. Whistler's difficulties would seem to be rather want of judgment than want of money. He commands good prices for his pictures, but of course he is liable to receive large sums at certain times and then receive none during long intervals. Like most painters, when he has plenty of money in his pocket he spends it profusely. He never kept any accounts in his life, or took the trouble to calculate what rate of expenditure fitted in with his income. He said to me one day, "You never know where you are with

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER. FROM A PAINTING BY WHISTLER, NOW IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

This is Mr. Whistler's most noted work. The original was shown in the London Royal Academy of 1872, and was awarded a gold medal in the French Salon of 1884. In 1891 it was purchased by the French government for the Luxembourg Gallery, where it now hangs.

these beggars. I believe they are all in league with one another. Sometimes you are quite free from them for a long time. Then one comes with his little bill, and you write him a check. Then another comes, and you tell him it isn't quite convenient to pay him just now, but if he'll wait a month or two you'll see what you can do for him. Not a bit of it. He's as suspicious as an old crow, and says if you don't pay him at once, he'll serve you with one of those yellow papers, don't you know? Then you grumble, and write him a check too. This is all very fine, and you go on writing checks whenever they come, for a certain time. But there must be a limit to all things, and at last a day comes when you can't write them any more checks. Then it's the very mischief. Ha! ha! ha! Don't you know?"

Mr. Whistler's laugh is one of the most characteristic things about him. It is a weird, mocking, almost fiendish laugh, unique of its kind. Mr. Irving got hold of part of it when he appeared as Mephistopheles in Faust, and Mr. Whistler's disciples caricature it, as they do most of his peculiarities as well as his art. But the original is inimitable.

Much of his table-talk would be pointless in print, as it owes its chief charm to his voice and manner and gestures. His great delight is to startle people, and he will often say things simply because they are unexpected. An admirer once said to him, "Mr. Whistler, there are only two great painters, yourself and Velasquez." Whereupon he slowly winked his left eye and asked, "Why drag in Velasquez?" A lady, raving about Thames scenery to him, said, "The whole trip was like a series of your superb etchings." "Ye-es," he replied; "nature is creeping up." There are certain phrases which he is always using,

such as "Don't you know?" and "What?" at the end of a sentence. His favorite adjective is "amazing," and he applies it to all manner of people and things in a really amazing manner. He is fully alive to the importance of a drawl in giving point to an anecdote. He used constantly to say to a man with a dreadful stutter, "You know what makes you so amazing is that stammer of yours. If it weren't too late, I should try to grow one like it myself. If I could stutter as you do, I should get off some astounding things."

It is impossible to be in Mr. Whistler's society long without hearing him talk of "getting off" amazing or astounding things, by which he means epigrams. He will spare no pains to get off a good one, and will lead up to it with the most painstaking ingenuity, so that it may at last be jerked out in a natural way. His best-known *mot*—when Oscar Wilde said to him, "I wish I had said that, Jimmy;" and he said, "Oscar, you will;"—was the result of days of preparation, and was carefully treasured up until the right moment came to "get it off."

Some of the stories that he invents are quite up to the mark of those which really happen to him. I remember one about his stuttering friend just referred to. According to the story, this man was in the habit of eating muffins for breakfast, and one morning he called his landlady, and said to her, "I—want—to—have—some—m-m-m-m-m—" It was no good, he could not say it. So, as was his wont, he began the sentence again: "I—want—to—have—for—my—breakfast—some—m-m-m-m—well, hang it all, crumpets." Then he had to have crumpets for his breakfast every morning, though he hated crumpets. At last he could stand it no longer; so he sent for his landlady again, and began drawling, "I—don't—want—to—have—any—more—c-c-c-c-c—" He wrestled and struggled with this word for a long time, but at last had to give up trying to say it in despair; and for the rest of his stay he had to go on having crumpets for his breakfast, though he got to detest the sight of them more and more every day.

Mr. Whistler's house at Chelsea was very pretty and artistic as far as it went, but, either through laziness or impecuniosity, he only furnished one room besides the bedroom during the first year or two of his stay. Everywhere you encountered great packing-cases full of pretty things, and saw preparations for papering and carpeting, but somehow or other nothing ever got any forwarder. What was done was perfect in its way. The white wainscotting, the rich draperies, the rare Oriental china, the pictures and their frames, the old silver—all had a charm and a history of their own.

All through the summer Mr. Whistler holds a kind of reception every Sunday afternoon in the garden at the back of his house. You meet all sorts and conditions of people there—men of light and leading in the world of art and literature; tenth-rate daubers who adulate him, and whom he takes pleasure in constantly snubbing; eccentric people who have taken his fancy; theatrical people—in fact, the sort of menagerie that could but rarely congregate at the same time anywhere else. He is the life and soul of the party, strolling about with a little child's straw hat on the back of his head, and a bit of ribbon in place of a necktie, and chattering away unceasingly wherever he can get the largest audience. He has a habit, when he is talking to any one, of gazing searchingly into his eyes, and literally buttonholing him; that is, holding him firmly by the buttonhole so that he cannot escape. His face is a remarkable one. It is covered with countless wrinkles, but is clear of complexion, and evidently very well groomed. He wears a well-curled gray mustache and slight imperial. His eyebrows are unusually bushy, and his glistening brown eyes peer out from underneath them like snakes in the grass. His hair is the most "amazing" part of his get-up. It is all arranged in separate curls, most artistically put together. They are all dyed black, with the exception of one, which remains quite white, and on grand occasions is tied up with a small ribbon.

When he goes out in London, he always gets himself up very elaborately, in a way that is sure to arouse attention. He wears a very long black overcoat, rather like that of one of the little men in the "Noah's Ark," and a French top hat with the brim standing straight out. In his hand he carries a kind of wand of bamboo about four feet long and very thin. His gloves and boots are very carefully selected, and of irreproachable fit. When he walks about the streets of London, he generally has a crowd of small boys in pursuit, and nearly everybody turns around to look at him with a smile as he passes. However, he very rarely walks, but usually goes everywhere in a hansom, except just in the very fashionable quarters.

THE EXTREME EDGE OF HAZARD.

By Clinton Ross,

Author of "The Countess Bettina," etc.

"A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span——"
—Othello.

"His end was so glorious, that I protest not even his mother or his mistress ought to have deplored it, or at any rate wished him alive again. I know it is a hero we speak of; and yet I vow I scarce know whether in the last act of his life I admire the result of genius, invention, and daring, or the boldness of a gambler winning surprising odds."
—Thackeray, in "The Virginians."

At Quebec, 17th *October*, 1759.

SO long it is, my dear Will, since we have had much time for penmanship, that now I am not quite sure how to hold a quill. This is an old sputtering point at the best; and, between that and an arm just recovering from a musket wound, I think you will have a passably hard time in deciphering what I am now putting to paper in this wretched, dismantled town. I look out over the wintry plain and the winding river bank where our batteries were. Now men and batteries and battalions have sailed, all, and we are left alone, and dismal—a set of ragged heroes—in the fortress for which we fought so long and despairingly. Ah, Will, I'm sick at heart! You in Surrey may be happy, or in London at a coffee-house, or at a rout near a powdered face (I swear you are very near it, if it be pretty); but here's only the sorry desolation of war, and dismal folk, and sour-faced infantrymen, and nothing to do in particular. Some, of course, amuse themselves in the garrison with play—there are men who would gamble in heaven or—the other place; but I detest cards almost as much as poor Jim Wolfe, who swore that the one game he could abide was piquet, because his mother played it. (I believe the only time he ever played was with that good woman, whom he adored in the same degree that he disliked cards.) Dear Jim Wolfe, Will, whom we used to love and quarrel with as boys; whom we knew so well; who had so frail a body and so mighty a spirit; who could madden you with his irritability, and again charm you with the sweetness of his changing temper; who would not surrender to adverse circumstance!

At the last, when all were croaking, Admiral Saunders said that he must put down the river, for winter was coming on; and the council declared, with long-drawn, deprecatory faces, for abandoning the siege.

Then poor Jim, our great Jim, General Jim, Will, thrust his hands in his belt, and walked up and down the room, his face pale, his eyes sunk (for he was off a sick-bed, and God knows how he could be there at all). "Gentlemen, we've had bad luck enough. I'll say nothing of Montmorency, and I have assured Admiral Saunders there that I was in the wrong—not he. But, God helping us, I say we must be, we will be on that height. Oh, I mean it!" said he, with a kind of quaver in his voice. "At least we'll have a last shy at the Canadas."

"And if that be only a shy?" asked one.

"Barring the few we shall leave on the Isle-aux-Coudres, all will sail down the river," said the General. He had stopped his saunter then, his fingers still in his belt, and they thought him trembling a little; till suddenly he turned about—this dear, ugly, sickly Jim, that we used to know rather differently (though always ugly)—and stalked out of the room. "How does he keep up?" murmured one. "How do we all keep up?" said Saunders, looking out of the window, where then a shell, off the Beauport shore, sailed, with a long tail of light, across the sky. Jack Jervis told me this afterward, whispering, "That man makes me sick!"

And we went off together to our duty, for the council was over for the day.

That day! How long it seems gone! Heaven knows when you may get this letter. Our mail service is not of the best. But the Canadas are England's through Mr. Pitt's strategy. Not the least of the great man's intuitions was choosing our Jim for general.

The particulars of the next days you know well, Will, by this time: how Montmorency was abandoned; how Montcalm

and Monsieur Vaudreuil were put in some perplexity by our feints. We were preparing for departure, and the last attack; though I, no more than any of us, knew what that was to be. The going up and down the river with the ebb and flow, the apparent descents on Bougainville's forces —these movements perplexed our sailors and soldiers as much as they apparently mystified those Frenchmen, with their painted savages and *voyageurs des bois*. I was working hard then. You would not have known me, Will. One had little time for sleep. As they say the Marquis de Montcalm said of himself, we were always "in our boots." Again the General was everywhere, observing, taking account of all that was done. But more was to be done, and what that was we whispered and talked over, Colonel Burton and I, at Point Levi.

The twelfth, I think, Colonel Burton himself came to me, as I sat over some hard bread and a mug of the poorest beer. (Its taste was delicious, Will.) "To-morrow is the day, Sir Charles," said he, shaking his great-coat, for it was raining.

"To-morrow," said I, on my feet.

"To-night for you, my lad. A boat is waiting off shore to take you to the 'Porcupine.'"

"From the General?"

"From the General, Sir Charles. You are relieved here. I am to march down the south shore to a point opposite Anse-de-Foulon."

"The General is with Captain Jervis, then?"

"On the 'Porcupine,'" said the colonel. "Good-night, Sir Charles."

He paused, rather brusquely, I thought.

"We have said 'good-by' several times in the last three months."

"But there has always been a 'good-morning' for us," said I.

"Humph, we are wicked, perhaps. Several better fellows than you or I never said the 'good-morning,'" answered Burton, shaking his coat again.

And I was in the "Porcupine's" boat, the oars rising and falling in the black water, the night now and then broken by the artillery. Above on the heights the quiet was singular. 'T was from below that suddenly a flashing shell might burst over the river.

"There're twenty-three offered," I heard a petty officer forward say.

"For what?" said I, turning.

"To lead in the enterprise, sir."

"The enterprise!" I muttered.

"It's them that needn't pray, and are not afraid of hell, sir," said the man. "Twenty-four are wanted. Hark ye, what's that?"

But I had no need of listening. Our ears were deafened with the steady roll of guns far down the stream.

"On the Beauport shore," said the men.

Did you ever see the blackness of a rainy, dismal night so lit, Will? Ah, you never did.

"Admiral Saunders is stirring up the Moosirs, sir," said my acquaintance in the bow.

But, as it proved, neither Captain Jervis nor the General was on the "Porcupine," where word had been left for us to proceed to Admiral Holmes's ship. It took a good bit of rowing before we came within reach of the "Sutherland," and the air was filled with moist, gunpowdery smells, and deafening reports, not alone from below but from above toward Monsieur Bougainville's position. The Frenchies were kept awake that night, except one Vergor at Anse-de-Foulon, who was a poltroon;—but of him later.

A little midshipman saluted, and told me the General waited me below. As I stepped into the cabin the sudden glare of candles blinded me. Then I saw Jim, our old Jim, and Jack Jervis. They were alone and very quiet. Jim's face was sunk in his hands. When he looked up I saw his eyes were strangely bright, like those of one with fever, while his cheeks kept their pallor.

"You're wet, Charlie," Jack Jervis said.

"Rain's as comfortable as powder," said I, throwing aside my top-coat.

"Do you wish you were in England, Charlie? I almost wish it myself!" said our friend the General.

"'Tis a pleasant thought," said I, softly; "yes, pleasant."

"Back in the old place—think of it!" The noise outside kept up apace. "Out of the infernal hubbub," he said wearily. But his tone changed.

"Jervis and you, Charlie, are good chaps—good friends when you are friends. I swear you will have another career some day than the army. I believe you're here now because old John Beechwood thought I'd look after you a bit."

"Out of the spirit of adventure, Jim," said I.

"But what has it led to? Only to disgrace, defeat. Your uncle chose a sorry fellow to be guardian."

"Your pains have reached to your brain, Jim," Jervis said, with a hand on his shoulder.

"Likely! Likely! I swear at my body sometimes. I'd better swear at my follies; though I believe those bitter days at Iverness counted for as much against me. I was a fool—often."

But when we tried to interrupt him, he laughed, his humor changing, as it did so wondrous fast at times, so that it took ready wit to follow him.

"Oh, don't bother. I have a plan. There's a slanting path up Anse de-Foulon."

"And twenty-four go forward. Let me be leader," I cried, catching at his spirit.

"But you must not. I intended ordering you down to Admiral Saunders, Charlie."

"Go I must, Jim! You must let me." I cried. "Let me have my share of the glory—"

"Or the ignominy—"

"Or the disgrace, with you, Jim."

"But how can I? Did not your uncle, that gruff old John Beechwood, do me many a favor? Shall I put his nephew in the way of dying—or of a heroism, maybe?"

"For that reason let me go with you," I said again. "Oh, Jim, don't deny me. Let me have command of the twenty-four. And let my men follow. I may not be so good an officer. I may be younger than Murray, or Townsend, or Monckton! But—"

"You shall have it, Charlie. Yes, man, you shall have it. I'll order yours from the south shore with Burton. If I succeed you'll thank me. If I fail again you can no more than share the dishonor."

"I wish I were in it," said Jervis. "I wish—"

"You must do something else for me, Jack," our Jim said. Then I saw he had something in his hand; and when he turned it to the light it proved to be a little portrait—painted very neatly, Will—of Kate Lowther. There, in the cabin of the admiral's ship, on the stormy, tumultuous night, was your cousin's miniature. And, indeed, it had been in all that long siege, because our ugly, dear General had worn it always."

"Give it her, Jack. That's all."

"But you will yourself."

"The chance is against me."

"Shall I say anything beyond?" said Jervis. He was rather clumsy that night, I think because he liked our friend, though we had been through so much, and together had laughed at death, and seen it at its worst—when some poor devil was crying in agony of a wound a thousand times keener than the direct thrust.

"Oh, she will know," said Jim. "She is one of the women who understand."

Nor did we smile at this lover-like remark, as we might have in a lighter mood, when at home, or in camp, some one passed the jesting story. So with unchallenged and unusual sentiment he continued:

"I never believed in women till that time at Bath, and—there's no woman like her, Jack."

"I will keep it till you ask for it, Jim."

"Till I ask for it! Why, sir, I don't believe I could drag myself back to England with this poor old body, should we get through—should we—"

He turned to us both then.

"You shall lead the twenty-four, Charlie, up the slope alone. Good-by, Jack."

A knock came at the door, "Major Stobo," said the aide-de-camp.

"Wait," the General said to me. "Ask General Monckton and Admiral Holmes to come below." These entered directly, not hiding entirely their distrust of the leader's despairing plan. He told them I had asked to lead the volunteers, and that my men should follow with Colonel Burton. For, he was pleased to say, my past service deserved this post. Will, he had ever a prejudice in a friend's favor.

The details you may know; how we understood a provision convoy was to be sent by Bougainville, and how in the darkness we swung stilly down stream, I in the foremost boat, nervous and not quite myself, he at my side. Below the guns of Saunders still sounded, but about was only the dip of oars.

If Bougainville's men noted, they doubtless thought it the usual feigning; so many times had they seen our boats go up and down with ebb and flow. Our General was very still, but I heard his voice muttering something, I think, of Gray, the poet:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

As boys, we should have laughed at him But in earnest danger there's incongruity in the farcical, though I have known the contrary.

"I wish I could have written such a line," said he.

I might have told him he could write a better; but one thought not of wit or discussion then. Our General talked his verse, a

he was so earnest a soul, Will—so changeable in means, and yet so steadfast at his main end; all the apparent changes were only to the set purpose. He would not be defeated. And at last he was taking what seemed simply the fool's chance. And we were eager to follow him—even those among us (not I, Will, you know) who, because he was not of noble birth, disliked to serve him who had won his own distinction.

At the left, the dark cliffs enveloped the enterprise with added gloom. The tumult from the Beauport shore far below quieted, when suddenly a hoarse voice cried:

"*Qui vive?*"

"*France!*" I answered, in the tongue you and I acquired at the Embassy in Paris, Will.

"*A quel régiment?*"

"*De la Reine!*" I cried again.

We held our very breaths. For supposing the provision convoy, told of by the deserters, had passed! But chance (God knows no chance, as the clergy say) favored. Bougainville, though we did not know this till the events long after, had countermanded his order, but had not sent notice 'long shore.

"They are deceived," whispered Colonel Fraser at my elbow. The General himself did not stir, for I stood close by him; when suddenly, with terrible distinctness, another challenge rang out from the heights:

"*Qui vive?*"

For an instant the tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. And then, in the accent you used to compliment, Will, I said again:

"*France; de la Reine.*" In louder tone I cried to that challenger to hold his tongue. "*Pour le Roi*"; the ship "Hunter" hung close mid-stream. Would they believe? Can you imagine, Will, how the oars strained in the stillness? But there was only the soughing water, and the pelting rain that froze on the cheeks. Around Anse-de-Foulon the boats pulled, on and on. Again we heard Saunders's batteries; and firing behind, farther up. Our boat grated on the pebbles, and the General and I leapt to the shore, tumbling and slipping over the icy stones. Above, far above the head-land, were scattered lights.

For a moment I pressed Jim's hand, while the volunteers crowded at my heels. "Up, every man as he may," I said, I think; and I was pulling myself up the slippery precipice, catching the bushes, sliding back, and crawling forward. I could have sworn I was hours in that steep way, though really I suppose the time could not have been longer than a quarter hour. At last the long climb ended, and I was breathless in a level space, surrounded by the little band, every man catching a gasping breath. Before I, indeed, could say a word, a half dozen sprang forward toward a cluster of tents, where the twinkling lights were. On the height a darkish dawn began to declare itself; running with my men we heard cries before; saw some springing from the tents. One, in a long white night-robe, I pricked in the heel with a pistol shot; the very Captain Vergor, as I found from his broken explanation. My men came struggling with two others, caught half-dressed and rubbing their heavy eyes. "You slept too well, Captain," said I to the prisoner.

"You are ze vakeful ones," spoke this little, dark, trembling fellow. The rain was now in torrents; but the dawn already showed the files of red coats forming behind; and there was our Jim, Will—his feebleness all gone.

"Quick! We must stop that!" he said, pointing to a height where firing had begun. "It's on our boats." That, my dear Will, the battery at Samos Point, a score of us silenced.

The rain was pelting, I have said; but no man minded the wetting of the dismal, hopeful morning. Not an enemy was now in sight since the battery at Samos had been choked. Company after company filed up the narrow path to the height. Three small pieces, drawn up over many obstacles, formed our artillery. The General paced up and down, erect, pale, wet—the keen, alert leader. We, the followers, felt repaid for all those months of ineffectual effort and inaction, for now we should achieve something. Yet we were in a most critical position. Bougainville was behind; Quebec before. Everywhere, noting every company, exchanging a word with some little officer, was the General.

Yet mostly he was silent, looking over his ground; and at last we knew that among the bushes and the cornhills of the plain between the St. Charles and the St. Lawrence our line was to be made. Though Colonel Burton and the rest of Webb's formed the reserve, the General placed me with Monckton and Murray in the van. The place we had so struggled for was not a mile away; but a little ridge (these Canadians called it the *Buttes à Neveu*) intervened. I was arranging my men when a white plume appeared above this line; a startled cry, a "*Vive le Roi!*" We blazed away, and saw their heels over the slope,

while the Highland slogan followed as glibly as their own facile tongues and as easily as their nimble legs.

So Monsieur Guienne's frightened detachment carried the news, I suppose, to Monsieur Ramsey in the town, and to Monsieur Vaudreuil and the Marquis. We had some little firing in the rear from Bougainville, and it fell still again. In all, some forty-eight hundred stood on that highland against all the Canadas. If they had known, how easily they might have cut us off! But they did not suspect. They could not understand that the General so dared fate. And his cool presumption won. It's difficult sometimes to separate foolhardiness from designing bravery.

I think, dear Will, his ardor animated every man of us. Once I had word of him in the wait, while we stood challenged.

"I am sorry you're here, Charlie," said he in the tones of our old days; "for it's death."

"Or glory," said I, almost repeating our words in the cabin of the "Sutherland."

"Glory's a phrase," said Jim. "It brings it to us to do as well as you."

"But they all have done well," said I. "Even you, Jim!"

"Humph!" said he, smiling—when some duty interrupted.

And how could they help it in such a crisis, when their nerves were stretched to highest tension? Men are not cowards when nerves tingle.

But all this you know, Will; how every man of us, down to a gunner, waited a hard fight, and death perhaps. Now the great Marquis—for great he was, Will, though a Frenchman—decided to charge alone. It seemed as if God in heaven watched us that day, and granted our leader the guerdon of his daring.

From the bushes, from the ground, were puffs of smoke; savages, and *voyageurs des bois*, and white uniformed skirmishers. The little cannon answered; but we stood still, firm and composed, waiting, waiting.

I saw far off a man on a dark bay horse, brandishing a sword, his wide sleeves flapping in the wind. The clouds parted, the strong light falling on him; and 'twas dark again, with the rain in our faces. "Montcalm," whispered one.

Our skirmishers were thrown before, behind; the light infantry called forward. Still we stood immovable in the van. We heard cries and musketry to the right and left. To the ground we fell (it's long after Braddock's, Will). Our hard-earned field-pieces did their work. A captain—one Tom Terwilliger, whom you knew, Will—rolled over on my right. And over the ridge we saw the enemy coming, the Canadians on the left, the regulars in the middle. On they strode, shouting, gesticulating, as the French way is. Captain Terwilliger groaned. I was too excited to notice him till, suddenly, I saw the General kneeling by his side, and feeling his pulse as if he were some dear friend, and saying gently:

"I'm sorry, Captain, sorry—we'll have you easier directly. Bravely, Captain, you have won promotion." He turned to me, "Tell Monckton to remember that, should I fail."

"Thank ye, sir," gasped poor Terwilliger. "I'm sorry that devilish bullet knocked me."

They appeared to stumble over each other, and from my distance I believe I could distinguish how each called on and swore by his particular saint. A Canadian and a white coat would rise out of the *mêlée*, the Canadian firing, falling to the ground to reload; those behind tumbling over him with more invocations to the saints to curse obstructions, and us in particular.

"Forward!" was the word to us.

"Halt!"

Perfectly still we stood, the disordered French line almost upon us. They were at our musket-tips when the order came. For an instant I was deaf, Will; the roar was like the explosion from a magazine; and when the smoke cleared—God save me from ever seeing a sight more horrid! Body was piled on body. Men cursed and struggled. In a manlier tone we returned their cries, the Highlander outyelling us all: "England!" "God save the King!" On we bore, on and on, the line behind pushing us as if we had wished to lag. Excitement carried us in a kind of frenzy. Men fought hand-to-hand, and fell—to rise again, and fight.

In some way I found myself in a clear space—I know not how I came there. I tried to raise my right arm once, but for the first time in this life it refused the order. My writing will show that musket ball, I think, Will, if nothing else. But then I didn't feel it or care at all. I still ran till I found myself almost alone, away from the crowd, and stumbling across one sitting on the ground. "The General!" called Lieutenant Brown of the Grenadiers. "Look out, man, the General has

fallen, and ye'll run him down." "Jim," I said then, coming to my senses. Four others were about him. I blessed the chance bringing me there.

"Lift him up, you fools!" I cried. For the first time the arm gave a horrible twitch, as I kneeled toward him, who appeared so spent.

"It's all over with me. Look to the enemy."

"They are looked to, sir," said Brown, who, glancing up, shaded his eyes with his hand; and, forgetting all, broke into a cry:

"God, how they run!"

As gently as we could we lifted the leader in our arms; but this hurt him, and almost reverently we placed him on the ground again. Then as men may with ebbing vitality, he raised his head convulsively—his eyes quite keen and sparkling.

"Who run?"

"The enemy, sir."

"Quick!" cried Jim. "Tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's down to the Charles Bridge."

"Go!" I whispered to the lieutenant of the Grenadiers. I would not leave him then. Jim's eyes seemed to comprehend me.

"And you, my Charlie? Are ye quite alive?"

"As alive as you, Jim. Ah, you must not be hurt!"

"But hurt I am. You'll see Kate Lowther?"

"Yes, Jim."

"Oh, it was Jervis who was to do that favor instead. You're here, Charlie; you would be here—and they run!"

"They run."

"God be praised!—It's over!"

For a moment he lay quite still, and not many moments after, "it was well with him," as some Latin or Greek poet—I swear I can't remember which—we read it when we were boys—said of the dead.

Of course you expected so much of him, and knew him better, as the dearest fellow. If faults he had many, we understood these to like them, because they were Jim's. You, as well as I, knew the dull, unconquerable perseverance which would not yield, however the world went. On a little thread of chance he hung his last hope, and won glory for England, and for himself—some talk at home, and a monument.

The rest you know. The Marquis, too, was dead. We marched at last into his poor, broken, strong place, and here Murray decided that I should remain. And here I am, rather sad, with a bad right arm, and shattered health, and a serious attack of *ennui*. When I think of England so far away, sometimes I'm heart-sick. I think of you in the minuet, and I see all of your life. I swear I can hear Molly's voice, and feel Ajax's cold nose against my fingers—and see his dumb, dog's eyes. (Perhaps he is dead by this time.) But I think you have had enough of this, when you may get it in the dear old house. You will have no need to think of poor glorious Jim. The world thinks of him now. Ah, if he only knew! I think he might be repaid for all his disappointments. But he dared, he won; and is no longer conscious of what he won.

It's snowing outside. An icy wind blows up from the river. We find it lonely enough, and cold enough. But I suppose we should not care for these things—we have won the Canadas! Yet I don't believe we think so much of having done that as you. We wish we had some better beef and sweeter beer, and that we could see some people across the seas.

My remembrance to your cousins, the Lowthers; and with love to you and y'rs,

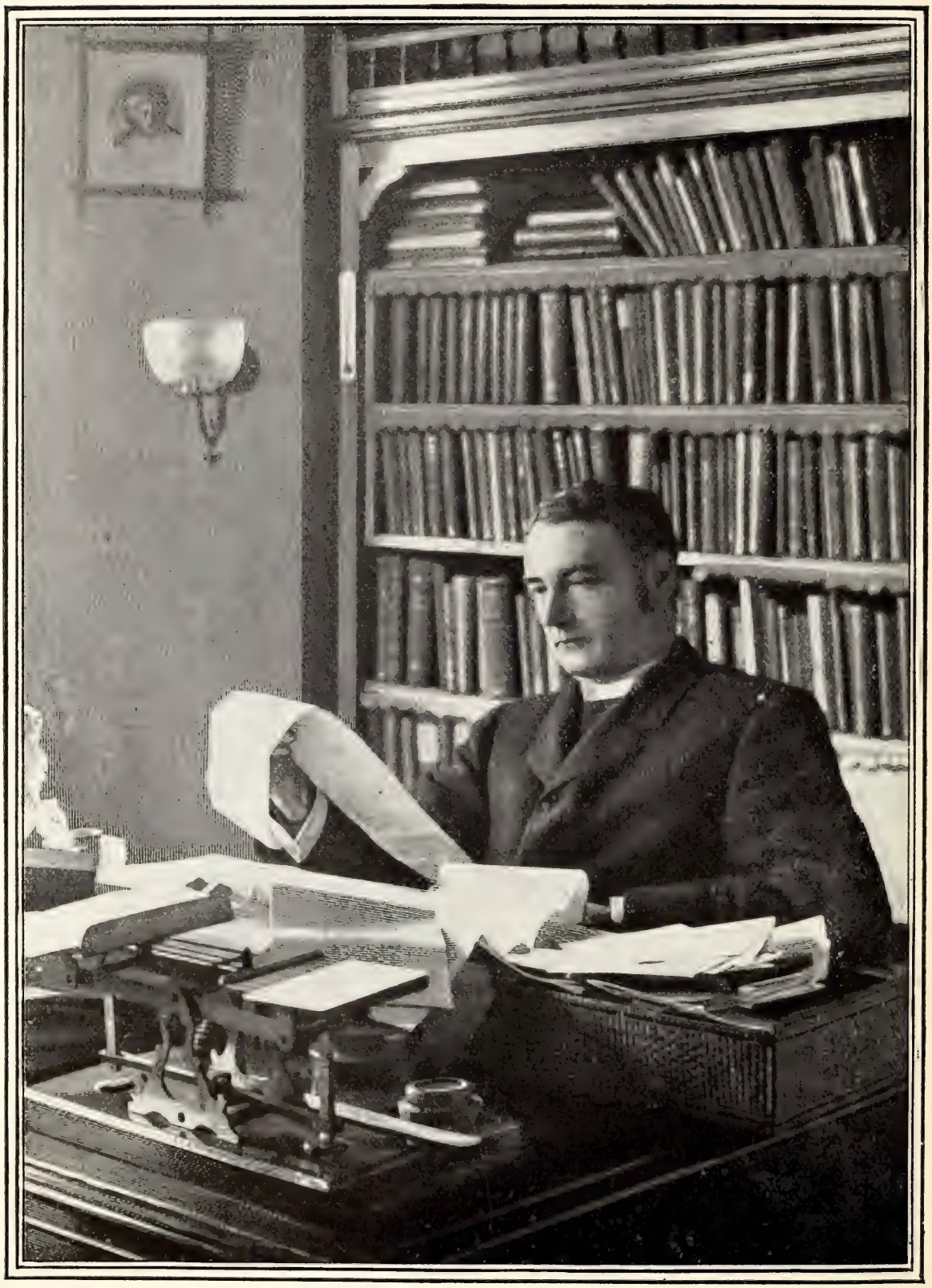
I am

Y'rs affec'ly and ob'nt'ly,

CHARLES.

LINCOLN IN NEW ENGLAND: A CORRECTION.

IN an article in the May number of this magazine, the report of a speech made by Abraham Lincoln at Worcester, Massachusetts, in September, 1848, was printed with the claim that it "had hitherto been entirely overlooked by the biographers of Lincoln." The Boston "Herald" has called attention to the fact that a brief account of this speech appears in the second edition of Herndon's "Life," in an excellent chapter on Lincoln's New England campaign of 1848 furnished Mr. Herndon by Mr. Edward L. Pierce, author of the "Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner." This chapter does not appear in Herndon's first edition, which was used by the author of the article in the May number. Morse, in his biography, states that none of the speeches of the New England campaign was reported, and no speech from this period appears in the "complete" collection of speeches edited and published by Nicolay and Hay.



DR. JOHN WATSON ("IAN MACLAREN") IN HIS STUDY.

From a photograph by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.

McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VII. OCTOBER, 1896. No. 5.

DR. JOHN WATSON—"IAN MACLAREN."

HIS DISTINGUISHED CAREER AS A MINISTER.—HOW HE WAS PERSUADED INTO AUTHORSHIP.—A PRINCE OF STORY-TELLERS FROM HIS YOUTH.

By the Rev. D. M. Ross, M.A.

[Mr. Ross was the associate of Dr. Watson in a circle of students who lived in special intimacy at Edinburgh University. Among others of this circle was Professor Henry Drummond, as indicated in the article.]

"IAN MACLAREN" is one of a brilliant galaxy of Edinburgh University men who have revived in the later years of the nineteenth century the literary renown of Scotland in its earlier years. R. L. Stevenson, J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Ian Maclaren, are household words wherever the English language is spoken. Scotland is proud of her new writers, and the English-speaking world of letters is their debtor. Ian Maclaren is, in a literary sense, the latest born of the four. The brave-hearted, much-loved Stevenson was laid to rest on his Samoan hills almost before the star of Ian Maclaren had risen in the literary world. Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums" had delighted readers on both sides of the Atlantic for years before "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" revealed the existence of another Scotchman with Barrie's gift of portraying the poetry of the life of lowly Scotch folk. "The Raiders" of S. R. Crockett had won its author wide fame as a master in the telling of a powerful story before it had dawned upon Ian Maclaren and his friends that he was on the eve of achieving with his first volume one of the greatest literary successes of modern times.

Though the latest to enter the field of letters, Ian Maclaren is not younger in point of years than his three brilliant compatriots. He was born in the same year as R. L. Stevenson—1850; the two were, indeed, fellow-students at the university. He had left college years before Barrie left the school bench of "Thrums," and was a master in his professional work before Crockett had yet preached his first sermon. Up to 1893—when he was already in his forty-third year—he had given no opportunity to the reading public to estimate his literary gifts. He was by no means an unknown or undistinguished man before that date. Long before 1893 he had made so great a reputation as a preacher that he received an invitation—which the state of his health at that time compelled him to decline—to occupy the foremost pulpit in the Presbyterian church of the United Kingdom.

He had been known for a dozen of years as one of the outstanding preachers in Liverpool, and on Liverpool platforms it would have been difficult to find a more deft and powerful speaker. He was already one of the foremost citizens of that great city before "The Bonnie Brier Bush" made him famous outside. Strangely enough, in spite of the commanding position he occupied as a preacher and platform speaker, he had abstained in a somewhat rigorous fashion from making use of the press. Hardly, if ever, did he send contributions to magazines; he published no sermons or pamphlets; he could pride himself on the authorship of no tiniest book. By the persistent application of a severe self-denying ordinance, the preacher who has now a wider circle of readers than almost any living minister left the press severely alone for nearly

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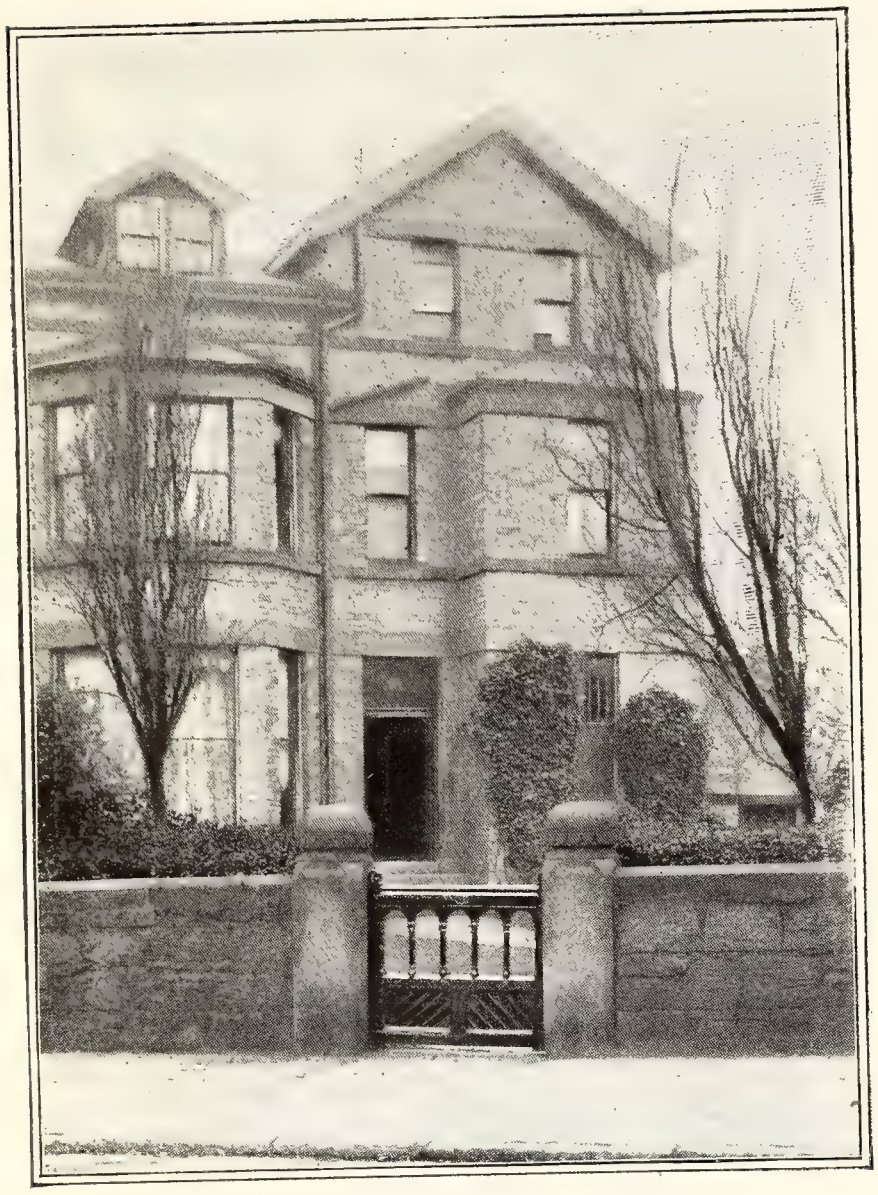


DR. WATSON'S HOUSE AT LIVERPOOL.

From a photograph by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.

twenty years. His friends knew that he had it in him to do literary work of a high order, yet it was almost by accident that he discovered what possibilities were open to him in pure literature. Dr. Robertson Nicholl, who knew his unique powers as a *raconteur*, induced him to send a sketch or two to "The British Weekly." These papers, written under his *nom de plume*, "caught on." Either J. M. Barrie was writing in a new vein, or there was another Scotch writer with mature literary gifts in the field. Such was the general conclusion. In a few weeks it transpired that "Ian Maclaren" was the well-known preacher of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, and ere many months had passed the celebrated preacher found himself still more celebrated as a delineator of Scottish life. With Stevenson and Barrie, literature was a profession; with Ian Maclaren, literature was a mere by-work, a pleasant recreation in a busy ministerial career. Nevertheless, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" have won their way in popular favor even more rapidly than "Treasure Island" or "The Little Minister."

Nor is it likely that literature will ever be more than a by-work with Ian Maclaren. Like Charles Kingsley—the divine whom in many respects he most vividly recalls—he is a born preacher, with an irrepressible interest in the social, ecclesiastical, and theological movements of his day. Within the last few months he has published two volumes—"The Upper Room" and "The Mind of the Master"—which reveal the part he is likely to play in coming years as a religious teacher. Even had he never been known as a consummate portrayer of Scottish character, he was bound, sooner or later, to take his place as one of the leaders of religious thought. With the way prepared for him by his literary success, he has secured an audience for himself in the sphere of religion which makes it difficult to predict whether in the long run he will wield a stronger influence as a *littérateur* than as a spiritual teacher. One is safe to predict that in both spheres his influence is sure to be great.

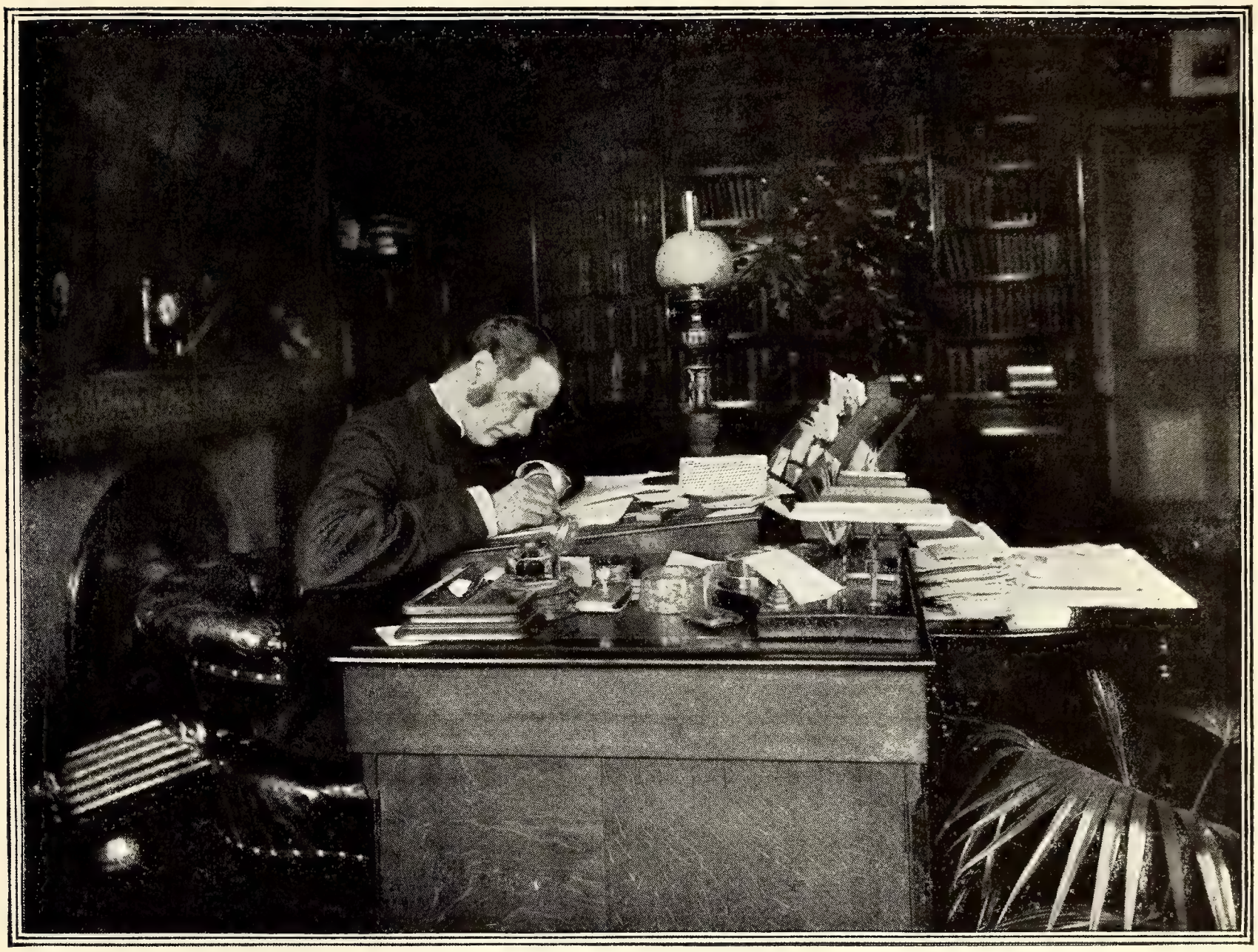
Readers of Dr. Watson's books are naturally desirous of knowing something of the formative influences which have shaped his career. I respond willingly to the invitation of the editor to give his readers such help as I can in indicating what seem

DRAWING-ROOM IN DR. WATSON'S HOUSE AT LIVERPOOL.

From a photograph by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.

to me some of the most important of these influences. My sketch is based upon my knowledge of Dr. Watson during the twenty-five years I have been honored with his friendship. It is necessarily a one-sided sketch, for there are not a few aspects of his many-sided activity with which I am but imperfectly acquainted.

John Watson, the only child of his parents, was born in 1850, in Essex, where his father happened to have his home for a few years. His father had an honorable career in the civil service, attaining in later years the highest post in the Inland Revenue Department in Scotland. I have a vivid recollection of the stately presence and gracious dignity of one of nature's gentlemen. Mrs. Watson * was a lady of remarkable strength of character, with the deep religious earnestness of her Highland ancestors, but with a quick eye to detect the extravagances of religious sentimentalism. She was nurtured in a home where the sweet sanctities of affection were blended with robustness of Christian character. "I knew her father and mother," an aged friend has said to me; "they were sweethearts at the end of their long wedded life as at its beginning." Mrs. Watson's brothers—all bachelors but one—rented or, in some cases, owned quite a number of the largest and best farms in eastern Perthshire. The brothers Maclaren were widely known in Strathmore for their worth as men and their ability as agriculturists. When John Watson was but four years old, his parents recrossed the border and made their home in Perth. His school holidays, and in later years his college holidays, were largely spent at Gormack Grange, or some other of the hospitable farms, where the quick, sprightly lad, with his endless drolleries of speech, was eagerly welcomed by bachelor uncles and maiden aunts. It was in these glorious summer weeks of unfettered country life that the town boy was initiated into the mysteries of "roups" and "tacks," and heard endless talk about "horses, pleughs, and kye." How keen an interest he took in the new life opened up to him in these holiday visits can be seen in his sketches of Burnbrae and Drumsheugh—the most realistic descriptions we have yet had of farm-life in



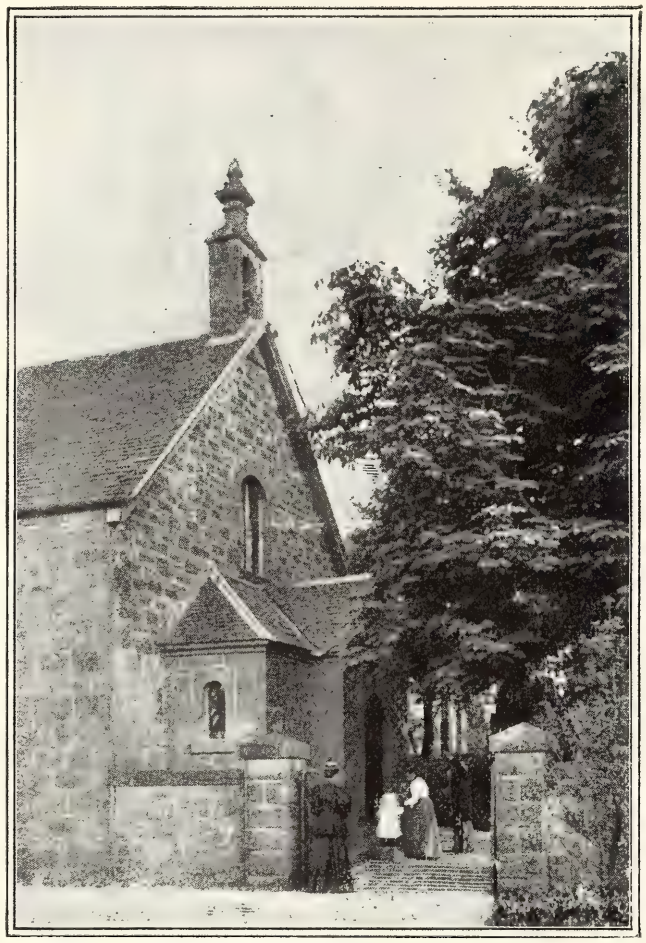
DR. WATSON AT HIS DESK.

From a photograph by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.

* Mrs. Watson's maiden surname was Maclaren. Ian is Gaelic for John. Hence Mr. Watson's pen name.

central Scotland. In the portraiture of Burnbrae and Drumsheugh there is recognizable many a feature of the character of the bachelor uncles.

While young Watson was yet a lad, his parents removed to Stirling, and a few years later they made their last home in Edinburgh. In 1866 he entered the University of Edinburgh, at the age of sixteen. Unlike the great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge, where the academic life centres in the college, with its tutorial instruction and social life, Edinburgh University has the centre of academic life in the class-room of the professor. In the Arts Faculty the class-room is the common meeting-ground for students of all the Protestant churches; and it is the common meeting-ground for all students of all social grades—for the student from a luxurious Edinburgh home and the country student who can barely supply himself with the necessaries of life in his humble lodgings. The ambition of the class-room is to win, by excellence in the class examinations, if not the medal, at least a place in the prize list; and, no matter how poor a lad may be, as a class medallist he has an assured academic standing among his fellows, with the prospect of a scholarship or a fellowship and a good start in his profession. "A Lad o' Pairts" is a fine study in the perennial heroisms of the university life of Scotland. The Scottish peasants, with their passion for education and with their passion for seeing their children "getting on," will readily pinch themselves to send a clever lad to college. With his parents' savings, eked out by a bursary or by his own private tutoring of school-boys in the evening, such a lad manages to scrape along on scanty fare—sometimes with tragic results. Many a bright lad who is followed from his country home by his parents' prayers, and by the eager interest of the minister and schoolmaster of the parish, has shared the fate of George Howe. Eager for intellectual distinction, and for the rewards of distinction which will help him to repay the sacrifices made in his humble home, he is reckless of his bodily health. For years he shuns recreation, physical or social, as a mere selfish indulgence; he reduces his diet to suit his purse; he pores over his class-books far into the hours of the night; and after gaining the distinctions which thrill his native parish with a glow of pride, his career ends in "A Scholar's Funeral."

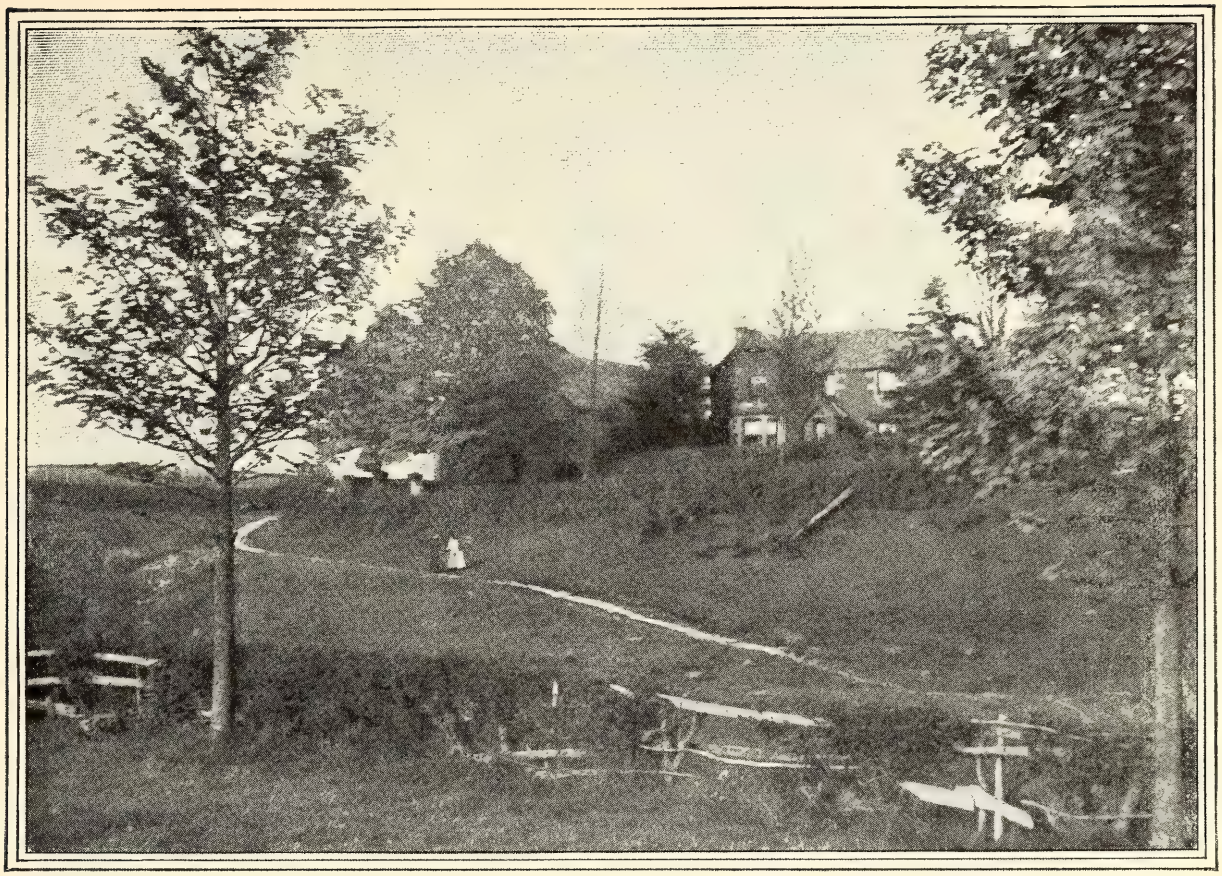


THE FREE CHURCH AT LOGIEALMOND, DR. WATSON'S FIRST CHARGE.

Logiealmond, in Perthshire, Scotland, is the original of the "Drumtochty" of Dr. Watson's "Bonnie Brier Bush" stories.

It goes without saying that it is a minute proportion of students who give themselves over to class-work with such disastrous devotion. Mr. Watson, I am sure, has no reason to reproach himself for reckless zeal either in class or degree examinations during his university career. Three alumni of the University of those days have gained renown far beyond their native country, and not one of them attained the highest distinction as a student. R. L. Stevenson was a well-known figure, in his velvet jacket and with his Bohemian air; but academically he was chiefly distinguished by non-attendance at classes. Henry Drummond was a winsome and stimulating personality in play hours, but he was known to be fonder of a geological hammer than of Liddell and Scott or of Kant's "Metaphysic of Ethic." Of the three, John Watson had most of a student's interest in the work of the professor's class-rooms.

At Edinburgh University, students have little opportunity, except in rare cases, of



THE CHURCH MANSE AT LOGIEALMOND, DR. WATSON'S RESIDENCE DURING THE TERM OF HIS FIRST CHARGE.

forming the personal acquaintance of the professors. It is in the class-room they get what the Scotch professoriate has to offer. There were notable figures in the Arts chairs in those days. Foremost in picturesqueness, and foremost in some ways in formative influence, was John Stuart Blackie, whose subject was Greek, but who wandered far afield, and by his digressions on art, theology, politics, Scottish song, and the passing events of the day, gave to his students freely of his garnered wisdom of life, and widened their intellectual and religious horizon. In the light of Dr. Watson's recently published volume, "The Mind of the Master," it is interesting to recall the persistence with which Professor Blackie recommended the divinity students in his classes to draw their theology from the fountain head, the Greek New Testament. "Yesterday," I once heard him remark, "I listened to the most *evangelical* sermon I have ever heard from a pulpit. Evangelical, because it kept so close to the teaching of Christ in the Gospels." I know not how deeply Mr. Watson drank with Blackie at the springs of Hellas, but the dear old man, than whom there were few truer Scottish patriots, lived long enough to rejoice in the tribute his former student had paid to the worth of Scottish character and to give him his blessing from his death-bed. Besides Blackie, there were Sellar, with his ripe classical culture; Campbell Fraser, the editor of Berkeley, with his fruitful questions about the meaning of self and God and experience; P. G. Tait, joint author of "The Unseen Universe," a metaphysical physicist with a sportful love of poking fun at the professional metaphysician; and David Masson, the biographer of Milton, with his contagious enthusiasm for the giants of English literature.

In his university years, Mr. Watson had cultivated the grace of "detachment." He was, in his own self-restrained way, a player in the game, but he was perhaps more of a spectator, interested in the rich variety of human life amongst his fellow-players. Many a Scotch student, in his devotion to the class-room and its distinction, misses the broader culture which is to be won from the social life and literary atmosphere of the university. Mr. Watson was not of their number. He won from the university the intellectual stimulus, the widened horizon, and the life-long friendships which are amongst the choicest gains of the academic years.

In 1870 Mr. Watson entered the New College, the Edinburgh Theological Hall of the Free Church of Scotland. Here, as at the university, he was distinguished more as a brilliant social and intellectual

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"DRUMTOCHTY."

By permission of Dodd, Mead & Co., from the new edition of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," illustrated with photographs taken in "Drumtochty" by Clifton Johnson.

force than as a laborious student. There were two men of preëminent distinction in the chairs of the New College at that time—Principal Rainy, a theologian and church leader of a build that recalled the great figures in church history; and Professor A. B. Davidson, the real inspirer of the newer handling of the Old Testament Scriptures in the Scottish churches. Mr. Watson was never carried away by uncontrollable enthusiasm for the Hebrew vocabulary and syntax; but to him, as to many another student, Dr. Davidson's lectures on Old Testament literature and theology were a revelation of the wealth of the literary and spiritual treasures in writings whose worth had long been depreciated by dry-as-dust dogmatists in search for proof-texts. So unaggressive was Dr. Davidson's manner in applying the newer methods to the study of the Old Testament that men, though fascinated by the literary brilliance and spiritual suggestiveness of the lectures of their idolized teacher, were only half conscious of the revolution in their views of the inspiration of the Bible which his principles involved. But, in spite of the new leaven at work in the Hebrew class-room, there was an atmosphere of seventeenth-century theology in the college—at least in the professoriate. The religious earnestness of the noble band of younger leaders who organized and guided the Free Church after the memorable "disruption" of 1843 had for its counterpart a certain hardness and narrowness in their theology. Dogmatic orthodoxy was a virtue on which the Church in its official circles prided itself. Revolt was already in full swing amongst the new generation of students by the time Mr. Watson entered the New College. Biblical criticism, evolution, Hegelianism, were acting as solvents on traditional views of the Bible and on current Calvinistic theology. Mr. Watson was caught in the newer theological movements. Clement of Alexandria—the Frederick Maurice of the third century—was a greater favorite with him than St. Augustine. He was a closer student of Frederick Robertson and Horace Bushnell than of Francis Turretin and Dr. Hodge of Princeton. But in his search for spiritual food he went further afield than the writings of professed theologians, narrow or broad

"GLEN URTACH," AT THE HEAD OF GLEN ALMOND, OR "DRUMTOCHTY."

He found his spiritual teachers in Ruskin and Emerson, in Tennyson and Browning, in Matthew Arnold and Russell Lowell. The theological perplexities of those years of revolution in theological thought were partly responsible for Mr. Watson's deepened interest in modern literature.

If not a laborious student, from the point of view of the class-room and its examinations, there were few men in the college more intent on finding their theological bearings. In these years he was secretary, and afterwards president, of the Philosophical Society of the University—an indication of his interest in the metaphysical problems that underlie the controversies of theology. The Hegelianism of T. H. Green and Edward Caird had begun to exercise a fascination over theological students who had broken from the traditional moorings, and a little volume with two of Green's sermons to undergraduates—"Faith" and "The Witness of God"—had been privately printed and was handed eagerly from hand to hand as if it had been the revelation of a prophet. If my memory serves me right, Mr. Watson was one of the little band of inquirers who drank in the teaching of the great Oxford tutor. Alike from the side of philosophy and of literature did Mr. Watson approach the problems of theology.

I daresay that what stands out most prominently in his fellow-students' memories of Mr. Watson is his social vivacity and mental litheness. No one could approach him in his power of hitting off good-humoredly the peculiarities of his classmates, or, be it said with bated breath, of his class professor. Many a New College student is best remembered by some of us to-day through a phrase or story of Watson's. At the college dinner-table his stories and sallies were an endless source of wonderment to the graver students; and in the after-dinner walks in Princes Street Gardens, across the Meadows, or round the noble crags of Arthur's Seat, in the company of his more intimate friends, Watson was a perennial fountain alike of *camaraderie* and intellectual stimulus.

During his New College career Mr. Watson had the opportunity of breathing the social and theological atmosphere of the University of Tübingen in Würtemberg. The Scotch session in Arts and Divinity is confined to the winter six months. For the summer six months the student is free to make of himself what he will. If Scotsmen are patriotically attached to their own little land, they have not been slow to exploit the wealth of foreign lands. More than most nations, they have been bitten with *wander-lust*. In the days of

THE "TOCHTY," WHICH "DR. MACLURE" AND "SIR GEORGE" FORDED WHEN THE BRIDGE WAS SHAKEN BY THE FLOOD.

George Buchanan, Scotch students resorted in such numbers to France that the Scotch College in Paris had a conspicuous place amongst the educational institutions of the French capital. For the last thirty years, it has been the custom of the most scholarly theological students of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland to use one or two summer vacations for a semester at a German university. Twenty-five years ago, Tübingen was a favorite resort, not so much perhaps for the Christian eloquence of Professor Beck and the New Testament scholarship of Professor Weizsäcker, as for the beauty of the Swabian Alps, in the midst of whose charming scenery and picturesque country life the little town of Tübingen is built, on the banks of the swift-flowing Neckar. As a member of the Wingolf Club, Mr. Watson threw himself with zest into the social life of the Tübingen *burschen*. He may have learned something of the synoptic problem and of Pentateuchal criticism in the university class-room, but one may be pardoned for suggesting that the insight he gained into German life in the "kneipes" at the Schottei, or Mullerei, in the Whitsuntide excursion into the Black Forest, and in summer evening strolls to Waldhörnle, Bebenhausen, or the Wurmlinger Kapelle may have been the most valuable advantage he reaped from the semester at Tübingen.

At the close of his student career, Mr. Watson was marked out by his knowledge of life, his literary culture, his intellectual alertness, as a man who had it in him to achieve distinction in the pulpit. For a few months he acted as assistant in one of the largest and most influential congregations in Edinburgh. It was with surprise that his friends learned he had resolved to "accept a call" to be minister of the Free church of Logiealmond in Perthshire. They judged that he was specially equipped for a city pastorate. Mr. Watson deliberately chose to settle down "far from the madding crowd." Logiealmond lies on the slope of the southern spurs of the Grampian Mountains, on the edge of a waste of heathery hill and moorland given over to sheep and grouse and wild fowl. It is bracing enough as a health resort for the weeks of summer, but for a man of cultured and social tastes it suggests that he has here reached the border of civilization. The village is but a hamlet, with a few straggling houses. The whole population of the parish is something less than six hundred. In the village there are three Presbyterian churches, belonging to the three Presbyterian denominations which embrace

eighty per cent. of the Scottish people—the Established Church of Scotland, the Free Church, the United Presbyterian Church. The Free Church congregation had less than one hundred communicants, less than one hundred and fifty souls, young and old. It was in such a humble pastorate that there was begun the ministry of one who has now few equals in the pulpit or in the organization of congregational life.

The members of his congregation were humble folk—the schoolmaster, the shopkeeper, the joiner, the smith, and other tradesmen of the village, a few crofters, several not too comfortable farmers, with their shepherds and plowmen. But, thanks to the parish schools—including the Free Church school—which Scotland owes to the noble educational enthusiasm of her greatest ecclesiastical statesman, John Knox, the humblest of them, and their ancestors for generations before them, had received an education which had raised them far above the level of "Hodge" of the English counties. Besides, the democratic constitution of the Presbyterian church had afforded in itself an educational discipline for the members of its congregations, and the stirring events connected with the Disruption of 1843 and the organization of the Free Church had been an additional educational discipline for the members of that communion.

Mr. Watson's sphere seemed unworthy of his gifts, but he himself was abundantly content. He was quickly in touch with the life of his secluded parish. He loved the country, and knew the ways of country folk. He amazed his parishioners with his knowledge of crops, cattle, and corn markets, and won their sympathy by his interest in all the little details of country life, supposed to be beyond the comprehension of "ignorant" city-bred people. Then he was, in the best sense, a true democrat. He had deep sympathies with the common people; he saw the poetry of their humble life, and believed in its heroisms. He was free from impatience with what superficial observers—like Urijah Hopps—reckon the stupidity and narrowness of the bucolic mind; he knew the grit that lay underneath—the shrewdness, the dry humor, the sinewy character. In the genial sunshine of the human sympathies of their young minister, the parishioners of Drumtochty unveiled those ideal features of their character which he has immortalized in his pages. "The eye must be sunny (*sonnenhaftig*)," says Goethe, "ere it can see the sun." Mr. Watson brought to Logiealmond a big human heart, and he saw in the lives of the men and women to whom he ministered a wealth of interest and Christian worth.

The Free church of Logiealmond is as humble and unæsthetic a building as the sternest Puritan could wish. Seldom is a congregation of more than two hundred people gathered within its walls. Yet Mr. Watson spared no pains to give his best, from Sunday to Sunday, to the little flock. If he believed in their Christian heroisms, he had also a high estimate of their Christian intelligence. Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" says, of the parson in church:

> "An' 'eärd um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock ower my 'eäd,
> An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
> An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awaäy."

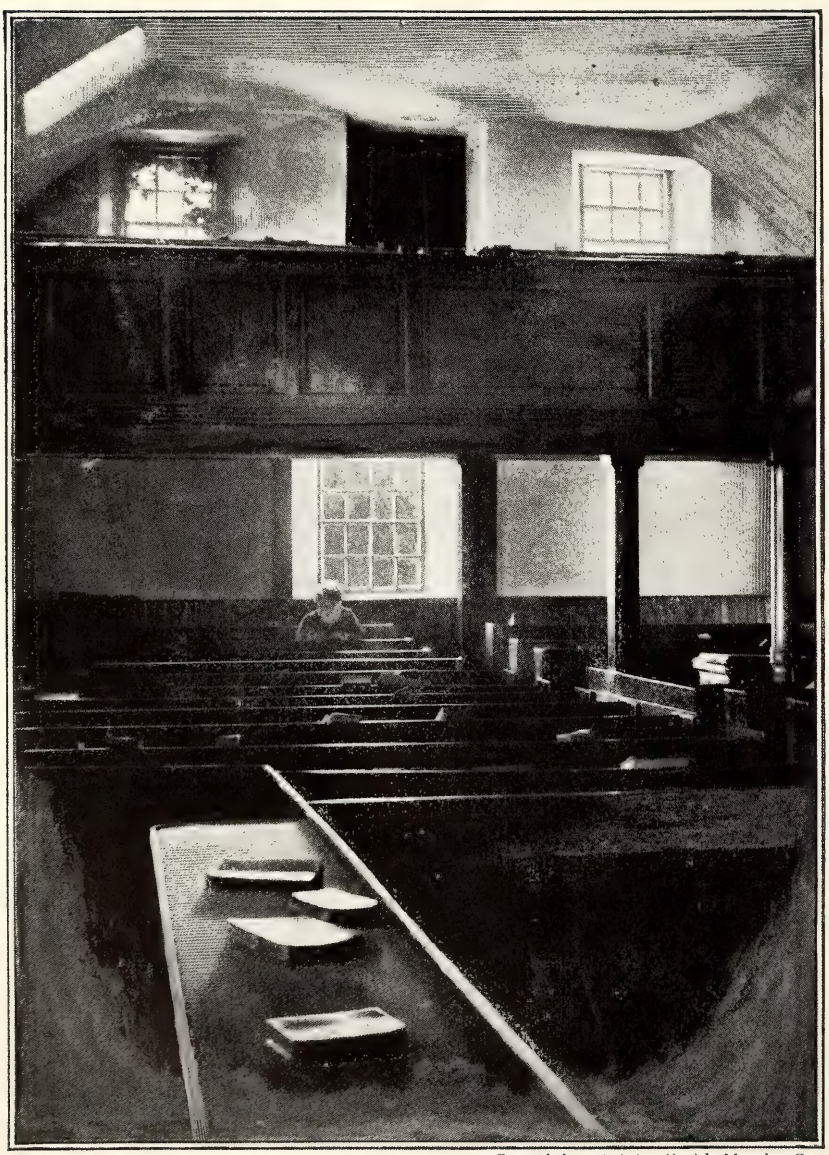
It was not the Northern Farmer Mr. Watson saw in the pew, but Elspeth Macfadyen, the sermon-taster. Mr. Watson had an extraordinary faculty of getting inside the lives of his congregation. A kind of instinct drew him at once alongside men and women with individuality of character. It was no effort for him to get alongside of

CLASHIEGAR DEN, NEAR "DRUMTOCHTY."

them: they simply fascinated him. Nor was his interest in the "characters" of Logiealmond that of a *littérateur*, but of a Christian pastor. He loved, indeed, in those days to tell his friends of the finds he was continually stumbling on in his country parish, but no thought had then crossed his mind of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" or "The Days of Auld Lang Syne."

To these quiet three years in the beginning of his ministry we probably owe it that Mr. Watson was ever heard of as more than one of the foremost preachers and platform speakers of his day. Not that his character sketches are inspired solely by Logiealmond. There is not a single photograph in his gallery of Drumtochty portraits. Drumtochty is more or less a literary device. He has drawn upon his school and college days, and upon the experiences of later years, for many a touch in his Drumtochty characters. George Howe, and Jamie Soutar, and Dr. Weelum MacLure are the creations of the author. Nevertheless, but for Logiealmond and the leisure of those early years, there might have lacked the necessary impulse for the exercise of his exquisite power of character-sketching.

In 1877 Mr. Watson accepted a call to be colleague to Dr. Samuel Miller in Free St. Matthew's Church, Glasgow—the church of which the well-known preacher and writer, Dr. James Stalker, is now the minister. Dr. Miller belonged to "the old school"—but with a dignity and robustness which compelled respect. He disliked "human hymns," organs, and innovations in public worship of every kind. Mr. Watson had a certain sympathy with Dr. Miller in the conservatism of his ecclesiastical and political policy, but he was not quite at home in the theological atmosphere of his new pastorate. He had additional opportunities of becoming more fully acquainted with the older fashions in Scottish religious life, of which he has given us a study in Lachlan Campbell. But it was a relief, to his friends at least, when he was called to be the first minister of the handsome Presbyterian church in Sefton Park—socially, if not geographically, the West End of Liverpool.



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THE LOFT IN AULD KIRK, "DRUMTOCHTY."

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Here, at any rate, Mr. Watson found a worthy sphere for his varied gifts. The Presbyterian Church is an exotic in England. In comparison with the Congregationalist or Methodist churches it is a very small denomination. It has its congregations chiefly in the large cities, whither Scotchmen have migrated from across the border in pursuit of the mercantile success of which their English rivals are apt to think they have reaped more than their fair share. Sefton Park Church was built by the munificence of prosperous Scotchmen, but to-day it is difficult to say what denomination of Protestant Christianity remains unrepresented amongst

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THE "DRUMTOCHTY" SCHOOLHOUSE.

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its members. There is a striking contrast between the rural solitudes of Logiealmond and the rush of life in the great city on the Mersey, between the humble worshippers in the Logiealmond Free church and the city magnates and people of light and leading who worship in the handsome building in Sefton Park. And there is no less striking a contrast between the Puritan simplicity and dogmatic orthodoxy of his church in Glasgow and the ornate service and breezy theological atmosphere of his church in Liverpool. Since he crossed the border in 1880, Mr. Watson has had no lack of elbow room either in the pulpit or on the public platform.

From the first years of his ministry, Mr. Watson has been a striking preacher; but, naturally, it is only since he went to Liverpool that he has gained his consummate mastery of the art of preaching. His sermon is more like a high-toned platform address than the ordinary pulpit discourse. If, as some one has said, a sermon should aim at "winning a verdict from a jury," Mr. Watson's preaching fulfils the ideal. With his keen, piercing eye and with his air of wide-awakeness, he suggests the lawyer pleading with a jury in more than the build of his sermon. In the best sense of the word, he is a "man of the world," who knows what the life of his hearers is—its temptations, its aspirations, its successes, its falls, its possibilities.

His broad human sympathies carry him right into the very heart of the daily life of his hearers; and, with their interest secured, he speaks from that vantage-ground his message of divine love and divine hope, and utters his rousing call to service for "Christ and city." Mr. Watson is a pulpit orator, but there is no "rhetoric" in his sermons; there is direct address, epigrammatic terseness, kindly satire. With his knowledge of "men and cities," with his wide reading in literature, and with his quick eye for the picturesque and significant aspects of daily life, he is never at a loss for illustrations: they seem to crowd upon him unbidden.

Since the days of John Knox, Scottish Presbyterian ministers have played, with more or less success, the rôle of "tribunes of the people." Mr. Watson has caught the inspiration of the democratic church of his native land. He has a quick sym-

pathy with the victims of misused power on a Scottish croft or farm, or in an English sweater's den. I have heard him describe the eviction of a crofter from a Highland glen to make way for a sheep run or deer forest with such power of pathos that some of his audience could with difficulty be held down in their seats. On social wrongs he speaks with all the passion of Charles Kingsley, and in that passion lies at least part of his power in the pulpit and on the platform.

In his recently published volume, "The Mind of the Master," Mr. Watson takes us into the heart of his working creed. He is in full sympathy with the present cry of those who are weary of scholasticism in theology: "Back to Christ." He believes that Christianity is to be best understood through the spiritual experience and teaching of its Divine Founder, and that, so understood, it is sure to win fresh influence over our modern life. If he is severe on the "rabbinism" of theological systems, it is jealousy for the honor of the Master that moves him. Theologians who feel "hit" will find ample scope for trenchant criticism in his pages, but earnest-minded men and women whose faith has been shaken by the difficulties involved in traditional views will be grateful for this fresh study in the supreme standard of Christian theology—"The Mind of the Master."

Mr. Watson is, in the truest sense of the word, an "Evangelical." He is loyal to the Master and the Master's evangel. The fundamental article of his theological creed is the love of the Divine Father revealed in the life and words of Jesus. His teaching is ethical rather than dogmatical; for, like the Master, he lays more stress on what a man is than on what he professes to believe. If he is a strong believer in the worth of individuality, and in individual companionship with God, the "salvation of the soul" is no mere safety for the individual. Salvation carries with it the social sympathy and social service of the Master, the watchword of whose message was "the Kingdom of God." If Mr. Watson's teaching is so largely social, ethical, and in the truest sense evangelical, its inspiration is the mind of the Master.

A new epoch in Dr.* Watson's life was begun by the appearance in "The British Weekly" of "A Lad o' Pairts." Up to this point he was known as one of Liverpool's foremost preachers and most public-spirited citizens, and as a minister who was destined to be a force in the theological and ecclesiastical world. Within little more than a year of the publication of that first sketch, dashed off for intellectual recreation amid the engrossing work of a busy pastorate, his literary fame far outstripped his fame as a preacher and a theologian. There are few instances on record of a writer so little known by his pen as Dr. Watson till after he had passed the "midway of his mortal life," acquiring so sudden and so wide a popularity. But his achievements in literature have not taken his friends altogether by surprise. His preaching betrayed the possession of fine literary gifts and an extensive knowledge of the best English writers. From his boyhood he was known as a quick observer of all that was picturesque and piquant in the people he met. His faculty for telling a story was unequalled in whatever company he might find himself. Even in his college days, his story-telling was already a branch of the fine arts. In listening to one of his highly finished productions, no one ventured to ask: Is it true? The story was so well told that it ought to have been true. Did any prosaic soul venture to give a hint of wishing to ask such a question, the smile of the story-teller told of his boundless pity for the listener on whom it had not yet dawned that a story was a work of art. He had little interest in "chestnuts." Unless a story lit up character and life, he let it alone. It was the rich interplay of human life that fascinated him. He did not set himself to be a *raconteur;* he simply could not help himself. He was alive to the finger tips to the comedy and tragedy of human life, and to every incident or saying that threw this comedy and tragedy into relief.

In college days, Dr. Watson was easily the prince of story-tellers. This peculiar faculty was even more pronounced in after years. His experience in the ministry, in travel, and in society supplied him with ever-increasing material for his delicately wrought cameos. Long before the world heard of Drumtochty, he had a perfect gallery of characters with whose doings and sayings he irradiated many a dinner-table and smoke-room. Once or twice he had ventured in Liverpool to give a lecture in his church hall on life in a country parish in Scotland, and introduced into his picture a few of the characters from his rich character-gallery. Friends who happened to see the manuscript of these lec-

* The University of St. Andrew's conferred on Mr. Watson the degree of Doctor of Divinity in April, 1896.

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DR. MACLURE AND DRUMSHEUGH CARRYING WATER TO SAUNDERS'S COTTAGE. SEE "A FIGHT WITH DEATH.'

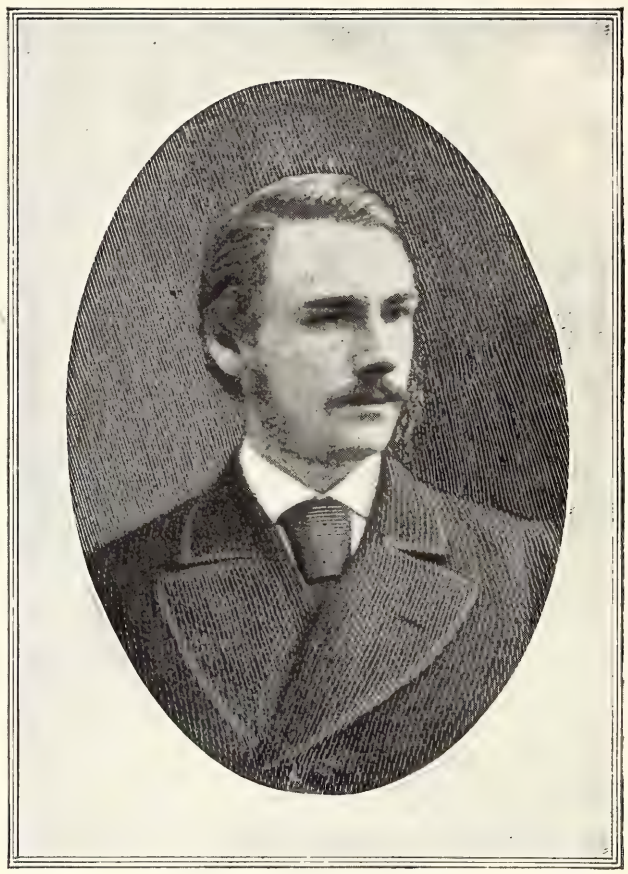
By permission of Dodd, Mead & Co., from the new edition of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," illustrated with photographs taken in "Drumtochty" by Clifton Johnson.

tures looked forward to the day when Scottish literature would have a worthy successor to Dr. John Brown, the genial author of "Rab and his Friends." Years passed, and Dr. Watson made no sign. At last, those who knew the gifts that were lying unexercised save for the delight of private friends, rejoiced in the success of the persuasive powers of the editor of "The British Weekly."

I confess frankly that Dr. Watson's friends, highly as they rated his extraordinary gifts in character-sketching, were scarcely prepared for the enthusiastic welcome accorded to his books by our countrymen south of the Scottish border and by our kinsmen across the seas. And yet, on reflection, one sees that the welcome was natural enough. Dr. Watson has made a study of life in a country parish of Scotland; but, then, his singularly wide knowledge of the world and his singularly sympathetic insight into the human heart have enabled him to interpret that provincial life in the light of the great elemental experiences and emotions common to a Scottish peasant, an English scholar, and an American merchant. He has himself remarked that two tendencies are observable in modern fiction, its "democratization" and its "decentralization," by which he means that modern writers are apt to lay the scenes of their story amongst lowly folk, and amongst lowly folk who live remote from the centres of national life. It matters little, perhaps, where a writer finds his material, if he has Dr. Watson's insight into the poetry and heroisms of the life of the common people and his faculty for distilling into his pages their mother wit. His countrymen, proud of the generous acclaim with which his work has been received by the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic, thank him for the kindly halo he has for the moment thrown around our Scottish country life. His too flattering picture does credit to his love of seizing on what is "lovely and of good report" and drawing a kindly veil over features of our national life that sadden a Christian patriot. His portraits may stimulate his countrymen to be less unworthy of the ideals his genius has created for their delight and inspiration.

PORTRAITS OF DR. JOHN WATSON—"IAN MACLAREN."

1866. AGE 16.



1870. AGE 20.

1874. AGE 24.

DR. WATSON AT THE PRESENT TIME.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

FROM MATERIAL AND REMINISCENCES GATHERED BY MISS TARBELL AT OTTAWA, FREEPORT, JONESBORO, CHARLESTON, GALESBURG, QUINCY, AND ALTON, ILLINOIS, THE SCENES OF THE DEBATES, FROM PERSONS WHO HEARD THEM AND WERE INTIMATE WITH THE DISPUTANTS.

"THE greatest speech ever made in Illinois, and it puts Lincoln on the track for the Presidency," was the comment made by enthusiastic Republicans on Lincoln's speech of May 29, 1856, before the Bloomington Convention.* Conscious that it was he who had put the breath of life into their organization, the party instinctively turned to him as their leader. The effect of this local recognition was at once perceptible in the national organization. Less than three weeks after the delivery of the Bloomington speech, the national convention of the Republican party met in Pittsburgh (June 17) to nominate candidates for the Presidency and vice-presidency. Lincoln's name was the second proposed for the latter office, and on the first ballot he received one hundred and ten votes. The news reached him at Urbana, Ill., where he was attending court, one of his companions reading from a daily paper just received from Chicago the result of the ballot. The simple name Lincoln was given, without the name of the man's State. Lincoln said indifferently that he did not suppose it could be himself; and added that there was "another great man" of the name, a man from Massachusetts. The next day, however, he knew that it was himself to whom the convention had given so strong an endorsement. He knew also that the ticket chosen was Frémont and Dayton.

The campaign of the following summer and fall was one of intense activity for Lincoln. In Illinois and the neighboring States he made over fifty speeches, only fragments of which have been preserved. One of the first important ones was delivered on July 4, 1856, at a great mass meeting at Princeton, the home of the Lovejoys and the Bryants. The people were still irritated by the outrages in Kansas and by the attack on Sumner in the Senate, and the temptation to deliver a stirring and indignant oration must have been strong. Lincoln's speech was, however, a fine example of political wisdom, an historical argument admirably calculated to convince his auditors that they were right in their opposition to slavery extension, but so controlled and sane that it would stir no impulsive radical to violence.* There probably was not uttered in the United States on that critical 4th of July, 1856, when the very foundation of the government was in dispute and the day itself seemed a mockery, a cooler, more logical speech than this by the man who, a month before, had driven a convention so nearly mad that the very reporters forgot to make notes. And the temper of this Princeton speech Lincoln kept throughout the campaign.

In spite of the valiant struggle of the Republicans, Buchanan was elected; but Lincoln was in no way discouraged. The Republicans had polled 1,300,000 votes in the country. In Illinois, they had given Frémont nearly 100,000 votes (Buchanan received 105,344; Frémont, 96,180; Fillmore, 37,451), and had elected their candidate for governor, General Bissell. Lincoln turned from arguments to encouragement and good counsel.

"All of us," he said at a Republican banquet in Chicago, a few weeks after the election, "who did not vote for Mr. Buchanan, taken together, are a majority of four hundred thousand. But in the late contest we were divided between Frémont and Fillmore. Can we not come together for the future? Let every one who really believes and is resolved that free society is not and shall not be a failure, and who can conscientiously declare that in the past contest he has done only what he thought best—let every such one have charity to believe that every other one can

* See McClure's Magazine for September, 1896.

* This speech appears in no collection, and the only report we know of is one which appeared in the Tiskilwa "Independent" on July 11, 1856.

say as much. Thus let bygones be bygones; let past differences as nothing be; and with steady eye on the real issue, let us reinaugurate the good old 'central idea' of the republic. We can do it. The human heart is with us; God is with us. We shall again be able, not to declare that 'all States as States are equal,' nor yet that 'all citizens as citizens are equal,' but to renew the broader, better declaration, including both these and much more, that 'all men are created equal.'"

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.

The spring of 1857 gave Lincoln a new line of argument. Buchanan was scarcely in the Presidential chair before the Supreme Court, in the decision of the Dred Scott case, declared that a negro could not sue in the United States courts and that Congress could not prohibit slavery in the Territories. This decision was such an evident advance of the slave power that there was a violent uproar in the North. Douglas went at once to Illinois to calm his constituents. "What," he cried, "oppose the Supreme Court! Is it not sacred? To resist it is anarchy."

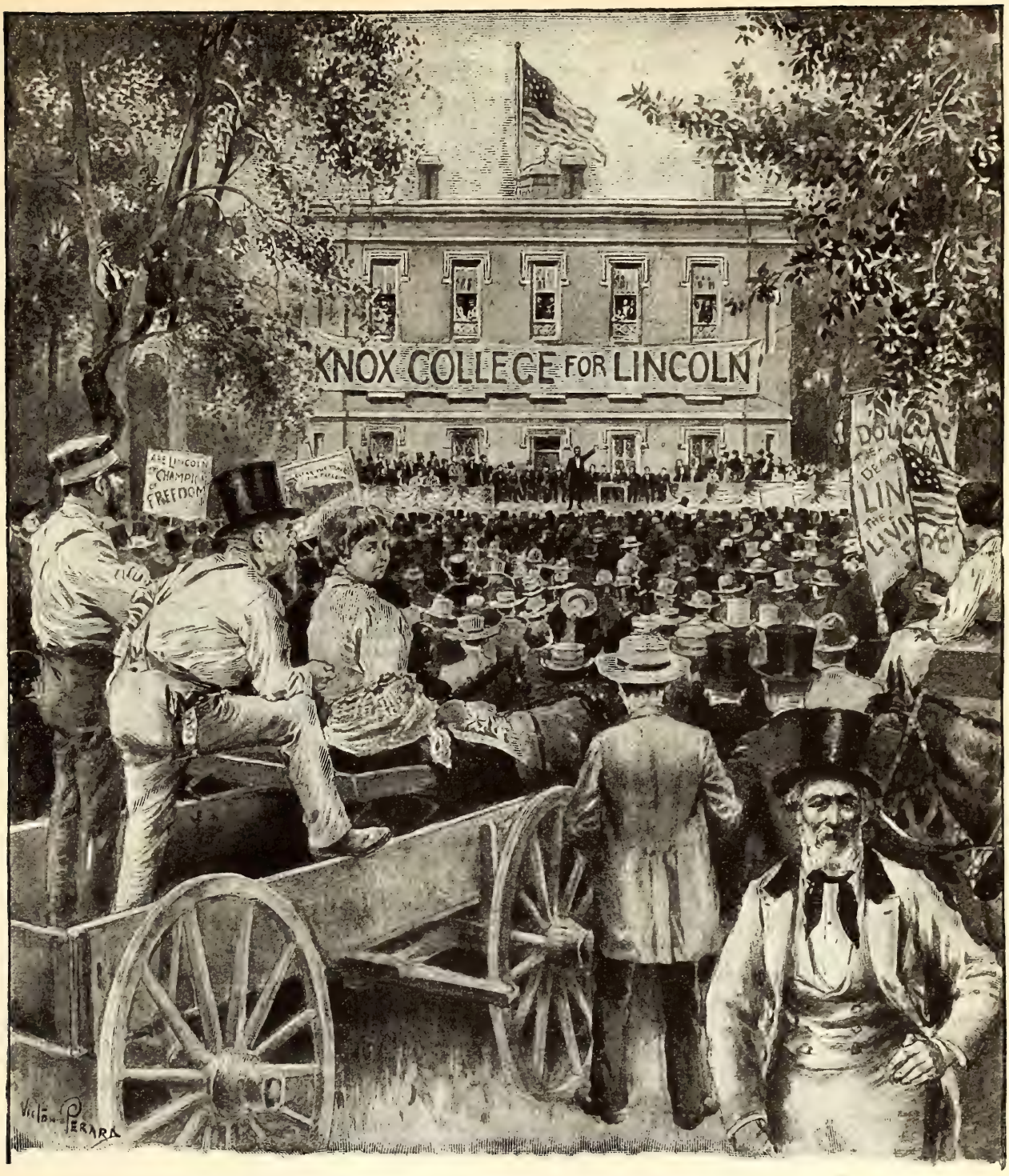
Lincoln met him fairly on the issue in a speech at Springfield in June, 1857. "We believe as much as Judge Douglas (perhaps more) in obedience to and respect for the judicial department of government. . . . But we think the Dred Scott decision is erroneous. We know the court that made it has often overruled its own decisions, and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this. We offer no resistance to it. If this important decision had been made by the unanimous concurrence of the judges, and without any apparent partisan bias, and in accordance with legal public expectation and with the steady practice of the departments throughout our history, and had been in no part based on assumed historical facts which are not really true; or if, wanting in some of these, it had been before the court more than once, and had there been affirmed and reaffirmed through a course of years, it then might be, perhaps would be, factious, nay, even revolutionary, not to acquiesce in it as a precedent. But when, as is true, we find it wanting in all these claims to the public confidence, it is not resistance, it is not factious, it is not even disrespectful, to treat it as not having yet quite established a settled doctrine for the country."

Let Douglas cry "awful," "anarchy," "revolution," as much as he would, Lincoln's arguments against the Dred Scott decision appealed to common sense and won him commendation all over the country. Even the radical leaders of the party in the East—Seward, Sumner, Theodore Parker, Garrison, Phillips—began to notice him, to read his speeches, to consider his arguments.

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1858.

With every month of 1857 Lincoln grew stronger, and his election in Illinois as United States senatorial candidate in 1858 against Douglas would have been insured if Douglas had not suddenly broken with Buchanan and his party in a way which won him the hearty sympathy and respect of a large part of the Republicans of the North. By a flagrantly unfair vote the pro-slavery leaders of Kansas had secured the adoption of the Lecompton Constitution allowing slavery in the State. President Buchanan urged Congress to admit Kansas with her bogus constitution. Douglas, who would not sanction so base an injustice, opposed the measure, voting with the Republicans steadily against the admission. The Buchananists, outraged at what they called "Douglas's apostasy," broke with him. Then it was that a part of the Republican party, notably Horace Greeley at the head of the New York "Tribune," struck by the boldness and nobility of Douglas's opposition, began to hope to win him over from the Democrats to the Republicans. Their first step was to counsel the leaders of their party in Illinois to put up no candidate against Douglas for the United States senatorship in 1858.

Lincoln saw this change on the part of the Republican leaders with dismay. "Greeley is not doing me right," he said. ". . . I am a true Republican, and have been tried already in the hottest part of the anti-slavery fight; and yet I find him taking up Douglas, a veritable dodger,—once a tool of the South, now its enemy,—and pushing him to the front." He grew so restless over the returning popularity of Douglas among the Republicans that Herndon, his law-partner, determined to go East to find out the real feeling of the Eastern leaders towards Lincoln. Herndon had, for a long time, been in correspondence with the leading abolitionists and had no difficulty in getting interviews. The returns he brought back from his canvass were not altogether reassuring. Seward, Sumner, Phillips, Garrison, Beecher, Theodore Parker, all spoke



THE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS MEETING AT GALESBURG, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 7, 1858.

The fifth debate between Lincoln and Douglas was held at Galesburg, Illinois, on October 7, 1858. The platform from which they spoke was erected at the east end of Knox College. . The students took a lively interest in the contest, decorating the college gayly with flags and streamers. Immediately over the heads of the speakers, extending across the end of the building, was placed a large banner bearing the words: "KNOX COLLEGE FOR LINCOLN."

favorably of Lincoln, and Seward sent him word that the Republicans would never take up so slippery a quantity as Douglas had proved himself. But Greeley—the all-important Greeley—was lukewarm. "The Republican standard is too high," he told Herndon. "We want something practical. . . . Douglas is a brave man. Forget the past and sustain the righteous." "Good God, *righteous*, eh!" groaned Herndon in his letter to Lincoln.

But though the encouragement which came to Lincoln from the East in the spring of 1858 was meagre, that which came from Illinois was abundant. There the Republicans supported him in wholehearted devotion. In June, the State convention, meeting in Springfield to nominate its candidate for Senator, declared that Abraham Lincoln was its *first and only choice* as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas. The press was jubilant. "Unanimity

is a weak word," wrote the editor of the Bloomington "Pantagraph," "to express the universal and intense feeling of the convention. *Lincoln!* LINCOLN!! LINCOLN!!! was the cry everywhere, whenever the senatorship was alluded to. Delegates from Chicago and from Cairo, from the Wabash and the Illinois, from the north, the center, and the south, were alike fierce with enthusiasm, whenever that loved name was breathed. Enemies at home and misjudging friends abroad, who have looked for dissension among us on the question of the senatorship, will please take notice that our nomination is a *unanimous* one; and that, in the event of a Republican majority in the next Legislature, no other name than Lincoln's will be mentioned, or thought of, by a solitary Republican legislator. One little incident in the convention was a pleasing illustration of the universality of the Lincoln sentiment. Cook County had brought a banner into the assemblage inscribed, 'Cook County for Abraham Lincoln.' During a pause in the proceedings, a delegate from another county rose and proposed, with the consent of the Cook County delegation, 'to *amend the banner* by substituting for "Cook County" the word which I hold in my hand,' at the same time unrolling a scroll, and revealing the word 'Illinois' in huge capitals. The Cook delegation promptly *accepted the amendment*, and amidst a perfect hurricane of hurrahs, the banner was duly altered to express the sentiment of the whole Republican party of the State, thus: 'Illinois for Abraham Lincoln.'"

On the evening of the day of his nomination, Lincoln addressed his constituents. The first paragraph of his speech gave the key to the campaign he proposed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

Then followed the famous charge of conspiracy against the slavery advocates, the charge that Pierce, Buchanan, Chief Justice Taney, and Douglas had been making a concerted effort to legalize the institution of slavery "in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South." He marshalled one after another of the measures that the pro-slavery leaders had secured in the past four years, and clinched the argument by one of his inimitable illustrations:

"When we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know have been gotten out at different times and places and by different workmen,—Stephen, Franklin, Roger, and James,* for instance,—and we see these timbers joined together, and see they exactly make the frame of a house or a mill, all the tenons and mortises exactly fitting, and all the lengths and proportions of the different pieces exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few, not omitting even scaffolding—or, if a single piece be lacking, we see the place in the frame exactly fitted and prepared yet to bring such a piece in—in such a case we find it impossible not to believe that Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James all understood one another from the beginning, and all worked upon a common plan or draft, drawn up before the first blow was struck."

The speech was severely criticised by Lincoln's friends. It was too radical. It was sectional. He heard the complaints unmoved. "If I had to draw a pen across my record," he said, one day, "and erase my whole life from sight, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech and leave it to the world unerased."

The speech was, in fact, one of great political adroitness. It forced Douglas to do exactly what he did not want to do in Illinois: explain his own record during the past four years; explain the true meaning of the Kansas-Nebraska bill; discuss the Dred Scott decision; say whether or not he thought slavery so good a thing that the country could afford to extend it instead of confining it where it would be in course of gradual extinction. Douglas wanted the Republicans of Illinois to follow Greeley's advice: "Forgive the past." He wanted to make the most among them of his really noble revolt against the attempt of his party to fasten an unjust constitution on Kansas. Lincoln would not allow him to bask for an instant in the sun of that revolt. He crowded him step by step through his party's record, and compelled him to face what he called the "profound central truth" of the Republican party, "slavery is wrong and ought to be dealt with as wrong."

But it was at once evident that Douglas did not mean to meet the issue squarely. He called the doctrine of Lincoln's "house-

**Stephen* A. Douglas, *Franklin* Pierce, *Roger* Taney, *James* Buchanan.

divided-against-itself" speech "sectionalism;" his charge of conspiracy "false;" his talk of the wrong of slavery extension "abolitionism." This went on for a month. Then Lincoln, resolved to force Douglas to meet his arguments, challenged him to a series of joint debates. Douglas was not pleased. His reply to the challenge was irritable, even slightly insolent. To those of his friends who talked with him privately of the contest, he said: "I do not feel, between you and me, that I want to go into this debate. The whole country knows me and has me measured. Lincoln, as regards myself, is comparatively unknown, and if he gets the best of this debate,—and I want to say he is the ablest man the Republicans have got,—I shall lose everything and Lincoln will gain everything. Should I win, I shall gain but little. I do not want to go into a debate with Abe." * Publicly, however, he carried off the prospect confidently, even jauntily. "Mr. Lincoln," he said patronizingly, "is a kind, amiable, intelligent gentleman." In the mean time his constituents boasted loudly of the fine spectacle they were going to give the State—"the Little Giant chawing up Old Abe!"

Many of Lincoln's friends looked forward to the encounter with foreboding. Often, in spite of their best intentions, they showed anxiety. "Shortly before the first debate came off at Ottawa," says Judge Beckwith,† "I passed the Chenery House, then the principal hotel in Springfield. The lobby was crowded with partisan leaders from various sections of the State, and Mr. Lincoln, from his greater height, was seen above the surging mass that clung about him like a swarm of bees to their ruler. He looked careworn, but he met the crowd patiently and kindly, shaking hands, answering questions, and receiving assurances of support. The day was warm, and at the first chance he broke away and came out for a little fresh air, wiping the sweat from his face.

"As he passed the door he saw me, and, taking my hand, inquired for the health and views of his 'friends over in Vermillion County.' He was assured they were wide awake, and further told that they looked forward to the debate between him and Senator Douglas with deep concern. From the shadow that went quick over his face, the pained look that came to give quickly way to a blaze of eyes and quiver of lips, I felt that Mr. Lincoln had gone beneath my mere words and caught my inner and current fears as to the result. And then, in a forgiving, jocular way peculiar to him, he said, 'Sit down; I have a moment to spare and will tell you a story.' Having been on his feet for some time, he sat on the end of the stone step leading into the hotel door, while I stood closely fronting him.

"'You have,' he continued, 'seen two men about to fight?'

"'Yes, many times.'

"'Well, one of them brags about what he means to do. He jumps high in the air, cracking his heels together, smites his fists, and wastes his breath trying to scare somebody. You see the other fellow, he says not a word,'—here Mr. Lincoln's voice and manner changed to great earnestness, and repeating—'you see the other man says not a word. His arms are at his side, his fists are closely doubled up, his head is drawn to the shoulder, and his teeth are set firm together. He is saving his wind for the fight, and as sure as it comes off he will win it, or die a-trying.'

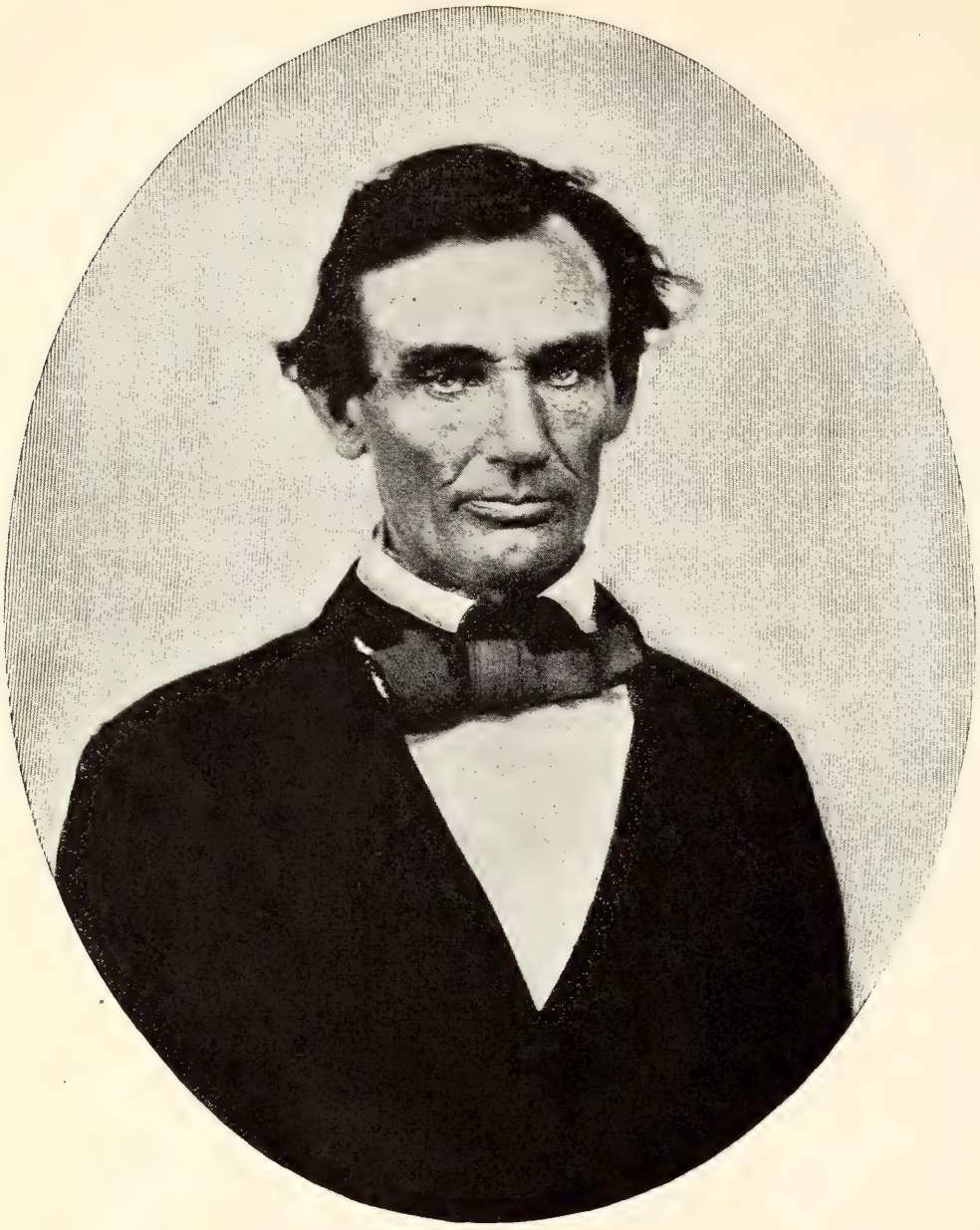
"He made no other comment, but arose, bade a general good-by, and left me to apply the illustration."

It was inevitable that Douglas's friends should be sanguine, Lincoln's doubtful. The contrast between the two candidates was almost pathetic. Senator Douglas was the most brilliant figure in the political life of the day. Winning in personality, fearless as an advocate, magnetic in eloquence, shrewd in political manœuvring, he had every quality to captivate the public. His resources had never failed him. From his entrance into Illinois politics in 1834, he had been the recipient of every political honor his party had to bestow. For the past eleven years he had been a member of the United States Senate, where he had influenced all the important legislation of the day and met in debate every strong speaker of North and South. In 1852, and again in 1856, he had been a strongly supported, though unsuccessful, candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. In 1858 he was put at or near the head of every list of possible Presidential candidates made up for 1860.

How barren Lincoln's public career in comparison! Three terms in the lower house of the State Assembly, one term in Congress, then a failure which drove him from public life. Now he returns as a

* Interview for this magazine with the Hon. H. T. Glover of Chicago, to whose father, J. O. Glover, and uncle, Burton C. Cook, Douglas made the above remark.

† Unpublished Reminiscences of Lincoln, by Judge H. W. Beckwith, of Danville, Illinois.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1858.

From an ambrotype owned by Miss Hattie Gilmer of Pittsfield, Illinois. The Gilmer ambrotype was taken by C. Jackson, in Pittsfield, October 1, 1858, during the Lincoln and Douglas campaign, immediately after Lincoln had made a speech in the public square. Lincoln was the guest of his friend D. H. Gilmer, a lawyer. He sat for two pictures, one of which was finished for Mr. Gilmer. The other picture is supposed to have been destroyed.

bolter from his party, a leader in a new organization which the conservatives are denouncing as "visionary," "impractical," "revolutionary."

No one recognized more clearly than Lincoln the difference between himself and his opponent. "With me," he said, sadly, in comparing the careers of himself and Douglas, "the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure. With him it has been one of splendid success." He warned his party at the outset that, with himself as a standard-bearer, the battle must be fought on principle alone, without any of the external aids which Douglas's brilliant career gave. "Senator Douglas is of world-wide renown," he said; "all the anxious politicians of his party, or who have been of his party for years past, have been looking upon him as certainly, at no distant day, to be the President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face, post-offices, land-offices, marshalships, and cabinet appointments, chargeships and foreign missions, bursting and sprouting out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. And as they have been gazing upon this attractive picture so long, they cannot, in the little distraction that has taken place in the party, bring themselves to give up the charming hope; but with greedier anxiety they rush about him, sustain him, and give him marches, triumphal entries, and receptions beyond what even in the days of his highest prosperity they could have brought about in his favor. On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face, nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting out. These are disadvantages, all taken together, that the Republicans labor under. We have to fight this battle upon principle, and upon principle alone."

THE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS DEBATES.

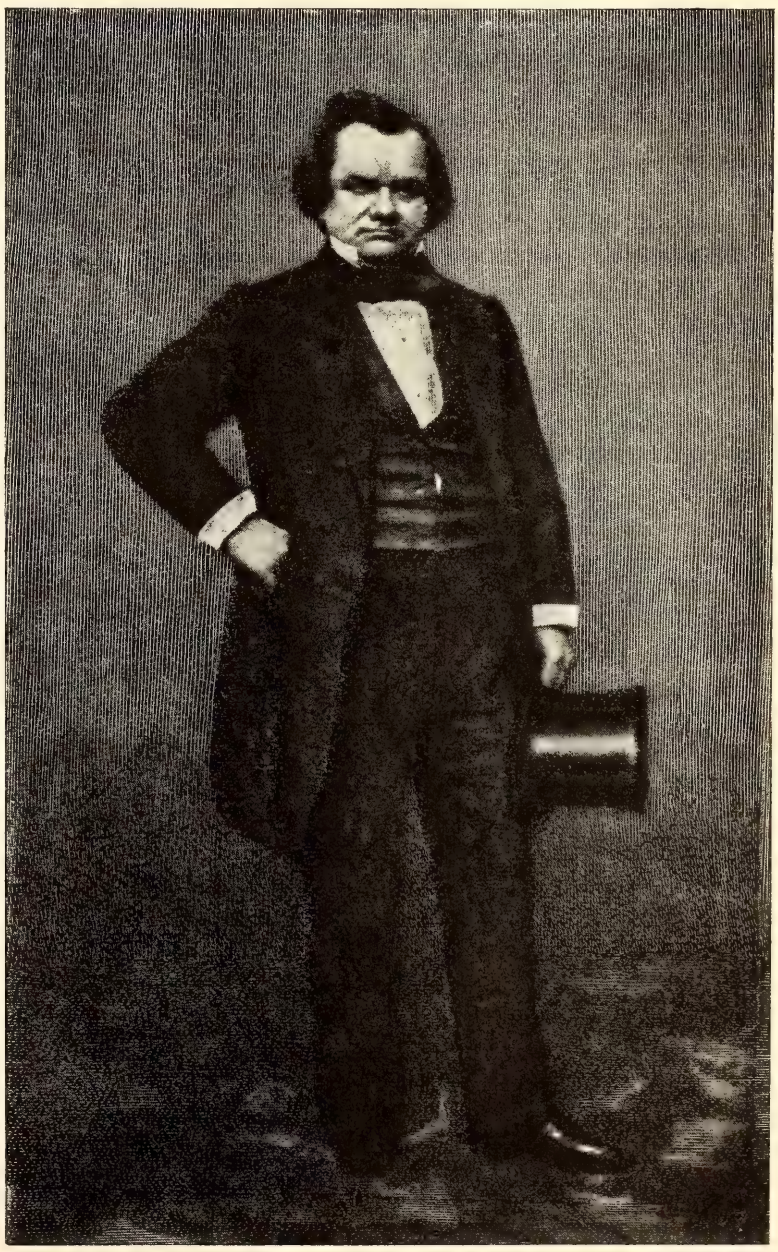
If one will take a map of Illinois and locate the points of the Lincoln and Douglas debates held between August 21 and October 15, 1858, he will see that the whole

State was traversed in the contest. The first took place at Ottawa, about seventy-five miles southwest of Chicago, on August 21; the second at Freeport, near the Wisconsin boundary, on August 27. The third was in the extreme southern part of the State, at Jonesboro, on September 15. Three days later the contestants met one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Jonesboro, at Charleston. The fifth, sixth, and seventh debates were held in the western part of the State: at Galesburg, October 7; Quincy, October 13; and Alton, October 15.

Constant exposure and fatigue were unavoidable in meeting these engagements. Both contestants spoke almost every day through the intervals between the joint debates; and as railroad communication in Illinois in 1858 was still very incomplete, they were often obliged to resort to horse, carriage, or steamer to reach the desired points. Judge Douglas succeeded, however, in making this difficult journey something of a triumphal procession. He was accompanied throughout the campaign by his wife—a beautiful and brilliant woman—and by a number of distinguished Democrats. On the Illinois Central Railroad he had always a special car, sometimes a special train. Frequently he swept by Lincoln, side-tracked in an accommodation or freight train. "The gentleman in that car evidently smelt no royalty in our carriage," laughed Lincoln one day, as he watched from the caboose of a laid-up freight train the decorated special of Douglas flying by.

It was only when Lincoln left the railroad and crossed the prairie, to speak at some isolated town, that he went in state. The attentions he received were often very trying to him. He detested what he called "fizzlegigs and fireworks," and would squirm in disgust when his friends gave him a genuine prairie ovation. Usually, when he was going to a point distant from the railway, a "distinguished citizen" met him at the station nearest the place with a carriage. When they were come within two or three miles of the town, a long procession with banners and band would appear winding across the prairie to meet the speaker. A speech of greeting was made, and then the ladies of the committee of entertainment would present Lincoln with flowers, sometimes even winding a garland about his head and lank figure. His embarrassment before these attentions was thoroughly appreciated by his friends. At the Ottawa debate the enthusiasm of his supporters was so great that they insisted on carrying him from the platform to the house where he was to be entertained. Powerless to escape from the clutches of his admirers, he could only cry, "Don't, boys; let me down; come now, don't." But the "boys" persisted, and they tell to-day proudly of their exploit and of the cordial hand-shake Lincoln, all embarrassed as he was, gave each of them when at last he was free.

On arrival at the towns where the joint debates were held, Douglas was almost



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS IN 1858.
From a photograph by F. Anthony, New York; loaned by J. McCan Davis.

always met by a brass band and a salute of thirty-two guns (the Union was composed of thirty-two States in 1858), and was escorted to the hotel in the finest equipage to be had. Lincoln's supporters took delight in showing their contempt for Douglas's elegance by affecting a Republican simplicity, often carrying their candidate through the streets on a high and unadorned hay-rack drawn by farm teams. The scene in the towns on the occasion of the debates was perhaps never equalled at any other of the hustings of this country. No distance seemed too great for the people to go; no vehicle too slow or fatiguing. At Charleston there was a great delegation of men, women, and children present which had come in a long procession from Indiana by farm wagons, afoot, on horseback, and in carriages. The crowds at three or four of the debates were for that day immense. There were estimated to be from eight thousand to fourteen thousand people at Quincy, some six thousand at Alton, from ten thousand to fifteen thousand at Charleston, some twenty thousand at Ottawa. Many of them at Ottawa came the night before. "It was a matter of but a short time," says Mr. George Beatty,* "until the few hotels, the livery stables, and private houses were crowded, and there were no accommodations left. Then the campaigners spread out about the town, and camped in whatever spot was most convenient. They went along the bluff and on the bottom-lands, and that night the camp-fires, spread up and down the valley for a mile, made it look as if an army was gathered about us."

When the crowd was massed at the place of the debate, the scene was one of the greatest hubbub and confusion. On the corners of the squares, and scattered around the outskirts of the crowd, were fakirs of every description, selling pain-killers and ague cures, watermelons and lemonade; jugglers and beggars plied their trades, and the brass bands of all the four corners within twenty-five miles tooted and pounded at "Hail Columbia, Happy Land," or "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

Conspicuous in the processions at all the points was what Lincoln called the "Basket of Flowers," thirty-two young girls in a resplendent car, representing the Union. At Charleston, a thirty-third young woman rode behind the car, representing Kansas. She carried a banner inscribed: "I will be free;" a motto which brought out from nearly all the newspaper reporters the comment that she was too fair to be long free.

The mottoes at the different meetings epitomized the popular conception of the issues and the candidates. Among the Lincoln sentiments were:

Illinois born under the Ordinance of '87.

Free Territories and Free Men,
Free Pulpits and Free Preachers,
Free Press and a Free Pen,
Free Schools and Free Teachers.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way;
The girls link on to Lincoln, their mothers were for Clay."

Abe the Giant-Killer.

Edgar County for the Tall Sucker.

A striking feature of the crowds was the number of women they contained. The intelligent and lively interest they took in the debates caused much comment. No doubt Mrs. Douglas's presence had something to do with this. They were particularly active in receiving the speakers, and at Quincy, Lincoln, on being presented with what the local press described as a "beautiful and elegant bouquet," took pains to express his gratification at the part women everywhere took in the contest.

While this helter-skelter outpouring of prairiedom had the appearance of being little more than a great jollification, a lawless country fair, in reality it was with the majority of the people a profoundly serious matter. With every discussion it became more vital. Indeed, in the first debate, which was opened and closed by Douglas,* the relation of the two speakers became dramatic. It was here that Douglas, hoping to fasten on Lincoln the stigma of "abolitionist," charged him with having undertaken to abolitionize the old Whig party, and having been in 1854 a subscriber to a radical platform proclaimed at Springfield. This platform Douglas read. Lincoln, when he replied, could only say he was never at the convention—knew nothing of the resolutions; but the impression prevailed that he was cornered. The next issue of the Chicago "Press and Tribune" dispelled it. That paper had employed to report the debates

* Interview with Mr. George Beatty of Ottawa, held for this magazine.

* By the terms agreed upon by Douglas and Lincoln for regulating the debates, Douglas opened at Ottawa, Jonesboro, Galesburg, and Alton with an hour's speech; was followed by Lincoln with a speech of one and a half hours, and closed with a half-hour speech. At the three remaining points, Freeport, Charleston, and Quincy, Lincoln opened and closed.

the first shorthand reporter in Chicago, Mr. Robert L. Hitt—now a Member of Congress and the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Hitt, when Douglas began to read the resolutions, took an opportunity to rest, supposing he could get the original from the speaker. He took down only the first line of each resolution. He missed Douglas after the debate, but on reaching Chicago, where he wrote out his report, he sent an assistant to the files to find the platform adopted at the Springfield Convention. It was brought, but when Mr. Hitt began to transcribe it he saw at once that it was widely different from the one Douglas had read. There was great excitement in the office, and the staff, ardently Republican, went to work to discover where the resolutions had come from. It was found that they originated at a meeting of radical abolitionists with whom Lincoln had never been associated.

The "Press and Tribune" announced the "forgery," as it was called, in a caustic editorial, "The Little Dodger Cornered and Caught." Within a week even the remote school-districts of Illinois were discussing Douglas's action, and many of the most important papers of the nation had made it a subject of editorial comment.

Almost without exception Douglas was condemned. No amount of explanation on his part helped him. "The particularity of Douglas's charge," said the Louisville "Journal," "precludes the idea that he was simply and innocently mistaken." Lovers of fair play were disgusted, and those of Douglas's own party who would have applauded a trick too clever to be discovered could not forgive him for one which had been uncovered. Greeley came out bitterly against him, and before long wrote to Lincoln and Herndon that Douglas was "like the man's boy who (he said) didn't weigh so much as he expected and he always knew he wouldn't."

Douglas's error became a sharp-edged sword in Lincoln's hand. Without directly referring to it, he called his hearers' attention to the forgery every time he quoted a document by his elaborate explanation that he believed, unless there was some mistake on the part of those with whom the matter originated and which he had been unable to detect, that this was correct. Once when Douglas brought forward a document, Lincoln blandly remarked that he could scarcely be blamed for doubting its genuineness since the introduction of the Springfield resolutions at Ottawa.

"THE FREEPORT DOCTRINE."

It was in the second debate, at Freeport, that Lincoln made the boldest stroke of the contest. Soon after the Ottawa debate, in discussing his plan for the next encounter, with a number of his political friends,—Washburne, Cook, Judd, and others,—he told them he proposed to ask Douglas four questions, which he read. One and all cried halt at the second question. Under no condition, they said, must he put it. If it were put, Douglas would answer it in such a way as to win the senatorship. The morning of the debate, while on the way to Freeport, Lincoln read the same questions to Mr. Joseph Medill. "I do not like this second question, Mr. Lincoln," said Mr. Medill. The two men argued to their journey's end, but Lincoln was still unconvinced. Even after he reached Freeport several Republican leaders came to him pleading, "Do not ask that question." He was obdurate; and he went on the platform with a higher head, a haughtier step than his friends had noted in him before. Lincoln was going to ruin himself, the committee said despondently; one would think he did not want the senatorship.

The mooted question ran in Lincoln's notes: "Can the people of a United States territory in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State constitution?" Lincoln had seen the irreconcilableness of Douglas's own measure of popular sovereignty, which declared that the people of a territory would be left to regulate their domestic concerns in their own way subject only to the constitution, and the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case that slaves, being property, could not under the constitution be excluded from a territory. He knew that if Douglas said *no* to this question, his Illinois constituents would never return him to the Senate. He believed that if he said *yes*, the people of the South would never vote for him for President of the United States. He was willing himself to lose the senatorship in order to defeat Douglas for the Presidency in 1860. "I am after larger game; the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this," he said confidently.

The question was put, and Douglas answered it with rare artfulness. "It matters not," he cried, "what way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question whether slavery may

or may not go into a territory under the constitution; the people have the lawful means to introduce it or exclude it as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations. Those police regulations can only be established by the local legislature, and if the people are opposed to slavery, they will elect representatives to that body who will, by unfriendly legislation, effectually prevent the introduction of it into their midst. If, on the contrary, they are for it, their legislation will favor its exten sion."

His Democratic constituents went wild over the clever way in which Douglas had escaped Lincoln's trap. He now practically had his election. The Republicans shook their heads. Lincoln only was serene. He alone knew what he had done. The Freeport debate had no sooner reached the pro-slavery press than a storm of protest went up. Douglas had betrayed the South. He had repudiated the Supreme Court decision. He had declared that slavery could be kept out of the territories by other legislation than a State constitution. "The Freeport doctrine," or "the theory of unfriendly legislation," as it became known, spread month by month, and slowly but surely made Douglas an impossible candidate in the South. The force of the question was not realized in full by Lincoln's friends until the Democratic party met in Charleston, S. C., in 1860, and the Southern delegates refused to support Douglas because of the answer he gave to Lincoln's question in the Freeport debate of 1858.

"Do you recollect the argument we had on the way up to Freeport two years ago over the question I was going to ask Judge Douglas?" Lincoln asked Mr. Joseph Medill, when the latter went to Springfield a few days after the election of 1860.

"Yes," said Medill, "I recollect it very well."

"Don't you think I was right now?"

"We were both right. The question hurt Douglas for the Presidency, but it lost you the senatorship."

"Yes, and I have won the place he was playing for."

LINCOLN'S GOOD-NATURE IN THE DEBATES.

From the beginning of the campaign Lincoln supplemented the strength of his arguments by inexhaustible good-humor. Douglas, physically worn, harassed by the trend which Lincoln had given the discussions, irritated that his adroitness and eloquence could not so cover the fundamental truth of the Republican position but that it would up again, often grew angry, even abusive. Lincoln answered him with most effective raillery.

"I am informed," he said at Havana, where he spoke the day after Douglas, "that my distinguished friend yesterday became a little excited—nervous, perhaps —and he said something about *fighting*, as though referring to a pugilistic encounter between him and myself. Did anybody in this audience hear him use such language? [Cries of "Yes."] I am informed further, that somebody in *his* audience, rather more excited and nervous than himself, took off his coat, and offered to take the job off Judge Douglas's hands, and fight Lincoln himself. Did anybody here witness that warlike proceeding? [Laughter and cries of "Yes."] Well, I merely desire to say that I shall fight neither Judge Douglas nor his second. I shall not do this for two reasons, which I will now explain. In the first place, a fight would prove *nothing* which is in issue in this contest. It might establish that Judge Douglas is a more muscular man than myself, or it might demonstrate that I am a more muscular man than Judge Douglas. But this question is not referred to in the Cincinnati platform, nor in either of the Springfield platforms. Neither result would prove him right nor me wrong; and so of the gentleman who volunteered to do this fighting for him. If my fighting Judge Douglas would not prove anything, it would certainly prove nothing for me to fight his bottle-holder.

"My second reason for not having a personal encounter with the judge is, that I don't believe he wants it himself. He and I are about the best friends in the world, and when we get together he would no more think of fighting me than of fighting his wife. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, when the judge talked about fighting, he was not giving vent to any ill feeling of his own, but merely trying to excite—well, *enthusiasm* against me on the part of his audience. And as I find he was tolerably successful, we will call it quits."

More difficult for Lincoln to take good-naturedly than threats and hard names was the irrelevant matters which Douglas dragged into the debates to turn attention from the vital arguments. Thus Douglas insisted repeatedly on taunting Lincoln

because his zealous friends had carried him off the platform at Ottawa. "Lincoln was so frightened by the questions put to him," said Douglas, "that he could not walk." He tried to arouse the prejudice of the audience by absurd charges of abolitionism. Lincoln wanted to give negroes social equality; he wanted a negro wife; he was willing to allow Fred Douglass to make speeches for him. Again he took up a good deal of Lincoln's time by forcing him to answer to a charge of refusing to vote supplies for the soldiers in the Mexican War. Lincoln denied and explained, until at last, at Charleston, he turned suddenly to Douglas's supporters, dragging one of the strongest of them—the Hon. O. B. Ficklin, with whom he had been in Congress in 1848—to the platform.

"I do not mean to do anything with Mr. Ficklin," he said, "except to present his face and tell you that he personally knows it to be a lie." And Mr. Ficklin had to acknowledge that Lincoln was right.

"Judge Douglas," said Lincoln in speaking of this policy, "is playing cuttlefish—a small species of fish that has no mode of defending himself when pursued except by throwing out a black fluid which makes the water so dark the enemy cannot see it, and thus it escapes."

THE EFFECT OF LINCOLN'S ARGUMENT.

The question at stake was too serious, in Lincoln's judgment, for platform jugglery. Every moment of his time which Douglas forced him to spend answering irrelevant charges he gave begrudgingly. He struggled constantly to keep his speeches on the line of solid argument. Slowly but surely those who followed the debates began to understand this. It was Douglas who drew the great masses to the debates in the first place; it was because of him that the public men and the newspapers of the East, as well as of the West, watched the discussions. But as the days went on it was not Douglas that made the impression.

During the hours of the speeches the two men seemed well mated. "I can recall only one fact of the debates," says a correspondent,* "that I felt *so* sorry for Lincoln while Douglas was speaking, and then to my surprise I felt *so* sorry for Douglas when Lincoln replied." The disinterested, to whom it was an intellectual game, felt the power and charm of both men. Partisans had each reason enough to cheer. It was afterwards, as the debates were talked over by auditors as they lingered at the country store or were grouped on the fence in the evening, or when they were read in the generous reports which the newspapers of Illinois and even of other States gave, that the thoroughness of Lincoln's argument was understood. Even the first debate at Ottawa had a surprising effect. "I tell you," says Mr. George Beatty of Ottawa,* "that debate set people thinking on these important questions in a way they hadn't dreamed of. I heard any number of men say: 'This thing is an awfully serious question, and I am about concluded Lincoln has got it right.' My father, a thoughtful, God-fearing man, said to me, as we went home to supper, 'George, you are young, and don't see what this thing means, as I do. Douglas's speeches of "squatter sovereignty" please you younger men, but I tell you that with us older men it's a great question that faces us. We've either got to keep slavery back or it's going to spread all over the country. That's the real question that's behind all this. Lincoln is right.' And that was the feeling that prevailed, I think, among the majority, after the debate was over. People went home talking about the danger of slavery getting a hold in the North. This territory had been Democratic; La Salle County, the morning of this day of the debate, was Democratic; but when the next day came around, hundreds of Democrats had been made Republicans, owing to the light in which Lincoln had brought forward the fact that slavery threatened."

It was among Lincoln's own friends, however, that his speeches produced the deepest impression. They had believed him to be strong, but probably there was no one of them who had not felt dubious about his ability to meet Douglas. Many even feared a fiasco. Gradually it began to be clear to them that Lincoln was the stronger. Could it be that Lincoln really was a great man? The young Republican journalists of the "Press and Tribune"—Scripps, Hitt, Medill—began to ask themselves the question. One evening as they talked over Lincoln's arguments a letter was received. It came from a prominent Eastern statesman. "Who is this man that is replying to Douglas in your State?" he asked. "Do you realize that no greater speeches have been made on public questions in the his-

* Mrs. William Crotty of Seneca, Illinois.

* Interview with Mr. Beatty, held for this Magazine.

tory of our country; that his knowledge of the subject is profound, his logic unanswerable, his style inimitable?" Similar letters kept coming from various parts of the country. Before the campaign was over Lincoln's friends were exultant. Their favorite was a great man, "a full-grown man," as one of them wrote in his paper.

The country at large watched Lincoln with astonishment. When the debates began there were Republicans in Illinois of wider national reputation. Judge Lyman Trumbull, then Senator, was better known. He was an able debater, and a speech which he made in August against Douglas's record called from the New York "Evening Post" the remark: "This is the heaviest blow yet struck at Senator Douglas since he took the field in Illinois; it is unanswerable, and we suspect that it will be fatal." Trumbull's speech the "Post" afterwards published in pamphlet form. Besides Trumbull, Owen Lovejoy, Oglesby, and Palmer were all speaking. That Lincoln should not only have so far outstripped men of his own party, but should have out-argued Douglas, was the cause of comment everywhere. "No man of this generation," said the "Evening Post" editorially, at the close of the debate, "has grown more rapidly before the country than Lincoln in this canvass." As a matter of fact, Lincoln had attracted the attention of all the thinking men of the country. "The first thing that really awakened my interest in him," says Henry Ward Beecher, "was his speech parallel with Douglas in Illinois, and indeed it was that manifestation of ability that secured his nomination to the Presidency."

LINCOLN IS DEFEATED.

But able as were Lincoln's arguments, deep as was the impression he had made, he was not elected to the senatorship. Douglas won fairly enough; though it is well to note that if the Republicans did not elect a senator they gained a substantial number of votes over those polled in 1856.

Lincoln accepted the result with a serenity inexplicable to his supporters. To him the contest was but one battle in a "durable" struggle. Little matter who won now, if in the end the right triumphed. From the first he had looked at the final result—not at the senatorship. "I do not claim, gentlemen, to be unselfish," he said at Chicago in July. "I do not pretend that I would not like to go to the United States Senate; I make no such hypocritical pretense; but I do say to you that in this mighty issue, it is nothing to you, nothing to the mass of the people of the nation, whether or not Judge Douglas or myself shall ever be heard of after this night; it may be a trifle to either of us, but in connection with this mighty question, upon which hang the destinies of the nation perhaps, it is absolutely nothing."

The intense heat and fury of the debates, the defeat in November, did not alter a jot this high view. "I am glad I made the late race," he wrote Dr. A. G. Henry. "It gave me a hearing on the great and durable question of the age which I would have had in no other way; and though I now sink out of view and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of civil liberty long after I am gone."

At that date perhaps no one appreciated the value of what Lincoln had done as well as he did himself. He was absolutely sure he was right and that in the end people would see it. Though he might not rise, he knew his cause would. "Douglas had the ingenuity to be supported in the late contest both as the best means to break down and to uphold the slave interest," he wrote. "No ingenuity can keep these antagonistic elements in harmony long. Another explosion will soon occur." His whole attention was given to conserving what the Republicans had gained,—"We have some one hundred and twenty thousand clear Republican votes. That pile is worth keeping together;" to consoling his friends,—"You are feeling badly," he wrote to N. B. Judd, Chairman of the Republican Committee, "and this too shall pass away, never fear;" to rallying for another effort,—"The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats."

LINCOLN BECOMES A NATIONAL FIGURE.

If Lincoln had at times a fear that his defeat would cause him to be set aside, it soon was dispelled. The interest awakened in him was genuine, and it spread with the wider reading and discussion of his arguments. He was besieged by letters from all parts of the Union, congratulations, encouragements, criticisms. Invitations for lectures poured in upon him, and he became the first choice of his entire party for political speeches. In response to these

demands he visited Ohio in September, 1859, speaking at Columbus and Cincinnati. In December he made a series of speeches in Kansas. In February, 1860, he spoke in New York, at the Cooper Institute. From New York he went to New England, where he spoke several times. He found suddenly that the nation was interested in him and was studying him.

Never in the history of the United States has a man become a national figure in a more logical and intelligent way. At the beginning of the struggle against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, Abraham Lincoln was scarcely known outside of his own State. Even most of the men whom he had met in his brief term in Congress had forgotten him. Yet in four years he had become one of the central figures of his party; and now, by worsting the greatest orator and politician of his time, he had drawn the eyes of the nation to him.

It had been a long road he had travelled to make himself a national figure. Twenty-eight years before he had deliberately entered politics. He had been beaten, but had persisted; he had succeeded and failed; he had abandoned the struggle and returned to his profession. His outraged sense of justice had driven him back, and for six years he had travelled up and down Illinois trying to prove to men that slavery extension was wrong. It was by no one speech, by no one argument that he had wrought. Every day his ceaseless study and pondering gave him new matter, and every speech he made was fresh. He could not repeat an old speech, he said, because the subject enlarged and widened so in his mind as he went on that it was "easier to make a new one than an old one." He had never yielded in his campaign to tricks of elocution—never played on emotions. He had been so strong in his convictions of the right of his case that his speeches had been arguments pure and simple. Their elegance was that of a demonstration in Euclid. They persuaded because they proved. He had never for a moment counted personal ambition before the cause. To insure an ardent opponent of the Kansas-Nebraska bill in the United States Senate, he had at one time given up his chance for the senatorship. To show the fallacy of Douglas's argument, he had asked a question which his party pleaded with him to pass by, assuring him that it would lose him the election. In every step of this six years he had been disinterested, calm, unyielding, and courageous. He knew he was right, and could afford to wait. "The result is not doubtful," he told his friends. "We shall not fail—if we stand firm. We shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate or mistakes delay it; but, sooner or later, the victory is sure to come."

The country, amazed at the rare moral and intellectual character of Lincoln, began to ask questions about him, and then his history came out; a pioneer home, little schooling, few books, hard labor at all the many trades of the frontiersman, a profession mastered o' nights by the light of a friendly cooper's fire, an early entry into politics and law—and then twenty-five years of incessant poverty and struggle.

The homely story gave a touch of mystery to the figure which loomed so large. Men felt a sudden reverence for a mind and heart developed to these noble proportions in so unfriendly a habitat. They turned instinctively to one so familiar with strife for help in solving the desperate problem with which they felt the nation must soon grapple. And thus it was that, at fifty years of age, Lincoln became a national figure.

NOTE.—An interesting fact in connection with this paper is that at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, where the fifth of the Lincoln-Douglas debates occurred, they will on October 7 formally celebrate the thirty-eighth anniversary of the event. Knox College has always been especially loyal to Lincoln. Dr. Newton Bateman, for many years its president, was Lincoln's close personal friend, and it was the first institution to recognize Lincoln's greatness by conferring upon him an honorary degree. It has lately decided to add a new and more enduring testimony of its reverence in the establishment of the Abraham Lincoln School of Practical Arts and Science, for which, under the leadership of Mr. S. S. McClure, funds are now being raised for endowment.

The debate at Galesburg was held October 7, 1858. Each candidate came supported by delegations from the surrounding counties and towns, who carried banners of varied device and motto in tribute to their respective favorites. Douglas came by rail, escorted by a large crowd. Lincoln was brought in by wagon from an adjoining town, the wagon being loaded with rails. The speakers stood upon an improvised stage, erected at the east end of the Old College building, and looked out upon an audience of between ten and twenty thousand. It is planned to place in one of the walls of this building a tablet commemorating the debate, and its unveiling will furnish the occasion for the celebration of this particular anniversary day by the college. The building stands as it stood then, and on the very spot from which Lincoln and Douglas spoke Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, will pronounce the oration of the day. Among the other speakers whose presence is expected are: Ex-Minister Robert T. Lincoln, ex-Governor Boise of Iowa, and Congressman Hitt, who was present at the debate in 1858 and made a stenographic report of it.

CHOLERA CAMP.

By Rudyard Kipling.

We've got the cholerer in camp—it's worse than forty fights;
We're dyin' in the wilderness the same as Isrulites.
It's before us, an' be'ind us, an' we cannot get away:
An' the doctor's just reported we've ten more to-day!

Oh strike your camp an' go, the bugle's callin',
The Rains are fallin'—
The dead are bushed an' stoned to keep 'em safe below;
The Band's a-doin' all she knows to cheer us;
The Chaplain's gone and prayed to Gawd to 'ear us—
To 'ear us—
O Lord, for it's a-killing of us so!

Since August, when it started, it's been sticking to our tail,
Tho' they've 'ad us out by marches an' they've sent us back by rail;
But it runs as fast as troop-trains, an' we cannot get away;
An' the sick-list to the Colonel makes ten more to-day.

There ain't no fun in women, nor there ain't no bite to drink;
It's much too wet for shootin'; we can only march and think;
An' at evenin', down the *nullahs*, we can 'ear the jackals say:
"Get up, you rotten beggars, you've ten more to-day!"

'Twould make a monkey cough to see our way o' doin' things—
Lieutenants takin' companies an' Captains takin' wings,
An' Lances actin' Sergeants—six file to obey—
Ho! We've lot's o' quick promotion on ten deaths a day!

Our Colonel's white an' twitterly—'e gets no sleep nor food,
But mucks about in 'orspital, where nothing does no good.
'E sends us 'eaps o' comforts, all bought from 'is pay—
But there aren't no comfort 'andy on ten deaths a day.

Our Chaplain's got a banjo, an' a skinny mule 'e rides,
An' the stuff 'e says an' sings us, Lord, it makes us split our sides;
With 'is black coat-tails a-bobbin' to *Ta-ra-ra Boom-der-Ray*,
'E's the proper kind o' *padre* for ten deaths a day.

An' Father Victor 'elps 'im with our Roman Catholicks—
He knows an 'eap of Irish songs an' rummy conjurin' tricks;
An' the two they works together when it comes to play or pray;
So we keep the ball a-rollin' on ten deaths a day.

We've got the cholerer in camp—we've got it 'ot an' sweet;
It ain't no Christmas dinner, but it's 'elped an' we must eat.
We've gone beyond the funkin', cause we've found it doesn't pay;
An' we're rockin' round the Districk on ten deaths a day!

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Then strike your camp an' go, the Rains are fallin',
The bugle's callin',
The dead are bushed an' stoned to keep 'em safe below!
An' them that do not like it they can lump it,
An' them that cannot stand it they can jump it.
We've got to die somewhere—some way—some 'ow—
We might as well begin to do it now.
Then, Number One, let down the tent-pole slow,
Knock out the pegs, an' 'old the corners—so!
Fold in the flies, furl up the ropes, an' stow!
Oh strike—oh strike—your camp and go!
(Gawd 'elp us!)

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—RECEPTION OF PICTURES AT THE SALON.—AIMÉ MOROT.—A TYPICAL WAR PICTURE.—MARIANO FORTUNY AND HIS INFLUENCE.—BELGIAN AND ENGLISH ART IN PARIS.—FREDERICK WALKER.—LAURENS.—DAGNAN-BOUVERET.—CAZIN.—FRITZ VON UHDE AND THE MODERN RELIGIOUS PICTURE.

By Will H. Low.

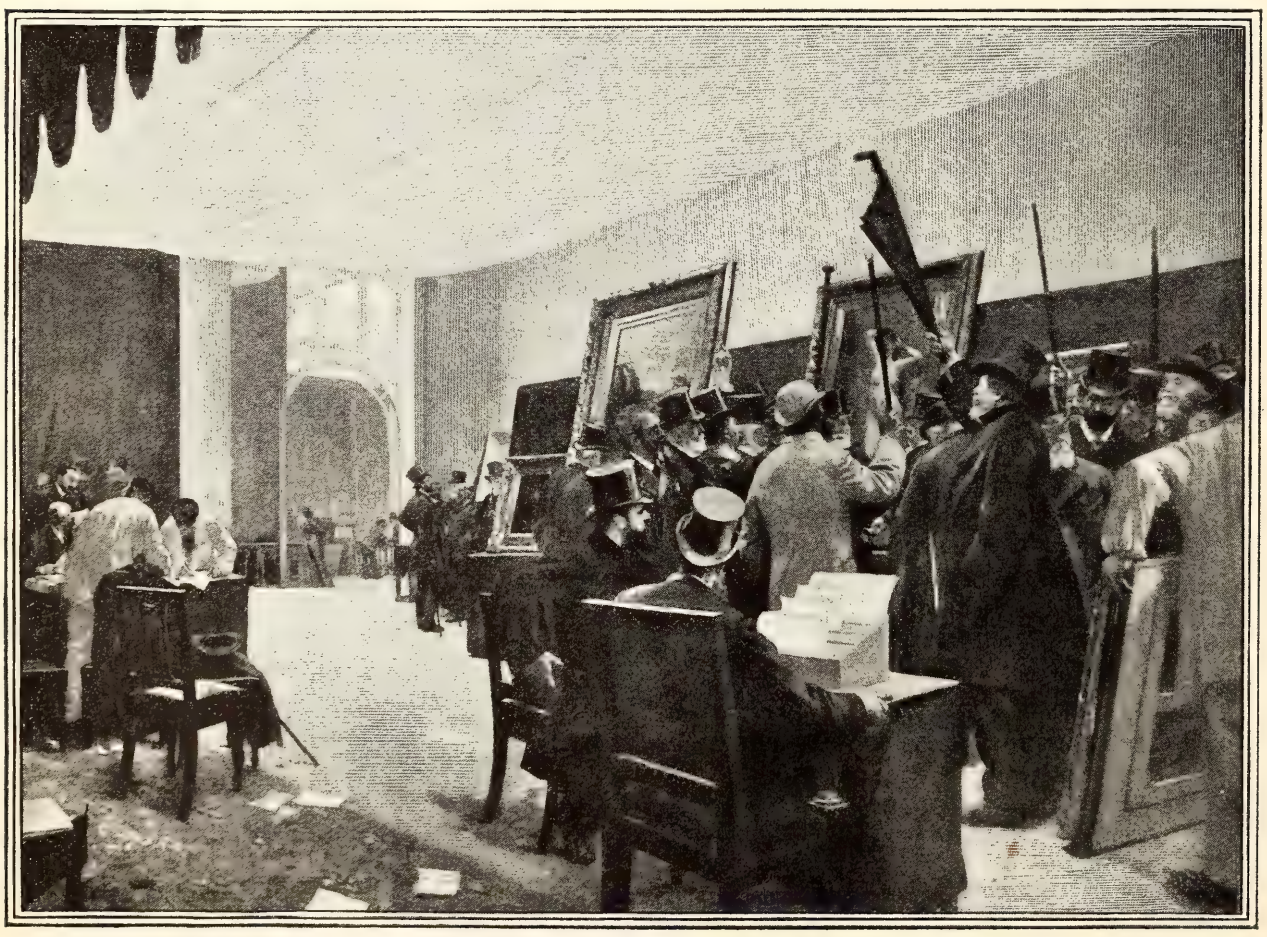
WITH the coming of spring a species of contained activity settles upon artistic Paris. The *cafés* in the students' quarter no longer resound to the merry warfare of opponents determined to decide once for all some mooted point of art. The leaders have deserted the open field, and in the seclusion of their studios are occupied in producing for the coming Salon their annual contribution to their country's art. The twentieth of March marks the term of this period of production. By the close of that day all paintings and sculpture must be delivered at the Palais de l'Industrie in readiness for the judgment to be passed upon them by jurors duly elected from the artists who are no longer eligible for medals, having received them all. Over ten thousand works of art are offered each year, of which three-fourths are returned to their respective authors, and only one-fourth considered acceptable for exhibition. The morning of the twentieth, therefore, finds the studios awake early. In a building or a quarter where there are many artists, the carman who comes by appointment to take the picture to the exhibition finds himself besieged with entreaties to go to this, that, or the other studio first, in order that a last final touch may be added to the precious canvas on which, in the case of the neophyte, so much depends. The caricature which represents the painter finishing his picture in an open carriage *en route* to the Salon is hardly exaggerated. No sooner, however, has the van, freighted with so many hopes, left the studio than the painter, if he is young, departs for the Palais de l'Industrie. There, before the great door opens for the reception of pictures, is a motley crowd of painters, students, and models, bent on obtaining a first view of the forthcoming exhibition. Great wagons fantastically laden with pictures of all sizes; *commissionaires*, with the curious wooden rack for carrying burdens, bearing pictures on their backs, closely followed by the artist, anxious lest harm should come to his offering; women, young and old, with tiny frames, threading their way through the confusion,—besiege the gate. The guardians of the Salon, attacked on all sides, but maintaining a stolid indifference born of long habit, receive and enregister the pictures. The sentry, ever present at the doors of all public buildings in France, stands to his post. The city policemen, alternating between laughter and anger, devote their attention to the unruly crowd. As the day wanes, the motley crowd increases in size and audacity. Profiting by a moment's relaxation of vigilance, the people enter the building, and soon the great stairway is lined. A narrow passage is left, through

which the pictures are carried, to a constant accompaniment of impromptu criticisms.

The noise and hubbub are only equalled by the good nature of all concerned. Five or six men, directed with vehemence of gesture and voice by a uniformed guardian, toil up the steps, carrying a immense canvas representing a religious subject, whereupon, with one accord, the crowd breaks into a solemn chant of the church. A hunting scene next appears, and the yelping of all the hounds in Christendom wakes the echoes. Portraits fare ill with the assembled critics, and comments of the most outrageously personal nature are bandied about with a recklessness which makes one hope that the originals portrayed have prudently stayed away. Each picture calls forth some remark, generally of good-natured criticism, though the volatile assemblage is capable of enthusiasm, and sudden and spontaneous applause occasionally breaks forth. Partisans of rival masters are naturally in force, and mingled applause and groans meet their respective and respectable contributions.

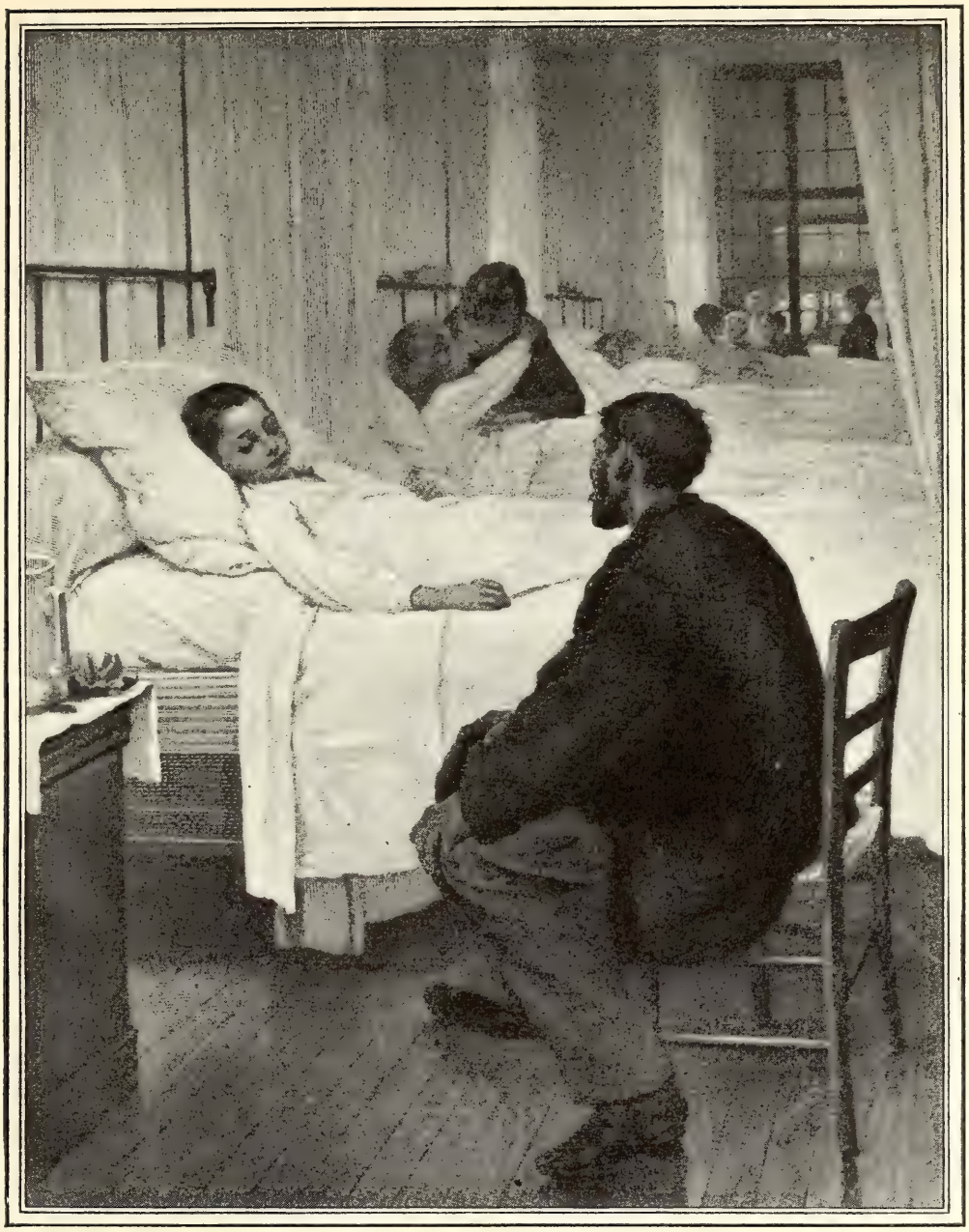
The last half hour before the final closing of the doors against the reception of pictures surpasses pandemonium. The Bourse in a financial crisis may equal, but can hardly surpass, the indescribable confusion caused by belated arrivals, bewildered workmen and guardians, and the crowd of students intoxicated with the license of their freedom of speech. At last comes a forcible ejection; the great doors are closed, the band of students form in line and march down the Champs Elysées, and within the great building the year's production of art is garnered, awaiting the jury which is to separate the wheat from the chaff.

The picture by Henri Gervex, which represents the jury of 1884, shows a number of the most famous of contemporary painters in the midst of this work. The picture is typical of a class which, in the latter years of this century, finds favor with a public whose taste has apparently been formed on the basis of photography. No other period of the world's history has been so truthfully represented; and if superficial truth were the end and aim of art, works like this would assuredly be great. The excess to which realism has



THE SALON JURY, 1884 (SECTION OF PAINTING). FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HENRI GERVEX, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY.

The scene is in the Palais de l'Industrie, and among the artists represented are Carolus-Duran, Bouguereau, Henner, Cabanel, Bonnat, Laurens, Lefebvre, Puvis de Chavannes, Cormon, and Constant.



VISITING DAY AT THE HOSPITAL. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN GEOFFROY, IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

An every-day scene in a Paris hospital, a happy proof that extreme realism need not preclude sentiment, which in this case is simple, natural, and free from sentimentality.

carried us in healthy avoidance of the stilted and periwigged portrayal of history in the last century, has had its use technically, and few are the subjects with which a painter thus equipped is not fitted to grapple. When the subject is one which in itself is pictorial, the result is the greater from its superb technical completeness, as in the masterly picture by Aimé Nicolas Morot of the historic "Charge of the Third Dragoons at Reischoffen."

Surely war has never been more truthfully represented than here, and a comparison between this picture and the famous Meissonier, "1807," in the Metropolitan Museum, gives one the contrast between single soldiers minutely studied and superadded one to the other, and a whole regiment painted as a single man. Millet was wont to say that a flock of sheep in painting was "a single animal with a thousand legs,"—*une bête á mille pattes*—and it is thus that Morot has conceived his work. The painter was born at Nancy, June 16, 1850, received the prix de Rome in 1873, and is a typical example of the best result of French art education. He has attempted, always with adequate technical ability, a wide range of subjects, and but for an apparent mental indifference to sentiment would be one of the most remarkable men of his time.

A painter whose indifference to sentiment was marked, but who in the comparative poverty of technical ease of expression had great influence in the early

THE CHARGE OF THE THIRD DRAGOONS AT REISCHOFFEN. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY AIMÉ MOROT.

The picture represents a heroic effort to turn the fortunes of the day in one of the chief battles of the Franco-Prussian war, in which this regiment was decimated.

seventies, was a Spaniard, Mariano Fortuny. As with Regnault, we have become, with the waning years of the century, more and more indifferent to the painter who plays with his art. Craftsman-like capacity to subjugate rebellious pigments to render intention no longer dazzles us; it is with the intention alone that we deal, and by which we have returned to the days of Cimabue, whose picture, carried through the streets of Florence to its final resting-place, has left the impress of its passage in the name of the Street of Joy. Unlike the public of Cimabue, we demand complete technical ability, in order that our impression of the picture may be undisturbed by insufficient workmanship. But twenty-five years ago the evidences of technical ability were hailed with delight, and the means obscured the aim of art.

In 1870 "The Spanish Marriage" was exhibited at Goupil's, in Paris, and the world of art placed Fortuny on a pinnacle. A poor boy, born at Reuss, in Catalonia, June 11, 1838, in his early youth he accompanied his grandfather, who travelled from place to place with a little collection of wax figures. It was Fortuny's cleverness in repairing their little stock in trade, and modelling new figures to add to the collection, that attracted the attention of some person of taste, who prevailed on his native town to make an allowance of eight dollars a month, in order that Fortuny might study. At nineteen, the Academy at Barcelona awarded him the prize which sent him to the Spanish Academy of Rome.

Fortuny's stay in Rome was interrupted by a visit to Morocco, which gave him an insight into Arab life, and this determined the character of his graver work. Endowed with a marvellous facility, it was on small canvases, filled with myriads of figures in brilliantly contrasting costumes, that his first success was won. In Paris, where the artistic domination of Meissonier was felt in the picture mart, the enchanting Fortuny, who joined to the French painter's minute rendering of form a kaleidoscopic charm of color, had success from the first. Up to that time his life had been a hard struggle with poverty. From that time until his death, in Rome, November 21, 1874, collectors contended eagerly to literally cover his pictures with gold. Towards the close of his brief life he made earnest efforts to abandon his somewhat trivial art, and render in sub-

AN ARAB GUARD.

In marked contrast to the seductive glitter of Fortuny's costume pictures are a number of canvases, of which this is one, where the sombre, serious Arab character is depicted with equal mastery.

ject, at least, the life which he saw about him; and his unfinished "Beach at Portici," which was in the late Stewart collection in New York, marked, possibly, the beginning of a more serious effort. I have used the term "enchanting," and there is no other which so fitly applies to him, considered from the technical view of a painter. His influence in the cosmopolitan city of Paris and on French art has passed, but until to-day it has been paramount in Italy and Spain. There promises to be a revival of an art more noble in its tendencies in Italy, as was noted at the Venetian Exhibition of this year; and Spain has endeavored officially, through its academies, to stem the tide of virtuosity, and with some success.

The work of scores of able Belgian painters must regretfully be passed by in

this brief chronicle. Mention must be made of Alfred Stevens, however, who, adopting Paris as his home, has portrayed the *Parisienne* as none of her compatriots have done, though they are by no means insensible to her grace as a subject for painting. Stevens was born in Brussels, May 11, 1828. The picture here reproduced, "The Song," is in the Luxembourg, and is an admirable example of his work. In sentiment, Stevens shows a fine appreciation of the ultra-civilized woman. His women have no other object than to be charming. They are by no means deficient in intelligence, and from the supersensitive creature who has placed herself before a bronze sphinx to ask the riddle of her own existence to the beauty who nonchalantly munches cherries, they are extremely human. The landscapes or seashore backgrounds, when these fair creatures venture out of doors, are painted with consummate skill, and are soberly rich in color, as are the interiors in which they are generally depicted. Stevens has been and is now a painter beloved of painters, than which no greater reward can be desired by an artist.

THE SONG. FROM A PAINTING BY ALFRED STEVENS, IN THE GALLERY OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

This picture, bought by the state in 1890, was painted some years before that date and is one of the most representative of the artist's works.

One of the memories of those days that comes back strongly is the conflicting interests aroused by the cosmopolitan character of the students in the *ateliers*. Each betrayed in his work his own racial characteristics and the influences of his own country's art, brought to bear on him before resorting to the common school of Paris. To these influences must be added those of the dealers' galleries, where in turn the art of Europe passed before our eyes. To-day it was the latest Fortuny at Goupil's; later, at the same place, Michetti charmed us with the magic of his early work. At Durand-Ruels, the most hospitable of galleries to the shabbily dressed student, the large rooms running through from the rue Lafitte to the rue Le Peletier were filled with Millets and Corots, which did not then sell so readily but that one could return often to study them; and side by side with Manet and Degas could be found exquisitely finished Stevenses or robust Courbets.

Of English art little was to be seen, the English having an appreciation of their own men which kept prices at a point where no picture dealer could find a profit, if, indeed, Paris was ready for the appreciation of the best English painters, whom they discovered some years later at the Universal Exposition. No lover of Thackeray, however, among our band of English-speaking students, ignored the charming drawings by Frederick Walker which served to illustrate "Philip" and "Denis Duval." Walker was to live but two years longer when an English student brought in his artistic baggage a photograph of the "Vagrants," which is now in the National Gallery in London. From

THE VAGRANTS. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FREDERICK WALKER, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

A band of English gipsies encamped upon a common. One of the not numerous productions of this artist. This picture, painted in 1868, was purchased for the National Gallery from a fund bequeathed by Mr. John Lucas Walker.

VINTAGE-TIME. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LÉON LHERMITTE.

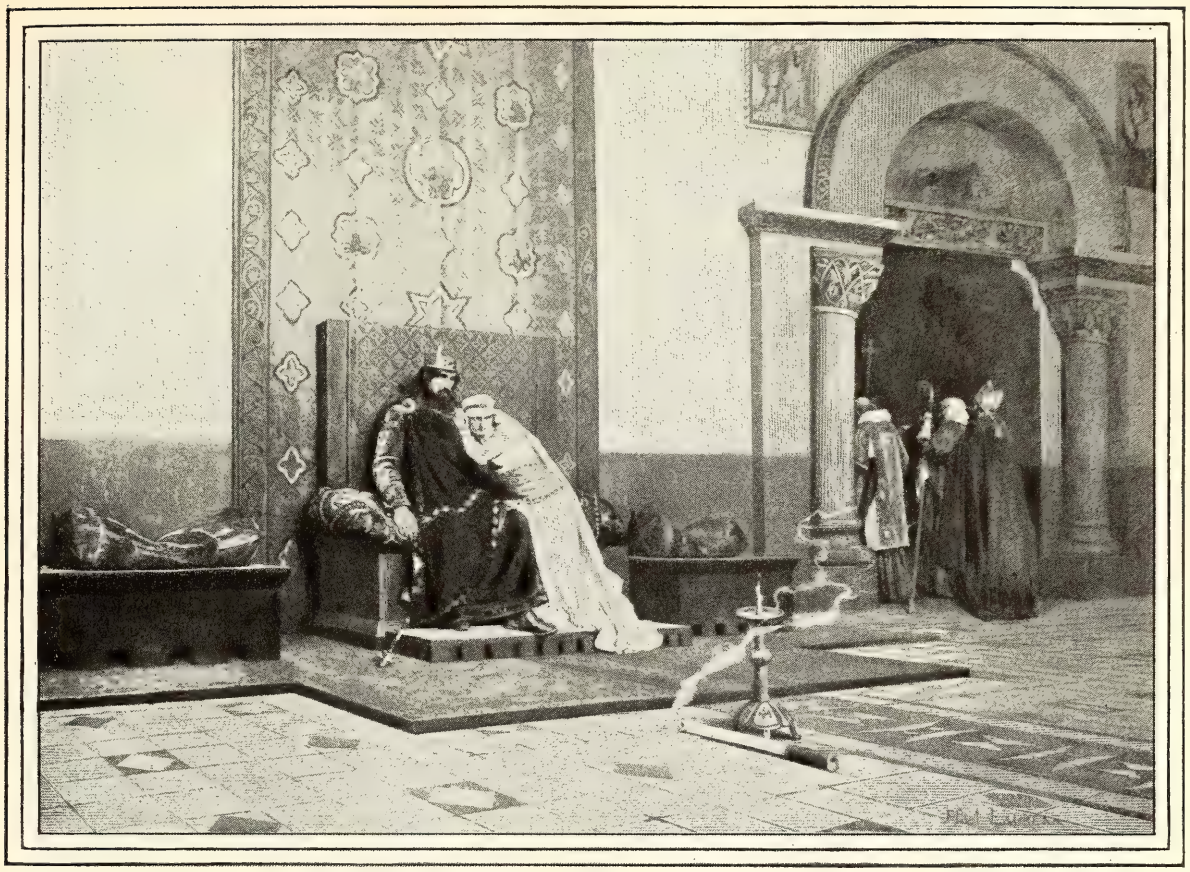
One of the series of rustic scenes which are often treated by this artist, who is represented by another picture of the vintage, in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

SACRAMENTAL BREAD. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY P. A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET, IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

From the Salon of 1886. The corner of a Breton church, with a group of characteristic figures. In the original the vestments of the altar-boy add a note of vivid red to the otherwise quiet color scheme.

the Englishmen we heard much of Walker, and learned to appreciate his work. Later, in visits to England, it has become evident how much his influence, like that of George Mason, a painter fated like Walker to die young, has done for modern English art.

Frederick Walker was born in London, May 24, 1840. His history is that of so many English and American artists who, from the period of embracing an artistic career, must, in the event of lacking fortune, earn their living by their art. The fortunate youth of countries where art is recognized as a national institution, finds scholarships ready and municipalities willing to aid his early years. In England, as here, private patronage demands only work which shows a certain maturity, and Walker commenced by illustration. He was even for a time apprenticed to a wood engraver, until Thackeray gave him an opportunity to do original work. Of extremely delicate constitution, allied to a nervously sensitive temperament, his life was a long battle, which ended in a quiet village of Perthshire, St. Fillans, where he died June 4, 1875. In no wise allied to the pre-Raphaelites in technical manner, his art bore the marks of the deep sensibility which pervaded their work, and which in literature found its exponent in Tennyson's earlier verse. Essentially English, his work was influenced by those great works



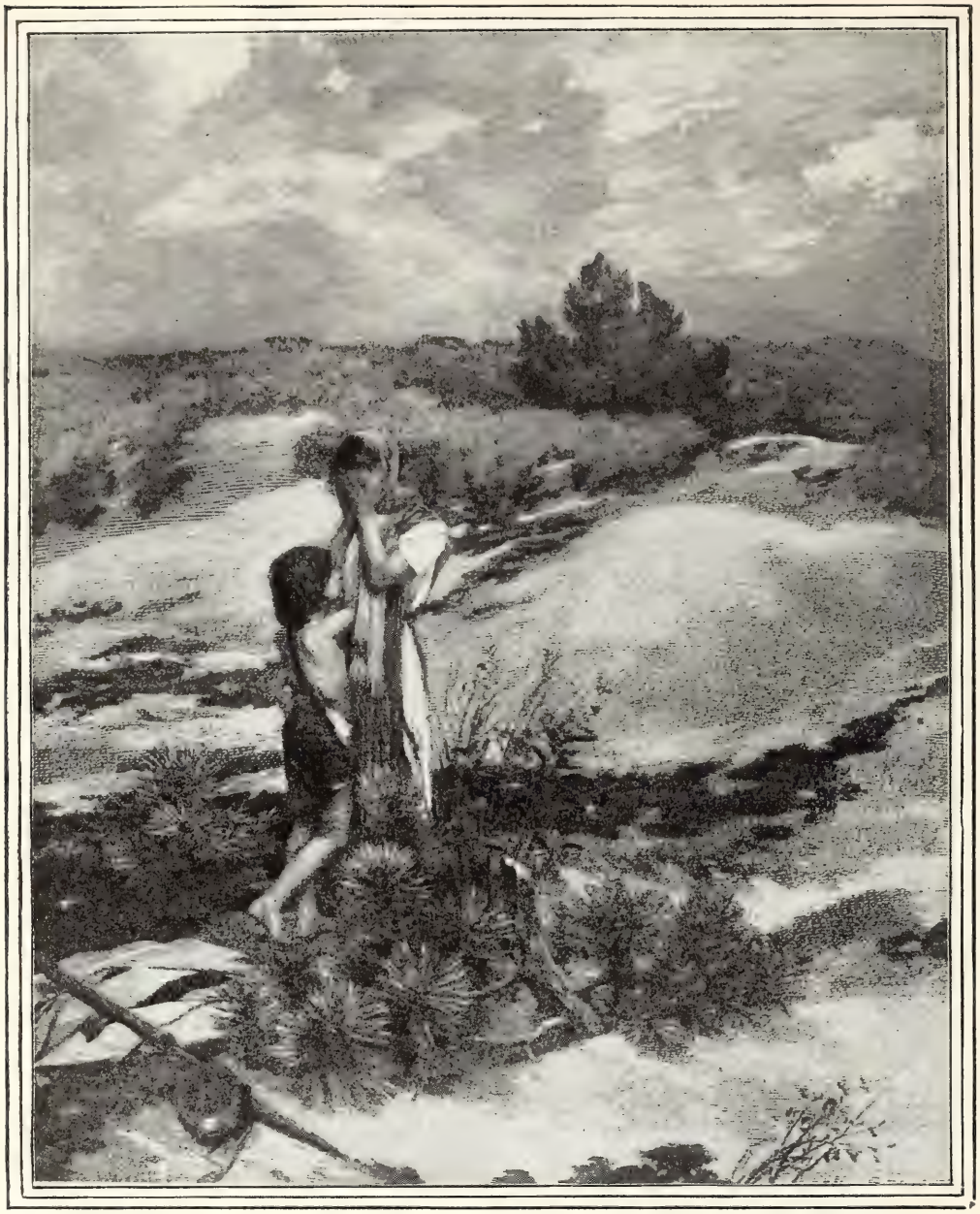
EXCOMMUNICATION OF ROBERT THE PIOUS. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY.

Robert the Pious, who became King of France in 996, offended the church by his marriage to Bertha, widow of the Count of Blois, and was excommunicated. The clergy are leaving the room after having extinguished and overthrown a candle as a symbol of their decree.

from the Parthenon which are treasured in the British Museum, and which have served English painting in their effect on Albert Moore, Poynter, and Leighton. Walker's themes, however, were taken from the every-day life of the country. His own sentiment embroidered a pattern of grace and sensibility on the heavy forms of village girls and country yokels. Quiet lanes, waterside ferries, wooded borders of upland heaths formed the scenes in which his idealized figures moved, endowed with so much of honest truth that, like Millet's peasants, though less nobly grand, they are typical rather than realistic.

The life of the peasant, which has preoccupied so many of our painters of this later day, has been treated with an idyllic quality by another painter, who, at the time of Millet's death in 1875, was winning his first recognition. Léon Lhermitte, born in the little village of Mont-Saint-Père, January 31, 1844, occupies to-day an honored position in France. His first successes were due to his charcoal drawings, from which, enlarging his themes to life-size figures in oil, there seems to have clung to his style something rugged and angular, like the abrupt accents which lend life to a charcoal drawing. With this technical qualification, his work is essentially large and simple, redolent of the fields in which his figures live. The picture reproduced herewith, representing a moment's pause in the wine-making, is full of robust quality of form and strong opposition of light and shade.

Of the same race, treated with greater delicacy in research of character, are the Breton peasants in church, about to partake of the sacramental bread. Pascal Adolph Jean Dagnan-Bouveret, the painter of this picture, which is in the Luxembourg, was born in Paris, January 7, 1852. Dagnan, as his name was abbreviated in 1873, when he was still a student in Gérôme's *atelier* in the École des Beaux-Arts, is an interesting type of the painter who is ever ready to burn his vessels behind him and venture to new fields of expression. In 1873, while temporarily a student of Gérôme, I remember standing behind his easel and wondering if painstaking imitation of Gérôme could go farther than Dagnan's. Since then he has shown himself facile and clever in the "Manon Lescaut;" almost flippantly Parisian in the "Wedding Party at the Pho-



HAGAR AND ISHMAEL. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JEAN CHARLES CAZIN, IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

From the Salon of 1880, where it was greatly admired. This picture entered the Luxembourg, where it has maintained its popularity.

tographer's;" painstakingly realistic in the "Accident," which is in the Walters Gallery in Baltimore; and deeply reverential in sentiment in his well-known "Madonna and Child," standing in checkered sunlight under a trellised arbor. Still a young man, as men are esteemed in France, it is difficult to foretell his future, though he has been able to trim so varied a course through the channel of art without losing his bearings or becoming in any degree superficial.

We reproduce here, as an example of the work of Jean Paul Laurens, "The Excommunication of Robert the Pious." Laurens was born at Fourquevaux (Haute Garonne), March 28, 1838. He is the inventor of the modern historical picture, which seeks not only by wealth of archæological research to render itself plausible, but by the disposition of figures to background to reproduce the actual scene as it must have occurred. This is a far cry from the pyramidal compositions of the last century, and carries more conviction than these stilted canvases could do. In this, as in a solid manner of painting, and a style of drawing that is full of character, they are amongst the remarkable works of the century. That one finds more to admire than to love in his work is a matter of temperament; but at least a mild protest against the great number of historical cadavers and of atrocious incidents of the Inquisition, where Laurens finds his subjects, is permissible.

THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FRITZ VON UHDE.

An interesting attempt on the part of a modern German painter to infuse a sentiment of every-day life into a Biblical subject.

In the Salon of 1875 there was high on the walls a picture of a shipyard, which to my student taste was strangely attractive, and which was painted by a then unknown man, Jean Charles Cazin. Pointing out this picture to some English *camarades*, I found that its author had attracted some slight attention in England by the decoration of pottery. Some five years later, having in the meanwhile admired an equally modest "Flight into Egypt," I was not surprised that all the Paris world woke to the fact that in Cazin they had found a worthy successor to the Barbizon men. It was the picture of "Hagar and Ishmael,"—here reproduced from the original in the Luxembourg, where it promptly took its place,—which first gave recognition to Cazin (born in 1841, at Samer, Pas-de-Calais). The sentiment of the landscape, taken from an unfamiliar part of the forest of Fontainebleau, the introduction of the almost modern figures, revealed qualities not only of an original mind, but of a pure-blooded painter. Such his numerous pictures painted since that time have proved him to be, and he occupies in modern art that middle

ground between the traditions of the past and the promises of the future which denotes in itself the attributes of a sane mind.

An example by a stranger within the gates of Paris, which in art, at least, welcomes even her former foes, may serve as a conclusion to this paper. "The Supper at Emmaus," by Fritz von Uhde, is interesting for several reasons. It is an example of the newer German art, which was briefly described in a former paper, and one of the best of the modern efforts at depicting Christ in the surroundings of our every-day life, which have become frequent in late years. Doubtless something of this spirit came from Millet, and was again apparent in Cazin; but its first important example was the "Christ Blessing Little Children" which Von Uhde sent to the Salon about twelve years ago. Here, in the garb of an humble Jew, Christ was seen seated in the interior of a German orphan asylum, in the act of blessing the children gathered about him.

Von Uhde became celebrated through this picture, and it was then learned that until 1877 he had been an officer in the Saxon cavalry, which he had left to become a pupil of Munkacsy. He was born at Wolkenburg, in Saxony, May 22, 1848. "The Supper at Emmaus" is extremely interesting, as it invites comparison with the wonderfully human picture in the Louvre, of the same subject, by Rembrandt. Comparison is, of course, impossible, if only from the fact that the Rembrandt, in the centuries which have elapsed since it was painted, has become a type which is sunken deep in our hearts. The picture by Von Uhde, however, evading the danger of such comparison, is like its predecessor, extremely human. In the company of the humble, removed from them by his spirituality alone, the Man of Galilee takes his place in the composition naturally and simply, and there is little or no feeling of incongruity between his figure and the surroundings. Art such as this, where human emotion goes hand in hand with technical ability, which has for its author a Teuton, and finds its first recognition in Gallic sympathy, can well be called modern. The existence of such art in Germany led me to close a former paper with a roseate prophecy for the future. If such prophecy becomes accomplished fact, Germany will not fail to acknowledge the debt which all civilized people owe to the art of France.

THE FOUNDLING. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LOUIS DESCHAMPS, IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

LI HUNG CHANG.

From a recent portrait owned by the Hon. George Curzon, London.

LI HUNG CHANG.*

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS ACHIEVEMENTS IN BEHALF OF CHINA.

By Chester Holcombe,

For many years Interpreter, Secretary of Legation, and Acting Minister of the United States at Peking, China, and author of "The Real Chinaman."

IN any attempt to measure a man and determine his size and force, it is essential that he be taken in his native surroundings, and compared, not with alien types and times, but with his own fellows; with the facts and forces which surround him and make for or against him. Fanciful speculations as to what Alexander the Great would have accomplished had he been in the place of the first Napoleon, teach nothing and help no one. While it is not difficult to determine the comparative value of the ethical systems of Confucius and Socrates, yet, in measuring the men themselves, each must be taken in his own home, and his greatness estimated by his ability to mould thought, purpose, and life there. In much the same way, the reader of this sketch of one of the most honored and distinguished of modern Chinese should study him in his native environment, and, so far as may be possible, from a Chinese point of view. It is idle to contrast him, for example, with the great friend of his later years, General Grant, or to measure the one by the other. It is extremely probable that General Grant would, as a Chinese, have accomplished nothing; and the great Oriental statesman who survives him would have been equally a failure in America.

His Excellency, Li Hung Chang, was

* Pronounced, as nearly as one can indicate it in print, Lee Hoong Shaang.

LI HUNG CHANG IN HIS OWN HOUSE AT TIENTSIN, 1872.

From a copyrighted photograph by John Thomson, F.R.G.S., London.

born in a small city in the province of An Huei, which lies in the centre of China, in 1822. His parents belonged to an ordinary family of the middle class. In his early days he pursued the usual course of Chinese study, and, so far as is known, gave no evidence of preëminence over his associates. He took the several provincial examinations, as other young men did, and gave the first sign of special ability when, at the final triennial examination, held at Peking, he passed with such honors as secured him admission to the Han Lin College, which carries with it immediate official employment and an assurance of rapid promotion.

The first public appearance of Li by which he attracted in any measure the notice of men of the Western world, or came into contact with it, was in connection with the Tai Ping rebellion. As governor of a province which was the scene of the bloodiest battles between the rebels and the imperial troops he took the field in person, and in his conduct of the campaign showed that, although his training and experience had been along purely civil lines, he yet possessed military abilities of a high order. Immediately subordinate to him was a body of men known among foreigners as "Ward's Corps," but dignified by a Chinese title of which the English equivalent

GENERAL GRANT AND LI HUNG CHANG.

From a photograph taken in June, 1879, during General Grant's visit to China, in the course of his journey around the world.

is "The Ever-Victorious Army." This body was composed of Chinese troops, drilled and equipped in modern style, and officered by foreigners. It was originally organized and raised to a high state of efficiency by an American named Ward, who had many of his countrymen associated with him in minor positions in the corps. After the death of General Ward, Gordon, later a distinguished British officer, but then an unknown major in an English regiment stationed at Shanghai, was detached, and permitted to take command of the corps. There appears to have been almost constant friction between Governor Li and Major Gordon. The latter repeatedly resigned, and as repeatedly resumed command. In certain letters of Major Gordon's to friends and to his official superiors in the British army, which have been published, he complains that Governor Li evidently desired to make every possible use of his foreign subordinate, but would never give him his confidence ; and that while Li was willing that the foreign-drilled corps should do its full share of fighting, he was careful to claim more than a fair share of the credit for his own Chinese troops. Gordon also charged Li with jealousy, suspicion, and distrust.

Without attempting to decide upon the justice of these charges, it should be said that Governor Li was well aware that, with the single exception of Major Gordon himself, the foreign officers in the Ward corps were fighting, not for the sake of patriotism or glory, but for dollars. They were not of the best class of foreigners. They were often insubordinate, mutinous, and not a few of them had deserted to the rebels : some, indeed, having deserted, returned and were forgiven, only to repeat the same routine a second and even a third time. And Governor Li never forgot a fact of which Major Gordon often reminded him, that the latter was, first, last, and always, a British officer ; that his sole loyalty was due to the queen ; and that, while he labored for what he considered to be the best interests of China, those interests were never allowed to hold more than a secondary or subordinate position in his mind. He had no sympathy with the idea, "China for the Chinese," which dominated Li's thoughts and purposes ; but looked at every question from the standpoint of a British subject. In other words, he would have fought for the rebels as bravely as he fought against them, had he been convinced that their victory would have better promoted the interests of Great Britain, which, to him, were coincident with the interests of civilization throughout the earth. It is not to be wondered at that

LI HUNG CHANG IN 1894. AGE 72.

under such circumstances Governor Li used Major Gordon, but did not give him his confidence.

Other circumstances which happened about the same time, and of which the Chinese governor was fully informed, may well have both intensified, and to a great degree justified, his reserve. A British subject employed by the Chinese government in the customs service had been sent by it to England with funds for the purchase or construction of a number of gunboats, as a first step toward the establishment of a Chinese navy. He brought back to China a fine fleet, larger and far more expensive than his instructions had called for, officered exclusively by Englishmen, and having a distinguished British naval officer as its admiral. The fact was developed almost at once, upon the arrival of the fleet in Chinese waters, that a provision existed in the contract under which this admiral had consented to serve, that he would obey no orders given by any Chinese authority, the emperor himself not excepted, unless such orders were countersigned by the agent who engaged him ; and the agent bound himself to countersign no such orders unless in his judgment they were "reasonable." It is hardly neces-

sary to add that this fleet was at once broken up, the admiral returned to Europe by an early steamer, and the agent who proposed to seat himself above the emperor found no further scope for his services in China.

The military skill shown by Li in the suppression of the Tai Ping rebellion and in crushing out the last scattered bands of the insurgents, and the energy, good sense, and administrative ability manifested by him in restoring order and prosperity to the devastated districts, largely increased his influence at court, and made his promotion to the highest offices in the state a certainty.

LI HUNG CHANG IN 1895. UNDER THE LEFT EYE IS THE MARK MADE BY AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET.

It was not, however, until the summer of 1870, that the pressure of events induced the Chinese government to summon Li to the high post which, until recently, he has continuously held, and where he has been, in the eyes of the Western world, at once the exponent and leader of progress in China. A fearful massacre had occurred at Tientsin in June of that year, in which the lives of twenty-three foreigners, including the French consul and his wife, had been taken, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and, as was well known, with the connivance and open encouragement of the highest local authorities of the city. The viceroy of the province was Tseng Kuo Fan, one of the ablest of Chinese statesmen, and the patron, instructor, and lifelong friend of Li Hung Chang. He was broken in health because of advancing years and of continuous and exhausting service to his country. He was unequal to the task of satisfying the demands of foreign governments for punishment and reparation for the massacre and restoring order; and, at his own request and suggestion, he was transferred to a less arduous post, and his pupil, Li, was appointed viceroy of Chihli in his stead. This viceroyalty, though the least lucrative of any in the empire, is the most sought after and the most honorable of any, since the capital is located within its limits, and hence the viceroy becomes guardian of the person of His Imperial Majesty. Tientsin, distant eighty-five miles from Peking, is the seaport of the capital, though situated not upon the sea, but upon a navigable river; and here, since the massacre of 1870, has been located the residence of the viceroy.

This office, however honorable, is still purely local, and would, by itself, have given to Li neither the scope nor opportunity for the exercise of the great abilities of which he is possessed. He has held, in point of fact, four offices almost continuously since 1870, of which the viceroyalty is by far the least in importance. They are as follows:

Viceroy of Chihli.

Secretary to the Grand Council of State.

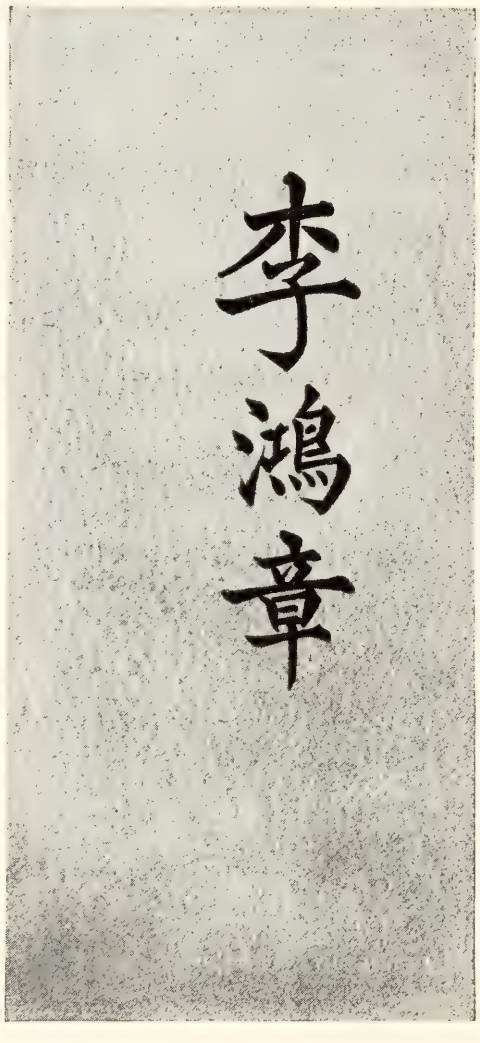
Superintendent of Foreign Trade for the Northern Ports.

Superintendent of Coast Defence for the Northern District.

In addition to and continuous with these he has held various other offices—such, for example, as Senior Guardian of the Heir Apparent—which, being mainly honorary, and important only as marks of imperial favor, need not be considered here.

A moment's consideration will show the enormous burden of responsibility thus placed upon the shoulders of one man

under the Chinese system, where duties legislative, executive, judicial, military, and naval are commonly combined, and often confused. It will also serve to exhibit the almost limitless range of opportunity afforded for the exercise of his powers. As Secretary to the Grand Council of State, all questions of national import, whether referring to the internal administration of affairs, the outlying dependencies of the empire, or the foreign policy of the government, came under his review, required his study, and called for decision at his hands. It was Li's duty to prepare the roads for the burial of a dead emperor in 1875, and to give counsel and aid in resistance to French encroachments in Cochin China in 1883; to attend to the transport of four sticks of timber from the sea to Peking, where they were to serve as lantern poles in the Temple of Heaven, in 1880, and in the same year to adjust the Kuldja question, which at the time threatened to bring on war between China and Russia; to receive the complaint of a vice-consul that he had been called bad names by a naughty boy upon the street and soothe his wounded feelings, and to turn from that to the question of succession to the imperial throne.



LI HUNG CHANG'S VISITING CARD. THE CARD BEARS SIMPLY THE NAME LI HUNG CHANG.

As Superintendent of Foreign Trade for the Northern Ports, Li's opportunities and responsibilities were hardly less than those barely hinted at above. All questions of commercial intercourse, of treaty interpretation, and of regulations for traffic under the treaties, came to him as a matter of course. Treaty-making itself formed no inconsiderable portion of his duties, and it is probable that within the quarter of a century since his appointment to Tientsin, he has concluded more treaties than the Chinese Foreign Office at Peking; while it is practically certain that his advice has been sought, and in a large degree followed, in regard to every such convention negotiated by the latter body.

In his position as Superintendent of Coast Defence for the northern half of the empire, Li Hung Chang found himself practically forced to play the *rôle* of creator, and here he doubtless found his responsibilities and opportunities most thoroughly in line with his tastes. Unless account be taken of a few earthworks mounted with antique guns, valuable only to a collector of relics of a past age, and of an immense number of harmless war junks, nothing existed that could be called a defence of the most vital part of the empire. Everything was to be built up from the foundation. And the only limitation to the opportunity of the Superintendent was his own exceedingly limited knowledge of modern military and naval systems, the total absence of trained subordinates qualified to aid and advise him, and the fact that the exceedingly liberal allowance of funds placed within his control for these purposes still was exhaustible.

Such were the duties, briefly outlined, which "the great viceroy" took upon his shoulders when, more than a quarter of a century ago, he obeyed the command of his imperial master, and established himself at Tientsin. The mere mention of such widely diversified and enormous labors appears sufficient to convince any person of their impracticability during an ordinary lifetime when undertaken by a single individual, even though every circumstance were unqualifiedly favorable. That anything of moment was accomplished implies an almost superhuman versatility of talent, a capacity for labor without rest, a power of organization and an executive ability almost without limit. Compared with such a task the labors of Hercules sink into the merest child's play.

It must not be imagined that Li carried

on his patriotic efforts without opposition. He was hampered, interfered with, and deceived on every hand. Superstition, ignorance, self-interest, and hostile political influence, each singly, or all in combination, were brought to bear against him and his plans. Some of his own subordinates were incompetent to perform the duties intrusted to them, because of ignorance. Others sold their opinion to the highest bidder, and, having received their price, delivered this bought advice to their superior. And still others, having failed to secure a purchaser of their favor, either wilfully misused or maliciously destroyed the articles bought, and then reported upon them as having been originally worthless.

Nor, if one is to speak with candor and fairness, can the native subordinates of the viceroy be held alone responsible for the difficulties placed in his way. Guns purchased abroad at an extremely liberal price proved, on trial, to have been manufactured exclusively for the Chinese market, and could be safely guaranteed to explode at the first discharge. And, naturally, the shocking accidents which resulted from such dishonesty became the basis for complaints against the viceroy by his political enemies. Foreigners engaged to enter the Chinese service at high salaries and for a term of years proved, on reaching their post of duty, to have such extremely lordly views as to render their employment impossible. After having performed no more serious labor for many months than signing a monthly receipt for their salaries, it became necessary to hire them to cancel their contracts and return whence they came. Combinations, either selfish or dishonest, were formed among foreigners or natives, or both, by which the mind of the viceroy was poisoned against other foreigners invited to enter his service who were both honest and competent, with the result that their employment was prevented. And a similar course was often and successfully pursued to destroy the effect of sound and judicious advice given by those not in the viceroy's service, whose only object was to render him friendly and unselfish aid. Still others, both native and foreign, who were actuated by no improper motives, yet lacked the courage to give sound advice which might prove unpalatable, and took what they thought the course safer for themselves, that of encouraging and confirming the viceroy in mistaken ideas.

Two or three illustrations of the opposition, difficulties, and dishonesty which surrounded Li may be of interest. Only those are recited which have come within the immediate knowledge of the writer of this article. The viceroy having placed expensive machinery in the Kai Ping coal mines, with a view to furnish supplies of coal for the naval and mercantile marine, a high official at Peking appealed to the throne, asking that the mines might be closed and the viceroy held guilty and punished for sacrilege, upon the ground that the extraction of coal by machinery disturbed the bones of His Imperial Majesty's ancestors, then calmly reposing in the imperial cemetery, some forty miles distant from the mines. Another official, upon a different occasion, besought the emperor to command Li to cease all his modern innovations and to report himself for punishment, upon the ground that the introduction by him of foreign arts and appliances had angered the imperial dragon, thus causing the unusually heavy rains of that summer, which had resulted in floods, with large loss of property and life. Of a large consignment of heavy guns bought in England, three exploded upon being fired for the first time, killing and wounding nearly forty Chinese soldiers. An examination of the remaining guns proved that each had been dishonestly constructed and was worthless and dangerous. This catastrophe was made the basis of a very serious charge against the viceroy of Peking.

Two French naval officers were engaged for a term of five years, at salaries largely in excess of any amount they could hope to receive in their own service, to instruct Chinese young men in naval matters and generally to aid in the development of a Chinese navy. Upon arrival at Tientsin they made such preposterous demands as to their rank and authority as rendered their employment out of the question. The viceroy appealed to the French diplomatic and consular authorities, who substantially supported the claims of their countrymen. He then sought to reach a compromise by which their contracts might be cancelled upon payment of a moderate sum, but was informed, again with the sanction and support of the French authorities, that the contract would be surrendered only upon payment of the full sum promised for five years' service. The discussion of the question dragged on for nearly two years, during which the French officers did no duty beyond drawing their salaries regularly, when the viceroy, disgusted and weary, paid the full amount claimed and homeward travelling expenses.

Thereupon the Frenchmen departed. The late Admiral Shufeldt was invited in 1880 to come to Tientsin by the viceroy, and to take entire charge of the organization and development of the Chinese navy. He accepted the invitation, and reached Tientsin in the summer of 1881. Shortly after his arrival he was waited upon by a foreign subordinate of the viceroy, who proposed a partnership and division of the spoils, with a frank warning that, if his offer was refused, nothing should come of the admiral's visit to China. Admiral Shufeldt's only answer was to show his visitor to the door. The visitor's threat was made good, and nothing came of the viceroy's offer.

And it will do no harm to say that the adoption of modern ways and implements has not always been devoid of ludicrous results. The writer will not soon forget one instance of this. The viceroy had provided himself with a military band of Chinese musicians, who had been patiently drilled and taught by an American musician until they could play a considerable range of martial and miscellaneous foreign music with a fair measure of success. One bright afternoon in midwinter the viceroy came to a hotel in Tientsin to call upon the writer. His Excellency came in his official chair, preceded and followed by a military escort of cavalry and infantry, his entire staff mounted, numerous bearers of red umbrellas and other insignia of rank, the whole extensive cortege being led by the Chinese military band. Banners waved; uniforms, swords, and gun-barrels glittered in the sunlight; the musical instruments were well cared for and highly polished; and everything caught and fascinated the eye. But to the ear the result was different; for the musicians were blowing away with all their might, and "the man with the big bass drum" was beating out that once familiar but undignified air, "Tommy, make room for your uncle."

It must not be assumed that Li was exclusively surrounded by men who were either entirely ignorant, selfish, or corrupt. While there were far too many of such about him, he still had a large number of devoted, unselfish assistants. Had this not been the case, any substantial progress would have been impossible. And what was of equally vital importance, he was always fully sustained in all essential points by the authorities at Peking. In spite of almost constant memorials and complaints, his course was approved, full power and authority given him, and as liberal supplies of funds as the revenues of the empire would allow. There is no reason to believe that Li ever lost the confidence and approval of the emperor and cabinet, excepting, possibly, for a short time during the recent disastrous war with Japan. The Tartar monarch trusted fully in the intelligence, devotion, and patriotism of his Chinese servant, and well has that trust been deserved. No servant was ever more devoted and loyal.

Upon the other hand, Li has not received at the hands of Western governments and their representatives that cordial sympathy and support in his efforts to build up a modern China capable of self-defence and self-development, which he would naturally feel that he might reasonably expect. Great Britain, until recently at least the leader in influence in China, while keenly watchful to extend and develop her commerce, has always sought to discourage China and the Chinese from undertaking manufacturing industries; going, indeed, to the extent of refusing to sustain her own subjects in efforts to establish factories there, upon the ground that the introduction of modern methods of manufacture in China would lessen her own trade. While such a policy may be consistent, it hardly deserves to be described as friendly. The other European powers which have any practical interest in Chinese affairs, as a rule, make no secret of the fact that their policy is not to aid China in the development of her resources, and a consequent increase of strength, but rather to keep her in her present condition. Even the United States has not always followed the line nor shown the sympathy which might naturally have been expected. In 1875 the viceroy Li requested a distinguished officer of our army, then in China, to prepare for him a scheme for the establishment of a Chinese military school of similar scope and purpose to our own establishment at West Point. The request was gladly complied with. But when these facts were reported by our diplomatic agent at Peking to the Department of State, the distinguished gentleman then at the head of our foreign affairs mildly rebuked his subordinate in China, with the remark that it was the policy of the United States to aid and encourage China only in the peaceful arts of commerce.

A more serious illustration of what the writer believes to have been a mistaken line of policy on our part came later. Probably the most wise and practical step taken in modern times by China was that of send-

ing a large number of her young men to this country to be thoroughly educated. While the credit of originating this scheme belongs to the Honorable Yung Wing, himself a graduate of Yale College, it owed its adoption to Viceroy Li. Its acceptance by him, and approval by the Peking authorities, was due to the fact that it opened the way, as they believed, to the admission of a considerable number of the brightest and best of those young men, after the necessary preliminary study, to our military and naval schools at West Point and Annapolis. It is safe to say that not a boy would have been sent to this country, except for that belief, and that by this means they hoped to secure trained naval and military officers of their own race. When the proper time arrived, formal application for this favor was made and repeated without success for three years, when, disheartened by failure, the students were all withdrawn to China. Li and the Peking authorities always fully understood that no assurance or encouragement had been given that Chinese students would be admitted to our schools. But Japanese students were then and have repeatedly since been admitted to the Naval Academy, some of whom showed the results of their training in the battle off the mouth of the Yalu River, in the summer of 1894. The viceroy may well be pardoned for an inability to discover the reason for the exclusion of his own students and the coincident admission of those from an equally alien and rival nation.

To one who watched the progress of the recent deplorable conflict between China and Japan with interest and any degree of intelligence, it seems impossible to resist the conclusion that the most fatal mistake made by the distinguished viceroy at Tientsin in his efforts for the past twenty-five years to enable China to defend herself, was his failure to establish, at the very beginning of his course of reform, thoroughly equipped naval and military schools for the training of officers. No effort should have been shirked, no expense refused, to accomplish this; for, without these schools, all other preparations for defence or attack are practically worthless. There is reason to believe that the viceroy, in a measure at least, realized this fact, but that upon this one point he failed to secure the necessary endorsement from Peking. Had such schools been established, or had our government consented to the training of, say, forty Chinese young men in our schools, the result of the recent war would have been far different, or, what is more likely, it would not have taken place.

The Corean question has played so prominent a part in recent events in the East, the outcome of which appears to have been so disastrous to China, and personally to Li, that it deserves some extended notice here. A glance at the map will show that the autonomy of the Corean kingdom is important, if not essential, to any continued peace between China and Japan. Neither could hold it without at least being suspected of menacing the rights of the other. Its possession by any European power ought not to be admitted by either of those great Oriental nations, since such possession would threaten the integrity of both. The temptation furnished by the weakness of Corea and its peculiar strategic position, which might lead to its seizure by Russia, was long since recognized by both China and Japan. In 1884 a distinguished Japanese official proposed, in an informal conversation with the writer, that this danger might best be guarded against by a tripartite alliance between the United States, Japan, and China, which should guarantee the independence of Corea. He was recommended to seek such an alliance between his own government and China, but informed that the United States would probably refuse to burden itself with such responsibility. And he declared that Japan would gladly enter upon such a compact with the Chinese.

The last named power had, for many centuries, held peculiar relations with the peninsular kingdom, which, in default of any more accurate term to describe them, have been regarded as those of suzerain and vassal. Such they most decidedly were not, whatever else they may have been. The Chinese themselves have always described this relationship as that of elder to younger brother in the old patriarchal system which really forms the basis of their own form of government. Substantially, the Chinese position was that they did not purpose to interfere with Corea themselves, and would allow no one else to do so: a position similar in many points to the Monroe Doctrine, of which much is being heard. When, therefore, China had her suspicions aroused regarding the designs of Russia upon Corea, she, moved largely by the advice of Li Hung Chang, decided to advise her weaker neighbor, as one measure of protection, to enter into treaty relations with the principal Western nations. Li was appointed general adviser to the Corean government, a position which he has since

continuously held, and the United States government was chosen with which to make the first treaty. Duly authorized commissioners were sent by the King of Corea in January, 1882, to Tientsin; the writer of this sketch, as directed by the Department of State, went there to aid in the negotiation, and the treaty, article by article, and word by word, was discussed and arranged between him and the Chinese viceroy. The line of action desired by Li was an exceedingly delicate one, and involved him in no easy task. He knew that governments made treaties with other equally independent powers only. He desired to arrange for the admission of Corea into the family of nations, at the same time not only preserving that peculiar relationship between Corea and his own government, but to go a step farther, and secure an admission of that relationship in the text of each treaty. Accordingly, at an early point of the negotiations, he presented the draft of an article, carefully drawn by himself, which recited in substance that while for many hundred years China had exercised peculiar relations toward Corea (the exact phrase is untranslatable into English), yet she never interfered either in the domestic affairs or foreign relations of Corea, and hence the existence of those relations was a matter of no concern to the United States. He was at once informed that such an article could find no place in the proposed treaty. A discussion lasting, with some interruptions, for nearly two weeks followed, and Li only gave up the point upon being informed that if he persisted no treaty could be made. But the shrewd Oriental diplomat, beaten at one point, essayed another; and upon the signing of the treaty by Admiral Shufeldt at Chemulpo, in Corea, some two months later, he was presented with an autograph letter from the King of Corea to the President of the United States, which was found to contain precisely the same phrase which Li had vainly sought to have incorporated in the text of the treaty. It need not be said that President Arthur's reply to this letter gave no occasion to either Coreans or Chinese to hope that in establishing treaty relations with the former we would recognize any connection between her and the imperial power upon her western border other than that of good neighborliness and friendship.

When the establishment of conventions with Corea was followed by the appointment of diplomatic agents to reside at Seoul, Li Hung Chang, in whose hands the management of affairs between China and Corea had been left, appointed a *protégé* of his own to represent him at the Corean capital. Unless he has been sadly maligned, this gentleman, by his overbearing and arrogant manners, and by open hostility to and secret intrigue against the Japanese, whose interests in the country largely exceeded all others, did much to render a delicate situation dangerous and to provoke a power not averse to a trial of strength with China, to a declaration of war. The burden of the war fell, therefore, with natural yet peculiar heaviness, upon Li.

It is unnecessary to catalogue the number or variety of lines of improvement which Li Hung Chang has followed, or the new ideas which he has brought before the officials and people of China. While naturally his first thought and the will of the government were in the line of defence, and hence his greatest efforts were given to military and naval affairs, the range of his labors has extended far beyond any such boundaries, and includes nearly everything which bears upon the welfare of human kind. Schools, hospitals, refuges in which victims of the opium habit may be cured, a model farm, a new seed or plant, new bridges, good roads—all these have been brought before his people, and their benefits and advantages made apparent by practical object lessons.

Of necessity his failures have been many, and some of them serious. Yet the wonder is that he met with any degree of success; and no prophet would have been found sufficiently venturesome, a quarter of a century ago, to predict the transformation which Li, almost single-handed, has wrought in the attitude of his people towards modern ideas, and the amount of practical progress made by them.

It is far too soon to wisely estimate the final value of the services of Li Hung Chang to his race and nation. The world of to-day may well bow the head to him as to a hero who has fought a magnificent fight and, almost unaided, broken the path for his people to a new and grander national development. Future generations of his countrymen, long after his ashes have been placed beside his ancestors in An Huei, will rightly and finally determine the value of his labors, and give him fitting place in the long line of their patriots and statesmen. To them may be safely left this duty.

THE PICKETS.

By Robert W. Chambers,

Author of "The King in Yellow" and "The Red Republic."

"We be of one blood, you and I!"
—Kipling.

"HI, Yank!"

"Shut up!" replied Alden, wriggling to the edge of the rifle-pit. Connor also crawled a little higher and squinted through the chinks of the pine logs.

"Hey, Johnny!" he called across the river, "are you that clay-eatin' Cracker with green lamps on your pilot?"

"O Yank! Are yew the U. S. mewl with a C. S. A. brand on yewr head-stall?"

"Shut up!" replied Connor, sullenly.

A jeering laugh answered him from across the river.

"He had you there, Connor," observed Alden, with faint interest.

Connor took off his blue cap and examined the bullet-hole in the crown.

"C. S. A. brand on my head-stall, eh!" he repeated, savagely, twirling the cap between his dirty fingers.

"You called him a clay-eating Cracker," observed Alden; "and you referred to his spectacles as green lanterns on his pilot."

"I'll show him whose head-stall is branded," muttered Connor, shoving his smoky rifle through the log-crack.

Alden slid down to the bottom of the shallow pit, and watched him apathetically. He gasped once or twice, threw open his jacket at the throat, and stuffed a filthy handkerchief into the crown of his cap, arranging the ends as a shelter for his neck.

Connor lay silent, his right eye fastened upon the rifle-sight, his dusty army shoes crossed behind him. One yellow sock had slipped down over the worn shoe-heel and laid bare a dust-begrimed ankle-bone.

Suddenly Connor's rifle cracked; the echoes rattled and clattered away through the woods; a thin cloud of pungent vapor slowly drifted straight upward, shredding into filmy streamers among the tangled branches overhead.

"Get him?" asked Alden, after a silence.

"Nope," replied Connor. Then he addressed himself to his late target across the river:

"Hello, Johnny!"

"Hi, Yank!"

"How close?"

"Hey?"

"How close?"

"What, sonny?"

"My shot, you fool!"

"Why, sonny!" called back the Confederate, in affected surprise, "was yew a-shootin' at me?"

Bang! went Connor's rifle again. A derisive catcall answered him, and he turned furiously to Alden.

"Oh, let up," said the young fellow; "it's too hot for that."

Connor was speechless with rage, and he hastily jammed another cartridge into his long hot rifle; but Alden roused himself, brushed away a persistent fly, and crept up to the edge of the pit again.

"Hello, Johnny!" he shouted.

"That you, sonny?" replied the Confederate.

"Yes; say, Johnny, shall we call it square until four o'clock?"

"What time is it?" replied the cautious Confederate; "all our expensive gold watches is bein' repaired at Chickamauga."

At this taunt Connor showed his teeth, but Alden laid one hand on his arm and sang out: "It's two o'clock, Richmond time; Sherman has just telegraphed us from your State-house."

"Wall, in that case this crool war is over," replied the Confederate sharp-shooter; "we'll be easy on old Sherman."

"See here!" cried Alden; "is it a truce until four o'clock?"

"All right! Your word, Yank!"

"You have it!"

"Done!" said the Confederate, coolly rising to his feet and strolling down to the river bank, both hands in his pockets.

Alden and Connor crawled out of their ill-smelling dust-wallow, leaving their rifles behind them.

"Whew! It's hot, Johnny," said Alden, pleasantly. He pulled out a stained pipe, blew into the stem, polished the bowl with his sleeve, and sucked wistfully at the end. Then he went and sat down beside Connor, who had improvised a fishing outfit from his ramrod, a bit of string, and a rusty hook.

The Confederate rifleman also sat down on his side of the stream, puffing luxuriously

on a fragrant corncob pipe. Alden watched him askance, sucking the stem of his own empty pipe. After a minute or two, Connor dug up a worm from the roots of a beech tree with his bayonet, fixed it to the hook, flung the line into the muddy current, and squatted gravely on his haunches, chewing a leaf stem.

Presently the Confederate soldier raised his head and looked across at Alden.

"What's yewr name, sonny?" he asked.

"Alden," replied the young fellow, briefly.

"Mine's Craig," observed the Confederate; "what's yewr regiment?"

"Two Hundred and Sixtieth New York; what's yours, Mr. Craig?"

"Ninety-third Maryland, *Mister* Alden."

"Quit that throwin' sticks in the water!" growled Connor. "How do you s'pose I'm goin' to catch anythin'?"

Alden tossed his stick back into the brush-heap and laughed.

"How's your tobacco, Craig?" he called out.

"Bully! How's yewr coffee 'n' tack, Alden?"

"First rate!" replied the youth.

After a silence he said, "Is it a go?"

"You bet," said Craig, fumbling in his pockets. He produced a heavy twist of Virginia tobacco, laid it on a log, hacked off about three inches with his sheath-knife, and folded it up in a big green sycamore leaf. This again he rolled into a corn-husk, weighted it with a pebble; then, stepping back, he hurled it into the air, saying, "Deal square, Yank!"

The tobacco fell at Alden's feet. He picked it up, measured it carefully with his clasp-knife, and called out: "Two and three-quarters, Craig. What do you want, hard-tack or coffee?"

"Tack," replied Craig; "don't stint!"

Alden laid out two biscuits. As he was about to hack a quarter from the third, he happened to glance over the creek at his enemy. There was no mistaking the expression in his face. Starvation was stamped on every feature.

When Craig caught Alden's eye, he spat with elaborate care, whistled a bar of the "Bonny Blue Flag," and pretended to yawn.

Alden hesitated, glanced at Connor, then placed three whole biscuit in the corn-husk, added a pinch of coffee, and tossed the parcel over to Craig.

That Craig longed to fling himself upon the food and devour it was plain to Alden, who was watching his face. But he didn't; he strolled leisurely down the bank, picked up the parcel, weighed it critically before opening it, and finally sat down to examine the contents. When he saw that the third cracker was whole and that a pinch of coffee had been added, he paused in his examination and remained motionless on the bank, head bent. Presently he looked up and asked Alden if he had made a mistake. The young fellow shook his head and drew a long puff of smoke from his pipe, watching it curl out of his nose with interest.

"Then I'm obliged to yew, Alden," said Craig; "'low I'll eat a snack to see it ain't pizened."

He filled his lean jaws with the dry biscuit, then scooped up a tin cup full of water from the muddy river and set the rest of the cracker to soak.

"Good?" queried Alden.

"Fair," drawled Craig, bolting an unchewed segment and choking a little. "How's the twist?"

"Fine," said Alden; "tastes like stable-sweepings."

They smiled at each other across the stream.

"Sa-a-y," drawled Craig, with his mouth full, "when yew're out of twist, jest yew sing out, sonny."

"All right," replied Alden. He stretched back in the shadow of a sycamore and watched Craig with pleasant eyes.

Presently Connor had a bite and jerked his line into the air.

"Look yere," said Craig, "that ain't no way for to ketch red-horse. Yew want a ca'tridge on foh a sinker, sonny."

"What's that?" inquired Connor, suspiciously.

"Put on a sinker."

"Go on, Connor," said Alden.

Connor saw him smoking, and sniffed anxiously. Alden tossed him the twist, telling him to fill his pipe.

Presently Connor found a small pebble and improvised a sinker. He swung his line again into the muddy current, with a mechanical sidelong glance to see what Craig was doing, and settled down again on his haunches, smoking and grunting.

"Enny news, Alden?" queried Craig after a silence.

"Nothing much; except that Richmond has fallen," grinned Alden.

"Quit foolin'," urged the Southerner; "ain't there no news?"

"No. Some of our men down at Mud Pond got sick eating catfish. They caught them in the pond. It appears you Johnnys used the pond as a cemetery, and our men got sick eating the fish."

"That so?" drawled Craig; "too bad. Lots of yewr men was in Long Pond too, I reckon."

In the silence that followed two rifle-shots sounded faint and dull from the distant forest.

"'Nother great Union victory," drawled Craig. "Extry! Extry! Richmond is took!"

Alden laughed and puffed at his pipe.

"We licked the boots off of the 30th Texas last Monday," he said.

"Sho!" drawled Craig; "what did you go a lickin' their boots for—blackin'?"

"Oh, shut up!" said Connor from the bank; "I can't ketch no fish if you two fools don't quit jawin'."

The sun was dipping below the pine-clad ridge, flooding river and wood with a fierce radiance. The spruce needles glittered, edged with gold; every broad, green leaf wore a heart of gilded splendor, and the muddy waters of the river rolled onward like a flood of precious metal, heavy, burnished, noiseless.

From a balsam bough a thrush uttered three timid notes; a great, gauzy-winged grasshopper drifted blindly into a clump of sun-scorched weeds, click! click! cr-r-r-r!

"Purty, ain't it," said Craig, looking at the thrush. Then he swallowed the last morsel of muddy hard-tack, wiped his beard on his cuff, hitched up his trousers, took off his green glasses, and rubbed his eyes.

"A he catbird sings purtier, though," he said, with a yawn.

Alden drew out his watch, puffed once or twice, and stood up, stretching his arms in the air.

"It's four o'clock," he began, but was cut short by a shout from Connor.

"Gee whiz!" he yelled, "what have I got on this here pole?"

The ramrod was bending, the line swaying heavily in the current.

"It's four o'clock, Connor," said Alden, keeping a wary eye on Craig.

"That's all right!" called Craig; "the time's extended till yewr friend lands that there fish."

"Pulls like a porpoise," grunted Connor. "I bet it busts my ramrod!"

"Does it pull?" grinned Craig.

"Yes, a dead weight!"

"Don't it jerk kinder this way an' that," asked Craig, much interested.

"Naw," said Connor; "the bloody thing jest pulls steady."

"Then it ain't no red-horse; it's a catfish!"

"Huh!" sneered Connor; "don't I know a catfish? This ain't no catfish, lemme tell yer!"

"Then it's a log," laughed Alden.

"By gum! here it comes," panted Connor; "here, Alden, jest you ketch it with my knife; hook the blade, blame ye!"

Alden cautiously descended the red bank of mud, holding on to roots and branches, and bent over the water. He hooked the big-bladed clasp-knife like a scythe, set the spring, and leaned out over the water.

"Now!" muttered Connor.

An oily circle appeared upon the surface of the turbid water,—another and another. A few bubbles rose and floated upon the tide.

Then something black appeared just beneath the bubbles, and Alden hooked it with his knife and dragged it shoreward. It was the sleeve of a man's coat.

Connor dropped his ramrod and gaped at the thing. Alden would have loosed it, but the knife-blade was tangled in the sleeve.

He turned a sick face up to Connor.

"Pull it in," said the older man. "Here, give it to me, lad——"

When at last the silent visitor lay upon the bank, they saw it was the body of a Union cavalryman. Alden stared at the dead face, fascinated; Connor mechanically counted the yellow chevrons upon the blue sleeve, now soaked black. The muddy water ran over the baked soil, spreading out in dust-covered pools; the spurred boots trickled slime. After a while both men turned their heads and looked at Craig. The Southerner stood silent and grave, his battered cap in his hand. They eyed each other quietly for a moment, then, with a vague gesture, the Southerner walked back into his pit and presently reappeared, trailing his rifle.

Connor had already begun to dig with his bayonet, but he glanced up sharply at the rifle in Craig's hands. Then he looked searchingly into the eyes of the Southerner. Presently he bent his head and quietly continued digging.

It was after sunset before he and Alden finished the shallow grave, Craig watching them in silence, his rifle between his knees. When they were ready they rolled the body into the hole and stood up.

Craig also rose, raising his rifle to a "present." He held it there while the two Union soldiers shovelled the earth into the grave. Then Alden went back and lifted the two rifles from the pit, handed Connor his, and waited.

"Ready!" growled Connor. "Aim!"

Alden's rifle came to his shoulder. Craig also raised his rifle.

"Fire!"

Three times the three shots rang out in the wilderness, over the unknown grave. After a moment or two Alden nodded good-night to Craig across the river, and walked slowly toward his rifle-pit. Connor shambled after him. As he turned to lower himself into the pit he called across the river, "Good-night, Craig!"

"Good-night, Connor," said Craig.

TO A WEED.

By Gertrude Hall.

You bold thing! thrusting 'neath the very nose
Of her fastidious majesty, the rose,
Ev'n in the best ordained garden-bed,
Unauthorized, your smiling little head!

The gardener,—mind,—will come in his big boots
And drag you up by your rebellious roots,
And cast you forth to shrivel in the sun,
Your daring quelled, your little weed's life done.

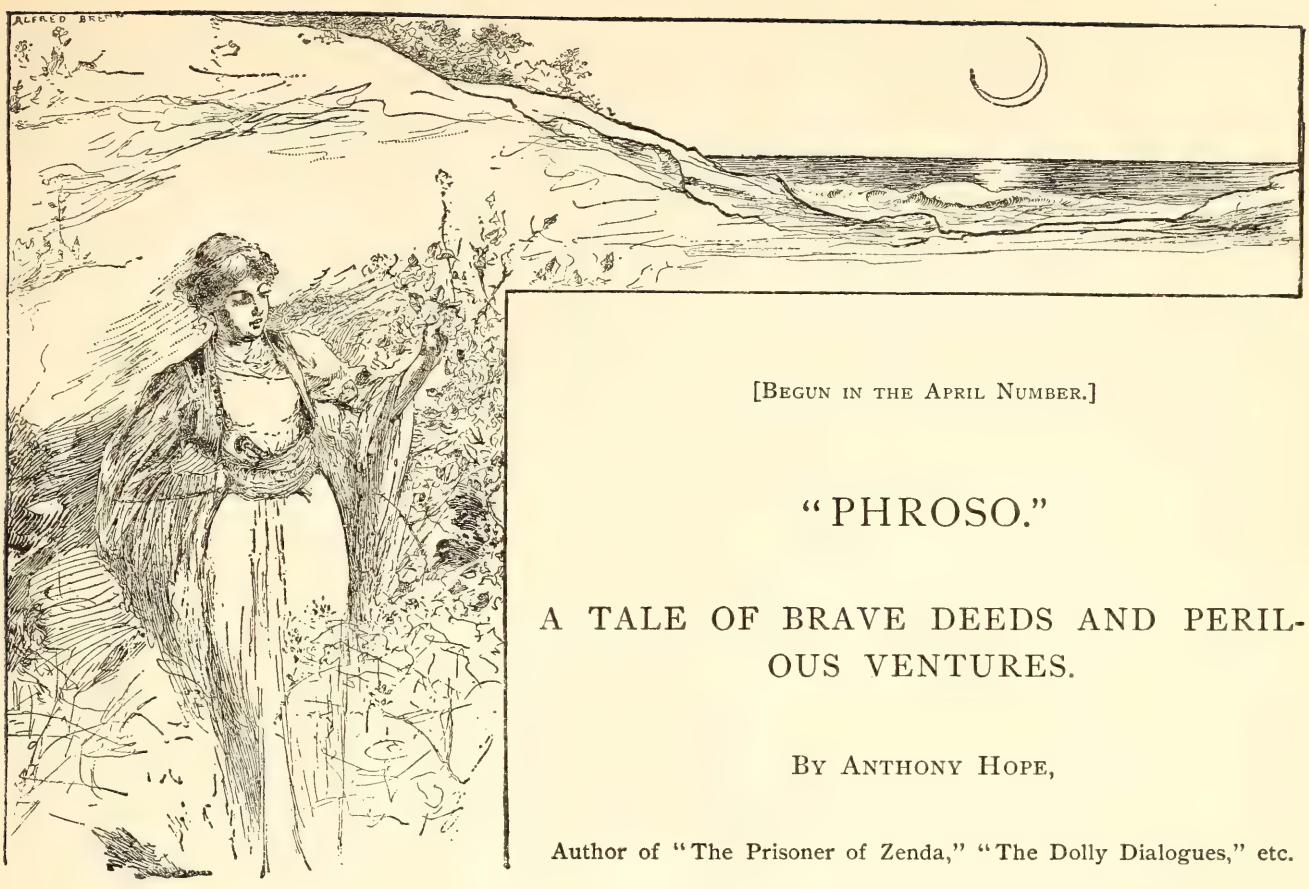
And when the noon cools and the sun drops low,
He'll come again with his big wheelbarrow
And trundle you,—I don't know clearly where,—
But *off*—outside the dew, the light, the air.

Meantime—ah, yes! the air is very blue,
And gold the light, and diamond the dew,—
You laugh and courtesy in your worthless way,
And you are gay—ah, so exceeding gay!

You argue in your manner of a weed,
You did not make yourself grow from a seed,
You fancy you've a claim to standing-room,
You dream yourself a right to breathe and bloom.

The sun loves you, you think, just as the rose;
He never scorned you for a weed,—*he knows*,
The green-gold flies rest on you, and are glad,
It's only cross old gardeners find you bad. . . .

You know, you weed, *I quite agree with you;*
I am a weed myself, and I laugh too,—
Both, just as long as we can shun his eye,
Let's sniff at the old gardener trudging by!



[Begun in the April Number.]

"PHROSO."

A TALE OF BRAVE DEEDS AND PERILOUS VENTURES.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

A PUBLIC PROMISE.

ON the evening of the next day I was once again with my faithful friends on board the little yacht. Furious at the trick Mouraki had played them, they rejoiced openly in his fall and mingled their congratulations to me with hearty denunciations of the dead man. In sober truth, we had every reason to be glad. Our new master was of a different stamp from Mouraki; he was a proud, reserved, honest gentleman, with no personal ends to serve. He had informed me that I must remain on the island till he received instructions concerning me, but he encouraged me to hope that my troubles were at last over. Indeed, I gathered from a hint or two which he let fall that Mouraki's end was not likely to be received with great regret in exalted circles. In fact, I have never known a death greeted with more general satisfaction. The soldiers regarded me with quiet approval; to the people of Neopalia I became a hero; everybody seemed to have learnt something at least of the story of my duel with the pasha, and everybody had been (so it now appeared) on my side.

I could not walk up the street without a shower of benedictions; the islanders fearlessly displayed their liking for me by way of declaring their hatred for Mouraki's memory and their exultation in his fitting death. In these demonstrations they were not interfered with, and the captain went so far as to shut his eyes judiciously when, under cover of night, they accorded Demetri the tribute of a public funeral. To this function I did not go, although I was informed that my presence was confidently expected; but I sought out Panayiota and told her how her lover died. She heard the story with Spartan calm and pride.

Yet there were shadows on our new-born prosperity. Most lenient and gracious to me, the captain preserved a severe and rigorous attitude toward Phroso. He sent her to her own house—or my house, as with amiable persistence he called it—and kept her there under guard. Her case would also be considered, he said, and he had forwarded my exoneration of her, together with the account of Mouraki's death; but he feared very much that she would not be allowed to remain in the island: she would be a centre of discontent there. As for my proposal to restore the island to her, he assured me that it would not be listened to for a moment. If I declined to keep the island, a proper and loyal lord would probably be selected, and Phroso would be deported.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Really, I don't know," said the captain. "It is but a small matter, my lord, and I have not troubled my superiors with any recommendation on the subject."

As he spoke he rose to go; he had been paying us a visit on the yacht, where, in obedience to his advice, I had taken up my abode. Denny, who was sitting near, gave a curious sort of laugh. I frowned fiercely; the captain looked from one to the other of us in bland curiosity.

"You take an interest in the girl?" he said, in a tone in which surprise struggled with civility; and again came Denny's half-smothered laugh.

"An interest in her?" said I irritably. "Well, I suppose I do. It looked like it when I took her through that infernal passage, didn't it?"

The captain smiled apologetically, and pursued his way towards the door. "I will try to obtain lenient treatment for her," said he, and passed out. I was left alone with Denny, who chose at this moment to begin to whistle. I glared most ill-humoredly at him. He stopped whistling, and remarked:

"By this time to-morrow our friends at home will be taking off their mourning; they will read in the papers that Lord Wheatley is not dead of fever at Neopalia, and they will not read that he has fallen a victim to the misguided patriotism of the islanders. In fact, they will be prepared to kill the fatted calf for him."

It was all perfectly true, both what Denny said and what he implied without saying. But I found no answer to make to it.

"What a happy ending it is," said Denny.

"Uncommonly," I growled, lighting a cigar.

After this there was a long silence. I smoked, Denny whistled. I saw that he was determined to say nothing more explicit unless I gave him a lead, but his whole manner exuded moral disapproval. The consciousness of his feelings kept me obstinately dumb.

"Going to stay here long?" he asked at last, in a wonderfully careless tone.

"Well, there's no hurry, is there?" I retorted aggressively.

"No; only I should have thought—well, nothing."

Again silence. Then Watkins opened the door of the cabin and announced the return of the captain. I was surprised to see him again so soon. I was more surprised when he came at me with outstretched hand and a smile of mingled amusement and reproof on his face.

"My dear lord," he exclaimed, seizing my defenceless hand. "Is this treating me quite fairly? So far as a word from you went, I was left completely in the dark. Of course, I understand now, but it was an utter surprise to me." And he shook his head with playful reproach.

"If you understand now, I confess you have the advantage of me," I returned with some stiffness. "Pray, sir, what has occurred? No doubt, it is something remarkable; I have learned to rely on Neopalia for that."

"It was remarkable in my eyes, I admit, and rather startling. But of course I acquiesced. In fact, my dear lord, it materially alters the situation. As your wife, she will be in a very different—"

"Hullo!" cried Denny, leaping up from the bench where he had been sitting.

"In a very different position, indeed," pursued the captain blandly. "We should have, if I may say so, a guarantee for her good behavior. Then we should have you to look to—a great security, as I need not tell you."

"My dear sir," said I, in exasperated pleading, "you don't seem to think you need tell me anything. Pray inform me of what has occurred and what this wonderful thing is that makes so much change."

"Indeed," said he, "if I had surprised a secret, I would apologize. But it is evidently known to all the islanders."

"Well, but I'm not an islander," I cried in growing fury.

The captain sat down, lit a cigarette very deliberately, and observed:

"It is perhaps stupid of me not to have thought of it. She is, of course, a beautiful girl, but hardly, if I may say so, your equal in position, my lord."

I jumped up and caught him by the shoulder. He might order me under arrest if he liked, but he should tell me what had happened first.

"What has occurred?" I reiterated. "Since you left us—what?"

"A deputation of the islanders, headed by their priests, came to ask my leave for the inhabitants to go up to the house and see their lady."

"Yes, yes. What for?"

"To offer her their congratulations on her betrothal—"

"What?"

"And their assurances of loyalty to her and to her husband for her sake. Oh, it simplifies the matter very much."

"Does it? And did you tell them they might go?"

"Was there any objection? Certainly. Certainly I told them they might go, and I added that I heard with great gratification that a marriage so—"

What the captain had said to the deputation I did not wait to hear. No doubt it was something highly dignified and appropriate, for he was evidently much pleased with himself. But before he could possibly have finished so ornate a sentence I was on the deck of the yacht. I heard Denny push back his chair; whether merely in wonder or in order to follow me I did not know. I leapt from the yacht on to the jetty, and started to run up the street nearly as quickly as I had run down it on the day that Mouraki was kind enough to send my friends a-fishing. At all costs I must stop the demonstrations of delight which the inconvenient innocence of these islanders was preparing.

Alas, the street was a desert! The movements of the captain were always leisurely; the impetuous islanders had wasted no time; they had got a start of me, and running up the hill after them was no joke. Against my will I was at last obliged to drop into a walk, and thus pursued my way doggedly, thinking in gloomy despair how everything conspired to push me along the road which my honor and my pledged word closed to me. Was ever man so tempted? Did ever circumstances so conspire with his own wishes, or fate make duty seem more hard?

I turned the corner of the road that led to the old house. It was here that I had first heard Phroso's voice in the darkness; here where, from the window of the hall, I had seen her lithe, graceful figure, when she came in her boy's clothes to raid my cows. A little further on was where I had said farewell to her when she went back, the grant of Neopalia in her hand, to soften the hearts of her turbulent countrymen; and where Mouraki had tried her with his guile, and intimidated her with his harshness. And there was the house where I had declared to the pasha that she should be my wife. How sweet that saying sounded in my remembering ears! Yet I swear I did not waver. Many have called me a fool for it since. I know nothing about that. Times change, and people are very wise nowadays. My father was a fool, I dare say, to give thousands to his spendthrift schoolfellow, just because he happened to have said he would.

I saw them now, the bright, picturesque crowd that thronged round the door of the house; and on the step of the threshold I saw her, standing there, tall and slim, with one hand resting on the arm of Kortes's sister. A loud cry rose from the people; she did not seem to speak. With set teeth I walked on. Now some one in the circle caught sight of me. There was another eager cry, a stir, shouts, gestures; then they turned and ran to me; and, before I could move or speak, a dozen strong hands were about me. They swung me up on their shoulders and carried me along; the rest waved their hands and cheered; they blessed me and called me their lord; the women laughed and the girls shot merry, shy glances at me. Thus they bore me in triumph to Phroso's feet. Surely I was indeed a hero in Neapolia to-day, for they had heard that through me their lady should be left to them and their island escape the punishment they feared. So they sang One-Eyed Alexander's chant no more, but burst into a glad hymn—an epithalamium—as I knelt at Phroso's feet and did not dare to lift my eyes to her fair face.

"Here's a mess!" I groaned, wondering what they had said to my poor Phroso.

Then a sudden silence fell on them. I looked up in wonder, and I saw that Phroso had raised her hand and was about to speak to them. She did not look at me; nay, she did not look at them. Her eyes were fixed on the sea that she loved. Then her voice came low, but clear:

"Friends—for all are friends here, and there are no strangers—once before in the face of all of you I have told my love for my lord, and my lord did not know that it was true; and I have not told him that it was true till I tell him here to-day. But you talk foolishly when you greet me as my lord's bride. For in his country he is a great man, and owns great wealth. But Neopalia is very small and poor. I am but a poor girl to him, though you call me your lady."

Here she paused an instant, and then went on, her voice sinking a little lower, and growing almost dreamy, as if she let herself drift idly on the waves of fancy.

"Is it strange to speak to you—to you, my brothers and sisters of our island? I do not know—I love to speak to you all. For poor as I am and as our island is, I think sometimes that had my lord come here a free man he would have loved me. But his heart was not his own, and the lady he loves waits for him at home, and he will go to her. So wish me joy no more on what cannot be."

Then, very suddenly, before I or any of them could move or speak, she withdrew inside the threshold, and the sister of Kortes swiftly closed the door. I was on my feet as it shut, and I stood facing it, my back to the islanders.

Among them at first there was an amazed silence, but soon voices began to be heard. I turned round and met their gaze. The strong yoke of Mouraki was off them; their fear had gone, and with it their meekness; they were again in the fierce, impetuous mood of St. Tryphon's day; they were exasperated at their disappointment, enraged to find the plan which left Phroso to them and relieved them of the threatened advent of a government nominee brought to nothing.

"They will take her away," said one.

"They will send us a rascally Turk," cried another.

"He shall hear the death chant then," menaced a third.

Then their anger, seeking a victim, turned on me. I do not know that I had the right to consider myself an entirely innocent victim.

"He has won her love by fraud," muttered one to another, with evil-disposed glances and ominous frowns.

I thought they were going to handle me roughly, and I felt for the revolver which the captain had been kind enough to restore to me. But a new turn was given to their thoughts by a tall fellow with long hair and flashing eyes, who leapt out from the middle of the throng, crying loudly:

"Is not Mouraki dead? Why need we fear? Shall we wait idle while our lady is taken from us? To the shore, islanders. Where is fear, since Mouraki is dead?"

His words lit a torch that blazed up furiously. In an instant they were aflame with the mad notion of attacking the soldiers and the gunboat. No voice was raised to point out the hopelessness of such an attempt, the certain death and the heavy penalties that must wait on it. The death chant broke out again, mingled with exhortations to turn and march against the soldiers, with encouragements to the tall fellow—Orestes they called him—to put himself at their head. He was not loth.

"Let us go and get our guns and our knives," he cried; "and then to the shore!"

"And this man?" called half a dozen, pointing at me.

"When we have driven out the soldiers we will deal with him," said Master Orestes. "If our lady will have him for a husband he shall wed her."

A shout of approval greeted this arrangement, and they drew together, in a sort of rude column, the women making a fringe to it. But I could not let them march on their destruction without a word of warning. I sprang on to the raised step where Phroso had stood, just outside the door, and cried:

"You fools! The guns of the ship will mow you down before you can touch a hair of the head of a single soldier."

A deep, derisive groan met my attempt at dissuasion.

"On, on!" they cried.

"It's certain death," I shouted; and now I saw one or two of the women hesitate and look first at me and then at one another with doubt and fear. But Orestes would not listen, and called again to them to take the road. Thus we were when the door behind me opened, and Phroso was again by my side. She knew how matters went, and her eyes were wild with terror and distress.

"Stop them, my lord; stop them!" she implored.

For answer I took my revolver from my pocket, saying, "I'll do what I can."

"No, no, not like that! That would be your death as well as theirs."

"Come," cried Orestes, in the pride of his sudden elevation to leadership, "come, follow me. I will lead you to victory."

"You fools, you fools!" I groaned. "In an hour half of you will be dead!"

No, they would not listen. Only the women now laid imploring hands on the arms of husbands and brothers—useless loving restraints angrily flung off.

"Stop them, stop them," prayed Phroso. "By any means, my lord, by any means."

"There is only one way," said I.

"Whatever the way may be," she urged; for now the column was facing round toward the harbor. Orestes had taken his place, swelling with importance and eager to display his prowess. In a word, Neopalia was in revolt again, and the death chant threatened to swell out in all its barbaric, simple savagery at any moment.

There was nothing else for it. I must temporize, and that word is generally, and was in this case, the equivalent of a much shorter one. I could not leave these mad fools to rush on ruin. A plan was in my head and I gave it play. I took a pace forward, raised my hand, and cried:

"Hear me before you march, Neopalians. For I am your friend."

My voice gained me a minute's silence and the column stood still, though Orestes chafed impatiently at the delay.

"You are in haste, men of Neopalia," said I. "Indeed, you are always in haste. You were in haste to kill me who had done you no harm. You are in haste to kill yourselves by marching into the mouth of the great gun of the ship. In truth, I wonder that any of you are still alive. But here in this matter you are most of all in haste; for having heard what the Lady Phroso said, you have not asked nor waited to hear what I say, but have at once gone mad, all of you, and chosen the maddest among you and made him your leader."

I do not think that they had quite expected this style of speech; they had looked for passionate reproaches or playful entreaties. Cool scorn and chaff put them rather at a loss, and my reference to Orestes, who looked sour enough, won me a hesitating laugh.

"And then, all you mad together, off you go, leaving me here, the only sane man in the place! For am not I sane? Aye, not mad enough, at least, to leave the fairest lady in the world when she says she loves me." I took Phroso's hand and kissed it. It lay limp and cold in mine. "For my home," I went on, "is a long way off, and it is long since I have seen the lady of whom you have heard; and a man's heart will not be denied." Again I kissed Phroso's hand, but I dared not look her in the face.

My meaning had dawned on them now. There was an instant's silence, the last relic of doubt and puzzle. Then a sudden loud shout went up from them. Orestes alone was sullen and mute, for my surrender deposed him from his brief eminence. Again and again they shouted in joy. I knew that their shouts must reach nearly to the harbor. Men and women crowded round me and seized my hand; nobody seemed to make any bones about the "lady who waited" for me. They were single-hearted patriots, these Neopalians.

I had observed that virtue in them several times before, and their behavior now confirmed my opinion of them. But there was, of course, a remarkable difference in the manifestation. Before, I had been the object, now I was the subject; for, by announcing my intention of marrying Phroso, I took rank as a Neopalian. Indeed, for a minute or two I was afraid that the post of generalissimo, made vacant by Orestes's deposition, would be forcibly thrust upon me.

Happily, their enthusiasm took a course which was more harmless, although it was hardly less embarrassing. They made a ring round Phroso and me, and insisted on our embracing one another in the glare of publicity. Yet somehow, I forgot them all for a moment—them all and more than them all—while I held her in my arms.

Now it chanced that the captain, Denny, and Hogvardt chose this moment for appearing on the road, in the course of a leisurely approach to the house, and they beheld Phroso and myself in a very sentimental attitude on the doorstep, with the islanders standing around in high delight. Denny's amazed "Hallo!" warned me of what had happened. The islanders, their enmity toward the suzerain power allayed as quickly as it had been roused, ran to the captain to impart the joyful news. He came up to me and bestowed his sanction by a shake of the hand.

"But why did you behave so strangely, my lord, when I wished you joy an hour or two ago on the boat?" he asked; and it was a very natural question.

"Oh, the truth is," said I, "that there was a little difficulty in the way then."

"A lovers' quarrel?" he smiled.

"Well, something like it," I admitted.

"Everything is quite right now, I hope," he said politely.

"Well, very nearly," said I, and then I met Denny's eyes.

"Am I also to congratulate you?" said Denny coldly.

There was no opportunity of explaining matters to him, the captain was too near.

"I shall be very glad if you will," I said. "And if Hogvardt will also."

Hogvardt shrugged his shoulders, raised his brows, smiled, and observed:

"I trust you are acting for the best, my lord."

Denny made no answer at all. He kicked the ground with his foot. I knew very well what was in Denny's mind. Denny was of my family on his mother's side; and Denny's eye asked, "Where is the word of a Wheatley?" All this I realized fully, and I read his mind then more clearly than I could read my own. For had we been alone and had he put to me the plain question, "Do you mean to make her your wife, or are you playing another trick?" by heaven, I should not have known what to answer! I had begun a trick; the plan was to persuade the islanders into dispersing quietly by my pretence,

and then to slip away quietly myself, trusting to their good sense—although a broken reed, yet the only resource—to make them accept an accomplished fact. But was that my mind now, since I had held Phroso in my arms and her lips had met mine in the kiss that the islanders hailed as the pledge of our union?

I did not know. I saw Phroso turn and go into the house again. The captain spoke to Denny. I saw him point up to the window of the room which Mouraki had occupied. He went in. Denny motioned Hogvardt to his side, and they also went into the house, without asking me to accompany them. Gradually the throng of islanders dispersed. Orestes flung off in sullen disappointment; the men, those who had the knives carefully hiding them, walked down the road like peaceful citizens; the women went away laughing, chattering, gossiping, delighted, as women always are with a love affair. Thus I was left alone in front of the house. It was late afternoon and the clouds had gathered over the sea. The air was very still and no sound struck my ear, except the wash of the waves on the shore. There I stood, fighting the battle, for how long I do not know; the struggle within me was very sore. On either side seemed now to lie a path that it soiled my feet to tread; on the one was a broken pledge, on the other a piece of trickery and knavishness. The joy of a love that could be mine only through dishonor was imperfect joy; yet, if that love could not be mine, life seemed too empty a thing to live. The voices of the two sounded in my ear —the light, merry prattle and the calmer, sweeter voice. Ah, this island of mine! what things it put upon a man!

At last I felt a hand laid on my shoulder; I turned, and in the quick-gathering dusk of the evening I saw Kortes's sister. She looked long and earnestly into my face.

"Well?" said I. "What is it now?"

"She must see you, my lord," answered the woman. "She must see you now and at once."

I looked again at the harbor and the sea, trying to quell the tumult of my thought and to resolve what I would do. I could find no course and settle on no resolution.

"Yes, she must see me," said I at last, and I could say nothing else.

The woman moved away, a strange bewilderment showing in her kind eyes. Again I was left alone to my restless self-communings. I heard people moving to and fro in the house. I heard the window of Mouraki's room, where the captain was, closed with a decisive hand. Then I became aware of some one approaching me. I turned and saw Phroso's white dress gleaming through the gloom, and her face nearly as white above it.

Yes, the time had come; but I was not ready.

CHAPTER XXI.

A WORD OF VARIOUS MEANINGS.

She came up to me swiftly, and without hesitation. I had looked for some embarrassment, but there was none in her face. She met my eyes full and square, and began to speak to me at once.

"My lord," she said, "I must ask one thing of you. I must lay one more burden on you. After to-day, I dare not be here when my countrymen learn how they are deluded, for I should be ashamed to face them; and I dare not trust myself to the Turks, for I do not know what they would do with me. Will you take me with you, to Athens, or to some other port from which I can reach Athens? I can elude the guards here; I shall be no trouble. You need only tell me when your boat will start, and give me a corner to live in on board. Indeed, I grieve to ask more of you, for you have done so much for me; but my trouble is great, and—what is it, my lord?"

I had moved my hand to stop her. She had acted in the one way in which, had it been to save my life, I could not have. She put what had passed utterly out of the way, treating it as the merest trick. My part in it was to her the merest trick; of hers she said nothing. Had hers, then, been a trick also? My blood grew hot at the thought; I could not endure it.

"When your countrymen learn how they have been deluded!" said I, repeating her words. "Deluded in what?"

"In the trick we played on them, my lord, to—to persuade them to disperse."

I took a step towards her, and my voice shook as I said:

"Was it all a trick, Phroso?" For at this moment I set above everything else in the world a fresh assurance of her love. I would force it from her, sooner than not have it.

She answered me with questioning eyes and a sad little smile.

"Are we then betrothed?" she said, in mournful mockery.

I was close by her now. I did not touch her, but I bent a little, and my face was near her.

"Was it a trick to-day, and a trick on St. Tryphon's day also?" I asked.

She gave one startled glance at my face, and now her eyes dropped to the ground. She made no answer to my question.

"Was it all a trick, Phroso?" I asked, in entreaty, in insistence, in the wild longing to hear her love declared once, here, to me alone, where nobody could hear, nobody impair its sweet secrecy.

Phroso's answer came now, set to the accompaniment of the saddest, softest murmuring laugh.

"Ah, my dear lord, must you hear it again? Am I not twice shamed already?"

"Be shamed yet once again," I whispered; and then I saw the light of gladness master the misty sorrow in her eyes, as I had seen once before. And I greeted it, whispering:

"Yes, a thousand times; a thousand times!"

"My dear lord," she said, but then she sprang back, and the brightness was clouded again, as she stood aloof regarding me in speechless, distressed puzzle.

"But, my lord," she murmured, so low that I scarcely heard. Then she took refuge in a return to her request: "You won't leave me here, will you? You will take me somewhere where I can be safe? I—I'm afraid of these men, even though the pasha is dead."

I took no notice of the request she repeated. I seemed unable to speak or to do anything else but look into her eyes; and I said, a tone of awe in my voice, "You have the most wonderful eyes in all the world, Phroso."

"My lord," murmured Phroso, dropping envious lids. But I knew she would open them soon again, and so she did.

"Yes, in all the wide world," said I, "and I want to hear it again."

As we talked we had moved little by little, and now we were at the side of the house, in the deep, dull shadow of it. Yet the eyes I praised pierced the gloom and shone in the darkness, and suddenly I felt arms about my neck, clasping me tightly. Her breath was on my cheek, coming quick and unevenly; and she whispered:

"Yes, you shall hear it, again and again and again, for I am not ashamed now. For I know; yes, I know. I love you, I love you, ah, how I love you!" Her whispers found answers in mine, and I held her as though against all the world; and all the world was in that moment and there was nothing else than that moment in all the world. Had a man told me then that I had felt love before, I would have laughed in his face—the fool!

But then Phroso drew back again; the brief rapture, free from all past or future, all thought or doubt, left her, and, in leaving her, forsook me also; and she stood again over against me, murmuring:

"But, my lord—"

I knew well what she would say, and for an instant I stood silent; the world hung for us on the cast of my next words.

"But, my lord, the lady who waits for you over the sea?" There sounded a note of fear in the softly breathed whisper that the night carried to my ear. In an instant, before I could answer, Phroso came near to me, and laid one hand on my arm, and spoke gently and quickly. "Yes, I know, I see, I understand," she said, "and I thank you, my lord; and I thank God, my dear lord, that you told me, and did not leave without showing me your love. For though I must be very unhappy, yet I shall be proud; and in the long nights I shall think of this dear island and of you, though you will both be far away. Yes, I thank heaven you told me, my dear lord." And she bent her head, that should have bent to no man, and kissed my hand.

But I snatched my hand hastily away, and I sprang to her and caught her again in my arms, and again kissed her lips, for my resolve was made. I would not let her go. Yet I spoke no word, and she did not understand, but thought that I kissed her in farewell, for the tears were on her face and wetted my lips; and she clung to me as though something were tearing her from me and must soon sunder us apart—so greedy was her grasp on me. And then I opened my mouth to whisper in her ear the words that would bid defiance to the thing that was tearing her away and rivet her life to mine.

But hark! There was a cry, a startled exclamation, and the sound of footsteps. My name was shouted loud and eagerly. I knew Denny's voice. Phroso slid from my relaxed arms and drew back into the deepest shadow.

"I'll be back soon," I whispered, and with a last pressure of her hand, that was warm now and answered to my grasp, I stepped out of the shelter of the wall and stood in front of the house. Denny was on the doorstep; the door was open, and the light from the lamps in the hall flooded the night and fell full on my face as I

walked up to him. And on sight of me he seemed to forget his own errand and his own eagerness, for he caught me by the shoulder and stared at me, crying:

"Heavens, man, you're as white as a sheet! Have you seen a ghost? Does Constantine walk—or Mouraki?"

"Fifty ghosts would be a joke to what I've been through. My God, I never had such a time! What do you want? What did you call me for? I can't stay. She's waiting." For now I did not care; Denny and all Neopalia might know now.

"Yes, but she must wait a little," he said. "You must come into the house and come up stairs."

"I can't," I said obstinately. "I—I—I can't, Denny."

"You must. Don't be a fool, Charley. It's important; the captain is waiting for you."

His face seemed big with news—what it might be I could not tell—but the hint of it was enough to make me catch hold of him, crying: "What is it? I'll come."

"That's right. Come along." And he turned and led the way rapidly through the old hall, and up the stairs I followed him, my mind whirling through a cloud of possibilities.

The quiet, businesslike aspect of the room into which Denny led the way did something to sober me. I pulled myself together, seeking to hide my feelings under a mask of carelessness. The captain sat at the table with a mass of papers surrounding him; he appeared to be examining them, and, as he read, his lips curved in surprise or contempt.

"This Mouraki was a cunning fellow," said he, "but if anyone had chanced to get hold of this box of his while he was alive he would not have enjoyed even so poor a post as he thought his governorship. Indeed, Lord Wheatley, had you been actually a party to his death I think you need have feared nothing when some of these papers had found their way to the eyes of the government. We are well rid of him, indeed! But then, as I always say, these Armenians, though they are clever dogs—"

But I had not come to hear a Turk discourse on Armenia, and I broke in, with an impatience that I could not altogether conceal:

"I beg your pardon, but is that all you wanted to say to me?"

"I should have thought that it was of some importance to you," he observed.

"Certainly," said I, regaining my composure a little. "But your courtesy and kindness had already reassured me."

He bowed his acknowledgments, and proceeded in a most leisurely tone, sorting the papers and documents before him into orderly heaps.

"On the death of the pasha, the government of the island having temporarily devolved on me, I thought it my duty to examine his Excellency's—curse the dog! —his Excellency's despatch box, with the result that I have discovered very remarkable evidence of the schemes which he dared to entertain. With this, however, I need not, perhaps, trouble you."

"I would not intrude into it for the world," I said.

"I also discovered," he pursued, in undisturbed leisure and placidity, "among the pasha's papers a letter addressed to—"

"Me!" And I sprang forward.

"No; to your cousin—to this gentleman. Pursuing what I conceived to be my duty—and I must trust to Mr. Swinton to forgive me—" Here the exasperating fellow paused, looked at Denny, waited for a bow from Denny, duly received it, duly and with ceremony returned it, sighed as though he were much relieved at Denny's complaisance, cleared his throat, arranged a little heap of papers on his left hand, and at last—oh, at last—went on.

"This letter, I say, in pursuance of what I conceived to be my duty—"

"Yes, yes, your duty, of course. Clearly your duty! Yes?"

"I read. It appeared, however, to contain nothing of importance."

"Then, why the deuce— I—I mean— I beg your pardon."

"But merely matters of private concern. But I am not warranted in letting it out of my hands. It will have to be delivered to the government with the rest of the pasha's papers. I have, however, allowed Mr. Swinton to read it. He says that it concerns you, Lord Wheatley, more than himself. I therefore propose to ask him to read it to you (I can decipher English but not speak it with facility) in my presence." With this, he handed an envelope to Denny. We had got to it at last.

"For heaven's sake be quick about it, my dear boy," I cried, and I seated myself on the table, swinging my leg to and fro in a fury of restless impatience. The captain eyed my agitated body with profound disapproval.

Denny took the letter from its envelope and read: "London, May 21." Then he

paused and remarked: "We got here on the 7th, you know." I nodded hastily, and he went on: "My dear Denny.—Oh, how awful this is! I can hardly bear to think of it! Poor, poor fellow! Mamma is terribly grieved, and I of course even more. Both mamma and I feel that it makes it so much worse somehow that this news should come only three days after he must have got mamma's letter. Mamma says that it doesn't really make any difference, and that if her letter was wise then, this terrible news can't alter that. I suppose it doesn't really, but it seems to, doesn't it? Oh, do write directly and tell me that he wasn't very unhappy about it when he had that horrible fever. There's a big blot—because I'm crying! I know you thought I didn't care about him, but I did—though not (as mamma says) in one way, really. Do you think he forgave me? It would kill me if I thought he didn't. Do write soon. I suppose you will bring poor dear Charley home? Please tell me he didn't think very badly of me. Mamma joins with me in sincerest sympathy.—Yours most sincerely, Beatrice Kennett Hipgrave. P. S. Mr. Bennett Hamlyn has just called; he is awfully grieved about poor dear Charley. I always think of him as Charley still, you know. Do write."

There was a long pause. Then Denny observed, in a satirical tone:

"To be thought of still as 'Charley' is, after all, something."

"But what the devil does it mean?" I cried, leaping from the table.

"'I suppose you will bring poor dear Charley home,'" repeated Denny, in a meditative tone. "Well, it looks rather more like it than it did a few days ago, I must admit."

"Denny, Denny, if you love me, what's it all about? I haven't had any letter from—"

"Mamma? No, we've had no letter from mamma. But then, we haven't had any letters from anybody."

"Then I'm hanged if I—" I began in bewildered despondency.

"But, Charley," interrupted Denny, "perhaps mamma sent a letter to—Mouraki Pasha!"

"To Mouraki?"

"This letter of mine found its way to Mouraki."

"All letters," observed the captain, who was leaning back quietly, and staring at the ceiling, "would pass through his hands, if he chose to make them."

"Good heavens!" I cried, and I sprang forward. The hint was enough. In an instant my busy, nervous, shaking hands were ruining the neat piles of documents which the captain had so carefully reared in front and on either side of him. I dived, tossed, fumbled, rummaged, scattered, strewed, tore; the captain, incapable of resisting my excited energy, groaned in helpless despair at the ruin of his evening's work. And Denny, having watched me for a few minutes, suddenly broke out into a peal of laughter. I stopped for an instant, to glare reproof of his ill-timed mirth, and turned to my wild search again.

The search seemed useless; either Mouraki had not received a letter from Mrs. Bennett Hipgrave or he had done what I myself always did with the good lady's communications—destroyed it immediately after reading it. I examined every scrap of paper, official documents, private notes (the captain was very nervous when I insisted on looking through these for a trace of Mrs. Hipgrave's name), lists of stores, in a word, the whole contents of Mouraki's despatch boxes.

"It's a blank!" I cried, stepping back at last, in disappointment.

"Yes, it's gone; but, depend upon it, he had it," said Denny.

A sudden recollection flashed across me—the remembrance of the subtle, amused smile with which Mouraki had spoken of the lady who was most anxious about me, my future wife. He must have known then, he must even have had Mrs. Hipgrave's letter in his possession. He had played a deliberate trick on me by suppressing the letter; hence his fury when I announced my intention of disregarding the ties that bound me, a fury that had for the moment conquered his cool cunning and led him into violent threats. At that moment, when I realized the man's audacious villainy, when I thought of the struggle he had caused to me and the pain to Phroso—well, just then, I came near to canonizing Demetri, and nearer still to grudging him his exploit.

"What was in the letter, then?" I cried to Denny.

"Read my letter again," said he, and he threw it across to me.

I read it again. I was cooler now, and the meaning of it stood out plain and not to be doubted. Mrs. Bennett Hipgrave's letter, her wise letter, had broken off my engagement to her daughter. The fact was plain; all that was missing, destroyed by the caution or the carelessness of Mouraki Pasha, was the reason; and the reason

I could supply for myself. I reached my conclusion and looked again at Denny.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said Denny ironically.

Man is a curious creature. I may have made that reflection before. I offer no apology for that; the more I see of myself and of my friends the more convinced I grow of it. Here was the thing for which I had been hoping and praying, the one great thing that I asked of fate, the single boon which fortune enviously withheld. Here was freedom—divine freedom! Yet what I actually said to Denny, in reply to his felicitations, was:

"Hang the girl! She's jilted me!" And I said it with considerable annoyance.

The captain, who studied English in his spare moments, here interposed, asking suavely:

"Pray, my dear Lord Wheatley, what is the meaning of that word—jilted?"

"The meaning of jilted?" said Denny. "He wants to know the meaning of jilted, Charley."

I looked from one to the other of them; then I said:

"I think I'll go and ask," and I started for the door. The captain's expression accused me of rudeness. Denny caught me by the arm.

"It's not decent yet," said he, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"It happened nearly a month ago," I pleaded. "I've had time to get over it, Denny; a man can't wear the willow all his life."

"You old humbug!" said Denny, but he let me go.

I was not long in going. I darted down the stairs. I suppose a man deceives himself, and will find excuses for himself where others may only find matter for laughter; but I remember congratulating myself on not having spoken the final words to Phroso before Denny interrupted us. Well, I would speak them now; I was free to speak them now; and suddenly, in this thought, the vexation at being jilted vanished.

"It amounts," said I to myself, as I reached the hall, "to no more than a fortunate coincidence of opinion." And I passed through the door and turned sharp round to the left.

She was there waiting for me, and waiting eagerly, it seemed; for before I could speak she ran to me, holding out her hands, and she cried in a low, urgent whisper, full of entreaty:

"My lord, I have thought. I have thought while you were in the house. You must not do this, my lord. Yes, I know—now I know—that you love me, but you must not do this. My lord's honor must not be stained for my sake."

I could not resist it. And I cannot justify it. I assumed a terribly sad expression.

"You have really come to that conclusion, Phroso?" I asked.

"Yes. Ah, how difficult it is! But my lord's honor—ah, don't tempt me! You will take me to Athens, will you not? And then—"

"And then," said I, "you will leave me?"

"Yes," said Phroso, with a little catch in her voice.

"And what shall I do, left alone?"

"Go back," murmured Phroso almost inaudibly.

"Go back—thinking of those wonderful eyes?"

"No, no, thinking of—"

"The lady who waits for me over the sea?"

"Yes. And, my lord, I pray that you will find happiness."

There was a moment's silence. Phroso did not look at me, but then I did look at Phroso.

"Then you refuse, Phroso, to have anything to say to me?"

No answer at all reached me. I came nearer, being afraid that I might not have heard her answer.

"And what am I to do for a wife, Phroso?" I asked forlornly. "For, Phroso—"

"Ah, my lord, why do you take my hand again?"

"Did I, Phroso? Because, Phroso, the lady who waits over the sea—it is a charmingly poetic phrase, upon my word!"

"You laugh!" murmured Phroso in aggrieved protest and wonder.

"Did I really laugh, Phroso? Well, I am happy, so I may laugh."

"Happy?" she whispered; and then at last her eyes were drawn to mine in mingled hope and anguish of questioning.

"The lady who waited over the sea," said I, "waits no longer, Phroso."

The wonderful eyes grew more wonderful in their amazed widening; and Phroso, laying a hand gently on my arm, said:

"She waits no longer! My lord, she is dead?"

This confident inference was extremely flattering. There was evidently but one

thing that could end the patient waiting of the lady who waited!

"On the contrary, she thinks that I am. Constantine spread news of my death."

"Ah, yes."

"He said that I died of fever."

"And she believes it?"

"She does, Phroso; and she appears to be really very sorry."

"Ah, but what joy will be hers when she learns—"

"But, Phroso, before she thought I was dead she had made up her mind to wait no longer."

"To wait no longer? What do you mean, my lord? Ah, tell me what you mean."

"What has happened to me here, in Neopalia, Phroso?"

"Many strange things, my lord—some most terrible."

"And some most—most what, Phroso? One thing that has happened to me has, I think, happened also to the lady who waited."

Phroso's hand—the one I had not taken—was suddenly stretched out, and she spoke in a voice that sounded half stifled:

"Tell me, my lord, tell me; I cannot endure it longer."

Then I grew grave and said:

"I am free. She has given me my freedom."

"She has set you free?"

"She loves me no longer, I suppose, if she ever did."

"Oh, but, my lord, it is impossible!"

"Should you think it so? Phroso, it is true—true that I can come to you now."

She understood at last. For a moment she was silent; and I, silent also, pierced through the darkness to her wondering face. Once she stretched out her arms; then there came a little, long, low laugh, and she put her hands together and thrust them, thus clasped, between mine that closed on them.

"My lord, my lord, my lord," said Phroso.

Suddenly I heard a low, mournful chant coming up from the harbor, the moan of mourning voices. The sound struck across the stillness that had followed her last words.

"What is that?" I asked. "What are they doing down there?"

"Did you not know? The bodies of my cousin and of Kortes came forth at sunset from the secret pool into which they fell; and they bring them now to bury them by the church. They mourn Kortes because they loved him; and Constantine also they feign to mourn, because he was of the house of the Stefanopouloi."

We stood for some minutes listening to the chant that rose and fell and echoed among the hills. Its sad cadences, mingled here and there with the note of sustained hope, seemed a fitting end to the story—to the stormy days that were rounded off at last by peace and joy to us who lived and by the embraces of the all-hiding, all-pardoning earth for those who had fallen. I put my arm round Phroso and, thus at last together, we listened till the sounds died away in low echoes and silence fell again on the island.

"Ah, the dear island!" said Phroso, softly. "You will not take me away from it forever? It is my lord's island now, and it will be faithful to him, even as I myself; for God has been very good, and my lord is very good."

I looked at her, and her cheeks were again wet with tears. As I watched a drop fall from her eyes, I said to her softly:

"That shall be the last, Phroso, till we part again."

A loud cough from the front of the house interrupted us. I advanced, beckoning to Phroso to follow, and wearing, I am afraid, the apologetic look usual under such circumstances. I found Denny and the captain.

"Are you coming down to the yacht, Charley?" asked Denny.

"Er—in a few minutes, Denny."

"Shall I wait for you?"

"Oh, I think I can find my way."

Denny laughed, and caught me by the hand. Then he passed on to Phroso. I do not, however, know what he said to her, for at this moment the captain touched my shoulder and demanded my attention.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but you never told me the meaning of that word."

"What word, my dear Captain?"

"Why, the word you used of the lady's letter—of what she had done."

"Oh, you mean 'jilted'?"

"Yes, that's it."

"It is," said I, after a moment's reflection, "a word of very various meanings."

"Ah," said the captain, with a comprehending nod.

"Yes, very various. In one sense it means to make a man miserable."

"Yes, I see. To make him unhappy."

"And in another to make him—to make him, Captain, the luckiest beggar alive."

"It is a strange word," observed the captain meditatively.

"I don't know about that," said I. "Good night."

CHAPTER XXII.

ONE MORE RUN.

THE next morning came bright and beautiful, with a pleasant, fresh breeze. It was just the day for a run in the yacht. So I thought when I mounted on deck at eight o'clock in the morning. Watkins was there, staring meditatively at the harbor and the street beyond. Perceiving me, he touched his hat and observed:

"It's a queer little place, my lord."

My eyes followed the direction of Watkins's, and I gave a slight sigh.

"Do you think the island is going to be quiet now, Watkins?" I asked.

I do not think that he quite understood my question, for he said that the weather looked like being fine. I had not meant the weather; my sigh was paid to the ending of Neopalia's exciting caprices; for though the end was prosperous, I was a little sorry that we had come to the end.

"The Lady Phroso will come on board about ten, and we are going for a little run," I said. "Just look after some lunch."

"Everything will be ready for your lordship and her ladyship," said Watkins. Hitherto he had been rather doubtful about Phroso's claim to nobility, but the news of last night planted her firmly in the status of "ladyship." "Has your lordship heard," he continued, "that the launch is to carry the governor's body to Constantinople? There she is by the gunboat."

"Ah, yes, I see. They seem to be giving the gunboat a rub down, Watkins."

"Not before it was necessary, my lord. A dirtier deck I never saw."

The gunboat was evidently enjoying a thorough cleaning; the sailors, half-naked, were scouring her decks, and some of the soldiers were assisting lazily.

"The officers have landed to explore the island, my lord. When Mouraki was alive, they were not allowed to land at all."

"Mouraki's death makes a good many differences, eh, Watkins?"

"That it does, my lord," rejoined Watkins, with a decorous smile.

I left him, and having landed, strolled up to the house. The yacht was to have her steam up ready to start by the time that I returned. I strolled leisurely through the street, such of the islanders as I met saluting me in a most friendly fashion. Times were certainly changed for me in Neopalia, and I chided myself for the ingratitude expressed in my sigh. Neopalia in its new placidity was very pleasant.

Very pleasant, also, was Phroso, as she came to meet me from the house, radiant and shy. We wasted no time there, but at once returned to the harbor, for the dancing water tempted us. Thus we found ourselves on board an hour before the appointed time, and I took Phroso down below to show her the cabin, in which, under the escort of Kortes's sister, she was to make the voyage. Denny looked in on us for a moment, announced that the fires were getting up and that we could start in half an hour. Hogvardt appeared with his account of expenditure—and disappeared far more quickly. Meanwhile we talked as lovers will—and ought—about things that do not need record; for not being worth remembering, they are ever remembered, as is the way of this perverse world.

Presently, however, Denny hailed me, telling me that the captain desired to see me. I told Phroso to stay where she was—I should be back in a moment—and went on deck. The captain was there, and he began to draw me aside. Perceiving that he had something to say, I proposed to him that we should go to the little smoking-room forward. He acquiesced, and as soon as we were seated, and Watkins had brought coffee and cigarettes, he turned to me with an aspect of sincere gratification, as he said:

"My dear Lord Wheatley, I am rejoiced to tell you that I was quite right as to the view likely to be taken of your position. I have received by the launch instructions telegraphed to Rhodes, and they enable me to set you free at once. In point of fact, there is no disposition in official quarters to make any trouble concerning your share in recent events. You are, therefore, at liberty to suit your own convenience entirely, and I need not detain you an hour."

"My dear captain, I am infinitely obliged to you. I am much indebted for your good offices."

"Indeed, no. I merely reported what had occurred. Shall you leave to-day?"

"Oh, no, not for a day or two. To-day, you see, I'm going for a little pleasure ex-

pedition. I wish you'd join us." For I felt in a most friendly mood towards him.

"Indeed, I wish I could," said he, with equal friendliness. "But I am obliged to go up to the house at once."

"To the house. What for?"

"To communicate to the Lady Euphrosyne my intentions concerning her."

I was about to put a cigarette to my lips, but I stopped, suspending it in mid air.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but have you instructions concerning her?"

He smiled and laid a hand on my arm with an apologetic air.

"I do not think that there is any cause for serious uneasiness," said he; "though the delay will, I fear, be somewhat irksome to you. I must say, also, that it is impossible—yes, I admit that it is impossible—altogether to ignore the serious disturbances which have occurred. And these Neopalians are old offenders. Still, I am confident that the lady will be most leniently treated, especially in view of the relation in which she now stands to you."

"What are your instructions?" I asked shortly.

"I am instructed to bring her with me, as soon as I have made provisional arrangements for the order of the island, and to carry her to Smyrna, where I am ordered to sail. From there she will be sent home, to await the result of an inquiry. But pray do not be uneasy. I have no doubt at all that she will be acquitted of blame, or at least escape with a reprimand or a nominal penalty. The delay is really the only annoying matter. Annoying to you, I mean, Lord Wheatley."

"The delay? Is it likely to be serious?"

"Well," admitted the captain with a candid air, "we do not move hastily in these matters; no, our procedure is not rapid. Still, I should say that a year, or, well, perhaps eighteen months, would see an end to it. Oh, yes, I really think so."

"Eighteen months?" I cried aghast. "But she'll be my wife long before that; in eighteen days, I hope."

"Oh, no, no, my dear lord," said he, shaking his head soothingly. "She will certainly not be allowed to marry you until these matters are settled. But do not be vexed. You are young. You can afford to wait. What, after all, is a year or eighteen months at your time of life?"

"It's a great deal worse," said I, "than at any other time of life." But he merely laughed, and gulped down the remainder of his coffee. Then he went on, in his quiet, placid way:

"So I'm afraid I can't join your little excursion. I must go up to the house at once, and acquaint the lady with my instructions. She may have some preparations to make, and I must take her with me the day after to-morrow. As you see, my ship is undergoing some trifling repairs and cleaning, and I can't be ready to start before then."

I sat silent for a moment or two, smoking my cigarette, and I looked at the placid captain out of the corner of my eye.

"I really hope you are not much annoyed, my dear Lord Wheatley," said he, after a moment or two.

"Oh, it's vexatious, of course," I returned carelessly, "but I suppose there's no help for it. But, captain, I don't see why you shouldn't join us to-day. We shall be back in the afternoon, and it will be plenty of time then to inform the Lady Phroso. She's not a fashionable woman who wants forty-eight hours to pack her gowns."

"It is certainly a lovely morning for a little cruise," said the captain longingly.

"And I want to point out to you the exact spot where Demetri killed the pasha."

"That would certainly be very interesting."

"Then you'll come?"

"You are certain to be back in time for—"

"Oh, you'll have plenty of time to talk to Phroso. I'll see to that. You can send a message to her now, if you like."

"I don't think that's necessary. If I see her this afternoon—"

"I promise you that you shall."

"But aren't you going to see her to-day? I thought you would spend the day with her."

"I shall hope to see her also; you won't monopolize her, you know. Just now I'm for a cruise."

"You're a philosophical lover," he laughed, and I laughed also, shrugging my shoulders.

"Then, if you'll excuse me—no, don't move, don't move—I'll give orders for our start, and come back for another cigarette with you."

"You are most obliging," said he, and sank back on the seat that ran round the little saloon.

At what particular point in the conversation which I have recorded my resolution was definitely taken I cannot say; but it

was complete and full-blown before the captain accepted my invitation. The certainty of a separation of such monstrous length from Phroso, and the chance of her receiving harsh treatment, were more than I could consent to contemplate. I must play for my own hand. The island meant to be true to its nature to the last, and my departure from it was to be an escape, not a decorous leave-taking. I was almost glad; yet I hoped that I should not get my good friend the captain into serious trouble. Well, better the captain than Phroso, anyhow; and I laughed to myself when I thought of how I should redeem my promise, and give him plenty of time to talk to Phroso.

I ran rapidly up to the deck; Denny and Hogvardt were there.

"How soon can you have full steam up?" I asked in an urgent, cautious whisper.

"In ten minutes now," said Hogvardt, suddenly recognizing my eagerness.

"Why, what's up, man?" asked Denny.

"They're going to send Phroso to Constantinople to be tried; anyhow, they'd keep her there a year or more. I don't mean to stand it."

"Why, what will you do?"

"Do? Go. The captain's on board; the gunboat can't overtake us. Besides, they won't suspect anything on board of her. Denny, run and tell Phroso not to show herself till I bid her. The captain thinks she's up at the house. We'll start as soon as you're ready, Hog."

"But, my lord—"

"Charley, old man—"

"I tell you I won't stand it. Are you game or aren't you?"

Denny paused for a moment, poising himself on his heels.

"What a lark," he then exclaimed. "All right. I'll put Phroso up to it," and he disappeared in the direction of her cabin.

I stood for a moment looking at the gunboat, where the busy operations went on undisturbed, and at the harbor and street beyond. I shook my head reprovingly at Neopalia; the little island was always leading me into indiscretions. Then I turned and made my way back to where my unsuspecting victim was peacefully consuming cigarettes. Mouraki Pasha would not have been caught like this! Heaven be thanked! I was not dealing with Mouraki Pasha.

"Demetri had some good in him, after all," I thought, as I sat down by the captain and told him that we should be under way in five minutes. He exhibited much satisfaction at the prospect.

The five minutes passed. Hogvardt, who acted as our skipper, gave his orders. We began to move. The captain and I came up from below and stood on deck. He looked seaward, anticipating his excursion; I landward, reviewing mine. A few boys waved their hands, a woman or two their handkerchiefs; the little harbor began to recede; the old gray house on the hill faced me in its renewed tranquillity.

"Well, good-by to Neopalia!" I had said with a sigh before I knew it.

"I beg your pardon, Lord Wheatley?" said the captain, wheeling round.

"For a few hours," I added, and I went forward and began to talk with Hogvardt; I had some things to arrange with him. Presently Watkins appeared, announcing luncheon. I rejoined the captain.

"I thought," said I, "that we'd have a run straight out first and look at Mouraki's death-place on our way home."

"I am entirely in your hands," said he most courteously, and with more truth than he was aware of.

Denny, he, and I went down to our meal. I plied the captain with the best of our cheer. In the safe seclusion of the yacht, champagne cup, mixed as Watkins alone could mix it, overcame his religious scruples; the breach once made grew wider, and the captain grew merry. With his coffee came placidity, and on placidity followed torpor. Meanwhile the yacht bowled merrily along.

"It is nearly two o'clock," said I. "We ought to be turning. I say, captain, wouldn't you like a nap? I'll wake you long before we get to Neopalia."

Denny indiscreetly smiled at this form of promise, and I covertly nudged him into gravity.

The captain received my proposal with apologetic gratitude. We left him curled up on the seat, and went on deck. Hogvardt was at the wheel, and a broad smile spread over his face.

"At this rate, my lord," said he, "we shall make Cyprus early to-morrow."

"Good," said I; and I did two things. I called Phroso, and I loaded my revolver; a show of overwhelming force is, as we often hear, the surest guarantee of peace.

Denny now took a turn at the wheel, old Hogvardt went to eat his dinner; Phroso appeared, and she and I sat down in the stern watching where Neopalia lay, now a

little spot on the horizon. Then I myself told Phroso in my own way why I had so sorely neglected her all the morning, for Denny's explanation had been summary and confused. She was fully entitled to my excuses, and had come on deck in a state of delightful resentment, too soon, alas, banished by surprise and apprehension.

An hour or two thus passed very pleasantly, for the terror of Constantinople soon reconciled Phroso to every risk; her only fear was that she would never again be allowed to land in Neopalia. For this also I tried to console her, and was, I am proud to say, succeeding very tolerably when I looked up at the sound of footsteps. They came evenly towards us, then they suddenly stopped dead. I felt for my revolver, and I observed Denny carelessly strolling up, having been relieved again by Hogvardt. The captain stood motionless, three yards from where Phroso and I sat together. I rose with an easy smile.

"I hope you have enjoyed your nap, Captain," said I, and at the same moment I covered him with my barrel.

He was astounded, and indeed well he might be. He stared helplessly at Phroso and at me. Denny was at his elbow now, and took his arm in tolerant good humor.

"You see we've played a little game on you," said Denny. "We couldn't let the lady go to Constantinople. It isn't at all a fit place for her, you know."

I stepped up to the amazed man and told him briefly what had occurred.

"Now, captain," I went on, "resistance is quite useless. We're running for Cyprus, and shall be there to-morrow. It belongs to you, I believe, in a sense—I'm not a student of foreign affairs—but I think we shall very likely find an English ship there. Now, if you'll give me your word to hold your tongue when we are at Cyprus, you may lodge as many complaints as you like directly we leave; indeed, I think you'd be wise, in your own interests, to make a protest. Meanwhile we can enjoy the cruise in good fellowship."

"And if I refuse?" he asked.

"If you refuse," said I, "I shall be compelled to get rid of you—oh, don't misunderstand me. I shall not imitate your governor. But it's a fine day; we have an excellent gig; and I can spare you two hands to row you back to Neopalia, or wherever else you may choose to go."

"You would leave me in the gig?"

"With the deepest regret," said I, bowing. "But I am obliged to put this lady's safety above the pleasure of your society."

The unfortunate man had no alternative, and, true to the creed of his nation, he accepted the inevitable. Taking the cigarette from between his lips, he remarked, "I give my promise, but nothing more," bowed to Phroso, and, going up to her, said very prettily, "Madame, I congratulate you on a resolute lover."

Now hardly had this happened when our lookout man called twice, in quick succession, "Ship ahead!" At once we all ran forward, and I snatched Denny's binocular from him. There were two vessels visible, one approaching on the starboard bow, the other right ahead. They appeared to be about equally distant. I scanned them eagerly through the glass, the others standing round and waiting my report. Nearer they came and nearer.

"They're both ships of war," said I, without taking the glass from my eyes. "I shall be able to see the flags in a minute."

A hush of excited suspense witnessed to the interest of my news. I found even the impassive captain close by my elbow, as though he were trying to get one eye on to the lens of the glass.

My next remark did nothing to lessen the excitement.

"The Turkish flag, by Jove!" I cried; and quick as thought followed from the captain:

"My promise did not cover that, Lord Wheatley."

"Shall we turn and run for it?" asked Denny in a whisper.

"They'd think that queer," cautioned Hogvardt, "and if she came after us we shouldn't have a chance."

"The English flag, by Jupiter!" I cried a second later, and I took the glass from my strained eyes. The captain caught eagerly at it and looked; then he also dropped it and said:

"Yes, Turkish and English; both will come within hail of us."

"It's a race, by heaven," cried Denny.

The two vessels were now approaching us almost on the same course, for each had altered half a point, and both were about half a point on our starboard bow. They would be very close to one another by the time they came up with us; it would be almost impossible for us, by any alteration of our course, to reach one before the other.

"Yes, it's a race," said I, and I felt

Phroso's arm passed through mine. She knew the meaning of the race. Possession is nine points of the law, and in a case so doubtful as hers, it was very unlikely that the ship which got possession of her would surrender her to the other. Which ship was it to be?

"Are we going to cause an international complication?" asked Denny in a longing tone.

"We shall very likely run into a nautical one if we don't look out," said I.

However, the two approaching vessels seemed to become aware of this danger, for they diverged from one another so that, if we kept a straight course, we should now pass them by, one on the port side and one on the starboard. But we should pass within a couple of hundred yards of both, and that was well in earshot on such a day. I looked at the captain, and the captain looked at me.

"Shall we take him below and smother him?" whispered Denny.

I did not feel at liberty to adopt the suggestion, much to my regret. The agreement I had made with the captain precluded any assault on his liberty. I had omitted to provide for the case which had occurred. Well, that was my fault, and I must stand the consequences of it—my word was pledged to him that he should be treated "in all friendliness" on one condition, and that he had satisfied. Now, to act as Denny suggested would not be to treat him in all friendliness. I shook my head sadly. Hogvardt shouted for orders from the wheel.

"What am I to do, my lord?" he cried. "Full speed ahead?"

I looked at the captain. I knew he would not pass the Turkish ship without trying to attract her attention. We were within a quarter of a mile of the vessels now.

"Stop," I called, and I added quickly, "Lower away the gig, Denny."

Denny caught my purpose in a moment; he called a hand, and they set to work. The pace of the yacht began to slacken. I glanced at the two ships; men with glasses were peering at us from either deck, wondering no doubt what our manœuvre meant. But the captain knew as well as Denny what it meant, and he leapt forward suddenly and hailed the Turk in his native tongue. What he said I don't know, but it caused a great pother on deck, and they ran up some signal or other. I never remember the code, and the book was not about me.

But now the gig was down and the yacht motionless. Looking again, I perceived that both the ships had shut off steam, and were reversing to arrest their course the sooner. I seized Phroso by the arm. Then the captain turned for a moment, as though to interrupt our passage.

"It's as much as your life is worth," said I; and he gave way. Then, to my amazement, he ran to the side and, just as he was, leapt overboard and struck out towards the Turk. One instant later I saw why; they were lowering a boat. Alas, our ship was not so eager! The captain must have shouted something very significant.

"Signal for a boat, Hog," I cried, "and then come along. Hi, Watkins, come on! Are you ready, Denny?" And I fairly lifted Phroso in my arms, and ran with her to the side. She was breathing quickly, and a little laugh gurgled from her lips as Denny received her from my arms into his in the gig.

But we were not safe yet. The Turk had got a start, and his boat was springing merrily over the waves towards us. The captain swam powerfully and gallantly, and his fez-covered head bobbed gayly up and down. Ah, now our people were moving! And when they began to move they wasted no time. We wasted no time either, but bent to our oars. For the second time since I reached Neopalia I had a thorough good bucketing. But for the Turk's start we should have managed it easily, as we rowed towards the English boat, and the divergence which the vessels made in their course prevented the two from approaching us side by side; but the start was enough to make matters very equal. Now the boat and the captain met. He was in in a second, with wonderful agility. Picking him up hardly lost them a stroke. They were coming straight at us, the captain standing in the stern, urging them on. But now I saw that the middy in the English boat had caught the idea that there was some fun afoot, for he stood up also, and urged on his crew. The two great ships lay motionless on the water, and gave us all their attention.

"Pull, boys, pull!" I cried. "It's all right, Phroso; we shall do it!"

Should we? And, if we did not, would the English captain fight for my Phroso? I would have sunk the Turk with a laugh for her. But I was afraid that he would not be so obliging as to do it for me.

"The Turk gains," said Hogvardt, who was our coxswain.

"Hang him! Put your backs into it."

On went the three boats, and the two pursuers were now converging close on us.

"We shall do it by a few yards," said Hogvardt.

"Thank God!" I muttered.

"No; we shall be beaten by a few yards," he said, a moment later. "They pull well, those fellows."

But we too pulled well then, though I have no right to say it. And the good little middy and his men did their duty—oh, what a tip these blue jackets should have if they did the trick!—and the noses of all the boats seemed to be tending to one spot on the bright, dancing sea. To one spot indeed they were tending. The Turks were no more than twenty yards off, the English perhaps thirty. The captain gave one last cry of exhortation; the middy responded with a hearty English oath. We strained and tugged for dear life. They were on us now—the Turks a little first. Now they were ten yards off, now five, and the English yet ten!

But for a last stroke we pulled; and then I dropped my oars and sprang to my feet. The nose of the captain's boat was within a yard, and they were backing water so as not to run into us. The middy had given a like order. For a single instant matters seemed to stand still, and we to be poised between defeat and victory. Then, even as the captain's hand was on our gunwale, I bent and caught Phroso up in the arms that she sprang to meet, and I fairly flung her across the narrow strait of water that parted us from the English boat. Six strong and eager arms received her, and a cheer rang out from the English ship; for they saw now that it had been a race, and a race for a lady. And I, seeing her safe, turned to the captain, and said:

"Fetch her back from there, if you can, and good luck to you."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ISLAND IN A CALM.

We did not fight. My friend the captain proposed to rely on his British *confrère's* sense of justice and of the courtesy which should obtain between two great and friendly nations. To this end he accompanied us on board the ship and laid his case before Captain Beverley, R.N. My argument, which I stated with brevity but not without vehemence, was threefold: first, that Phroso had committed no offence; secondly, that if she had it was a political offence; thirdly, was Captain Beverley going to hand over to a crew of dirty Turks the prettiest girl in the Mediterranean? This last point made a decided impression on the officers who where assisting their commander's deliberations, but it won no more from him than a tolerant smile and a glance through his *pince-nez* at Phroso, who sat at the table opposite to him, awaiting the award of justice. After I had, in the heat of discussion, called the Turks "dirty," I had moved round to our friend the captain, apologized humbly, and congratulated him on his gallant and spirited behavior. He received my advances with courtesy, but firmly restated his claim to Phroso. Captain Beverley appeared a little puzzled.

"And, to add to it all," he observed to me, "I thought you were dead." For I had told him my name.

"Not at all," said I resentfully. "I am quite alive, and I'm going to marry this lady."

"You intend to marry her, Lord Wheatley?"

"She has done me the honor to consent and I certainly intend it—unless you're going to send her off to Constantinople or heaven knows where."

Beverley arched his brows, but it was not his business to express an opinion, and I heartily forgave him his hinted disapproval when he said to the captain:

"I really don't see how I can do what you ask. If you had won the tr—I mean, if you had succeeded in taking the lady on board, I should have had no more to say. As it is, I don't think I can do anything but carry her to a British port. You can prefer your claim to extradition before the court there if you are so advised."

"Bravo!" cried Denny.

"Be good enough to hold your tongue, sir," said Captain Beverley.

"At least you will take a note of my demand," urged the Turk.

"With the utmost pleasure," responded Beverley, and then and there he took a note. People seem often to find some mystical comfort in having a note taken, though no other consequence appears likely to ensue. Then the captain, being comforted by his note, took his farewell. I walked with him to the side of the vessel.

"I hope you bear no malice," said I as I held out my hand, "and that this affair won't get you into any trouble."

"Oh, I don't think so," said he. "Your ingenuity will be my excuse."

"You're very good. I hope you will come and see us in Neopalia some day."

"You expect to return to Neopalia?"

"Certainly. It's mine—or Phroso's—I don't know which."

"There's such a thing as forfeiture in our law," he observed, and with this Parthian shot he walked down and got into his boat. But I was not much frightened.

So, the Turk being thus disposed of, Denny and Hogvardt went back to the yacht, while Phroso, Watkins, and I took up our abode on the ship. And when our captain had heard the whole story of our adventures in Neopalia he was so overcome by Phroso's gallant conduct that he walked up and down his own deck with her all the evening, while I, making friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, pretended to look very pleased and recited my dealings with Mouraki to an attentive group of officers. Clothes were produced from somewhere for Phroso—our navy is ready for everything—and thus in the fulness of time we came to Malta. Here the captain had a wife; and she was as delighted as, I take leave to say, all good women ought to be at the happy ending of our story; and at Malta we waited. But nothing happened. No claim was made for Phroso's extradition; and I may as well state here that no claim ever was made. But when we came to London, on board a P. and O. steamer in charge of a benevolent but strict chaperon, I lost no time in calling on the Turkish ambassador, for I desired to put matters on a satisfactory footing at once. He received me with much courtesy, but expressed the opinion that Phroso and I alike had forfeited any claim which she or I, or either, or both of us, might have possessed to the island of Neopalia. I was very much annoyed at this attitude, and I rose and stood with my back to the fire.

"Is it the death of Mouraki Pasha that has so incensed your government?" I ventured to ask.

"He was a very distinguished man," observed the ambassador.

"Practically banished to a very undistinguished office—for his position," I remarked.

"One would not call it banishment," murmured his Excellency.

"One would," I acquiesced, smiling, "of course be particularly careful not to call it banishment."

Something like a smile greeted this speech, but the ambassador shrugged his shoulders.

"Consider," said he, "the scenes of disorder and bloodshed."

"When I consider," I rejoined, "the scenes of disorder and bloodshed which passed before my eyes, when I consider the anarchy, the murder, the terrible dangers to which I, who went to Neopalia under the sanction and protection of your flag, was exposed, I perceive that the whole affair is nothing less than a European scandal."

The ambassador shifted in his arm-chair.

"I shall, of course," said I, "prefer a claim to compensation."

"To compensation?"

"Certainly. My island has been taken from me, and I have lost my money. Moreover, your governor tried to kill me."

"So did your wife," remarked the pasha. "At least the lady who, as I understand, is to be your wife."

"I can forgive my wife. I do not propose to forgive your government."

The ambassador stroked his beard.

"If official representations were made through the proper quarters—" he began.

"Oh, come," I interrupted, "I want to spend my honeymoon there; and I'm going to be married in a fortnight."

"The young lady is the difficulty. The manner in which you left Neopalia—"

"Is not generally known," said I.

The ambassador looked up.

"The tribute," I observed, "is due a month hence. I don't know who'll pay it you."

"It is but a trifling sum," said he contemptuously.

"It is indeed small for such a delightful island."

The ambassador eyed me questioningly. I advanced toward him.

"Considering," said I, "that I have only paid half the purchase money, and that the other half is due to nobody—or to my own wife—I should not resent a proposal to double the tribute."

The ambassador reflected.

"I will forward your proposal to the proper quarter," he said at last.

I smiled, and I said:

"Will that take more than a fortnight?"

"I venture to hope not."

"And, of course, pardon and all that sort of thing will be included?"

"I will appeal to his Majesty's clemency," promised the pasha.

I had no objection to his calling it by that name, and I took my leave, very

much pleased with the result of the interview. But, as luck would have it, while I was pursuing my way across Hyde Park—for Phroso was staying with a friend of Mrs. Beverley's in Kensington—I ran plump into the arms of Mrs. Kennett Hipgrave.

She stopped me with decision; for I confess that I tried to pass by her.

"My dear Lord Wheatley," she cried, with unbounded cordiality, "how charming to meet you again! Your reported death really caused quite a gloom."

"You are too good," I murmured. "Ah—er, I hope Miss Beatrice is well?"

Mrs. Kennett Hipgrave's face grew grave and sympathetic.

"My poor child," she sighed. "She was terribly upset by the news, Lord Wheatley. Of course, it seemed to her peculiarly sad; for you had received my letter only a week before."

"That must have seemed to aggravate the pathos very much," I agreed.

"Not that, of course, it altered the real wisdom of the step I advised her to take."

"Not in the least, really, of course," said I.

"I do hope you agree with me now, Lord Wheatley?"

"Yes, I think I have come to see that you were right, Mrs. Hipgrave."

"Oh, that makes me so happy! And it will make my poor dear child so happy too. I assure you she has fretted very much over it."

"I am sorry to hear that," said I politely. "Is she in town?"

"Why, no, not just now."

"Where is she? I should like to write her a line."

"Oh, she's staying with friends."

"Could you oblige me with the address?"

"Well, the fact is, Lord Wheatley, Beatrice is staying with—with a Mrs. Hamlyn."

"Oh, a Mrs. Hamlyn? Any relation, Mrs. Hipgrave?"

"Well, yes. In fact, an aunt of our common friend."

"Ah, an aunt of our common friend," and I smiled. Mrs. Hipgrave struggled nobly, but in the end she smiled also; and, after a little pause, I observed:

"I am going to be married myself, Mrs. Hipgrave."

Mrs. Hipgrave grew rather grave again, and she observed:

"I heard something about a—a lady, Lord Wheatley."

"If you had heard it all you'd have heard a great deal about her."

A certain appearance of embarrassment spread over Mrs. Hipgrave's face.

"We are old friends, Lord Wheatley," she said at last, and I bowed in grateful recognition. "I'm sure you won't mind if I speak plainly to you. Now, is she the sort of person whom you would be really wise to marry? Remember your wife will be Lady Wheatley."

"I had not forgotten that would happen," I said.

"I am told," pursued Mrs. Hipgrave, in a somewhat scornful tone, "that she is very pretty."

"But then that is not really of importance, is it?" I murmured.

Mrs. Hipgrave looked at me with just a touch of suspicion; but she went on bravely:

"And one or two very curious things have been said."

"Not to me," I observed with infinite amiability.

"Her family, now—"

"Her family was certainly a drawback; but there are no more of them, Mrs. Hipgrave."

"Then somebody told me that she was in the habit of wearing—"

"Dear me, Mrs. Hipgrave, in these days everybody does that—more or less, you know."

Mrs. Hipgrave sighed pathetically, and added with a slight shudder:

"They say she carried a dagger."

"They will say anything," I reminded her.

"At any rate," said Mrs. Hipgrave, "she will be quite unused to the ways of society."

"Oh, we shall teach her, we shall teach her," said I cheerfully. "After all, it's only a difference of method. When people in Neopalia are annoyed, they put a knife into you—"

"Good gracious, Lord Wheatley!"

"Here," I pursued, "they congratulate you; but it's the same principle. Won't you wish me joy, Mrs. Hipgrave?"

"If you are really bent upon it, I suppose I must."

"And you'll tell the dear children?" I asked anxiously.

"The dear children?" she echoed; and she certainly suspected me by now.

"Why, yes. Your daughter and Bennett Hamlyn, you know."

Mrs. Hipgrave surveyed me from top to toe; her aspect was very severe. And

then she delivered herself of the following remark:

"I can never be sufficiently thankful," she said, with eyes upturned towards the sky, "that my poor dear girl found out her mistake in time."

"I have the utmost regard for Miss Beatrice," I rejoined, "but I will not differ from you, Mrs. Hipgrave."

I must shift the scene again back to the island that I loved. For his Majesty's clemency justified the ambassador's belief in it, and Neopalia was restored to Phroso and me. Thither we went in the spring of the next year, leaving Denny inconsolable behind, but accompanied by old Hogvardt and by Watkins. This time we went straight out by sea from England, and the new crew of my yacht was more trustworthy than when Spiro and Demetri (ah, I had nearly written "poor Demetri"—when the fellow was a murderer!) were sent by the cunning of Constantine Stefanopoulos to compose it. We landed this time to meet no threatening looks; and the death-chant that One-Eyed Alexander wrote was not raised when we entered the old gray house on the hill, looking over the blue waters. Ulysses is fabled by the poet to have—well, to put it plainly—to have grown bored with peaceful Ithaca. I do not know whether I shall prove a Ulysses in that and live to regret the new-born tranquillity of Neopalia.

In candor, the early stormy days have a great attraction, and I love to look back to them in memory; and so strong was this feeling upon me that it led me to refuse a request of my wife's—the only one of hers which I have yet met in that fashion. For when we had been two or three days in the island—I spent one, by the way, in visiting the graves of my dead friends and enemies, a most suggestive and soothing occupation—I saw, as I walked with her through the hall of our house, masons' tools and mortar lying near where the staircase led up and hard by the secret door. And Phroso said to me:

"I'm sure you'd like to have that horrible secret passage blocked up, Charley. Why, it's full of terrible memories."

"My dear Phroso, wall up the passage?"

"We shan't want it now," said she with a laugh—and something else.

"It is true," I admitted, "that I intend, so far as possible, to rule by constitutional means in Neopalia. Still, one never knows. My dearest, have you no romance?"

"No," said Phroso shamelessly. "I've had enough of romance. I want to live quietly; and I don't want to push anyone over into that awful pool where poor Kortes fell."

I stood looking at the boards under the staircase; and presently I knelt down and touched the spring. The boards rolled away, the passage gaped before us, and I put my arm round Phroso, as I said:

"Now, heaven forbid that I should lay a modern sacrilegious hand upon the secret of the Stefanopouloi! For the world makes many circles, Phroso, forward sometimes, sometimes back; and it is something to know that here in Neopalia we are ready; and that if any man attacks our sovereignty, why, let him look out for the secret of the Stefanopouloi! In certain moods, Phroso, I should be capable of coming back from the chasm—alone!"

So Phroso, on my entreaty, spared the passage; and even now, when the shades of middle age (a plague on 'em) are deepening, and the wild doings of the purchaser of Neopalia grow golden in distant memory, I like still to walk to the edge of the chasm, and recall all that it has seen—the contests, the dark tricks, the sudden deaths—aye, to travel back from the fearful struggle of Kortes and Constantine on the flying bridge to that long ago time when the Baron d'Ezonville was so lucky as to be set adrift in his shirt, while Stefan Stefanopoulos's headless trunk was dashed into the dim water, and One-Eyed Alexander, the bard, wrote the chant of death. Ah me! that was two hundred years ago!

THE END.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITERARY LIFE.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," &c.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.—A BATTLE WITH INSOMNIA.—THE "OLD MAID'S PARADISE" CLOSED FOREVER.—THE HISTORY OF TWO COLLABORATED NOVELS.

ISTINCTLY, in fact almost entirely, with Gloucester I find interwoven my recollections of the poet Edward Rowland Sill—a man of exquisite performance and of superior promise in American letters; still a young man—too soon overtaken by death.

He happened on Eastern Point one summer, or opening autumn, like a bird on the wing, from some foreign land. In truth, there was always, to my fancy, something birdlike about him.

He had that shy eye, that essential reticence united with apparent frankness, that air of a form of creation finer than ours and competent to be critical of us accordingly; yet, from very fineness, pathetically dependent upon our sympathy. He had, at the time I knew him, printed but one thin book, I think—a booklet, he called it. It has, since his death, been republished. The best thing he ever wrote was "The Fool's Prayer." Or perhaps I should hesitate between that and his beautiful poem written for Smith College—that containing the well-known lines:

> "Were women wise, and men all true—
> And one thing more that may not be,
> Old earth were fair enough for me."

He and Mrs. Sill occupied a cottage near me for a few weeks, and it was my good fortune to know something of them in the freedom from constraint which belongs to summer seashore neighborhoods—especially, I sometimes think, to the Gloucester neighborhood.

I had known the poet for some time by correspondence only; he was a wonderful letter-writer. Real literary correspondence—in fact, correspondence of any kind—is a lost art in our scurrying day; and I found his letters pungently stimulating in one long, secluded Andover winter. I only understood how valuable they were when they ceased forever. A certain quaintness in the man used to show itself in the shapes and styles of his letters. I remember receiving quite a number written upon long, narrow coils of white paper; I never decided whether they were the tapes such as the telegrams of an older time used to be inscribed upon and such as stock-brokers still use, or whether they were the foldings from his wife's ribbons. This is the only instance in which I ever received letters by the yard.

I had never seen him, as I say, and I well remember his shy appearance at my cottage. He seemed to shrink unaccountably from the first meeting. "We have an ideal of a person from writing," he said. Whether he feared to lose his of me, or mine of him, he did not divulge; and I did not dare to ask. He was, in most respects, one of the most finely strung human beings whom I have ever known. How easily most of us brush off our ideals! His were the realities of life to him.

He and Mrs. Sill were enthusiastic walkers, and gave much of their time to wandering over the Gloucester downs. I could not join in this pleasure, and my talks with him were fragmentary, but always rich and nutritive. He seldom chatted; he conversed. A talkative feminine fellow-boarder he named, I remember, "The Jabberwock."

Mr. Sill was charmed with Gloucester. He had the Wonson Cottage, with the beautiful lava gorge in front, where the tide rises almost to the piazza, and his favorite way of spending an evening was to go out and sit on the rocks in the dark and swing his feet off. He liked to hang them over the water, he said.

The same moral refinement which marks his poems characterized the man. His personal unselfishness was of a very high

order. To sacrifice himself for the comfort of others was as natural to him as true metre. It was impossible to be in his company a week and not make some discovery in the science of kindness. This is not always preëminently true of the critical temperament—and his was distinctly that. He should have ranked with the foremost of our American critics, if he had given himself to that form of literary expression. I always perceived that he had the right of nature as well as of training to sit in the courts of judgment. His loss has been obvious to me in this respect. His experience as professor of English had made him an invaluable literary friend; for it added patience to power.

On the morning that he was to leave Gloucester for his home in Ohio, Mrs. Sill came running to our cottage for help. Mr. Sill had met with an accident, more serious than it was thought at the time, and had fainted. He remained where he was for some days before being able to move, then pluckily continued his journey. I went with them as far as Boston, where they parted from me; and I never saw him again. He died that winter.

I do not think that the loss to our literature, in missing the full blossom of his powers, has ever been fitly estimated. A few knew, and know, what his value was and would have become. A man so sensitively balanced is always at a painful disadvantage in our calling. He is incapable of urging himself; and too easily swerved from the expostulation of competition.

An editor once wrote to him, carelessly, of a certain contribution which had the appearance of being less popular than others:

"The people are fickle. They want some new thing all the time. It is 'good-by' to you to-day, and welcome somebody else to-morrow!"

Another man might have taken these thoughtless words as lightly as they were given. Mr. Sill was with difficulty persuaded to write again for that magazine. Our editors might learn a lesson from an incident like this: they deal "not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers" of select nature; they do well to take even a little troublesome care where they strike, and how. I happened to know that, in this instance, the contributor was held in high honor by the editor; but it was almost impossible, afterwards, to make the poet believe it.

It was the same in the last great ordeal. He died under conditions from which a coarser man would have rallied. "We did not suppose," was the stupefied cry, "we did not know the patient had such an organization as this!"

Fortunately for human happiness, perhaps, such exquisitely ordered natures are so few that the dull, blundering average of us do not know how to treat them. We inflict when we thought to play, and kill where we meant to heal. When it is too late, "We did not suppose," we plead. "Other organizations are not like this!" Of course not. Why should they be? How could they be?

The pages of the Gloucester story turn fast now, and yet I write on, because I shrink from the abrupt termination of that beautiful chapter of my life which dealt with those whom I still find it impossible not to call "my people."

Time and trouble, illness and death, change and chance, have scattered them far; and yet, to me, they always seem to be a little group, affectionate and wistful, waiting for me in the old club-room, and softly singing, "I need Thee every hour," —their chosen hymn and mine—as I come in.

I had been writing "The Story of Avis" during this overwrought time of personal preoccupation at Gloucester. That book came from near my heart, and tore it, perhaps, accordingly. I wrote chiefly in the winters, at Andover; and revised at Gloucester. That last summer, I remember, was pushed with the proof-sheets of this book, crowding in between the needs of my people. Many a morning's work was interrupted by the visits of the "reformed men;" or by the little dissensions and troubles of their club organization; or by signs of the coldness or opposition of those who might have aided us, and who would have done so—I like to believe—if they had ever understood our aims and motives. If there be one lesson above another which experience in moral reforms teaches a fair-minded person, I think it is patience with the averseness of those who do not join in our own particular methods of improving the world. Lack of sympathy with these is quite as likely to signify want of head as want of heart; or simply to indicate a deficient imagination, or one strung below its key.

My own observation leads me to believe that when one has discovered for one's self this profound but subtle truth, one is just about ready to begin to enter upon a course or career of practical beneficence. As a rule, one is far on in such before one

makes this discovery. For myself, the enforced end of my work at Gloucester and that illumination which would have made it so much easier and gentler to the enduring nerves came together.

As I say, "The Story of Avis" may have had its share in the sudden surrender of strength which for a long time put an end to my use of my pen, and to all my hopes and visions of taking any personal part in alleviating the lot of the tempted men and suffering women of my seaport home.

One evening in September, at the end of a worried summer, I came home from a service at the club-room with a strange lightness at the head. The moonlight on the harbor had a look which it never wore before, or since; an expression remote, as familiar scenery may appear, we think, to those about to leave the world forever. In that thrilling harbor-light everything that one was doing, or caring about, took on a small look. Service for humanity itself acquired a vague value, and the fever of soul and body which fed it turned again and rent me.

I sank on my pillow, faintly wishing that I need never leave it again; but perfectly aware that I should get up and go on at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, as usual. Till dawn I watched the harbor throbbing under full moon and full tide. That night the watcher did not sleep; nor the next; nor the next. I closed my house suddenly, and fled to my father's home; where, except in the great, uncontrollable crisis of life, rest had always awaited me. This was no uncontrollable crisis; nor even a crisis at all, that I could see; and I "crawled in," as the grown child does, under a father's roof, confident of peace and healing. Neither came. The next night and the next passed like the others; and then the rack of habitual insomnia closed in.

One slips into the door of the torture chamber, thinking it to be the entrance to some commonplace apartment, perhaps some pleasant room with broad views and easy exit. One turns to step out, on some natural errand—then, behold the bars, the bolts, the locks. Escape? Try the windows. They seem to hang a million feet above the solid earth; their grating is of metal never known before to the prisoner's chemistry, a relentless fibre made from the pillars of the world. Weep, if you will; pray, if you choose. But "God shut the door." You will stay there till He opens it.

It is not my purpose to turn even one chapter of these recollections into an invalid's diary. Up to this point I have refrained from a subject always of so much more importance to the sufferer than to his friends, that one's preference would exile it from these records altogether. Since that is not quite practicable, it seems to me the simpler way to meet it as frankly and as briefly as possible.

Perhaps we all have some plea, more reasonable than others, to account for the absence of the things which we have failed to be or to do. It has always seemed to me that the views taken by persons capable of "the vision and the dream," of the grounds on which they have omitted to reach their ideal, would have an interest far above that of mere biographic personalities. What warning in this experience of wasted aspiration! What stimulus in that! But here we come to the question: Is aspiration ever wasted? Is achievement, or the effort to achieve, the essence of value?

When Sidney Colvin, Stevenson's particular critic, condemned "The Ebb-tide" —to my mind one of the best things Stevenson ever did—the exiled and sinking man wrote pathetically:

"The inherent tragedy of things works itself out from white to black and blacker, and the poor things of a day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say it does. I believe in the ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it! But it is hard walking! . . ."

(Observe the cruelty—give me a parenthesis to say it—this comfortable Englishman, tasting the fruits of the world, pouring what he called "criticism" on a dying man, prisoner in an island in the South Seas, where the mails come but once a month, and where a poor fellow might be buried before he could know that his book sold, or his critics repented them of their sins! Facts like this deepen a natural scepticism as to the usefulness of the art of criticism into a fierce pang of resentment for the dying author's sake.)

"I am an idler and a cumberer of the ground," he writes in one of the last letters to which he set his trembling pen. "It may be excused to me, perhaps, by twenty years of industry and ill health, which have taken the cream off the milk. . . . I am almost ready to call the world an error. Because? Because I have not drugged myself with successful work, and there are all kinds of trifles buzzing in my

ear. . . . If I could find a place where I could lie down and give up for (say) two years, and allow the sainted public to support me, if it were a lunatic asylum, wouldn't I go, just! . . . But you men with salaries don't know how a family weighs on a fellow's mind."

Stevenson is our latest and most pathetic specimen of the not inconsiderable list of invalid writers who have been important to the world; and if the rest of them had "spoken out" as bluntly, as quaintly, and as wistfully as he, we might all have been the wiser or the gentler for their candor; at least all but those critics who appropriate wisdom and scorn gentleness, and who will doubtless perceive in these very outcries of genius and of dissolution, wailing over from Samoa, a fault of syntax, or an error in taste, or some pathological inefficiency, to be picked up and sported on the point of an easy pen. The solemn, antique writhing of power overcome by fate; the great attitude, like that of the Laocoon; the grandeur of strength rending its own weakness; the long, touching conflict of spirit with flesh; the massive determination crowding down physical disorder which would have killed a lesser creature twenty times over, twenty years before—who is to rate all this in an estimate of the man's value to literature? No one, absolutely no one, who has not fought the lions of physical disease in the cage of a life bolted by the sharp need of daily bread; no one who has not fought them with the sinew and the nerve of a creative genius!

An invalid or disabled writer does not ask for the sops and gruels of the sick-room; he does not expect his metre to be scanned by his headaches, or his perspicacity to be taken by the physician's thermometer. He is the last man, toiling and suffering, to appeal to the stethoscope against his rhetoric or his construction. He asks nothing but fair play and that fair sense which is the basis of fair play. In a word, he ought to be judged by the presence of a certain quality which suffering only gives, as well as by the absence of certain others which are the properties of health alone. It is precisely this discrimination which is too often lacking in comfortable folk sitting easily on critics' salaries and dictating through nerves cooled by the critical, not fevered by the creative faculty.

"I have a brave soul in a coward body," said one of our poets when he fainted under a painful accident. How is a champion football player to understand that? Wise was Hazlitt, who wrote of "the insolence of health." Rose Terry Cooke's physician said to her, a few years before she died: "Every time you write, you draw out of the very sources of your life."

"No truly sensitive man," said Longfellow once to me, "can be perfectly well." He might have added that one of the cruellest problems of life is to make the perfectly well understand that he is not perfectly sensitive, and therefore may be disqualified from comprehension of those who are.

Far be it from me—to the farthest limit of good sense—to seem to undervalue by a semitone the supremacy of physical sanity. Next to holiness, nothing is so enviable as health. I am not ashamed to say it, I would rather be well than be Shakespeare. I would rather be a hearty, happy, strapping motorman, or woodchopper, or stoker, than—but would I? How can one tell? "To understand the psychology of sheep," said George Eliot, "one must have been a sheep." To understand the mental attitude of health, one must have been descended of health and chosen of it. Ideally speaking, the robust mind in the robust body *ought* to be the keenest as well as the finest in this world. In point of fact, it often partakes too much of its own muscle; the nerve of perception is bedded a little too deep in the fibre.

A life-long invalid, herself a brave, patient, unselfish woman, absorbed in interests outside of her own suffering, and more useful to the world than most healthy people, said to me the wisest thing which I ever heard upon the subject:

"The sick and the well do not understand each other."

There is philosophy in this which is worth heeding. It has occurred to me that a mediator is needed between health and disease, as there was between heaven and earth, as there is between virtue and vice, and certain other separated quantities or qualities. The physician does not fill this function; nor can he. The reasons why he may not are obvious. Most great human needs create their own supplies; and this one may come, as soon as consciousness of its want reaches the stage of articulation—or, possibly, of clamor.

Life, I believe, teaches most of us some one lesson supremely above all others. The literary artist will make over to the world that illumination which fate has kindled to the fairest flame in his own soul. He may

MR. AND MRS. WARD'S COTTAGE AT EAST GLOUCESTER, AS REBUILT. THE LOW BUILDING AT THE RIGHT IS THE STUDY.

"sketch" or "etch," he may "report" or "photograph," he may be realist or romanticist, he may have the light touch or the strong one—but he will portray what he knows, and little else. Imagination is built upon knowledge, and his dreams will rest upon his facts. He is worth to the world just about what he has learned from it; and no more.

I have sometimes thought that, before I put the shield on my stylographic pen for the last time, I should like to say to that little portion of the world which knows or cares for me at all, such things as I have discovered for myself about the relation of illness to energy, to sympathy, and to fortitude. Some of them seem to me worth saying—though I may be wrong; and even worth suffering to be qualified to say—though on that I do not insist. But when one reflects on the books one never has written, and never may, though their schedules lie in the beautiful chirography which marks the inception of an unexpressed thought upon the pages of one's note-book, one is aware, of any given idea, that the chances are against its ever being offered to one's dearest readers.

Therefore, though this is clearly not the space for a treatise on invalidism (shade of Harriet Martineau forbid! She did it too well in a volume for one to do it worse in a page), yet I may be pardoned if I venture to say:

The world has learned fast how to treat the other defective classes—the criminal, the insane, the shiftless, the pauper—in all these branches of investigation we are developing a race of experts. In the comprehension of the physically disabled, or disordered, it is my conviction that we are behind the age. I do not mean by this to cast any petty or ungrateful fling upon the usefulness of physicians. As a class, I think them men and women of courage and of unselfishness far beyond the line at which most of us exhibit these qualities. But the scalpel will never perform the finer surgery, nor the prescription formulate the hidden therapeutics that I have in mind. The psychology of sickness and of health are at odds; and both the sick and the well suffer from the fact. I believe that great pathological reformations are before us, and that a mass of human misery, now beyond the reach of the kindest patience which handles it, will be alleviated. In truth, I believe that sympathy as a fine

art is backward in the growth of progress, and that the subtlest and most delicate minds of the earth will yet give themselves to its study with a high passion hitherto unknown to us.

In the days of the Most Holy Catholic Inquisition, one form of torture, above all others conceived of the devil, was held in supreme value. This was the torture of enforced sleeplessness. About three to four days and nights of this religious argument were found enough to bring the most obstinate heretic to terms. Where fire and pincers, rack and famine, failed, the denial of sleep succeeded. De Quincey's "Opium-Eater" was a prose poem which stands for all time, one of the greatest pathological contributions of genius and of suffering to literature. There is a vision yet to be recorded—whether in prose or in poetry, in fiction or in philosophy, I sometimes wonder—which shall disclose the action of another drama, not of splendors and horrors, like his who heard the immortal cry, "Everlasting farewells!" in his ruined dreams; but the drama of endurance, resolve, and conquest which goes on unrecognized in so many a brave and patient, obscure life. The abstainer from anodynes who starves for sleep, but does not feed on poison (God forbid that you dare to blame him if he does, though you may safely revere him if he does not!), lacks the gorgeous, narcotined imagination of the great Englishman whereby to tell his story; but if it is ever told, it will be a better one for the world to hear.

There is a light side to most of our grim experiences, and I am glad to record mine in this direction. Acquaintance with insomnia is like acquaintance with grief. When you have learned how to treat your strange foe, he has half ceased to be your foe. Unexpected docilities and amities develop. Where you looked for a battle to the death, you find a truce, and, behold, you live.

Perhaps I may be permitted to say, out of some measure of personal relief from past miseries, that I have learned many things which I may reveal in that day when the writer and the unknown reader who loves her best shall commune together. (I wonder if other authors have the fancy which I have, that such a gracious being exists?) Without waiting for that phantasmagorial appointment, it may be worth while here to suggest to other victims of our overwrought American constitution and overbearing climate these two thoughts—for truth I know, of my faith, is in them:

Avoid dependence upon narcotics as you would that circle in the "Inferno" where the winds blow the lost spirit about forever, and toss him to and fro—returning on his course, and driven back—forever. Take the amount of sleep that God allows you, and go without what He denies; but fly from drugs as you would from that poison of the Borgias which cunningly selected the integrity of the brain on which to feed. Starve for sleep if you must—die for lack of it if you must—I am almost prepared to say, accept the delirium which marks the extremity of fate in this land of despair—but scorn the habit of using anodynes as you hope for healing and value reason. This revelation is sealed with seven seals.

Expect to recover. Sleep is a habit. The habit of not sleeping, once diverged, may at any time swerve back to the habit of rest. The nervous nature is peculiarly hung upon the Law of Rhythm; and the oscillation, having vibrated just about so far, is liable, or likely, to swing back. But, if you are to recover, the chances are that you must do it in your own way, not in other people's ways. To a certain extent, respect your own judgment, if you have any, as to the necessities of your condition.

Cease to trouble yourself whether you are understood, or sympathized with, by your friends or by your physicians. Probably you never will be, because you never can be. At all events, it is of the smallest importance whether you are or not. The expression of sympathy is the first luxury which the sick should learn to go without. This is peculiarly and always true of nervous disorder. A toothache or an influenza, a cough or a colic, calls forth more commiseration than these trifles deserve. Disease of the nervous system is, as a rule, and among enlightened and kindly people, regarded with the instinctive suspicion and coldness natural to a profound ignorance of the subject. Do not be afraid to act for yourself. Define your own conditions of cure. Follow them faithfully. Do not be impatient to be as you were before the liberty of healthy nerves departed from you. It may become needful for you to readjust your life and all that is therein.

Obey the laws which you have discovered for yourself to be good government for you; and probably, by respecting them, you will regain yourself, and receive once more the natural renovation of your soul and body. Common human sleep, once indifferently accepted, like light, or air, or

food, will then become the ecstasy of living. With it, all hardships can be borne; without it, none.

Guy de Maupassant, in his piteous condition at the last, chased, we are told, imaginary butterflies. "Where," he cried, "are my lost thoughts? Who will tell me where to find my thoughts?" Then he beheld them—blue for love, and silver for joy, and black for sorrow—winged creatures, flitting from his grasp, and returning to his hand.

So, I like to think, it will be with all of us who have ever had any thoughts to chase, and who, through the physical disabilities of life, or any of its apparent refusals, have missed certain of our own best possibilities. Our butterflies will all dip on before, and circle round us—the blue and the silver, the rose and the gold—wings of what we might have done, and yet may do. For winged things know their course through space; and life and death alike, I think, are flowers to them.

HERBERT D. WARD.

From a photograph by E. L. Allen, Boston.

"Tragic Gloucester," a friend once called it who resented the effect upon myself of the troubled side of seaport life. But beautiful Gloucester, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, it remains to me. Her tides may tell the saddest stories to those who have the ears to hear them; but, like many other sad *raconteurs*, they tell the sweetest, too.

The autumn of 1888 brushed the palette of Gloucester Harbor. The face of the leaf and the tint of the lining of the wave took on their own strong colors. The October storms and the October suns, equally welcome to those who love the sea, changed places like figures in a graceful walking-dance; and the first delicate sheath of ice upon the top of the hogshead of rainwater which had always been my thermometer at the châlet and told me when it was time to go back to my father's house, called me to Andover Hill no more.

The Old Maid's Paradise was closed that year forever.

Mr. Alger, in his "Friendships of Women," prudently observes: "A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves, and who loves him." We might well say: A woman's best friend is a husband of intellect and of heart, whom she loves, and who loves her. And I should like to add: A literary woman's best critic is her husband; and I cannot express in these few words the debt which I am proud to acknowledge to him who has never hindered my life's work by one hour of anything less than loyal delight in it; and who has never failed to urge me to my best, of which his ideal is higher than my own.

The great semi-tropical region of the Southern States has many a choice spot hidden away from the glance of the fashionable tourist who cares to do only what his neighbor does; and he whose eyes are fine discovers these winter gardens, and shelters himself in them till they, too, come into the fashion, and are ruined accordingly. Among these luxuriant Edens in 1888 was the village of Summerville, South Carolina. It was, and is, to my mind—and I know something of the South—one of the very best places upon the map below Washington, in which a Northerner may take his turn at the fancy of losing the winter out of his year. Most of us try it, and most of us get over it; and we of New England, in particular, return to our own country by another way, and forthwith develop a respect for it never known before we exchanged the snow-drift for the sand-flats, the northeaster for the soft, weak, stationary thermometer, and the coast pines for the everglades. "An orange-tree is a stick

beside an apple-orchard!" cried one homesick Massachusetts invalid, exiled for dear life to Florida. Though I confess to something of the same prejudice, I must admit that Summerville is a land of lovely dreams, with more conveniences and fewer discomforts, more tonic and less enervation, than any other Southern health or pleasure resort that I have seen. Roses run riot over it; its homes are gardens, and gardens are its homes. There the winds are laid; a blind may hang loosely, half the winter, and will never flap, from dark to dawn, against your rose-wreathed window. There it is always dreamland, and there the knotted northern nerves may relax and rest.

The winter of 1888–89 found us in this kindly place. Longfellow wrote once, to a friend, of his early home life: "We are happy in our own hired house." Our "hired house" was one of the prettiest, I make bold to believe, upon which the American traveller might happen, though he sought from Maryland to Florida. The cottage was set in a bower of roses—the Cherokee, the blush, and the yellow. Japonicas, azaleas, violets, and magnolias blazed across box and myrtle, touched in with the soft lights of Southern garden blossoms whose names I did not know, and never had the intellectual initiative to ask, since, to tell the truth, I liked them the better for my ignorance.

To this cottage, where we sat among the roses, hard at work (for I have never seen the time, yet, when I could manage to take a vacation not absolutely thrust upon me by illness), came down one day the indefatigable editor of this magazine—to whom distance is a myth and topography a plaything.

From that visit resulted the syndicate publication, and, later, the appearance in book form, of the two novels which Mr. Ward and I collaborated, and about which I have a few words to say, here.

We were engaged to write these novels for a special purpose, and with a special cast and coloring. These, like most of the novels written in the present day, were to be adapted to serial publication first and foremost; which means, in a word, rapidity of action and sensitiveness of suspense and more frequent climax than were required by stories of the elder time, peacefully read between covers, of an evening. The one thing which serial publication does *not* require is less art. Personally, I have always found it more difficult than a tale which has no bars or fences, but may run its own will over the country-side, coming to a stop when it gets through.

Partly for this reason, but more because of my own inaptitude for historical study, I was very reluctant to undertake the work in question. Mr. McClure, who was one of the first publishers to recognize my husband's then unproved gifts in this direction, persuaded us; and we wrote.

Our task was to create two novels built upon Scriptural characters, scenery, and history. They must be Oriental to the last adjective. They must treat of life, of love, of action, not as the Occidental looks at these great facts. Saints, villains, heroes, and heroines must think and feel not as the New Yorker, or the Bostonian, or the Londoner of 1890 thinks and feels; but as the Babylonian or the Jew of two thousand or three thousand years ago would have loved and fought and wrought and died. This undertaking involved much study, and of a close and exacting kind. And just here, I would like to say:

The research implied in the construction of these two books must be entirely credited to my collaborateur. I cannot lay claim to any portion whatever of the industry and accuracy which have received the warm recognition of Oriental scholars; and I have always felt a little uncomfortable at the chance of being supposed to be so much "wiser than I am"!

Further, one of these books, from the critic's point of view, succeeded better than the other. I am glad to take this natural opportunity to say, that the one which succeeded should be entirely attributed to Mr. Ward. "The Master of the Magicians" added to a large circulation the cordial welcome of reviewers. "Come Forth" reached the usual comfortable and satisfactory circulation, but did not leap to the further side of that, and—I am told—received at the hands of reviewers a treatment amounting to brutality. Of course, in this case, as is my custom in all others, I have never read these opinions expressed by professional critics about my books; and have never felt any temptation to do so.

It fell to Mr. Ward and myself to collaborate one other story, growing out of our life in South Carolina; and the success of this (which was so fortunate as to take a first prize in the "Youth's Companion" in the only competition of that kind in which I ever engaged) I attribute also, in good measure, to my collaborateur.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

By Morgan Robertson.

HE had started life at sixteen on a small farm in Ohio, had won the heart of the farmer's wife by putting new life and ambition into the disabled old clock during her absence, but had incurred the wrath of the farmer himself by taking apart the threshing machine, which showed signs of wear and which he had sincere intentions of mending. A sound beating caused a vacancy on that farm, and filled a corner of a freight-car with a small boy bound for the West. He never reached that ever-receding section. Hunger brought him out at a small town, and compelled him to beg; and finding this means of livelihood easier than working, he continued at it, and developed in a few years into as picturesque a "tramp" as ever enlivened rural scenery.

He was not vicious, only ignorant and lazy. Sometimes, to relieve ennui, he would work for a few days; but only at labor that brought him into contact with machinery. He was a born mechanic; but this expresses all. He knew by intuition things that successful civil and mechanical engineers would be glad to acquire after years of study, at the same time possessing none of the balance of mind that makes us respectable. He had a bulging forehead, with ears set well back on his head. A phrenologist, in examining such a head, would have described it as showing large imitation, hope, form, and weight; abnormally large causality, comparison, and constructiveness; but sadly deficient in continuity, combativeness, destructiveness, firmness, acquisitiveness, and approbativeness. With a little energy he could easily have earned at least the title of "Jack of all trades," but even this was beyond him. In short, he was a happy-go-lucky vagabond, with an ever increasing repugnance for work, and an ever decreasing community of interest with his fellow-men.

He wandered to New York, and stood with a crowd watching the ascent of a large safe, which men were hoisting by means of a wagon-winch to the upper story of a high building. A man stood on the safe, guiding it. People passed underneath, indifferent to danger, and no one but our "tramp" noticed a slight movement of the rope, just above the wagon, followed by a quick untwisting, as a strand parted.

"Stop!" he yelled, "the rope's breaking."

"Vast heaving," roared the foreman; "stand from under; jump for a window, Tom—jump for your life!"

People scattered to the middle of the street. Among the first were the foreman and his men. The man on the safe frantically climbed the tackle to reach a window just above him. The two remaining strands of the rope quivered under the strain, becoming fuzzy with the ends of yarns that had broken and were forced outward, while the broken strand showed its spiral bulging six feet above the place of fracture. Then the tattered idler on the sidewalk made some very quick movements. Seizing the end of the rope from the wagon, he pulled about eight feet twice around a near-by lamp-post, over and under itself, thus hitching it. Jumping to the wagon with the end, he tied it to the straining rope, as high up as he could reach; then sprang to the ground a second before the overworked remaining strands snapped. Down came the heavy safe a foot or so, and the reinforced rope sank under the sudden tension. The man above barely held his grip on the tackle, and the lamp-post was bent and nearly wrenched from the ground. But the hitch did not slip.

The foreman and his helpers came back with some new ideas. The rope, or rather two ropes knotted together, now led straight to the doubtful lamp-post. Hitching another rope above the first knot, they hove on it, bringing the strain on the winch, and the danger was over.

"Where is that tramp?" asked the foreman. "He's a sailor. I've been there, and know the signs. He's passed a clove hitch on the lamp-post and a rolling hitch on the fall. I'll give him a job."

But the "tramp" had gone.

At Buffalo he fired a stationary engine, on trial, but displayed so keen an interest in the engineer's own work as to lose the job. Later, inspired perhaps by a fleeting self-respect, based on his late usefulness, he secured another, this time as engineer. His employer was suspicious at first of the ragged, unlicensed aspirant;

but he talked glibly of grate surface, eccentrics, valves, pistons, etc. (words picked up in his last service); no other applicant appeared, and the engine must run; so he was accepted.

Instinct, mechanical and other, is inherited knowledge, and the fact that a correct estimate of the tensile strength of red-hot boiler iron in contact with cold water did not form a part of this man's genius was due, no doubt, to the antecedent fact that none of his ancestors had experimented in this line. Indeed, few who so experiment live long enough to transmit to descendants, in the form of instinct, this acquired knowledge. On the second day he sailed over two fences amid a cloud of hot steam, while the shattered boiler went the other way.

He was picked up scalded, disfigured, and unconscious, and sent to the hospital, from which, in three months, he emerged blind in one eye, minus an ear, and with his whole right side shortened and weakened. On a stormy December morning, hungry and cold, he shipped deck-hand on a steam-barge, the mate taking on the forlorn applicant for the same reason that had influenced his last employer: no other appeared. He scrubbed decks, scoured paint-work, and helped trim sail as the shifts of wind demanded, while the steam-barge dragged herself and two tow-barges up the lake. He soon understood the proper angle that sails should bear to the wind and the resultant force exerted on the vessel. He helped the second mate splice a rope, and knew how before the job was half done. He had seen the rudder at the dock, and explained to his fellows the action of the slanting blade on the water. Scrubbing paint on the bridge, he heard the captain say to the mate: "Pull up the centre-board; she gripes;" and being sent to help, asked the good-natured second mate what the centre-board was for, and what griping meant. The mate explained: the centre-board was a movable blade in the bottom to keep the boat from drifting sideways, and "griping" was the carrying of the rudder to one side under the pressure of the wind.

By the time he had assimilated this nautical lore, the boat had reached Point Pelee, near the head of the lake, and here, as though misfortune was still "camped on his trail," he fell overboard.

"Man overboard, rooster," yelled the second mate.

"Which one?" asked the captain, as he rang the stopping-bells.

"The blind one, the cripple."

"Let the tow pick him up," growled the captain, ringing full speed to the engine. But as a salve to his conscience, he blew a few short barks of the whistle, to signify to the barges behind to "Look out."

Our hero, fathoms deep as he thought, barely escaped a blow from the propeller as he was sucked under the quarter, to come to the surface half the length of the tow-line behind. Being no swimmer, he gasped once and sank; then arose, only to be beaten under by the bow of the oncoming tow-barge. When next he appeared, it was behind the first tow-barge, and the second, approaching at a seven-knot speed, was almost upon him.

"Help!" he gurgled. But no one heard or saw him, although a profane but humane second mate was periling his position and blackening his soul with loud, blasphemous objurgations to the barges, and vows of legal vengeance on his superior, the captain, as he peered aft from the steamer's taffrail.

Just as his head disappeared, the outer bobstay of the second barge struck him in the shoulder. He grasped it. Tearing through the water made it hard work to pull himself up; but he got his head out, and rested; then, inch by inch, he dragged his crippled body up the pair of iron chains to the bowsprit, thence in-board to the deck, on to which he tumbled an unconscious heap. He was carried below, stripped, and brought to with much rubbing and copious draughts of whiskey. But not being used to this stimulant lately, he relapsed into a stupor.

That night it snowed so hard that the men steering the tow-barges could not see the steam-barge ahead, and the captains and mates took turns at standing in the bows, and guided by the trend of the tow-lines, bellowing "Starboard," "Port," and "Steady" to the helmsmen. The captain of the steam-barge, too sure of his position to anchor, yet not sure enough to go ahead without sounding, slowed down, took a cast of the lead, and went on, without being able to see through the snow the position the second of the tow-barges had reached. She had crept upon the first barge, but had given her a wide berth; and now, when the tow-line tautened, it bore at right angles—to port.

"Hard-a-starboard!" sang out the mate of the second barge, as he saw the hawser lift from the water.

It was his last speech. The terrific strain broke the iron casting on the bow

through which the hawser led, and the mate, standing on the port cat-head, was struck in the legs by the sweeping recoil of the heavy line and swept overboard. He did not rise. Ropes were thrown out, but the relentless power at the other end of the tow-line carried them away from the spot; the loudest pair of lungs could not penetrate that thick snow; and the mate was given up.

The old captain, much shaken, took the mate's place at the bow, noting, despite his horror, that the port jib-boom guys were torn from their fastenings by the tow-line, which now bore a little forward of the beam, showing that she was straightening up to her course. The tow-post creaked and groaned with the unfamiliar side strain, and she came around, slackening the tow-line with the increased speed acquired in the wide sweep. Then she swung the other way, the strength of the helmsman, a mere boy, not being sufficient to steady her.

As the tow-line tautened, leading now off to starboard, though the brand-new rope held, the rotten tow-post, weakened by its wrenching, did not. Breaking at the deck, it crashed over the bow at the end of the line, catching and carrying away the port bow-sprit shroud as it went; and with her momentum and the wheel still to port, the barge swung around, lost headway, and pointing her nose to the north shore, drifted to leeward, with all the rigging of the bow-sprit and jib-boom gone on the port, or weather, side.

The much-wrought-up old skipper, who had barely escaped the flying tow-post, sprang to the rail, and screamed his curses on the steam-barge. "Think I'm goin' t' anchor, do ye? Anchor in this passage—an' wait for you t' take a night's sleep at th' dock 'fore ye come back? Not much! Ye've carried 'way my head-gear, but I'll find a better place—'f I run t' Buffalo—How's her head?" This to the wheel.

"Nor' by east, sir."

"Bring her east by south, half south, when she'll come. Give her the stay-sail, boys."

This sail was loosed, hoisted half up, and lost in the thick maze to leeward as a sudden puff of the increasing gale blew it to pieces.

With decks awash as the seas boarded the weather rail and spilled out the lee scuppers, and in that blinding snow-storm, the flakes of which were attaining a needle-like sharpness, the gray old skipper was more resolved than ever not to anchor in a dangerous channel, and his men began rigging preventer guys to the bowsprit—for head sail must be carried to bring her before the wind. The boy was told to drop the wheel and lend a hand. The darkey cook was called and sent out on the bowsprit with the rest, as they endeavored to hitch a heavy hawser around the end of the spar. It was icy cold. The waves made hungry licks at their legs as they worked, and their fingers were numb, and the ropes and spar slippery with ice. But they completed the task, and had started in when one of those vicious Lake Erie seas, the first of the three which travel in company, lifted up to windward, a gray, nearly perpendicular wall.

"Look out!" cried the captain; "hang on."

When the sea had passed on, and the captain had straightened up, he saw one dark object clinging to the icy gear under the spar, while from the blanket of snow to leeward came gurgling cries. Then, as the next sea crashed over the bows, he heard, "Help, cappen," as the cook also was swept away.

Unable to save them, and trembling with horror, the old man crawled aft and went below, where he buried his head in his hands on the cabin table. "Great God!" he groaned, "all gone, every man; and all in half an hour!"

He sat there, wet, lonely, and miserable, until daylight shone in on him; then he remembered the deck-hand in the fore-castle, and started forward to arouse him, if he too had not died in the night.

It had stopped snowing, but the snow was replaced by the drift from the sea, which, freezing where it fell, had already encased deck, rail, and rigging in a coating of ice. It was slippery walking, or, rather, creeping, for an old man of seventy, with the craft rolling both rails under, and it is no wonder that an incoming sea swept his legs from under him, bringing him down with a thud on the icy corner of the fore-hatch.

He groaned with the sharp pain in his back, but could not rise. His legs were useless, and he hitched and crawled as best he could, and in time reached the fore-castle hatch, where he called—called until his voice grew weak; then gasped his prayer for help, while the man below slept on, and did not waken even when the masts crashed over the side.

It was high noon when the sleeper opened his eyes—on strange quarters, with an icy ladder leading up to a square of light, blocked by a gray face fringed with icicles,

on which death had stamped the agony of its owner's last moments. He shivered with cold as he turned out. His clothes, nearly dried by the now cold stove, hung on the pawl-post, and he dressed himself, with many upward glances at the gruesome thing above. Then he mounted the slippery ladder, shutting his eyes as he neared the staring face, and not opening them until he had climbed over it and floundered on to the deck beside the body, covered now, like the deck itself, with a frozen mantle.

He made his way aft, and called down the cabin door: "Any one here?"

Hearing no sound, he descended, and opened all the stateroom doors, but found no one. His hunger brought him to the galley, where he partook of some food, and then returned to the deck. It was a situation to appal the heart of even an experienced sailor. The vessel had once been a fine three-masted schooner, degraded later to a barge by sending down her topmasts. Now she was a dismantled hulk, with ice on deck making a curve from the rails inboard to where it raised in hummocks over the hatches. And on this dismantled, ice-bound hulk, rolling in the trough of the sea, somewhere on Lake Erie, he was alone with a dead man. This much he knew. Ahead and astern were two lines of blue, which he took for land. But no sail appeared to cheer him. As he stood in the companion-way, sheltered from the furious blast, the memory of his fall from the steam-barge, his being swept under by the first tow-barge, and his painful climb up the bobstays of the other, came back to him. But he remembered nothing more.

"Somethin' orful's happened," he muttered. "S'pose every one got washed off —or, mebbe, they're in the boat; that's gone. Wonder what killed the man forrard? I've got t' do somethin'."

He noticed the thumping of the spars alongside, where they lay held by the rigging, and concluded to cut them away; they might knock a hole in her. An axe alone would do it. He looked at the frozen deck. Axes suggest wood-piles, and wood-piles suggest stoves. This inductive reasoning brought him to the galley, where he found a hatchet; and with this he chopped at lanyards and running-gear until the spars drifted away. The jib-boom had snapped at the bowsprit end, but the bowsprit still stood; otherwise he would have had to cut through a chain bowsprit-shroud—a thing practically impossible.

He saved as much of the running-rigging as he could; not that he knew why; he had no use for it as yet. He obeyed an instinct,—the same that impelled him to put the hatchet carefully away in an oval-shaped hole in the after part of the cabin. As it was day-time he felt no nervous fears of the dead man forward, and crawled around the deck, inspecting what was left of her fittings. He examined a hummock of ice amidships, showing a black skeleton of iron. "Centre-board winch," he said. Another pillar of ice enclosed the capstan; the steam-barge had carried these things. Creeping aft, he looked over the stern, and discovered the rudder, ice-covered, but free in its movements, which a sailor would have known by the spinning of the wheel.

He was now wet with the drift and chilled through. He went below, and in the mate's room found dry clothing, with which he replaced his wet rags. The captain's room furnished a good pair of rubber boots and a suit of oil-skins. While here, he noticed a bundle of paper rolls, which he examined. "Maps," he said. He found the chart of Lake Erie, and for the first time in his life valued a much neglected accomplishment: he could read.

A cursory glance showed him a long, bag-shaped outline of coast, with Buffalo at one end, and other cities, most of which he had visited, marked on the edges. In one corner was a circle, filled with numerous interlocking stars, which he could not understand. He put the chart away, and clad in his warm, protective clothing, returned to the deck, where he did an hour's hard thinking and experimenting.

"She don't lay even in the holler of the waves," he said. "Why?" He thought of the centre-board. "She drifts sideways, an' if the board's down it makes a point, kinder, an' she'd hang on it. If it's forrard o' the centre, it ud hold that end to the wind a little. I'll see."

The rubber boots gave him good sea-legs. He went to the centre-board winch, measured the distance forward and aft with his eye, and returned for the hatchet. As he took it from the hole in the cabin, he saw a curious, whirling disk inside, which, when it had ceased its gyrations, resembled the diagram on the chart. He had never seen or heard of a compass, but the letters E, S, and W, on the edge of the disk, and the fact that it retained a steady position independent of the yaws of the vessel, were data for later deductions.

"THE WIND FRESHENED TO A GALE, AND BY MIDNIGHT TO A HURRICANE"

He chopped the ice from the winch, and roughened it under his feet; then, little by little, with his feeble strength, hoisted the centre-board. A man can lift a great weight with a worm-geared winch. Going aft, he proved his reasoning: she lay plumb in the trough of the sea.

He chopped the ice from two large, octagon-shaped boxes, abaft the stumps of the fore and main masts, and looked in. They contained heavy hawsers, tackles, etc. He noticed the heavy, cross-plank construction of the covers as he replaced them. A barrel was lashed to the fife-rail around the stump of the foremast. Chopping into it, he found salt, and remarked that where he spilled some on deck the ice crackled and melted to water, which did not freeze again. Then he went aft, and puzzled over the action of the compass, which, not being governed by purely mechanical laws, was beyond his comprehension. But he divined its scope and utility, and out of his environment of screaming wind and heaving water, evolved a plan of salvation,—apparently so wild, so baseless and hopeless, that no sane seafaring man, hampered by experience, would have considered it for an instant. But this man was not a sailor: he was a mechanic, heaven-born.

"She's driftin' 'bout as fast as a man kin walk," he mused. "If she'd point with the wind she'd move faster. How kin I make her? More pressure on one end or less on the other; a sail forrard ud do."

The fore-mast had broken about ten feet from the deck, and the boom and gaff, with

the fore-sail furled to them, lay with the jaws in place on the stump and the after end frozen fast to the ice on deck. The main and mizzen masts had snapped at the deck, and everything pertaining to them was overboard except what he had saved of the running-rigging. Forward, from the bowsprit end, descended an immense icicle, the accretion of ice to the jib-stay, broken aloft and hanging down, while on the bowsprit lay the furled jib—an elongated cone of ice; a solid mass with the spar. He shrank from attempting to chop loose and set this sail to the stump of the mast, and considered the alternative: less pressure aft; he could rig a drag.

His ideas were crystallizing. He searched for and found a well-equipped tool-chest; then spent the rest of the afternoon chopping from the icy deck the ropes he had pulled in, and coiling them, or rather, crushing them, in the cabin, where he sprinkled them with salt from the barrel. Then, building a fire in the stove, he cooked and ate his supper, first bringing all the rope's-ends into the galley to dry.

By the light of the galley lamp he studied the chart, but could make little of it except that he was somewhere on a line, midway between the shores, which he creased with his thumb-nail from Buffalo to the head of the lake. If he could get her before the wind and steer, and the wind should shift, he might make one of the ports on either shore; and in case the wind held as it was, he could not miss Buffalo, for the compass told him the wind was blowing him there. He schemed and planned until sleepy; then "turned in all standing."

Morning showed more ice on deck and a slight change to the northward in the wind, which had been due west, but no lessening of its velocity or of the bitter cold. After breakfast he went to work. His ropes were now pliable and the ends dry. With an auger he bored four holes in the rim of one of the heavy box-covers, into which he inserted the ends of ropes, making a bridle such as boys put on their kites. Weighting one side with a heavy piece of iron, he fastened the end of a hawser from the box to the bridle, and pushed the contrivance over the stern, paying out the line as the vessel drifted away from it. When about a hundred feet were out, he made it fast to the quarter-bitt (a strong post), and watched the effect as the line tautened. It certainly did bring the stern to the wind, but not enough to give the craft headway. He rigged the other box-cover as a drag on the other quarter, and had the satisfaction of seeing the boat pay off and go staggering through the water, and, though yawing right and left, keep a general direction eastward. He hurrahed his delight, and took the wheel, but found that he could make no improvement in the serpentine wake the barge left behind her. Deeply laden and weighted with ice, she now shipped every sea over the stern, and to escape them he went below, satisfied for the time that she was going somewhere at a fairly good rate. Had he been successful at the wheel, he would have cut away the drags to increase her speed, but he feared to. Could he put sail on her, and increase her speed with the drags still out? The sound of the drag ropes, straining on the bitts, gave him an idea of power that he could use—power beyond the strength of a hundred men.

Up he came and surveyed the ground, inspecting first the jib. It was covered with six inches of solid ice. It would be too dangerous to climb out there and chop it loose. Besides, when set, it would show little surface, and would only help to keep her before the wind. He needed a mast and a larger sail. So he inventoried his material. The furled fore-sail was there, with a good boom and gaff; the boxes were filled with strong hawsers, and on top of the coils were tackles, small line, and deck tools. He had a cabinful of running-gear, and, counting the pulley-blocks in reach, found himself possessed of four large double and three large single blocks, all shackled to their places. With salt, hatchet, and tools, he disconnected these and carried them below.

The forward hawser-box was in his way, and he emptied it, coiling the lines in the cabin. Disdaining to chop it clear of ice, he merely scored a rough groove, knotted a heavy rope to the box, and leading this aft, hitched it to one of the drag-lines—with the same knot he had used in New York—and slacked away. The surrounding ice crackled, split, and went to pieces as the heavy box bounded from its bed and rolled about the decks. A friendly sea carried it overboard, and he cut it adrift. He spliced ropes for tackles, and an able seaman could have spliced no better—though, possibly, more quickly; for sailors are made, not born like poets and mechanics. He chopped ice and manipulated tackles—with the drag for power—and by noon had the heavy boom, sail, and gaff on deck, and two holes sunk in the solid bed of ice abaft the stump to receive the jaws when his mast should arise. Salting his work

as he left it, he labored on, perspiring with his efforts, and drenched by the merciless seas which boarded the craft amidships. Ice formed on his back, but he worked with an energy new to him. Was it love of life, or love of mechanics that impelled him?

Late in the afternoon he first felt hunger, and surveyed his work before going aft to eat. The sail was cut away and lay on deck, a frozen cylinder, lashed to the rail. Not wanting the gaff, he had sped it over the side by clever handling of ropes and drag-line. The boom lay nearly amidships with the middle of a brand-new hawser knotted to its after end, the ends of which, equally cut to the length of the boom, he had secured to two strong iron rings in the rails, one each side,—stout shrouds for his new mast. A strong tackle led from the end of the boom to the jagged head of the mast stump. Another from the same end led to the bows, hooking into the still intact dead-eye of the broken fore-stay. The first was to lift his mast until the other could act, which would then complete the work, and when the mast was up, act as a permanent support from forward—a fore-stay. A single block, with a long rope pulled through, was secured to the underside of the boom, close to the end. Although he might not have named it, this rope was his halliard—to hoist his sail. His fertile brain had worked in advance of his crippled body; he had lost no time in planning the next step.

After a hurried lunch he studied his drag-line—his power. Could he lift that mast with one drag? He knew nothing of foot-pounds, horse-power, or mechanical equivalents, but he "guessed" that he could not. So, knotting the ends of both to his last hawser, he threw them overboard, and soon had both drags straining on one rope—a doubling of power, but an unseamanlike waste of good manila. He then led the falls, or hauling parts, of his tackles aft, and hitching the one he was to use first to the drag-line, slacked out until it tautened. But his mast must go up straight as a jack-knife blade from the handle; it must not swing; he needed side guys to steady it. These he rigged from the end of the boom through two blocks hooked in the rails, thence aft to where he could slack away from two iron belaying-pins. Then he was ready.

First, inspecting everything, he payed out carefully, and had the satisfaction of seeing the boom lift amid a shower of crackling ice from the tackle, staggering its way upward, and jerking violently on the guy-ropes as it swayed back and forth. But they soon tautened, and, leading the drag-line across the deck, he slackened these guys alternately, paying out on the drags as he moved back and forth, thus keeping the spar comparatively steady. When the tackle had reached the slippery angle of forty-five degrees, he fastened the fall of the long bow-tackle to the drag-line, and soon got the weight of the boom on this. Then, cutting the other way, he payed out roundly, fearing the guys would part from the merciless tugs they received as the spar, nearly on end, thrashed from side to side. But they held nobly. Soon the heavy shrouds tautened, and the new mast, describing a few jerky circles against the gray sky, settled itself, a rigid mass with the hull, held by its icy socket at the deck, aft by two hawsers to the rail, and forward by a strong four-part tackle to the bow. But he must secure this fore-stay, now depending on the uncertain tension of the drag-line. By the time he had done so, darkness had almost arrived, and the ghastly mound on deck, looking ghastlier in the lessening light, sent him aft for the night. First, however, he salted his halliard, coiled on the fife-rail, and threw the rest of the salt on the frozen cylinder which he was to transform to a sail in the morning. Then dropping the tackles and deck tools down the stairs, he looked around the shortened horizon before following them.

The aspect had not changed. The same black and gray waste of wind-driven cloud and foam-crested sea met his eye; and yet he fancied the darker line of land to the southward looked larger. He went below, wet, benumbed, and exhausted, but feeling within him the exultation of a victor and the strange stirrings of a newly aroused manhood. Dry clothes and supper refreshed him a little, and again he studied the chart. Reaching down the cook's rolling-pin and placing the chart on the floor, he knelt on it.

"Now, that circle in the corner," he said, "can't mean nothin' but to show the way the lake runs. That line on it marked E an' W means east an' west, an' the one crossin' it with S at the bottom means south, an' t'other end must mean north, o' course. An' that thing in the hole upstairs is marked just the same an' allus points the same way—wonder why? Now, le's see.

"In the mornin' I 'spect she'll be pretty close to that shore." And he placed the

"THE SEAS POURED OVER AND DRENCHED HIM, AND ICE FORMED ON HIS BACK AND SHOULDERS."

rolling-pin so that by ranging his eye he struck a line from Buffalo nearly parallel to the south shore and touching it two-thirds of its length from that port.

"Now, I'll jess guess that in the mornin' I'll be somewhere near this line." He rolled his improvised parallel rule; it would not reach the compass diagram in the corner, and he supplemented it with the edge of the chopping-board, which he placed on the centre of the circle and flush with the rolling-pin.

"Eight divisions o' that circle 'tween east an' north," he mused. "This strikes off 'bout two an' a half o' them. Two an' a half divisions north o' the east line. I'll remember."

His sleep was troubled. All night he chopped ice and poked frozen ropes through blocks too small for them, tied hitches that slipped, and spliced ropes that broke. Once he was up. The mast was still in place, and the drag still kept her before the wind. He could not see the compass, but the wind and sea were unquestionably milder. So he turned in again, and aroused at daylight to find himself within two miles of the shore, an angry surf showing, and the wind brisk from the north. But the gale was over.

The barge was heading straight for the nest of breakers, and he must do something quickly. A few moments of dazed thinking and he was awake and himself. With some small dry rope from the cabin, he lashed the forward upper corner of the sail to the foot of the mast; he could not haul it snug to its place, but made it secure. Then with the axe he chopped one of the blocks from the rail, where he had left it, securing it to the same place, and, knotting one end of the halliard into the after upper corner of the sail, he passed the other through this block, and leading it aft, fastened it to the drag-line, not by a hitch—both ropes were icy—but by a firm lashing of small line.

Before paying out to hoist the sail, he took his axe and made mighty dents in the ice which bound it. He chopped, hammered, and pried until he dared wait no longer, and then he threw off the drag line turns and chopped again, where most needed, as the sail shook itself loose and arose with a thrashing and crackling that was deafening.

He was driven away by the hurling pieces of ice, and ran to the drag-line. Taking a turn, he dubiously watched the sail ascend as he slacked out, not knowing as yet how he was to secure the lower part, until he noticed a ring worked into the edge which was just ready to slip over the side out of his reach. Making fast, he ran below, emerging with some small line and his best tackle, one block of which he hooked to this ring, lashing the hook, and the other to the ring-bolt in the starboard rail, left vacant by the single block. Hauling taut, he secured the tackle, then paying out more drag-line, brought the sail up.

It set beautifully, a picturesque leg-of-mutton above, but sadly blocked the deck with the unused portion below. It in-

creased the barge's speed toward the shore, and he took the wheel to throw her round. She would not come; so, lashing the halliard to the bitt, with some misgivings he cut the drag-line. Then she answered her helm, and soon was clawing off that lee-shore as bravely as though carrying a complete equipment of spars, sails, and able seamen.

He found the course he had selected and held her to it, not steering true, but very well for a novice. When hungry he dropped the wheel, rushed to the galley, and coming back with some bread, found her rounding up to the wind. But she payed off when he put the wheel over, and, munching the bread, he steered on, watching for ports on the south shore. He saw no signs that his judgment approved of, however. The wind was freshening and hauling back to its old quarter, and he resolved to go on; he could not miss Buffalo.

As night came on he reasoned out the necessity of light on the compass, and investigating, found two lamps, one burned out, the other full, approachable from the inside of the cabin. He lighted the full one, and, returning to the wheel, found the vessel in the trough of the sea and threatening to roll his mast out. But it held, and he brought her back to the course, resolved not to leave the wheel again.

Darkness descended, and he steered by compass alone, as the wind freshened to a gale, and by midnight to a hurricane that at times flattened the seas to a level. His lame side ached; his blind eye, inflamed with cold, smarted as though torn with needles; but he bravely made his course good. The seas poured over and drenched him, and ice formed on his back and shoulders, descending as a curtain from the rim of his sou'wester. Working the wheel made his arms and breast perspire, while his feet smarted, burned, and grew numb as the water in his boots congealed. All but engulfed in a liquid world, he felt the torture of thirst until he bit ice from his sleeve. He talked to and about himself.

A bright light flared out on the port bow and went out. It appeared again and again. What was it? He did not know, but it cheered him. It passed astern, and another appeared to starboard. And so he steered on through the night, on the course he had chosen and remembered: northeast by east, half east.

A sleepy life-saver, patrolling the beach, saw a curious craft approaching port in the gray of the morning, making wild, zig-zag yaws, as though undecided which shore to strike. He awakened his comrades and then the nearest tug-captain, and having nothing better to do and with plenty of time, turned out all the tugs moored on his side of the river. Six puffing, snorting, high-pressure tugs ranged up alongside of the shapeless iceberg floundering into port, their captains roaring out requests for a line to the dishevelled creature at the wheel. A vacant stare and a backward wave of the arm were the only answer.

Gayly and noisily the procession passed up Buffalo River, and it was only after the leading craft had torn three vessels from their moorings; after passing the foot of Main Street, black with cheering men, and through the bridge, barely swung in time to save it, that the tugmen managed to get aboard and take lines. The barge was stopped just in time to save a canal boat that lay in her way from a fatal ramming.

She was moored to the dock, and crowds poured aboard and passed comments. And her helmsman and navigator—where was he? In the galley, lighting a fire; he had earned his breakfast and wanted it. Newspaper men sought him and asked questions, which he answered between mouthfuls, mainly by a simple, "Dunno." One brought him a looking-glass, into which he looked, wonderingly; his lips were shrunken and drawn, his face wrinkled, and his hair, which had been dark, was white as the crests of the seas he had conquered.

The captain of a windbound liner appeared and interviewed him. "He's not a sailor," he reported, later; "but he has accomplished the greatest feat of pure seamanship I ever heard of. I met that craft at the head of the lake three days ago. She must have been dismasted that night in the first of the blow. He told me how he found himself alone, rigged drags for power, put a jury-mast in her, and struck off a course with a rolling-pin, and clawed her off a lee-shore, and sailed her down this lake in the wildest hurricane we've ever had here. Yes, sir, it's wonderful; but it's possible. And it's a salvage job, too; he'll get several thousand dollars."

But though every reporter on every paper in Buffalo hunted for him high and low, he did not put in a claim for salvage.

That night a south-bound freight train carried a wrinkled, white-haired, one-eyed "tramp," bound for sunnier climes, where ice and snow were unknown.

A MODEL CRIME.

By W. Pett Ridge.

THE two swollen-eyed men from Bethnal Green rubbed their stubbly chins thoughtfully with the palms of their hands. They glanced at the yellow young man in the armchair, and then out of the window at Jermyn Street. The yellow young man was Mr. P. Rawlings, from San Domingo, and these were his chambers.

"Wot d'ye mike of it, Jimes?"

"It's thick," whispered James, hoarsely. "Vurry thick, Awlbert."

"T'ent as though this gent wanted the other gent abslootly mide off with," urged Albert.

"I should strongly object," interposed young Mr. Rawlings from the armchair, in his thin high voice, "if anything of the kind were done. Understand that once for all. There must be no great harm done to Mr. Burleigh. He is simply to be kept out of the way for a month. He proposes to start shortly for a quiet trip on the Continent, and—"

"Before his merridge," remarked James.

Mr. P. Rawlings threw his black cigar into the fire with an impetuous exclamation.

"Be-fore his merridge," echoed Albert.

"He must be abducted and kept quietly for a space until I give the word," said young Mr. Rawlings.

The two men glanced at each other again.

"He's a biggish chep," remarked Albert.

"Chlorryfom might do it," said James, thoughtfully. "But it's a precious risky job. Do you 'appen to know the lidy he's going to merry, sir?"

It was a most unfortunate question.

"What has that to do with you, man? There is your business. Mind it."

Mr. P. Rawlings was in a great rage. He had started up from his chair, and stood glaring with his small black eyes at the two men.

"No 'arm done, sir," said James, in a conciliatory way, "I on'y asted the question. I wish he wasn't a M.P., that's all. They're such a fussy lot, and you see he's a important chep. Why, I see his portraits are in the shop windows, and he's in Madame Tussaud's, and—"

"I know, I know. It makes me hate him all the more."

"Got to be done to-night, has it, sir?"

"This very night. He walks round St. James's Park between nine and ten. What you ought to do is—"

A long detailed explanation. The two Bethnal Green gentlemen listened with great attention, nodding now and again as sign of their acceptance of the suggestions.

"If I were abroad," said Mr. P. Rawlings at the conclusion, "this could be done as easily as the striking of a match."

"Ah!" said James, bitterly, "that's just where it is. You're in 'appy England now, the 'ome of the free, where for the leastest little thing a man finds hisself locked up. Still, we'll do wot we can, won't we, Awlbert?"

He closed his left eye for a moment as he looked at his colleague.

"We will that," responded Albert. "The best of men can do no more."

"You understand," said Mr. P. Rawlings, decidedly, "that I give you nothing now. Come back here this evening and take me to the place where he is, and the money is yours."

"I could 'ave done with a bit on account," said James.

"Not a penny," said Mr. Rawlings, definitely.

The two Bethnal Green gentlemen sighed a protest against the dogmatism of Capital.

"Well, if you won't, mawster," said Albert, philosophically, "I suppose you won't."

The House that evening was unusually full. There was some excitement in the air, and earlier in the afternoon the Inspector had shaken up nearly a helmet full of tickets for the Strangers' Gallery. The space dividing ministers was littered with the strips of paper which members tear up when they are in an emotional mood, and no one was perfectly asleep. The youthful-looking member who was addressing the House came to his peroration. He glanced at a small red bonnet in the Ladies' Gallery.

"For my part, Mr. Speaker, I can only say, that so long as life remains with me—and that period may be short, and it may

be long—I shall not cease to present with all the vigor in my power the arguments to which the House has so generously listened this evening."

Enthusiastic cheering, as Mr. Gerald Burleigh resumed his seat. Congratulators nodded from the front bench of his own side. A pleasant little note of felicitation tossed across from the opposite side. Young Mr. Burleigh, M.P., hurried round to meet the small red bonnet.

"You are going for your usual walk round St. James's Park, I know," said the Red Bonnet, pleasantly.

"No, I am not, dear. I'm going to stroll with you on the terrace."

"Well," the Red Bonnet gave a sigh as affectation of regret, "it is useless to argue with a Member of Parliament. I only hope that my cousin—Bother!"

Mr. P. Rawlings, blinking his small black eyes, said he was pretty middling. How was Mr. Burleigh? Burleigh, without answering, said that Mr. Rawlings's cousin and he were just about to stroll on the terrace, so that they would have to say good-by to Mr. Rawlings.

"Burleigh," Mr. Rawlings took the young member aside, "I want to speak to her as a member of the family about money matters. I want to do something rather handsome for her when this affair of yours comes off."

"You're very good," said Mr. Burleigh. He said this unwillingly, for he usually told the truth. "But, really, I don't know—"

"No, you don't. I'm not so bad as you think, Burleigh. I've got a heart, after all, although my manner is a little odd at times. Now, you go for your usual run, and I'll talk to her."

Mr. P. Rawlings insisted on walking out of St. Stephen's and across the yard with Gerald Burleigh. He seemed to talk rather quickly, and with a dread of anything like a pause in the conversation. Outside the gates he stopped.

"I must hurry back to my cousin," he said. He looked across the road and took his scarlet silk handkerchief from his pocket. The two Bethnal Green gentlemen, standing on the opposite side of the road, saw this, and then, shading their eyes, looked up at the clock. "You won't be more than half an hour?"

"Less," said Gerald Burleigh.

And striding across the road, St. James's Park way, he disappeared from sight.

"Nah, for this desprit deed," said James, with much good-humor. "Is Ginger in Birdkige Walk with his keb?"

Albert nodded, and smiled the confident smile of a general who sees success.

"It's the biggest old beano I was ever in," he said. "I will sy this for you, Jimes. You're a perfect mausterpiece."

Mr. P. Rawlings did not return to his cousin. Instead, he took a swift cab to his rooms in Jermyn Street, and, arriving there, walked up and down outside. He was in a great state of nervousness, and he managed, in peering anxiously towards the end of the street, to drop his *pince nez* and smash the glasses.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Mr. P. Rawlings. Which remark was, of course, premature.

A cab drove up. On the top was a long orange case, corded up. Out of the door stepped James—James, in a state of much disorder, red stains on his hands, a look of extreme fright on his swollen countenance. Albert behind him, trembling, obviously with horror.

"Well," said Mr. Rawlings, with an attempt at cheeriness, "you're soon back. You've managed it, I hope?"

"Yus," said James, hoarsely. His voice sounded like the voice of a blanket. "Yus, we've managed it. For the world's sike, sir, go up-stairs."

Mr. P. Rawlings did so. He left the door open for the two men to follow, and switched on the light in his rooms. He picked out a particularly strong cigar, as though to honor the occasion, and stood the liqueur-stand on the table. Then, with his back to the fire, he awaited their coming.

"Mind the corners, Jimes," said Albert. "Lift your end, cawn't ye?"

"Ain't I a-liften my end?" said James, in a hoarse whisper. "It's bloomin' 'eavy. *Nah* then, *al*-together! That's it."

They brought in the long case, and placed it carefully on two chairs. Mr. P. Rawlings started forward.

"Stand back, sir," whispered James. "Don't touch the 'orrid thing until you've 'eard the tile. Awlbert, shet the doar."

"What on earth have you got there?" cried Mr. Rawlings, excitedly.

"He's not on earth," said James, reverently. "He's in 'Eaven, poor chap, or 'Ell, as the kise may be. Can't you turn the lights dahn a bit, sir?"

There was a break in the voice of the Bethnal Green gentleman. He untied the cord as the yellow Mr. Rawlings and the trembling Albert stood by. Albert poured out some port in a tumbler; James turned over the top lid of the case, and lifted a handkerchief from the end.

"Save us!" cried Mr. Rawlings. "You've killed him!"

The two men took their caps off reverently as they looked with every sign of remorse at the placid face. Mr. Rawlings gazed at the smoothly parted hair, the neat moustache, the strong chin, the—

"Tell me what it means," he cried, feeling for the broken *pince nez*. "Why have you done this? Why have you brought him here?" The two men did not answer. "Do you know who you are? You are"—he gave the word in a muffled scream—"murderers."

The two men started as Mr. Rawlings, half white now and half yellow, hissed the word at them.

"It was an oversight, I admit," explained James, slowly. "I s'pose we used too much chlorryfom. But if you're going to call us nimes, mister, perhaps we can find a title or two for you."

"What is it to do with me?"

"A prutty tidy bit," said James, with much decision. "For one thing we're a-goin' to leave Mr. Burleigh here, and we're a-goin', Awlbert and me, to give ourselves up at Vine Street. There's nothing like being perfectly striteforward in these matters. And your nime will be mentioned as 'aving egged us on to the deed."

Mr. Rawlings screamed. He rushed to the door and turned the key.

"You have done this purposely," he exclaimed. "You blackguards!"

"We didn't do it purposely," remarked Albert, setting down the tumbler; "but we cert'ny are blaiguards. All free of us are."

"Come on, Awlbert," said James. "It's no use arguing the question. Let's get down to Vine Street and see the Inspector. How might you spell your nime, mister?"

"Look here," young Mr. Rawlings breathed quickly. "Look here. *I'm* going away. I am going to leave London at once."

"No daht," said James, ironically. "Oh, no daht. And leave us two gentlemen to bear the brunt of it all."

"You have only to—to dispose of the body," said Mr. Rawlings, appealingly. "You can easily do that."

"Ho, yus," said Albert. "Nothing easier, I'm sure." He laughed a short sharp laugh of derision. "It's quite a every-day job, this is."

"Look here," cried Mr. Rawlings. He laid a hand on James's sleeve in an imploring manner. "If I give you"—he whispered a large sum—"will you get rid of it? I shall catch the morning mail at Charing Cross, and go right away—for good."

James hesitated. He drew his colleague aside, and conferred with him.

"Look 'ere, sir. We're lettin' you 'ave it all your own way, I know, but if you'll double that figure, we'll—well, we'll do wot we can."

"And you will take this—this away?"

He looked with loathing at the ghastly upturned face in the long wooden box.

"No checks, mind you," said James, with sudden suspicion.

"Notes and gold, my good man; notes and gold."

The transaction took but a few minutes. Then the two men lifted the long box and carried it slowly down-stairs.

"Give us a 'and, Ginger," said James to the red-haired cabman. "The gent don't want it, awfter all."

A yellow, frightened face watched them between the curtains of the first floor window. The cab drove off slowly and solemnly St. James's Street way. At the corner it stopped.

"There's on'y one thing now," remarked James. "How are you going to get rid of the body of this onfortunate young Member of Parliament?"

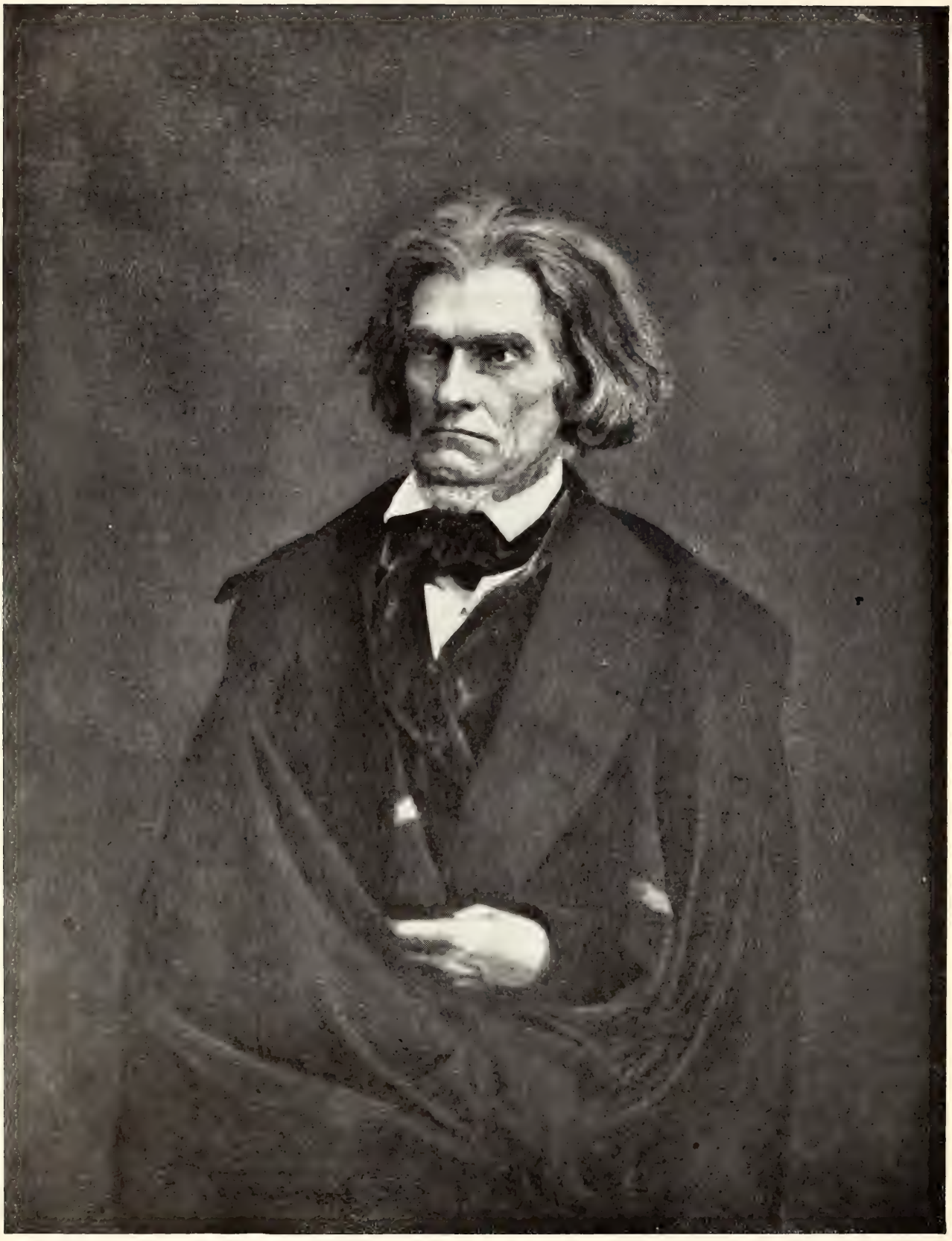
He laughed with the satisfied air of a man who has done a good night's work.

Albert considered.

"Tell ye wot," said Albert. "*I'll* tell ye wot. Tike it back to the Marylebone Road where we pinched it from; stick it outside the blooming Exhibition, and let old Tussaud, or wotever his nime is, find his property there in the morning. Is that good enough?"

James slapped his colleague on the knee.

"My boy," answered James, with much good humor, "it's great. I never 'ave give back anything before as I borrowed, but just for once I'll do it."



JOHN C. CALHOUN.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

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THE DAGUERREOTYPE IN AMERICA.

By Mrs. D. T. Davis.

WHILE in Paris in the spring of 1839, engaged in securing a patent on his telegraphic apparatus, Professor S. F. B. Morse became deeply interested in what he heard of the brilliant experiments of M. Daguerre, whose genius and perseverance had just brought to perfection one of the most important and astonishing discoveries of the age. An artist, as well as a scientist, Professor Morse was naturally anxious to hear more of this new art of painting with sunbeams, especially as he himself had made experiments to ascertain if it was possible to fix the image of the *camera obscura*, and had given the matter up as impracticable.

Having completed all arrangements in regard to his telegraph, Professor Morse had already made his plans to leave Paris for home, when, in conversation with the American Consul, Mr. Robert Walsh, he one morning remarked, "I do not like to go home without first having seen Daguerre's results." The consul thought the matter might be easily arranged, and suggested that Professor Morse invite M. Daguerre to see his telegraphic apparatus, in return for which courtesy M. Daguerre would doubtless invite Professor Morse to see his pictures.

The plan was, of course, entirely successful. Morse and his marvellous scientific achievements were already matters of European reputation, and M. Daguerre naturally lost no time in responding to the distinguished request. Immediately following this exchange of civilities, Professor Morse had the pleasure of seeing the wonderful results of the new discovery at the Diorama, where M. Daguerre had his laboratory, and where he gave frequent exhibitions of his pictures to the foremost scientific men of the day.

These pictures, the extreme beauty of which had surprised and delighted all who beheld them, bore no resemblance to anything that had been theretofore known; and the striking mystery about them was that they should have been produced by a clever manipulation of the forces of nature rather than by the artist's pencil. Except in the absence of color, they presented, on a highly polished plate, absolutely perfect images of the objects represented. In fact, such was their perfection and fidelity, that, on examining them by microscopic power, details were discovered which were not perceivable to the naked eye in the original object, but which, when searched for with optical instruments, were found in complete accordance with those of the picture. The pictures were mostly views of streets, boulevards, and buildings, those of the Louvre and Notre Dame being especially fine. Interiors, still life, groups of plaster casts, and other works of art were also most successfully treated by the new process. Daguerre had not succeeded in making portraits as yet, and he told Professor Morse that he doubted if it could be done.

Professor Morse's enthusiasm over these daguerreotypes was scarcely less than that which he felt for his beloved telegraph. He wrote concerning them, that the exquisite minuteness of the delineation could not be described; that no painting or engraving ever approached them; and that the impressions of interiors were Rem-

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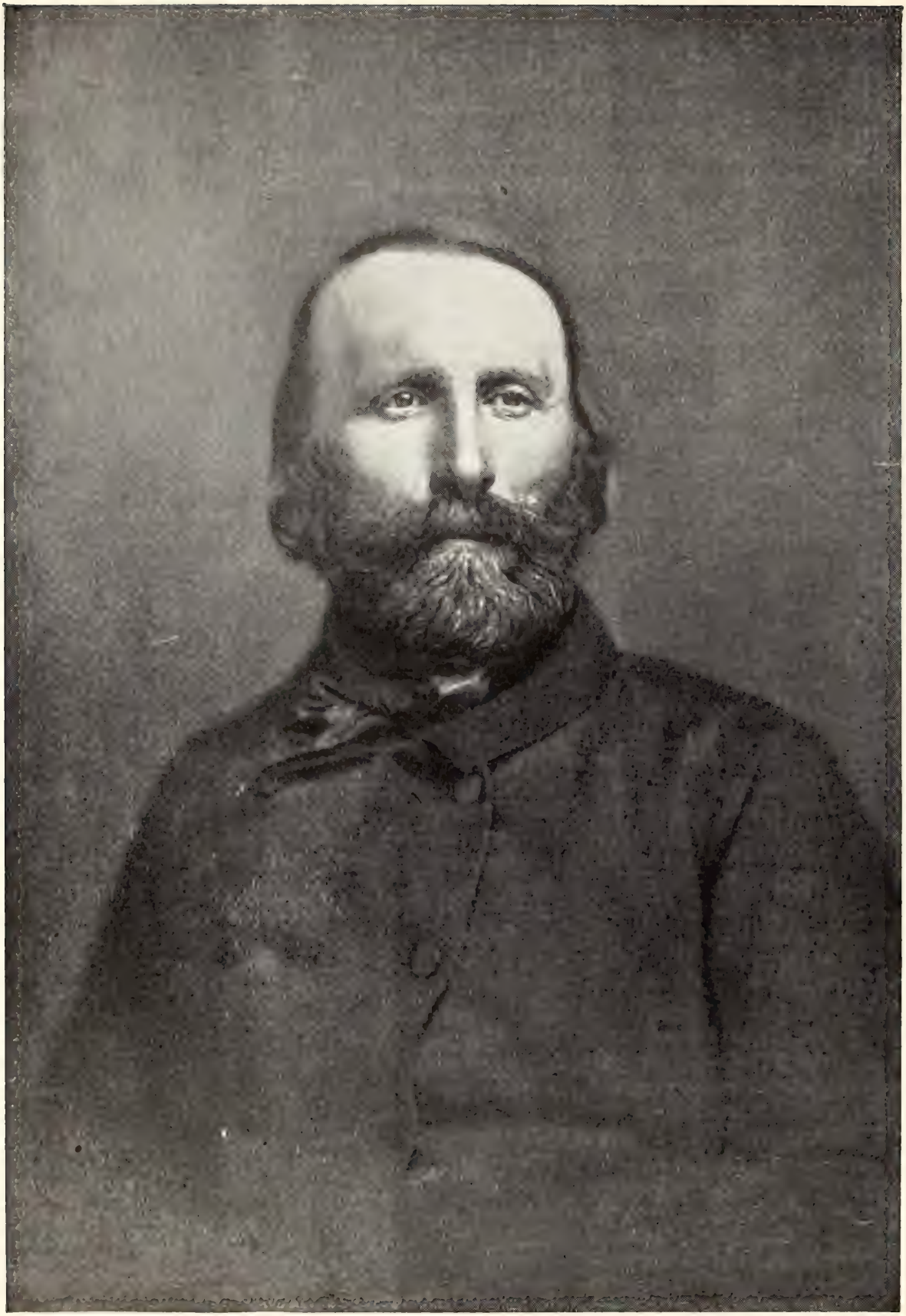
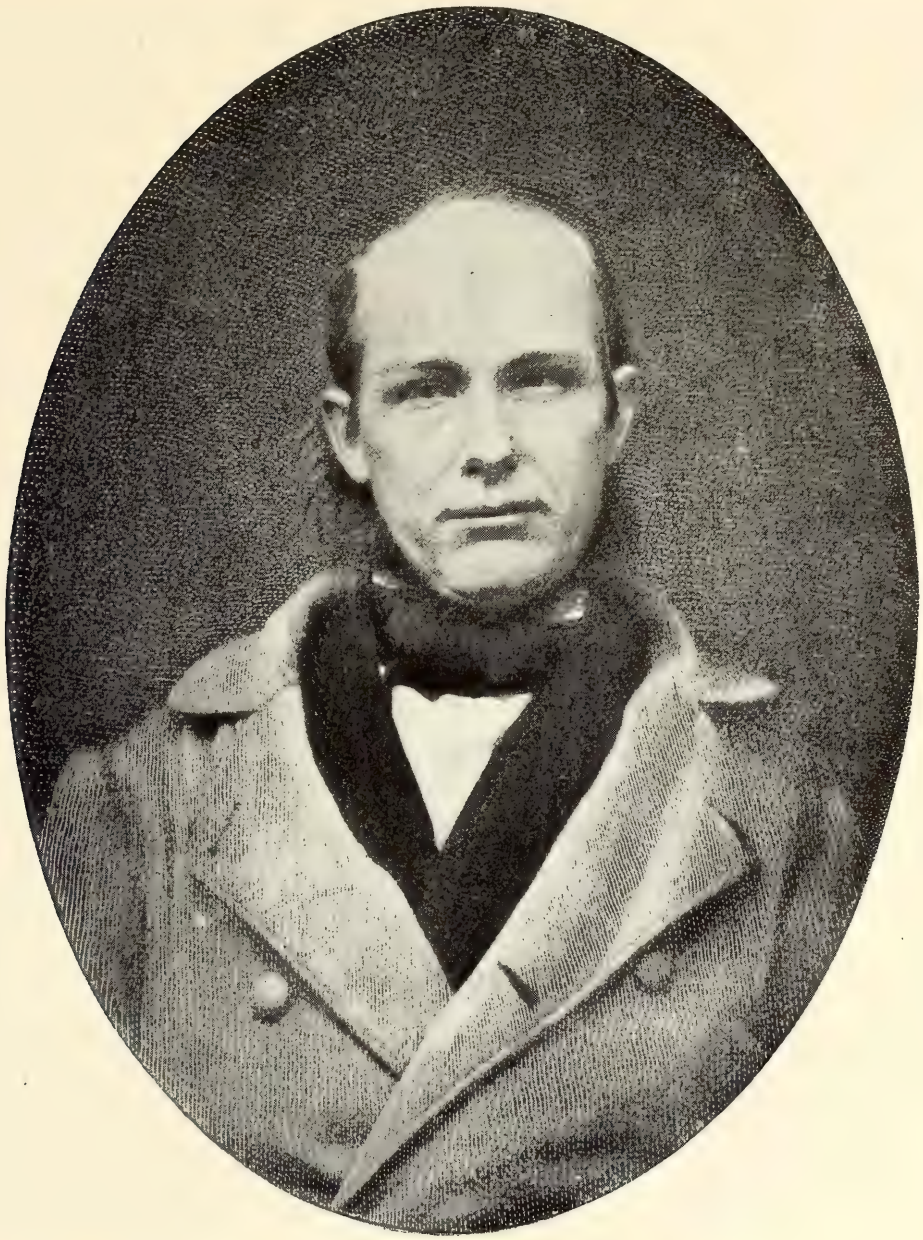


GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.



HORACE GREELEY.

From an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

brandt perfected. Unfortunately, the very next day, while Daguerre was with Professor Morse, witnessing the operations of his telegraph, the Diorama burned to the ground with all the beautiful specimens that Professor Morse had seen there the day before.

Professor Morse had been obliged to content himself with the mere sight of these charming exponents of the new art, as M. Daguerre was keeping the process a profound secret until such a time as it should be definitely decided whether or not the French Government would purchase the invention and make it a royal gift to the civilized world,—a point then under consideration.

There was a loud demand from the scientific public for an explanation of the discovery. For many years the search for a method of fixing the image of the *camera obscura*—an instrument known for nearly two centuries—had been diligent and persistent. The most important experimentation latterly had been that done in France by Niepce and Daguerre. For at least fifteen years Niepce, in entire ignorance of what Daguerre and other scientists had been doing, had been vainly endeavoring to catch the images of the *camera obscura*, when, in 1829, he met Daguerre, and they decided to reveal to each other the secrets of their individual methods and share alike in whatever material benefits might accrue.

On the recommendation of Daguerre, Niepce substituted iodine for the varnish which he had evolved, after years of experiment, to use on the silver plate. This film of iodine, which failed in the hands of Niepce, became the foundation of Da-

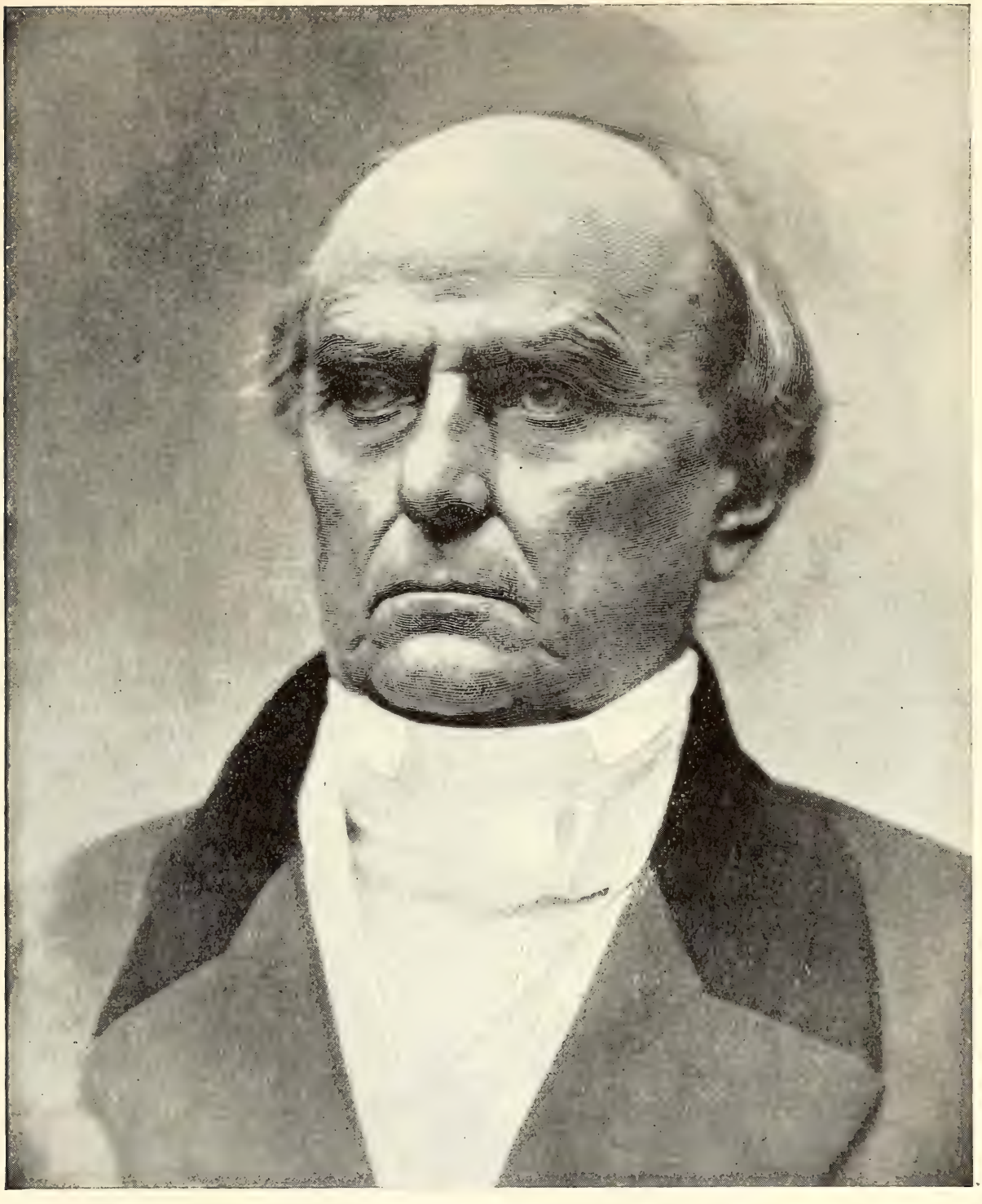
BAYARD TAYLOR.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

guerre's success, and having once obtained a material so sensitive to the action of light, the French artist overcame all other difficulties with which he had been surrounded. In the midst of these interesting researches Niepce died, in 1833, and his son afterwards succeeded to the partnership. He, however, pursued his father's process, without making any essential improvements, while Daguerre brought his own to such perfection that, after twenty years of unceasing labor, he was enabled to enter upon a life of continued triumph.

No sooner were Daguerre's pictures exhibited than scientific men the world over hastened to examine them, and it is safe to say that no previous discovery had awakened a more universal interest. Journals and periodicals were given up to exploiting the subject, and certain issues were delayed, in order to obtain more complete accounts of the famous "sun pictures." As an invention it was ranked in importance with the steam engine, and the most exaggerated panegyrics from poet and scientist alike were the order of the day.

M. Arago, the famous astronomer whose great discoveries on light entitled him to the confidence of the inventor, was intrusted with Daguerre's secret, and with that ardent devotion to science and to the interest of its cultivator which so often and splendidly characterizes scholars, he resolved that while France had the honor of so great a discovery, it should also have



DANIEL WEBSTER.

From an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

the higher glory of rewarding and honoring the discoverer and of making the discovery a present to the entire world; and he succeeded in persuading the French Government to give Daguerre an annual pension of 6,000 francs ($1,200) and Niepce one of 4,000 francs ($800) on condition that they publish their process.

The bill received the unanimous assent of both houses, and was signed by King Louis Philippe on the 15th of June, 1839. So great was the public interest in the event that when, in August, 1839, Arago published the discovery, in a paper read before the Academy of Sciences, every place was taken two hours before the time announced for the reading to begin, and upwards of 200 persons who could not obtain admittance remained in the courtyard of the Institute.

As soon as the resolution to purchase the invention and make it public had been passed by the French Chamber, Daguerre hastened to put Professor Morse, who in the meantime had returned to America, in possession of all the knowledge necessary

to manipulate the delicate process, and the professor lost no time in beginning to experiment practically with the art. His brothers Sidney E. and Richard C. Morse had a room with a glass roof erected on the roof of their new building at the northwest corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets, New York, and in this "palace of the sun," as they called it, made an American home for the new art. Until this room was ready for occupancy, Professor Morse continued his experiments with great success at the University of New York, in Washington Square. His first entirely successful picture was a view of the Unitarian Church, from the window on the staircase of the third story of the University. This was taken in September, 1839, and was without doubt the first daguerreotype ever taken in America. The time of exposure was fifteen minutes.

By the time Morse was fairly started, the process as published in Paris had reached the United States. Arago had read his paper to the Academy of Sciences in August, and the first published description of the Daguerre process which came to us was the summaries of this address published in the London newspapers. The Paris journals soon arrived with the paper in full, which was, of course, at once translated; and at the same time came the descriptive letters of the Paris correspondents.

These descriptions were so clear that any one could follow them, and hundreds were doing so, when in the fall of 1839 a teacher direct from M. Daguerre himself arrived in New York, M. François Gouraud by name. M. Gouraud, having come over expressly to give lectures on the process, brought with him the most improved French apparatus, as well as many pictures made by the master and his followers. These pictures were placed on exhibition, and on opening day the *élite* of the city were invited to view them. All who saw them were enraptured. Philip Hone wrote a long paragraph in his diary on the marvel of the discovery. "It appears to me not less wonderful," said he, "that light should be made an active operating power in this manner than that some such effect should be produced by sound; and who knows whether, in this age of invention and discoveries, we may not be called upon to marvel at the exhibition of a tree, a horse, or a sheep produced by the human voice muttering over a metal plate, prepared in the same or some other manner, the words 'tree,' 'horse,' and 'sheep.' How greatly ashamed of their ignorance the bygone generations of mankind ought to be!"

The "Knickerbocker" — Washington Irving's magazine—came out with nearly two pages of its December number devoted to the daguerreotype. "We have seen the views taken in Paris by the daguerreotype," the editor says, "and have no hesitation in avowing that they are the most remarkable objects of curiosity and admiration in the arts that we ever beheld. Their exquisite perfection almost transcends the bounds of sober belief. Let us endeavor to convey to the reader an impression of their character. Let him suppose himself standing in the middle of Broadway, with a looking-glass held perpendicularly in his hand, in which is reflected the street, with all that therein is, for two or three miles, taking in the haziest distance. Then let him take the glass into the house, and find the impression of the entire view, in the softest light and shade, vividly retained upon the surface. This is the daguerreotype. The views themselves are from the most interesting points of the French metropolis. Who would throw up their business and their dinners, on a voyage to see Paris or London, when one can sit in an apartment in New York and look at the streets, the architectural wonders, and the busy life of each crowded metropolis?"

A few months later the "Knickerbocker," in commenting again on the daguerreotype, pronounced it "an instrument destined ultimately, we believe, to be the companion of every man of taste, *particularly in his travels*"—a prophecy which we now see fulfilled in the later photograph.

M. Gouraud had little trouble in carrying through his course of lectures. Many people attended them, and he fitted out a large number with apparatus for the practice of what he had been teaching. In March, 1840, he went to Boston, and his season there was very successful. Finally he published a pamphlet: "A Description of the Daguerreotype Process, or a Summary of M. Gouraud's Public Lectures, according to the principles of M. Daguerre; with a description of a provisory method for taking Human Portraits."

This "provisory method" of taking portraits was not a simple method, as one can see from Gouraud's directions for preparing the room and the subject: "In the first place, you will begin by preparing a room exposed to the sun, the southeast

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

From an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

if possible. You will give to this room the form of a truncated pyramid lying down, of which the base will be the whole breadth of the window—which window you will make as large as possible, and extending from the floor to the ceiling. The floor, the ceiling, and the two sides of the room should be plastered with the whitest kind of lime plaster. Those who cannot dispose a room in this manner, can fix the sides of the room with sheets, or other cloth of perfect whiteness. The focus of the room must be covered with a tapestry of white cotton, with knotted or raised figures, which is designed from the drapery. Those are always agreeable to the

eye, and should always be shown in interior views. The chair on which the person sits must be of yellow wood. The person, if a man, must be dressed in a clear gray coat; pantaloons of a little deeper hue; a vest of a fancy ground,—yellow, orange, if possible,—with figures of a color to make a contrast; the whiteness of the shirt contrasting with a cravat of a gray ground either a little less dark or more deep than the coat. The toilet of a lady should be of the same shades, and in all cases black must be constantly avoided, as well as green and red."

M. Gouraud was not by any means the first person to attempt portraits in the United States. Notwithstanding the sceptical attitude of Daguerre in regard to the application of the art to living objects, Morse soon began to experiment with portraits, though it is interesting to note that in all his early attempts the subject's eyes are closed, that being considered one of the conditions essential to success. Morse's first experiments were with his daughter, taken singly or in a group with her young friends, in the full sunlight, with the eyes closed. The time of exposure was from ten to twenty minutes. He soon after made arrangements to experiment with his eminent friend and colleague, Professor John W. Draper, building for the purpose a photographic studio on the top of the University, and here Professor Draper claims to have made the first successful portrait ever made in America. This distinction is, however, often accredited to Mr. E. A. Wolcott, who was working along the same lines. Neither possessed any knowledge of the labors of the other, but results similar in character were arrived at by each operator, under slightly differing circumstances. Before M. Gouraud left for America a method had been found for taking the eyes fairly well, and it was this he applied in his lessons.

To realize to-day what the discovery meant, one must recall the means of portraiture then in existence; the brush, the pencil, and the engraver's tools were all of them. And as the operation of these depended on a skilful human hand, the product was limited and correspondingly expensive. The daguerreotype, however, was comparatively inexpensive, and any one could use the process who would give it attention. The simplicity of the operation, the mystery as well as the beauty of the result, the endless opportunity it offered—all this appealed to the ingenuity and imagination of young Americans of the intelligent class, and far and near they fell to daguerreotyping.

The way in which intelligent young men put the description of the process to test at once is charmingly told in a private letter to the author of this article by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale:

"My classmate and near friend, Mr. Samuel Longfellow (who died last year), and I were both much interested, and he repeated Talbot's experiments at once. I took from my window in Massachusetts Hall a picture of the college library—Harvard Hall—opposite me. The camera was a little camera made for the convenience of draughtsmen, with a common lens of an inch and a quarter. We were delighted, because, in a window of the building which 'sat for us,' a bust of Apollo 'came out' so distinctly as it did. It came out dark brown—all the lights and shades being marked. . . .

"The French Government paid Daguerre a handsome sum for his invention, and the whole detail was at once published in the 'Journal des Debats.' My father published the 'Boston Daily Advertiser,' so that he received the 'Debats' regularly, and my mother at once translated this article for the 'Advertiser.' You will find it a few weeks after the official publication in Paris. I now have the machine, or part of it, which I made, with my cousin, the late Mr. Francis A. Durivage, a well-known *litterateur* of New York, from these descriptions.

"Daguerre sent agents all over the world, or they came with his authority. François Gouraud came to Boston, and brought letters to my father. Mr. Francis Colby Gray, a leader in affairs of art in Boston, one of the directors of Harvard College, interested himself greatly in Gouraud, and arranged for him a class which met in the sacred precincts of the Massachusetts Historical Society. To say this in the Boston of that day, was as if you said the class met in the queen's private apartments at Windsor. Gouraud imported the apparatus and sold it. He had specimens of Daguerre's work, two of which, I believe, I still own. He arranged, I think, in Connecticut, for the manufacture of plates.

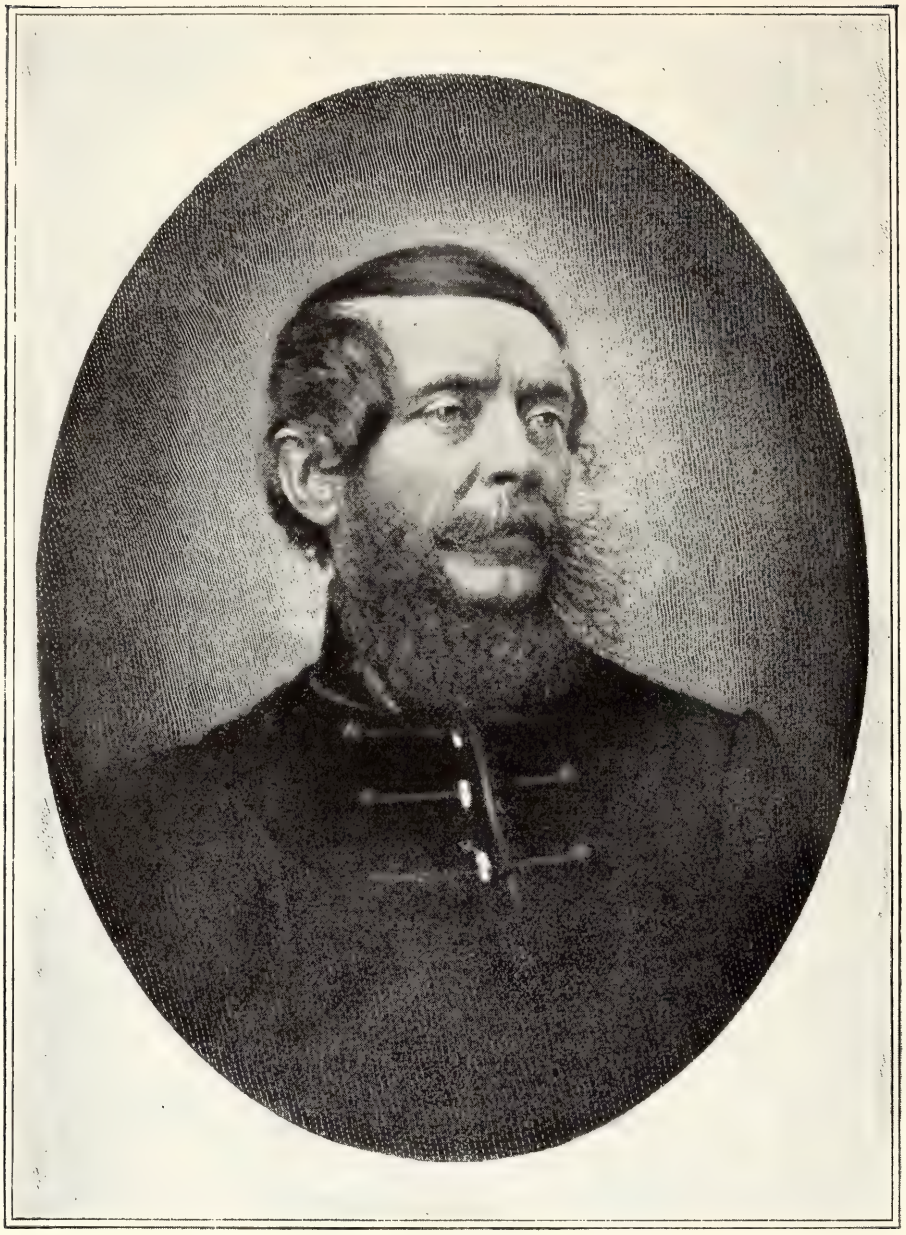
"M. Gouraud was impecunious, and I suspect that my father used to lend him money. I wish now that he had bought apparatus instead. Instead of that, we youngsters had to make our apparatus, and did. Mr. Durivage and I made at

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

least two sets, one of which I have a print of still.

"My first picture was of the church of which, queerly enough, I became a minister sixteen years after. It must have been in 1840 that, as soon as my work as a teacher in the Latin School stopped, I ran up to the corner of Castle Street and Washington Street, where we had borrowed a room. I prepared my plates a little larger than this sheet. I adjusted the camera, and then went on to the church and stood—eight minutes expired, I think—while my cousin took off the lens and put it on. I have often said, and I think it is true, that this was the first photograph of a man in Boston. I think Dr. Draper had taken many before this in New York. I am very sorry that I have not this plate. But plates cost us two dollars each. I was impecunious, as I have said, and after I had shown it to my friends, it took its turn under pumice stone and putty, and was ready for another picture.



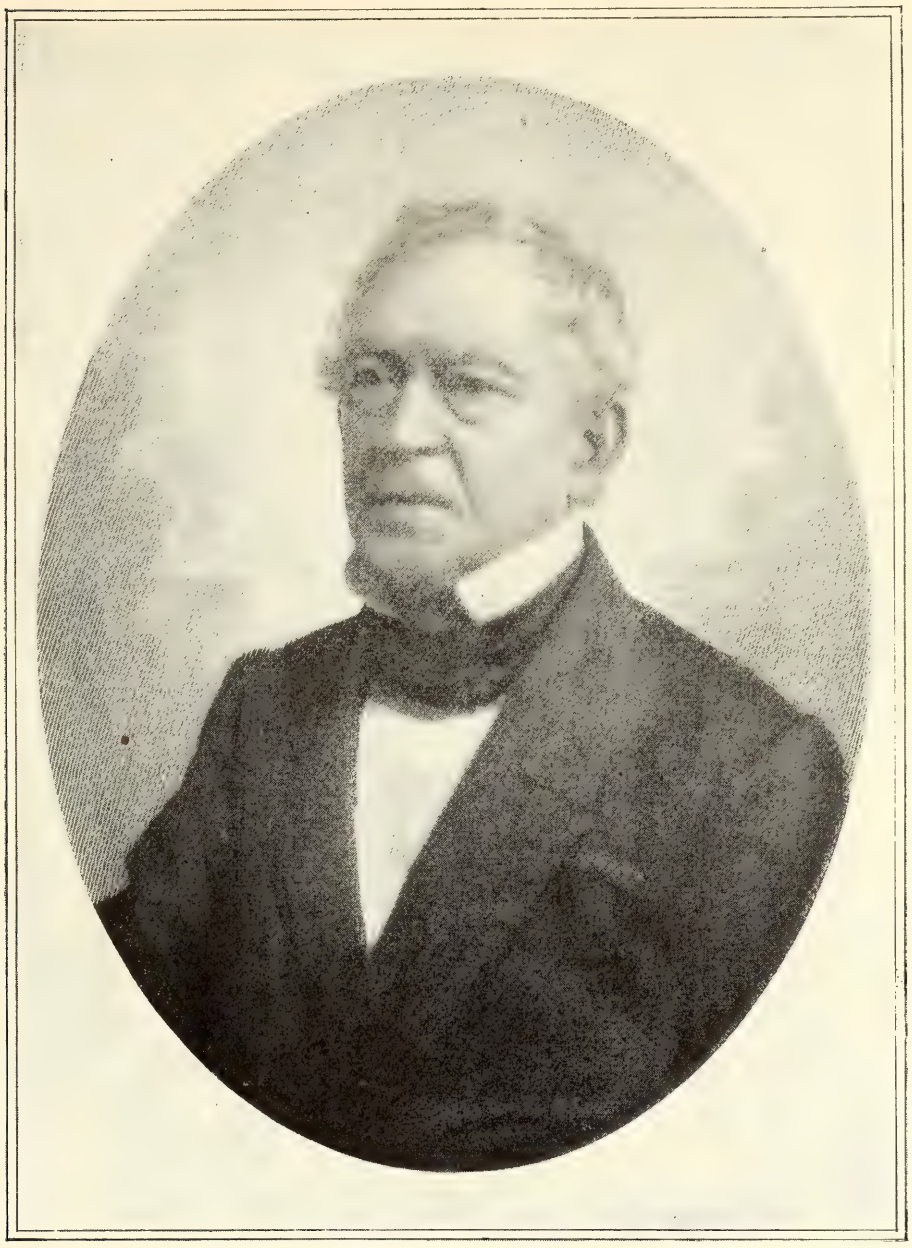
LOUIS KOSSUTH.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

"This picture may have been a special portrait of myself. Early in the business I sat with a mirror in my hands, in full sunshine. The mirror threw up the sun from below to abate the shadows. I sat in this light *five minutes*. The picture came out a capital portrait of my hair, ears, and *chin*. Alas! I had tipped my head too far back, and all that appeared were my projecting eyebrows and the orifices of both nostrils (no mouth, alas!), and the chin from below taking its place. So far as I know, this was the first portrait proper any of us ever attempted."

The commercial possibilities of the new invention were at once evident, and with Yankee shrewdness scores of young men learned the new art as a business. Morse and Draper themselves first gave the hint. As soon as it was known that they were making daguerreotypes many young men flocked to them for instruction. When they began to make portraits everybody wanted to sit. As both men had spent considerable money in experimenting with the process, they decided, finally, to charge for instruction and for portraits until they had recovered the outlay. But this was only for a short time, and as soon as the day of experiment was over, both took up other work.

By the end of 1840 the methods were sufficiently improved to justify practising them as a means of livelihood. Numerous galleries were opened in the cities, and the travelling-car penetrated into all parts of the country. By November, 1841, there were six studios in Boston, and a larger number in New York.



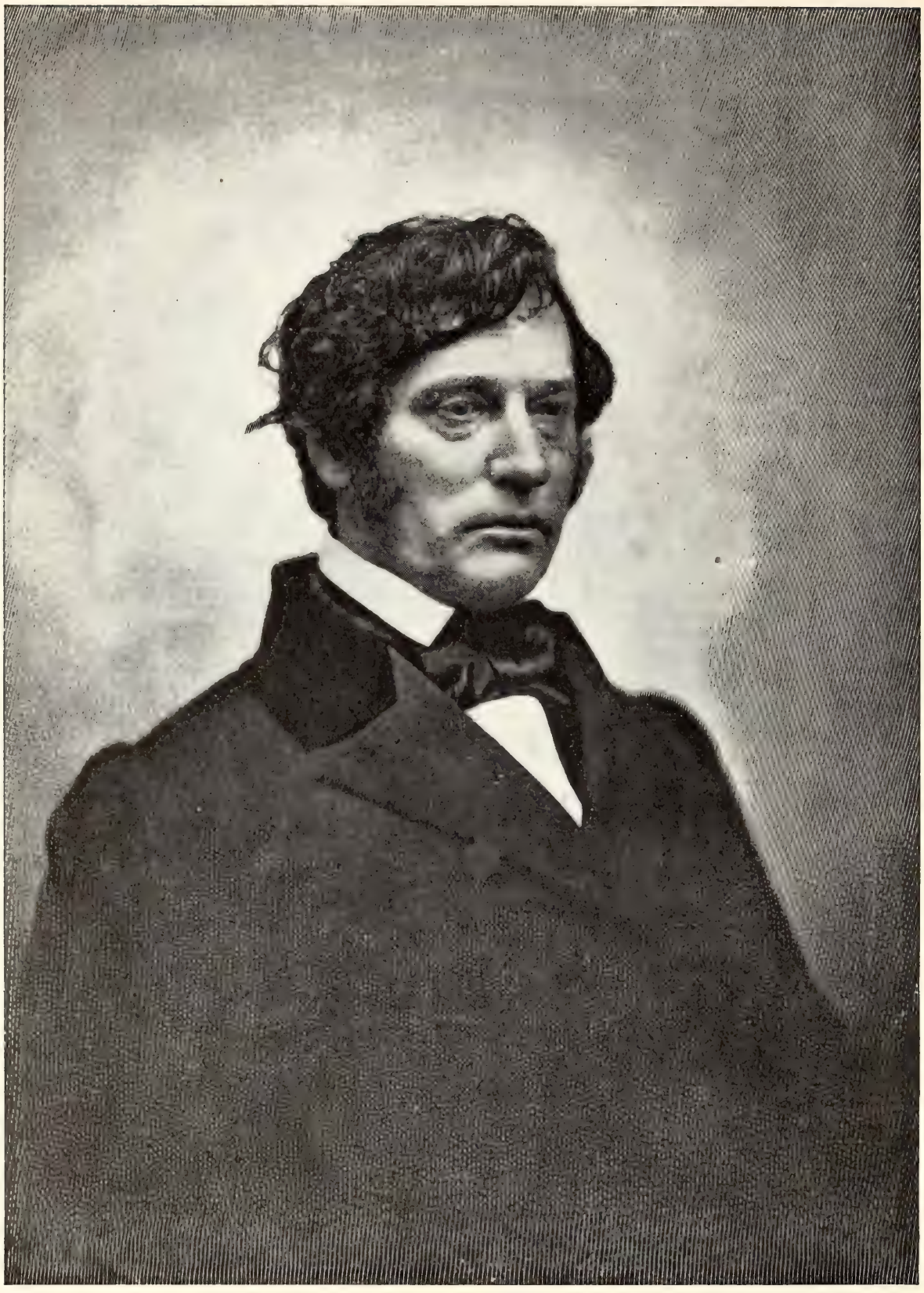
EDWARD EVERETT.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

The interest and curiosity of the general public in regard to these pictures painted by nature's own hand is not to be described. A small frame containing a half dozen pictures exhibited at door or window was constantly surrounded by crowds of eager spectators, and the guesses hazarded as to the method of their production were interesting to a degree. Families vied with one another as to which could show the most finely executed and elaborately finished portraits, and the collection of daguerreotypes on the ubiquitous centre table formed the leading topic of conversation at social gathering and casual call.

At first nearly all pictures were taken by side windows. The first skylight was erected at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, New York, on the top of the Granite Building, still standing there; and soon thereafter "skylight pictures" became a distinguished feature in the advertisements of the day.

Monday was looked upon as the best day for business, a fact owing almost wholly to the Sunday night courtship, the first outcome of which was the promise to exchange daguerreotypes. No less sure than Monday itself came the gentleman escorting his sweetheart. He selected the most expensive cases, and paid for both pictures. And it was a happy man in these instances that put the maiden's picture into his pocket, for he knew there was but one "counterfeit presentment" of her in existence, and he had it.



CHARLES SUMNER.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

The discreet daguerreotyper was never without his bit of sticking-wax to keep wing-shaped ears from standing out, nor his wads of cotton, called "plumpers," to fill out the hollow cheeks.

The discovery of gold in California was a great boon to the daguerreotyper, as every embryo miner embarking for the golden shore must have several portraits taken to leave with his family and friends. And whether he was going across the Isthmus or around the Horn, he must be

JENNY LIND.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

pictured with his entire kit—kettle, frying-pan, knife, fork, cup, pick-axe, shovel, and the invariable two revolvers in his belt. He must also carry with him pictures of parents, wife, children, and friends, destined often to become his sole companions in his rough mountain cabin, from which he would hardly part for all the gold in California.

Within eleven years from the time of the discovery, American daguerreotypers were the acknowledged leaders of the world, and numbered over 10,000. At the World's Fair in London in 1851 they were awarded the first prize for their unparalleled exhibition; and it was a common thing in England, France, and Germany to advertise to take daguerreotypes by the American process. Indeed, the best daguerreotypers in both London and Paris were Americans, Mayal and Thompson respectively.

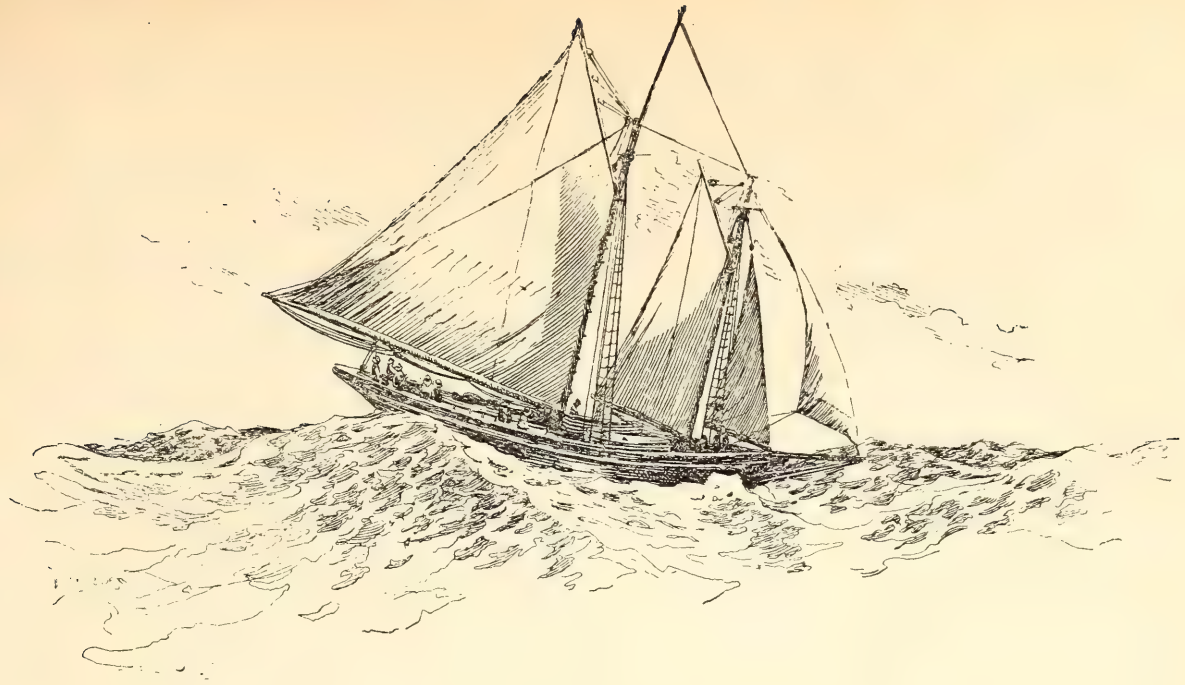
The time of exposure had been reduced to a few seconds, and the price had settled into a regular scale of from one dollar and a half to fifteen dollars, depending upon the size—which varied from the locket size to thirteen by fourteen inches—and the case. The most ordinary size was two and three-quarters by three inches, the price for it varying from two to three dollars.

Some of the early daguerreotypers attained a national, even world-wide, reputation for the noble contributions they made, not only to the art, but to the history of the country. Conspicuous among such is the late M. B. Brady, a full record of whose life would read like a romance.

His first studio was located in New York, in Fulton Street, at that time one of the principal thoroughfares. He afterwards moved to Broadway, near Prince Street; and, later still, "Brady's Famous National Gallery," at the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway, became widely known. He had also a studio in Brooklyn, and in 1860 opened a branch gallery on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, which he finally made his headquarters. In 1861 Washington was thronged with men who were helping to make the history of America. Mr. Brady was far-seeing enough to realize this, and aimed to secure portraits of the most distinguished. In consequence he soon made his Washington gallery a celebrated rendezvous. He also sent out wagons for photographic use, which followed the army from place to place.

In the early days Gurney enjoyed no less reputation than Brady, and his daguerreotypes are still considered the finest specimens of the art in existence. Meade Brothers were distinguished as having, in the second story of the Astor House, the most spacious galleries in New York, and enjoyed the further distinction of being the only daguerreotypers in the world who had taken a portrait of Daguerre himself. Bogardus, Powelson, and Rickwell were also among the many well-known New York daguerreotypers of the early day, while Hale and French, Whipple and Black, Plum, and Southworth and Hawes were influential in giving Boston a leading position in the new art.

One of the earliest of the Boston galleries still exists, a dusty relic of the 40's. Any one who will take the trouble to climb three flights of stairs, at 19 Tremont Row, will find there the original studio of Southworth and Hawes, opened in 1841, and still presided over by Mr. Hawes, now a white-haired man of nearly ninety. In the old days, when this studio was opened, Tremont Row was the centre for the artists of the city. Here fully one-third of the portrait painters of Boston lived; here, too, were most of the sculptors, several engravers, and a goodly number of art-supply stores. In the building where Southworth and Hawes took their quarters, Greenough and Story both had studios, and in this same building Harriet Hosmer worked. All of the fraternity up and down the Row were deeply interested in the new discovery and were constant visitors at the gallery. Traversing Tremont Row to-day one would not dream that it had ever harbored skilled craftsmen and artists. Traffic and noise have crowded from it every sign of the finer pursuits of life. The most melancholy of commercial undertakings monopolize it—cheap bargain stores, employment bureaus, sweater shops. One remnant only of its former life remains, the ancient daguerreotype studio at the top of No. 19. Here are a half-dozen rooms furnished with ancient apparatus and appointments, and cluttered with the daguerreotypes and photographs of a half century of active work. For fifty-four years Mr. Hawes has practised his art in this place. Here have come to him for portraits the great men and women of his day in every profession and art—Webster and Pierce, Garrison and Sumner, Wendell Phillips and Jenny Lind, Charlotte Cushman and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mr. Hawes has in the specimens of his work an almost complete gallery of the eminent residents of Boston in the 40's and 50's, and of the prominent people who visited the city in the same period. The collection is of rare historical interest, and should be kept intact in some Boston museum, though it is doubtful if any one else would give it the reverent care that its white-haired owner does. Mr. Hawes has also a number of daguerreotypes made recently, for he is one of the few operators who remain loyal to the old process, and he would gladly see it take its place again as a method of portraiture. There are signs, too, that it may do this. During the last year there has been, indeed, a distinct revival of interest in the daguerreotype in this country. And with the much better knowledge we now have of all the scientific and mechanical principles involved, it could hardly be taken up again as a serious pursuit without being carried to even finer execution than it formerly attained.



"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE weather door of the smoking-room had been left open to the heavy North Atlantic fog, as the big liner rolled and lifted through the greasy seas, whistling to warn the fishing-fleet.

"That Cheyne boy's the biggest nuisance aboard," said a man in a frieze overcoat, shutting the door with a bang. "He isn't wanted here. He's too fresh."

A white-haired German reached for a sandwich, and grunted between bites: "I know der breed. Ameriga is full of dot kind. I dell you you should imbort ropes' ends free under your dariff."

"Pshaw! There isn't any real harm to him. He's more to be pitied than anything," said a man from New York, as he lay at full length along the cushions under the wet skylight. "They've dragged him around from hotel to hotel ever since he was a kid. I was talking to his mother this morning. She's a lovely lady, but she don't pretend to manage him. He's going to Europe to finish his education."

"Education isn't begun yet." This was a Philadelphian, curled up in a corner. "That boy gets two hundred a month pocket-money, he told me. He isn't sixteen either."

"Railroads, his father, ain't it?" said the German.

"Yep. That and mines and lumber and shipping. Built one place at San Diego, the old man has; another at Los Angeles; owns half a dozen railroads, half the lumber on the Pacific slope, and lets his wife spend the money," the Philadelphian went on, lazily. "The West don't suit her, she says. She just tracks around with the boy and her nerves, trying to find out what'll amuse him. Florida, Adirondacks, Lakewood, Hot Springs, New York, and round again. He isn't much more than a second-hand hotel clerk now. When he's finished in Europe he'll be a holy terror."

"What's the matter with the old man attending to him personally?" said a voice from the frieze ulster.

"Old man's piling up the rocks. Don't want to be disturbed, I guess. He'll find out his error a few years hence. Pity, because there's a heap of good in him if you could get at it."

"Mit a rope's end, mit a rope's end," said the German.

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Once more the door banged, and a slight, slim-built boy about fifteen, a half-smoked cigarette hanging from one corner of his mouth, leaned in over the high footway. His pasty yellow complexion did not show well on a person of his years, and his look was a mixture of irresolution, bravado, and very cheap "smartness." He was dressed in a cherry-colored blazer, knickerbockers, red stockings, and bicycle shoes, with a red flannel cap at the back of the head. After whistling between his teeth, as he eyed the company, he said in a loud, high voice: "Say, it's thick outside. You can hear the fish-boats squawking all around. Say, wouldn't it be great if we ran down one?"

"Shut the door, Harvey," said the New Yorker. "Shut the door and stay outside. You're not wanted here."

"Who'll stop me?" he answered deliberately. "Did *you* pay for my passage, Mister Martin? Guess I've as good right here as the next man."

HARVEY.

He picked up the dice from a checker-board and began throwing, right hand against left.

"Say, gen'elmen, this is deader'n mud. Can't we make a game of poker between us?"

There was no answer, and he puffed his cigarette, swung his legs, and drummed on the table with rather dirty fingers. Then he pulled out a roll of bills as if to count them.

"How's your mamma this afternoon?" a man said. "I didn't see her at lunch."

"In her stateroom, I guess. She's most always sick on the ocean. I'm going to give the stewardess fifteen dollars for looking after her. I don't go down more'n I can avoid. It makes me feel mysterious to pass that butler's pantry place. Say, this is the first time I've been on the ocean."

"Oh, don't apologize, Harvey."

"Who's apologizing? This is the first time I've crossed the ocean, gen'elmen, and, except the first day, I haven't been sick one little bit. *No*, sir." He brought down his fist with a triumphant bang, wetted his finger and went on counting the bills.

"Oh, you're a high-grade machine, with the writing in plain sight," the Philadelphian yawned. "You'll blossom into a credit to your country if you don't take care."

"I know it. I'm an American—first, last, and all the time. I'll show 'em that when I strike Europe. Pff! My cig's out. I can't smoke the truck the steward sells. Any gen'elman got a real Turkish cig on him?"

The chief engineer entered for a moment, red, smiling, and wet. "Say, Mac," cried Harvey cheerfully, "how are we hitting it?"

"Vara much in the ordinary way," was the grave reply. "The young are as polite as ever to their elders, an' their elders are e'en tryin' to appreciate it."

A low chuckle came from a corner. The German opened an old cigar-case and handed a skinny black cigar to Harvey.

"Dot is der broper apparatus to smoke, my young frient," he said. "You vill dry it? Yes? Den you vill be efer so happy."

Harvey lit the unlovely thing with a flourish: he felt that he was getting on in grown-up society.

"It would take more'n this to keel me over," he said, not knowing that he was lighting that terrible article, a Wheeling "stogy."

"Dot we shall bresently see," said the German. "Where are we now, Mr. Mactonal?"

"THEN A LOW, GRAY MOTHER-WAVE SWUNG OUT OF THE FOG, TUCKED HARVEY UNDER ONE ARM, SO TO SPEAK, AND PULLED HIM OFF AND AWAY TO LEEWARD."

"Just there or thereabouts, Mr. Schaefer," said the engineer. "We'll be on the Grand Bank to-night; but in a general way o' speakin', we're all among the fishing-fleet now. We've shaved three dories an' near skelped the boom off a Frenchman since noon, an' that's close sailin', ye may say."

"You like my 'stogy,' eh?" the German asked, for Harvey's eyes were full of tears.

"Fine, full flavor," he answered through shut teeth. "Guess we've slowed down a little, haven't we? I'll skip out and see what the log says."

"I might if I vhas you," said the German.

Harvey staggered over the wet decks to the nearest rail. He was very unhappy; but he saw the deck-steward lashing chairs together, and as he had boasted before the man that he was never seasick, his pride made him go aft to the second-saloon deck at the stern, which was finished in a turtle-back. The deck was deserted, and he crawled to the extreme end of it by the flag-pole. There he doubled up in limp agony, for the Wheeling "stogy" joined with the surge and jar of the screw to sieve out his soul. His head swelled; sparks of fire danced before his eyes; his body seemed to lose weight, while his heels wavered in the breeze. He was fainting from sea-sickness, and a roll of the ship tilted him over the rail on to the smooth, white lip of the turtle-back. Then a low, gray mother-wave swung out of the fog, tucked Harvey under one arm, so to speak, and pulled him off and away to leeward; the green closed over him, and he went quietly to sleep.

He was roused by the sound of a dinner-horn such as they used to blow at a summer-school he had once attended in the Adirondacks. Slowly he remembered that he was Harvey Cheyne, drowned and dead in mid-ocean, but was too weak to fit things together. A new smell filled his nostrils; wet and clammy coldnesses ran down his back, and he was helplessly full of salt water. He opened his eyes, and perceived that he was still on the top of the sea, for it was running round him in silver-colored hills, and he was lying on a pile of half-dead fish, looking at a broad human back clothed in a blue jersey.

"It's no good," thought the boy. "I'm dead, sure enough, and this thing is in charge."

He groaned, and the figure turned its head. He could see a pair of little gold rings hidden in curly black hair.

"Aha! You feel some pretty well now?" it said. "Lie still so we trim better."

With a swift jerk he sculled the flickering boat-head on to a foamless sea that lifted her twenty full feet only to slide her into the glassy pit beyond. But this mountain-climbing did not interrupt blue-jersey's talk. "Fine good job, *I* say, that I catch you. Eh, wha-at? Better good job, *I* say, your boat not catch me. How you come to fall so?"

"I was sick," said Harvey; "sick, and couldn't help it."

"Just in time I blow my horn, and your boat she yaw a little. Then I see you come all down. Eh, wha-at? I think you are cut into baits by the screw, but you dreeft—dreeft to me, and I make big fish of you; so you shall not die this time."

"Where am I?" said Harvey, who could not see that life was particularly safe where he lay.

"You are with me in the dory—Manuel my name, and I come from schooner 'We're Here' of Gloucester. I live to Gloucester. By and by we go to supper. Eh, wha-at?"

He seemed to have two pairs of hands and a head of cast-iron, for not content with blowing through a big conch-shell, he must needs stand up to it, swaying with the sway of the boat, and send a grinding, thuttering shriek through the fog. How long this entertainment lasted, Harvey could not remember, for he lay back terrified at the sight of the smoking swells. He fancied he heard a gun and a horn and shouting. Something bigger than the dory, but quite as lively, loomed alongside. Several voices talked at once, and he was dropped into a dark, heaving hole, and they gave him something hot, and took off his clothes, and he fell asleep.

When he waked he listened for the first breakfast-bell on the steamer, wondering why his stateroom was so small. Turning, he looked into a narrow, triangular cave, lit by a lamp hung against a huge square beam. A three-cornered table within arm's reach ran from the angle of the bows to the foremast. At the after end, behind a well-used Plymouth stove, sat a boy about his own age, with a flat, red face and a pair of twinkling, gray eyes. He was dressed in a blue jersey and high rubber boots. Several pairs of the same sort of foot-wear, an old cap, and some worn-out woollen socks lay on the floor, and black and yellow oilskins swayed to and fro beside the bunks. The whole place was packed as full of smells as a bale is of cotton. The oilskins had a peculiarly close flavor of their own which made a sort of background to the smells of fried fish, burnt

grease, paint, pepper, and stale tobacco; but these again were all hooped together by one encircling smell of ship and salt water. Harvey saw with disgust that there were no sheets on his bed-place. He was lying on a piece of dingy ticking full of lumps and nubbles. Then, too, the boat's motion was not that of a steamer. She was neither sliding nor rolling, but rather wriggling herself about in a silly, aimless way, like a colt at the end of a halter. Water-noises ran by close to his ear, and beams creaked and whined about him. All these things made him grunt despairingly and think of his mother.

"Feelin' better," said the boy, with a grin. "Hev some coffee?" He brought a tin cupful and sweetened it with molasses.

"Isn't there any milk?" said Harvey, looking round the dark double tier of bunks as if he expected to find a cow there.

"Well, no," said the boy. "Ner there ain't likely to be till 'baout mid-September. 'Tain't bad coffee. I made it."

Harvey drank in silence, and the boy handed him a plate full of pieces of fried pork which he ate ravenously.

"I've dried your clothes. Guess they've shrunk some," said the boy. "They ain't our style much—none of 'em. Twist round a piece back an' forth an' see ef you're hurt any."

Harvey stretched himself in every direction, but could not report any injuries.

"That's good," the boy said heartily. "Fix yerself an' go on deck. Dad wants to see you. I'm his son—Dan, they call me—an' I'm cook's helper an' everything else aboard that's too dirty for the men. There ain't no boy here 'cep' me since Otto went overboard—an' he was only a Dutchy, an' twenty year old at that. How d'you come to fall off in a dead flat ca'am?"

"'Twasn't a calm," said Harvey, sulkily. "It was a gale, and I was seasick; guess I must have rolled over the rail."

"There was a little common swell yes'day an' last night," said the boy. "But ef thet's your notion of a gale—" He whistled. "You'll know more 'fore you're through. Hurry! Dad's waitin'."

Like many other unfortunate young people, Harvey had never in all his life received a direct order—never, at least, without long, and sometimes tearful, explanations of the advantages of obedience and the reasons for the request. Mrs. Cheyne lived in fear of breaking his spirit, which, perhaps, was the reason that she herself walked on the edge of nervous prostration. He could not see why he should be expected to hurry for any man's pleasure, and said so. "Your dad can come down here if he's so anxious to talk to me. I want him to take me to New York at once. It'll pay him."

Dan opened his eyes, as the size and beauty of this joke dawned on him. "Say, dad," he shouted up the foc'sle hatch. "He says you kin slip down an' see him ef you're anxious that way. Hear, dad?"

The answer came back in the deepest voice Harvey had ever heard from a human chest: "Quit foolin', Dan, and send him to me."

Dan sniggered, and threw Harvey his warped bicycle shoes. There was something in the tones on the deck that made the boy dissemble his extreme rage and console himself with the thought of gradually unfolding the tale of his own and his father's wealth on the voyage home. This rescue would certainly make him a hero among his friends for life. He hoisted himself on deck up a perpendicular ladder, and stumbled aft, over a score of obstructions, to where a small, thick-set, clean-shaven man with gray eyebrows sat on a step that led up to the quarter-deck. The swell had passed in the night, leaving a long, oily sea, dotted round the horizon with the sails of a dozen fishing-boats. Between them lay little black specks, showing where the dories were out fishing. The schooner, with a triangular riding-sail on the mainmast, played easily at anchor, and except for the man by the cabin roof—"house," they call it—she was deserted.

"Mornin'—Good afternoon, I should say. You've nigh slep' the clock around, young feller," was the greeting.

"Mornin'," said Harvey. He did not like being called "young feller;" and, as one rescued from drowning, expected sympathy. His mother suffered agonies whenever he got his feet wet, but this man did not seem excited.

"Naow let's hear all abaout it. It's quite providential, first an' last, fer all concerned. What might be your name? Where from (we mistrust it's Noo York), an' where bound (we mistrust it's Europe)?"

Harvey gave his name, the name of the steamer, and a short history of the accident, winding up with a demand to be taken back immediately to New York, where his father would pay anything anyone chose to name.

"H'm," said the shaven man, quite unmoved by the end of Harvey's speech. "I can't say we think special of any man, or boy even, that falls overboard from that kind o'

packet in a flat ca'am. Least of all when his excuse is that he's seasick."

"Excuse!" cried Harvey. "D'you suppose I'd fall overboard into your dirty little boat for fun?"

"Not knowin' what your notions o' fun may be, I can't rightly say, young feller. But if I was *you*, I wouldn't call the boat which, under Providence, was the means o' savin' ye', names. In the first place, it's blame irreligious. In the second, it's annoyin' to my feelin's—an' I'm Disko Troop o' the 'We're Here' o' Gloucester, which you don't seem rightly to know."

"I don't know and I don't care," said Harvey. "I'm grateful enough for being saved and all that; but I want you to understand that the sooner you take me back to New York the better it'll pay you."

"Meanin'—haow?" Troop raised one shaggy eyebrow over a suspiciously mild blue eye.

"Dollars and cents," said Harvey, delighted to think that he was making an impression. "Cold dollars and cents." He stuck one hand into a pocket, and threw out his stomach a little, which was his way of being grand. "You've done the best day's work you ever did in your life when you pulled me in. I'm all the son Harvey Cheyne has."

"He's bin favored," said Disko, dryly.

"And if you don't know who Harvey Cheyne is, you don't know much—that's all. Now turn her around and let's hurry."

Harvey had a notion that the greater part of America was filled with people discussing and envying his father's dollars.

"Mebbe I do, an' mebbe I don't. Take a reef in your stummick, young feller. It's full o' *my* vittles."

Harvey heard a chuckle from Dan, who was pretending to be busy by the stump-foremast, and the blood rushed to his face. "We'll pay for that too," he said. "When do you suppose we shall get to New York?"

"I don't use Noo York any. Ner Boston. We may see Eastern Point abaout September, an' your pa—I'm real sorry I hain't heerd tell of him—may give me ten dollars efter all your talk. Then o' course he mayn't."

"Ten dollars! Why, see here, I—" Harvey dived into his pocket for the wad of bills. All he brought up was a soggy packet of cigarettes.

"Not lawful currency, an' bad for the lungs. Heave 'em overboard, young feller, an' try agin."

"It's been stolen!" cried Harvey, hotly.

"You'll hev to wait till you see your pa, to reward me, then?"

"A hundred and thirty-four dollars—all stolen," said Harvey, hunting wildly through his pockets. "Give them back."

A curious change flitted across old Troop's hard face. "What might you have been doin' with one hundred an' thirty-four dollars, young feller?"

"It was part of my pocket-money—for a month." This Harvey thought would be a knock-down blow, and it was—indirectly.

"Oh! One hundred and thirty-four dollars is only part of his pocket-money for one month only! You don't remember hittin' anything when you fell over, do you? Crack agin a stanchion, less say? Old man Hasken o' the 'East Wind'"—Troop seemed to be talking to himself—"he tripped on a hatch an' butted the mainmast with his head—hardish. 'Baout three weeks afterwards, old man Hasken he would hev it that the 'East Wind' was a commerce-destroyin' man-o'-war, an' so he declared war on Sable Island because it was Bridish, an' the shoals run aout too far. They sewed him up in a bed-bag, his head an' feet appearin', fer the rest o' the trip, an' now he's to home at Essex playin' with little rag dolls."

Harvey choked with rage, but Troop went on consolingly, "We're sorry fer you. We're very sorry fer you—an' so young. We won't say no more abaout the money, I guess."

"Course you won't. You stole it."

"Suit yourself. We stole it ef it's any comfort to you. Naow, abaout goin' back. Allowin' we could do it, which we can't, you ain't in no fit state to go back to your home, an' *we've* jest come on to the Banks workin' fer our bread. *We* don't see the ha'af of a hundred dollars a month, let alone pocket-money; an' with good luck we'll be ashore again somewheres about the first weeks o' September."

"But—but it's May now, and I can't stay here doin' nothing just because you want to fish. I *can't*, I tell you!"

"Right an' jest; jest *an'* right. No one asks you to do nothin'. There's a heap as you *can* do, for Otto he went overboard on Le Have. I mistrust he lost his grip in a gale we f'und there. Anyways he never come back to deny it. *You've* turned up, plain, plumb providential for all concerned. I mistrust, though, there's ruther few things you kin do. Ain't thet so?"

"I can make it lively for you and your men when we get ashore," said Harvey, with a vicious nod, murmuring vague threats

about "piracy," at which Troop almost—not quite—smiled.

"Excep' talk. I'd forgot that. You ain't asked to talk more'n you've a mind to aboard the 'We're Here.' Keep your eyes open, an' help Dan to do ez he's bid, an' sechlike, an' I'll give you—you ain't wuth it, but I'll give—ten an' a ha'af a month; say thirty-five at the end o' the trip. A little work will kind o' ease up your pore head, an' you kin tell us all abaout your dad an' your ma an' your money afterwards."

"She's on the steamer," said Harvey, his eyes filling with tears. "Take me to New York at once."

"Poor woman — poor woman! When she has you back she'll forgit it all, though. There's nine of us on the 'We're Here,' an' ef we went back naow—it's more 'n a thousand mile—we'd lose the season. The men they wouldn't hev it, even ef I wuz agreeable."

"But my father would make it all right."

"He'd try. I don't doubt he'd try," said Troop, "but a whole season's catch is eight men's bread; an' you'll be better in your health when you see him in the fall. Go forward an' help Dan. It's ten an' a ha'af a month, ez I said, an', o' course, all f'und, same ez the rest o' us."

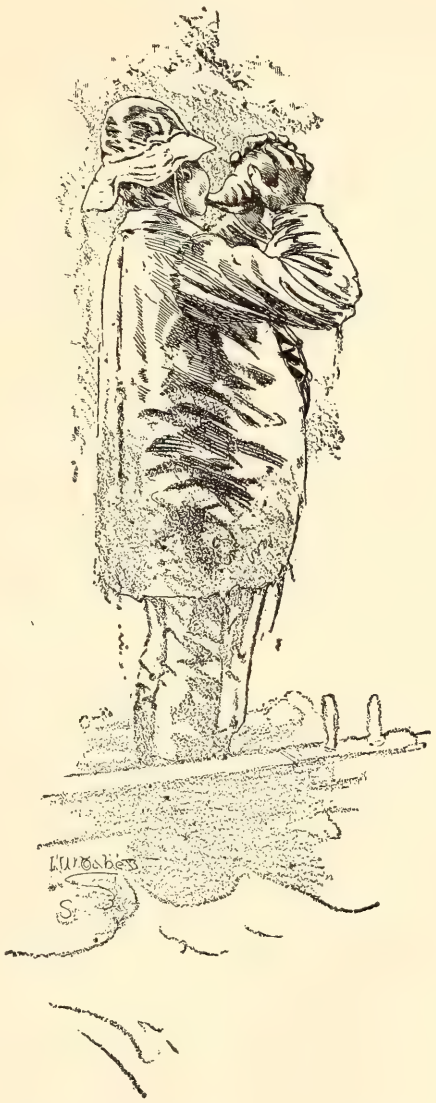
"Do you mean that I am to clean pots and pans and things?" said Harvey.

"An' other things. You've no call to shout, young feller."

"I won't! My father will give you enough to buy this dirty little fish-kettle"—Harvey stamped on the deck—"ten times over, if you take me to New York safe; and—and—you're in a hundred and thirty by me anyway."

"Ha-ow?" said Troop, the iron face darkening.

"How? You know how, well enough. On top of all that, you want me to do menial work"—Harvey was very proud of that adjective—"till the fall. I tell you I will not. You hear?"



"HE MUST NEEDS STAND UP TO IT, SWAYING WITH THE SWAY OF THE BOAT, AND SEND A GRINDING, THUTTERING SHRIEK THROUGH THE FOG."

Troop regarded the top of the mainmast with deep interest for awhile, as Harvey harangued fiercely all around him in the afternoon light.

"Hsh!" he said at last. "I'm figurin' out my responsibilities in my own mind. It's a matter o' jedgment."

Dan stole up and plucked Harvey by the elbow. "Don't go to tamperin' with dad any more," he pleaded. "You've called him a thief two or three times over, an' he don't take that from any livin' bein'."

"I won't!" Harvey almost shrieked, and still Troop meditated.

"Seems kinder unneighborly," he said at last, his eye travelling down to Harvey. "I don't blame you, not a mite, young feller, nor you won't blame me when the bile's out o' your systim. Be sure you sense what I say? Ten an' a ha'af fer second boy on the schooner—an' all f'und—for to teach you *an'* fer the sake o' your health. Yes or no?"

"No!" said Harvey. "Take me back to New York or I'll see you—"

He did not exactly remember what followed. He was lying in the scuppers, holding on to a nose that bled, while Troop looked down on him serenely.

"Dan," he said to his son, "I was sot agin this young feller when I first saw him, on account o' hasty jedgments. Never you be led astray by hasty jedgments, Dan. Naow I'm sorry for him because he's plumb distracted in his upper works. He ain't responsible fer the names he's give me, nor fer his other statements—ner fer jumpin' overboard, which I'm abaout ha'af convinced he did. You be gentle with him, Dan, 'r I'll give you twice what I've give him. Them hemmeridges clears the head. Let him sluice it off!"

Troop went down solemnly into the cabin, where he and the older men bunked, leaving Dan to comfort the luckless heir to thirty millions.

CHAPTER II.

"I WARNED ye," said Dan, as the drops fell thick and fast on the dark, oiled planking. "Dad ain't noways hasty, but you fair earned it. Pshaw! there's no sense takin' on so." Harvey's shoulders were rising and falling in spasms of sobbing. "I know the feelin'. First time dad laid me out was the last—and that was my first trip. Makes ye feel sickish an' lonesome. *I* know."

"It does," moaned Harvey. "That man's either crazy or drunk, and—and I can't do anything."

"Don't say that to dad," whispered Dan. "He's set agin all liquor, an'—well he told me *you* was the madman. What in creation made you call him a thief? He's my dad."

Harvey sat up, mopped his nose, and told the story of the missing wad of bills. "I'm not crazy," he wound up. "Only—your father has never seen more than a five dollar bill at a time, and *my* father could buy up this boat once a week and never miss it."

"You don't know what the 'We're Here' 's worth. Your dad must hev a pile o' money. How did he git it? Dad sez loonies can't shake out a straight yarn. Go ahead."

"In gold mines and things, West."

"I've read o' that kind o' business. Out West, too? Does he go around with a pistol on a trick-pony, same ez the circus. They call that the Wild West, and I've heard that their spurs an' bridles wuz solid silver."

"You *are* a chump!" said Harvey, amused in spite of himself. "My father hasn't any use for ponies. When he wants to ride he takes his car."

"Haow? Lobster-car?"

"No. His own private car, of course. You've seen a private car some time in your life?"

"Slatin Beeman he hez one," said Dan, cautiously. "I saw her at the Union Depot in Boston, with three niggers hoggin' her run." [Dan meant cleaning the windows.] "But Slatin Beeman he owns 'baout every railroad on Long Island, they say; an' they say he's bought 'baout ha'af Noo Hampshire an' run a line-fence round her, an' filled her up with lions an' tigers an' bears an' buffalo an' crocodiles an' such all. Slatin Beeman he's a millionnaire. I've seen *his* car. Yes!"

"Well, my father's what they call a multi-millionnaire; and he has two private cars. One's named for me, the 'Harvey,' and one for my mother, the 'Constance.'"

"Hold on," said Dan. "Dad don't ever let me swear, but I guess *you* can. 'Fore we go ahead, I want you to hope you may die if you're lying."

"Of course," said Harvey.

"Thet ain't 'nuff. Say, 'Hope I may die if I ain't speakin' truth.'"

"Hope I may die right here," said Harvey, "if every word I've spoken isn't the cold truth."

"Hundred an' thirty dollars an' all?" said Dan. "I heard ye talkin' to dad, an' I looked you'd be swallered up, same's Jonah."

Harvey protested himself red in the face. Dan was a shrewd young person along his own lines, and ten minutes' questioning convinced him that Harvey was not lying—much. Besides, he had bound himself by the most terrible oath known to boyhood, and yet he sat, alive, with a red-ended nose, in the scuppers, recounting marvels upon marvels.

"Gosh!" said Dan at last from the very bottom of his soul when Harvey had completed an inventory of the car named in his honor. Then a grin of mischievous delight overspread his broad face. "I believe you, Harvey. Dad's made a mistake fer once in his life."

"He has, sure," said Harvey, who was meditating an early revenge.

"He'll be mad clear through. Dad jest hates to be mistook in his judgments." Dan lay back and slapped his thigh. "Oh, Harvey, don't you spile the catch by lettin' on."

"I don't want to be knocked down again. I'll get even with him, though."

"Never heerd any man ever got even with dad. But he'd knock ye down again sure. The more he was mistook the more he'd do it. But, gold mines *and* pistols—"

"I never said a word about pistols," Harvey cut in, for he was on his oath.

"Thet's so; no more you did. Two private cars, then, one named fer you an' one fer her; an' two hundred dollars a month pocket-money, all knocked into the scuppers fer not workin' fer ten an' a ha'af a month! It's the top haul o' the season." He exploded with noiseless chuckles.

"Then I was right?" said Harvey, who thought he had found a sympathizer.

"You was wrong; the wrongest kind o' wrong! You take right hold an' pitch in 'longside o' me, or you'll catch it, an' I'll catch it fer backin' you up. Dad always gives me double helps 'cause I'm his son, an' he hates favorin' folk. Guess you're kinder mad at dad. I've been that way

time an' again. But dad's a mighty jest man ; all the fleet says so."

"Looks like justice, this, doesn't it?" Harvey pointed to his outraged nose.

"Thet's nothin'. Lets the shore blood outer you. Dad did it for yer health. Say, though, I can't have dealin's with a man that thinks me or dad or anyone on the 'We're Here' 's a thief. We ain't any common wharf-end crowd by any manner o' means. We're fishermen, an' we've shipped together for six years an' more. Don't you make any mistake on *that!* I told ye dad don't let me swear. He calls 'em vain oaths, and pounds me ; but ef I could say what you said about your pap an' his fixin's, I'd say that about your dollars. I dunno what was in your pockets when I dried your kit, fer I didn't look to see ; but I'd say, using the very same words ez you used jest now, neither me nor dad—an' we was the only two that teched you after you was brought aboard—knows anythin' about the money. Thet's *my* say. Naow?"

The blood-letting had certainly cleared Harvey's brain, and maybe the loneliness of the sea had something to do with it. "That's all right," he said. Then he looked down confusedly. "Seems to me that for a fellow just saved from drowning I haven't been over and above grateful, Dan."

"Well, you was shook up and silly," said Dan. "Anyway, there was only dad an' me aboard to see it. The cook he don't count."

"I might have thought about losing the bills that way," Harvey said half to himself, "instead of calling everybody in sight a thief. Where's your father?"

"In the cabin. What d' you want o' him again?"

"You'll see," said Harvey, and he stepped, rather groggily, for his head was still singing, to the cabin steps, where the little ship's clock hung in plain sight of the wheel. Troop was busy in the chocolate and yellow painted cabin with a note-book and an enormous black pencil, which he sucked hard from time to time.

"I haven't acted quite right," said Harvey, surprised at his own meekness.

"What's wrong naow?" said the skipper. "Walked into Dan, hev ye?"

"No ; it's about you."

"I'm here to listen."

"Well I—I'm here to take things back," said Harvey, very quickly. "When a man's saved from drowning— " he gulped.

"Ey? You'll make a man yet ef you go on this way."

"He oughtn't begin by calling people names."

"Jest an' right—right an' jest," said Troop, with the ghost of a dry smile.

"So I'm here to say I'm sorry." Another big gulp.

Troop heaved himself slowly off the locker he was sitting on and held out an eleven-inch hand. "I mistrusted 'twould do you sights o' good ; an' this shows I weren't mistook in my judgments." A smothered chuckle on deck caught his ear. "I am very seldom mistook in my judgments." The eleven-inch hand closed on Harvey's, numbing it to the elbow. "We'll put a little more gristle to that 'fore we've done with you, young feller; an' I don't think any worse of ye fer anythin' thet's gone by. You wasn't rightly responsible. Go right abaout your business an' you won't take no hurt."

"You're white," said Dan, as Harvey regained the deck.

"I don't feel it," said he.

"I didn't mean that way. I heard what dad said. When dad allows he don't think the worse of any man, dad's give himself away. He hates to be mistook in his judgments too. Ho! ho! Onst dad *has* a judgment, he'd sooner dip his colours to the Bridish than change it. I'm glad it's settled right eend up. Dad's right when he says he can't take you back. It's all the livin' we make here—fishin'. The men'll be back like sharks after a dead whale in ha'af an hour."

"What for?" said Harvey.

"Supper, o' course. Don't your stummick tell you? You've a heap to learn."

"Guess I have," said Harvey, dolefully, looking at the tangle of ropes and blocks overhead.

"She's a daisy," said Dan, enthusiastically, misunderstanding the look. "Wait till our mainsail's bent, an' she walks home with all her salt wet. There's some work first, though." He pointed down into the darkness of the open main-hatch between the two masts.

"What's that for? It's all empty," said Harvey.

"You an' me an' a few more hev got to fill it," said Dan. "That's where the fish goes."

"Alive?" said Harvey.

"Well, no. They're so's to be ruther dead an' flat an' salt. There's a hundred hogshead o' salt in the bins ; an' we hain't more'n covered our dunnage to now."

"Where are the fish, though?"

"In the sea they say ; in the boats we pray," said Dan, quoting a fisherman's prov-

erb. "You come in last night with 'baout forty of 'em."

He pointed to a sort of wooden pen just in front of the quarter-deck.

"You an' me we'll sluice that out when they're through. 'Send we'll hev full pens to-night! I've seen her down ha'af a foot with fish waitin' to clean, an' we stood to the tables till we was splittin ourselves instid o' them we was so sleepy. Yes, they're comin' in naow." Dan looked over the low bulwarks at half a dozen dories rowing towards them over the shining, silky sea.

"I've never seen the sea from so low down," said Harvey. "It's fine."

The low sun made the water all purple and pinkish with golden lights on the barrels of the long swells, and blue and green mackerel shades in the hollows. Each schooner in sight seemed to be pulling her dories towards her by invisible strings, and the little black figures in the tiny boats pulled like clockwork toys.

"They've struck on good," said Dan, between his half-shut eyes. "Manuel hain't room fer another fish. Low ez a lily-pad in still water; ain't he?"

"Which is Manuel? I don't see how you can tell 'em 'way off, as you do."

"Last boat to the south'ard. He f'und you last night," said Dan, pointing. "Manuel rows Portugoosey; ye can't mistake him. East o' him—*he's* a heap better'n he rows—is Pennsylvania. Loaded with saleratus by the looks of him. East o' him—see how pretty they string out all along—with the humpy shoulders—is Long Jack. He's a Galway man inhabitin' South Boston, where they all live mostly, an' mostly them Galway men are good in a boat. North, away yonder—you'll hear him tune up in a minute—is Tom Platt. Man-o'-war's man he was on the old "Ohio"—first of our navy, he says, to go araound the Horn. He never talks of much else, 'cept when he sings, but he has fair fishin' luck There! What did I tell you?"

A melodious bellow stole across the water from the northern dory. Harvey heard something about somebody's hands and feet being cold, and then:

"Bring forth the chart, the doleful chart,
See where them mountings meet!
The clouds are thick around their heads,
The mists around their feet."

"Full boat," said Dan, with a chuckle. "If he gives us 'O Captain' it's toppin' full, sure enough."

The bellow continued:

"And naow to thee, O Capting,
Most earnestly I pray,
That they shall never bury me
In church or cloister gray."

"Double game for Tom Platt. He'll tell you all about the old 'Ohio' to-morrow. See that blue dory behind him? He's my uncle—dad's own brother—an' ef there's any bad luck loose on the Banks she'll fetch up agin Uncle Salters, sure. Look how tender he's rowin'. I'll lay my wage and share he's the only man stung up to-day—an' he's stung up good."

"What'll sting him?" said Harvey, getting interested.

"Strawberries mostly. Punkins sometimes, an' sometimes lemons an' cucumbers. Yes, he's stung up from his elbows down. That man's luck's perfectly paralyzin'. Naow we'll take a holt o' the tackles an' hist 'em in. Is it true what you told me jest now, that you never done a hand's turn o' work in all your born life? Must feel kinder awful, don't it?"

"I'm going to try to work anyway," Harvey replied, stoutly. "Only it's all dead new."

"Lay a holt o' that tackle, then. Behind ye!"

Harvey grabbed at a rope and long iron hook dangling from one of the stays of the mainmast, while Dan pulled down another that ran from something he called a "topping lift," as Manuel drew alongside in his loaded dory. The Portuguese smiled a brilliant smile that Harvey learned to know well later, and with a short-handled fork began to throw fish into the pen on deck. "Two hundred and thirty-one." he shouted.

"Now give him the hook," said Dan, an' Harvey ran it into Manuel's hands. He slipped it through a loop of rope at the dory's bow, caught Dan's tackle, hooked it to the stern-becket, and clambered into the schooner.

"Pull!" shouted Dan, and Harvey pulled, astonished to find how easily the dory rose.

"Hold on, she don't nest in the cross-trees!" Dan laughed; and Harvey held on, for the boat lay in the air above his head.

"Lower away," Dan shouted, and as Harvey lowered, Dan swayed the light boat with one hand till it landed softly just behind the mainmast. "They don't weigh nothin' empty. Thet was right smart fer a —— passenger. There's more trick to it in a sea way."

"Ah ha!" said Manuel, holding out a brown hand. "You are some pretty well

"'EXCUSE!' CRIED HARVEY. 'D'YOU SUPPOSE I'D FALL OVERBOARD INTO YOUR DIRTY LITTLE BOAT FOR FUN?"

now? This time last night the fish they fish for you. Now you fish for fish. Eh, wha-at?"

"I'm—I'm ever so grateful," Harvey stammered, and his unfortunate hand stole to his pocket once more, but he remembered that he had no money to offer. When he knew Manuel better the mere thought of the mistake he might have made would cover him with hot uneasy blushes in his bunk.

"There is no to be thankful for to *me!*" said Manuel. "How shall I leave you dreeft, dreeft all around the Banks? Now you are a fisherman—eh, wha-at? Ouh! Auh!" He bent backwards and forwards stiffly from the hips to get the kinks out of himself.

"I have not cleaned boat to-day. Too busy. They struck on queek. Danny, my son, clean for me."

Harvey moved forward at once. Here was something he could do for the man who had saved his life.

Dan threw him a swab, and he leaned over the dory, mopping up the slime, clumsily, but with great good will. "Hike out them foot-boards; they slide in them grooves," said Dan. "Swab 'em an' lay 'em down. Never let a foot-board jam. Ye may want her bad some day. Here's Long Jack."

A stream of glittering fish flew into the pen from a dory alongside.

"Manuel, you take the tackle. I'll fix the tables. Harvey, clear Manuel's boat. Long Jack's nestin' on the top of her."

Harvey looked up from his swabbing at the bottom of another dory just above his head.

"Jest like the Injian puzzle-boxes, ain't they?" said Dan, as the one boat dropped into the other.

"Takes to ut like a duck to water," said Long Jack, a grizzly-chinned, long-lipped

Galway man, bending to and fro exactly as Manuel had done. Disko in the cabin growled up the hatchway, and they could hear him suck his pencil.

"Wan hunder an' forty-nine an' a half—bad luck to ye, Discobolus," said Long Jack. "I'm murderin' meself to fill your pockuts. Slate ut for a bad catch. The Portugee has bate me."

Whack came another dory alongside, and more fish shot into the pen.

"Two hundred and three. Let's look at the passenger!" The speaker was even larger than the Galway man, and his face was made curious by a purple cut running slantways from his left eye to the right corner of his mouth.

Not knowing what else to do, Harvey swabbed each dory as it came down, pulled out the foot-boards, and laid them in the bottom of the boat.

"He's caught on good," said the scarred man, who was Tom Platt, watching him critically. "There are two ways o' doin' everything. One's fisher-fashion—any end first an' a slippery hitch over all—an' the other's—"

"What we did on the 'Ohio'!" Dan interrupted, brushing into the knot of men with a long board on legs. "Git out o' here, Tom Platt, an' leave me fix the tables."

He jammed one end of the board into two nicks in the bulwarks, kicked out the leg, and ducked just in time to avoid a swinging blow from the man-o'-war's man.

"An' they did that on the 'Ohio,' too, Danny. See?" said Tom Platt, laughing.

"Guess they was swivel-eyed, then, fer it didn't git home, and I know who'll find his boots on the main-truck ef he don't leave us alone. Haul ahead! I'm busy, can't ye see?"

"Danny, ye lie on the cable an' sleep all day," said Long Jack. "You're the hoight av impidence, an' I'm persuaded ye'll corrupt our supercargo in a week."

"His name's Harvey," said Dan, waving two strangely shaped knives, "an' he'll be worth five of any Sou' Boston clam-digger 'fore long." He laid the knives tastefully on the table, cocked his head on one side, and admired the effect.

"*I* think it's forty-two," said a small voice overside, and there was a roar of laughter as another voice answered, "Then my luck's turned fer onct, 'caze I'm forty-five, though I be stung outer all shape."

"Forty-two *or* forty-five. I've lost count," the small voice said.

"It's 'Penn' an' Uncle Salters caountin' catch. This beats the circus any day," said Dan. "Jest look at 'em!"

"Come in—come in!" roared Long Jack. "It's wet out yondher, children."

"Forty-two, ye said." This was Uncle Salters.

"I'll count again, then," the voice replied meekly.

The two dories swung together and bunted into the schooner's side.

"Patience o' Jerusalem!" snapped Uncle Salters, backing water with a splash. "What possest a farmer like you to set foot in a boat beats me. You've nigh stove me all up."

"I am sorry, Mr. Salters. I came to sea on account of nervous dyspepsia. You advised me, I think." The men looked down with deep enjoyment on the skirmish.

"You an' your nervis dyspepsy be drowned in the Whale-hole," roared Uncle Salters, a fat and tubly little man. "You're comin' down on me agin. *Did* ye say forty-two or forty-five?"

"I've forgotten, Mr. Salters. Let's count."

"Don't see as it *could* be forty-five. *I'm* forty-five," said Uncle Salters. "You count keerful, Penn."

Disko Troop came out of the cabin. "Salters, you pitch your fish in naow at once," he said in the tone of authority.

"Don't spile the catch, dad," Dan murmured. "Them two are on'y jest beginnin.'"

"Mother av delight! He's forkin' them wan by wan," howled Long Jack, as Uncle Salters got to work laboriously; the little man in the other dory counting a line of notches on the gunwale.

"That was last week's catch," he said, looking up plaintively, his forefinger where he had left off.

Manuel nudged Dan, who darted to the aftertackle, and leaning far overside slipped the hook into the stern rope as Manuel made her fast forward. The others pulled gallantly and swung the boat in—man, fish, and all.

"One, two, four—nine," said Tom Platt, counting with a practised eye. "Forty-seven. Penn, you're it!" Dan let the aftertackle run and slid him out of the stern on to the deck amid a torrent of his own fish.

"Hold on," roared Uncle Salters, bobbing by the waist. "Hold on, I'm a bit mixed in my caount."

He had no time to protest, but was hove inboard and treated like "Pennsylvania."

"Forty-one," said Tom Platt. "Beat by a farmer, Salters. An' you sech a sailor, too!"

"'Twern't fair caount," said he, stumbling

out of the pen; "an' I'm stung up all to pieces."

His thick hands were puffy and mottled purply white.

"Some folks will find strawberry-bottom," said Dan, addressing the newly-risen moon, "ef they hev to dive fer it, seems to me."

"An' others," said Uncle Salters, "eats the fat o' the land in sloth an' mocks their own blood-kin."

"Seat ye! Seat ye!" a voice Harvey had not heard called from the foc'sle. Disko Troop, Tom Platt, "Long" Jack, and Salters went forward on the word. Little Penn bent above his square deep-sea reel, which was in tangled confusion. Manuel lay down full length on the deck; and Dan dropped into the hold, where Harvey heard him banging with a hammer.

"Salt," he said, returning. "Soon as we're through we git to dressing down. You'll pitch to dad. Tom Platt an' dad they stow together, an' you'll hear 'em arguin'. We're second ha'af, you an' me an' Manuel an' Penn—the youth an' beauty o' the boat."

"What's the good of that?" said Harvey. "I'm hungry."

"They'll be through in a minute. Snff! She smells good to-night. Dad ships a good cook ef he *do* suffer with his brother. It's a full catch to-day, ain't it?" He pointed at the pens piled high with cod. "What water did ye hev, Manuel?"

"Twenty-fife father," said the Portuguese sleepily. "They strike on good an' queek. Some day I show you, Harvey."

The moon was beginning to walk on the still sea before the elder men came aft. The cook had no need to cry "second half." Dan and Manuel were down the hatch and at table ere Tom Platt, last and most deliberate of the elders, had finished wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Harvey followed Penn, and sat down before a tin pan of cod's tongues and sounds, mixed with scraps of pork and fried potato, a loaf of hot bread, and some black and powerful coffee. Hungry as they were, they waited while "Pennsylvania" solemnly asked a blessing. Then they stoked in silence till Dan drew breath over his tin cup and demanded of Harvey how he felt.

"Most full, but there's just room for another piece."

The cook was a huge, jet-black negro, and, unlike all the negroes Harvey had met, did not talk, contenting himself with smiles and dumb-show invitations to eat more.

"See, Harvey," said Dan, rapping with his fork on the table, "it's jest as I said. The young an' handsome men—like me an' Pennsy an' you an' Manuel—we're second ha'af, an' we eats when the first ha'af are through. They're the old fish; and they're mean an' humpy, an' their stummicks has to be humored; so they come first, which they don't deserve. Ain't that so, doctor?"

The cook nodded.

"Can't he talk?" said Harvey in a whisper.

"Nuff to git along. Not much o' anything we know. His natural tongue's kinder curious. Comes from the innards of Cape Breton, he does, where the farmers speak home-made Scotch. Cape Breton's full o' niggers whose folk run in there durin' aour war, an' they talk like the farmers—all huffy-chuffy."

"That is not Scotch," said "Pennsylvania." "That is Gaelic. So I read in a book."

"Penn reads a heap. Most of what he says is so—'cep' when it comes to a caount o' fish—eh?"

"Does your father just let them *say* how many they've caught without checking them?" said Harvey.

"Why, yes. Where's the sense of a man lyin' fer a few old cod?"

"Was a man once lied for his catch," Manuel put in. "Lied every day. Fife, ten, twenty-fife more fish than come he say there was."

"Where was that?" said Dan. "None o' aour folk."

"Frenchman of Anguille."

"Ah! Them West Shore Frenchmen don't count anyway. Stands to reason they can't count. Ef you run acrost any of their soft hooks, Harvey, you'll know why," said Dan, with an awful contempt.

> "Always more and never less,
> Every time we come to dress,"

Long Jack roared down the hatch, and the "second ha'af" scrambled up at once.

The shadow of the masts and rigging, with the never-furled riding-sail, rolled to and fro on the heaving deck in the moonlight; and the pile of fish by the stern shone like a dump of fluid silver. In the hold there were tramplings and rumblings where Disko Troop and Tom Platt moved among the salt-bins. Dan passed Harvey a pitchfork, and led him to the inboard end of the rough table, where Uncle Salters was drumming impatiently with a knife-haft. A tub of salt water lay at his feet.

"You pitch to dad an' Tom Platt down the hatch, an' take keer Uncle Salters don't

cut yer eye out," said Dan, swinging down. "I'll pass salt below."

Penn and Manuel were knee deep in the pen, flourishing drawn knives. Long Jack, a basket at his feet, and mittens on his hands, faced Uncle Salters at the table, and Harvey stared at the pitchfork and the tub.

"Hi!" shouted Manuel, stooping to the fish, and bringing one up with a finger under its gill and a finger in its eye. He laid it on the edge of the pen; the knife-blade glimmered with a sound of tearing, and the fish, slit from throat to vent, with a nick on either side of the neck, dropped at Long Jack's feet.

"Hi!" said Long Jack, with a scoop of his mittened hand. The cod's liver dropped in the basket. Another wrench and scoop sent the head and offals flying, and the empty fish slid across to Uncle Salters, who snorted fiercely. There was another sound of tearing, the backbone flew over the bulwarks, and the fish, headless, gutted, and open, splashed in the tub, sending the salt water into Harvey's astonished mouth. After the first yell, the men were silent. The cod moved along as though they were alive, and long ere Harvey had ceased wondering at the miraculous dexterity of it all, his tub was full.

"Pitch!" grunted Uncle Salters, without turning his head, and Harvey pitched the fish by twos and threes down the hatch.

"Hi! Pitch' em bunchy," shouted Dan: "Don't splatter! Uncle Salters is the best splitter in the fleet. Watch him mind his book!"

Indeed, it looked a little as though the round uncle were cutting magazine pages against time. Manuel's body, cramped over from the hips, stayed like a statue; but his long arms grabbed the fish without ceasing. Little Penn toiled valiantly, but it was easy to see he was weak. Once or twice Manuel found time to help him without breaking the chain of supplies, and once Manuel howled because he had caught his finger in a Frenchman's hook. These hooks are made of soft metal, and are rebent after use; but the cod very often get away with them to be hooked again elsewhere; and that is one of the many reasons the Gloucester boats despise the Frenchmen.

Down below, the rasping sound of rough salt rubbed on rough flesh sounded like the whirring of a grindstone—a steady undertune to the "click-nick" of the knives in the pen, the wrench and schloop of torn heads, dropped liver and flying offal; the "caraaah" of Uncle Salters's knife scooping away backbones, and the flap of wet, opened bodies falling into the tub.

At the end of an hour Harvey would have given the world to rest; for fresh, wet cod weigh more than you would think, and his back ached with the steady pitching. But he felt for the first time in his life that he was one of a working gang, took pride in the thought, and held on sullenly.

"Knife oh!" shouted Uncle Salters at last. Penn doubled up, grasping among the fish, Manuel bowed up and down to supple himself, and Long Jack leaned over the bulwarks. The cook appeared, noiseless as a black shadow, gathered up a mass of backbones and heads, and retreated.

"Blood-ends for breakfast an' head-chowder," said Long Jack, smacking his lips.

"Knife oh!" repeated Uncle Salters, waving the flat, curved splitter's weapon.

"Look by your foot," cried Dan below.

Harvey saw half a dozen knives stuck in a cleat in the hatch combing. He dealt these round, taking over the dulled ones.

"Water!" said Disko Troop.

"Scuttle-butt's forward an' the dipper alongside. Hurry, Harve," said Dan.

He was back in a minute with a big dipperful of stale brown water which tasted like nectar, and loosed the jaws of Disko and Tom Platt.

"These are cod," said Disko. "They ain't Damarskus figs, Tom Platt, nor yet silver bars. I've told you that every single time sence we've sailed together."

"A matter o' seven seasons," returned Tom Platt coolly. "Good stowin's good stowin' all the same, an' there's a right an' a wrong way o' stowin' ballast even. If you'd ever seen four hundred ton o' iron set into the—"

"Hi!" With the yell from Manuel the work began again, and never stopped till the pen was empty. The instant the last fish was down, Disko Troop rolled aft to the cabin with his brother. Manuel and Long Jack went forward. Tom Platt only waited long enough to slide home the hatch ere he too disappeared. In half a minute Harvey heard deep snores in the cabin, and he was staring blankly at Dan and "Pennsylvania."

"I did a little better that time, Danny," said Penn, whose eyelids were heavy with sleep. "But I think it is my duty to help clean."

"Wouldn't hev your conscience fer a thousand quintal," said Dan. "Turn in, Penn. You've no call to do boy's work. Draw a bucket, Harvey. Oh, Penn, dump

these in the gurry-butt 'fore you sleep. Kin you keep awake that long?"

Penn took up the heavy basket of livers, emptied them into a cask with a hinged top lashed by the foc'sle; then he too dropped out of sight in the cabin.

"Boys clean up after dressin' down, an' first watch in ca'am weather is boy's watch on the 'We're Here.'" Dan sluiced the pen energetically, unshipped the table, set it up to dry in the moonlight, ran the red knife-blades through a wad of oakum, and began to sharpen them on a tiny grindstone, as Harvey threw offal and backbones overboard under his directions.

At the first splash a silvery-white ghost rose bolt upright from the oily water and sighed a weird whistling sigh. Harvey started back with a yell, but Dan only laughed. "Grampus," said he. "Beggin' fer fish-heads. They up-eend thet way when they're hungry. Breath on him like the doleful tombs, hain't he?" A horrible stench of decayed fish filled the air as the pillar of white sank, and the water bubbled oilily. "Hain't ye never seen a grampus up-eend before? You'll see 'em by hundreds 'fore ye're through. Say, it's good to hev a boy aboard again. Otto was too old, an' a Dutchy at that. Him an' me we fought consid'ble. Wouldn't ha keered fer thet ef he'd hed a Christian tongue in his head. Sleepy?"

"Dead sleepy," said Harvey, nodding forward.

"Mustn't sleep on watch. Git up an' see ef our anchor-light's bright an' shinin'. You're on watch now, Harve."

"Pshaw! What's to hurt us? Bright's day. Sn—orrr!"

"Jest when things happen, dad says. Fine weather's good sleepin', an' 'fore you know mebbe you're cut in two by a liner, an' seventeen brass-bound officers, all gen'elmen, lift their hand to it that your lights was aout an' there was a thick fog. Harve, I've kinder took to you, but ef you nod onct more I'll lay inter you with a rope's end."

The moon, who sees many strange things on the Banks, looked down on a slim youth in knickerbockers and a red jersey, staggering around the cluttered decks of a seventy-ton schooner, while behind him, waving a knotted rope, walked, after the manner of an executioner, a boy who yawned and nodded between the blows he dealt.

The lashed wheel groaned and kicked softly, the riding-sail slatted a little in the shifts of the light wind, the windlass creaked, and the miserable procession continued. Harvey expostulated, threatened, whimpered, and at last wept outright, while Dan, the words clotting on his tongue, spoke of the beauty of watchfulness and slashed away with the rope's end, punishing the dories as often as he hit Harvey. At last the clock in the cabin struck ten, and upon the tenth stroke little Penn crept on deck. He found two boys in two tumbled heaps side by side on the main hatch, so deeply asleep that he actually rolled them to their berths.

(To be continued.)

LOVE IN IDLENESS. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

ALMA-TADEMA AND HIS HOME AND PICTURES.

By Ethel Mackenzie McKenna.

THE house inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Alma-Tadema is situated in St. John's Wood, a locality much patronized by artists, most of whom, while desirous of living in London and of being in the centre of the life of the great metropolis, yet are anxious to get as far away as possible from the dust and smoke of the city. It is more like an enchanted palace than a London house, and but for the neat, white-aproned, essentially prosaic parlor-maid, you feel as if you had stepped into fairy-land as the garden door closes behind you. The glass-covered pathway stretches in a curve towards the house, either side banked with brilliant colored flowers, while the floor is paved with specially designed tiles which form the letters L. A. T. quaintly intertwined. The iron supports of the glass roof also bear the name of the master of the place. As the path sweeps round to the front door, the bank of flowers breaks on the right hand and discloses a marble basin, into which a fountain splashes and plays. Above the door, which is bordered with some fine bronze work, is the friendly greeting *Salve*, here more than a mere formality. And as the portals fly open in response to a resounding knock from the wonderful bronze knocker, the eye is dazzled by a flight of gleaming steps of exquisitely polished brass, which rise to the studio door. On the door hangs a superb brass shield, a gift from the sculptor George Simmonds, who executed it especially for his friend. This entrance to the artist's sanctum, however, is not the one that is ordinarily used.

Turning to the left from the entrance hall we are in a huge, domed conservatory, with palms rising high above the head and ferns and exotics growing luxuriantly on every side. Beyond is another hall, where, from the mantel, the words of Richard II., "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends," speak a cheering welcome. This hall is one of the features of the house, if a house where everything is a work of art can be said to have any special features. It is panelled some five feet high with white enamelled wood, and each narrow panel bears a signed painting by some celebrated artist. The subjects are widely diversified: one artist has chosen a corner of the house itself for his picture; another contributes an exquisite nude figure; a third shows a glimpse of tempest-tossed sea, in striking contrast to which are a calm, peaceful landscape and a branch of delicately tinted apple-blossoms. The owner himself has added a ribbon-like

LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine by Fradelle and Young, London.

frieze of the flowers he loves so well, aglow with life and color, which gives a perfect finish to the hall. In one corner is a little niche filled with flowers and curios, which show particularly well against a background of exquisitely painted tiles, a bit of Mrs. Tadema's work. The floor is paved with tiles designed by Mr. Tadema and expressly made in Naples.

A wide staircase leads upwards to the chief studio, the balustrade hung with gorgeous embroideries from Japan. Under an arched doorway is the entrance to Mrs. Tadema's studio, the subdued tones of which are in striking contrast to the greater part of the house. Mrs. Tadema's devotion to everything Dutch is a compliment to her husband, and here, in her own studio, she is surrounded by the quaint old Dutch objects that she loves to paint. The high windows, with their leaded panes of white and faintly-tinted, old stained glass, occupy nearly the whole of one side of the room, while the wide open fireplace takes up another. The greater part of the room is panelled with oak, and the ceiling was beautifully arranged, under Mr. Tadema's directions, to utilize some very fine old Dutch carving.

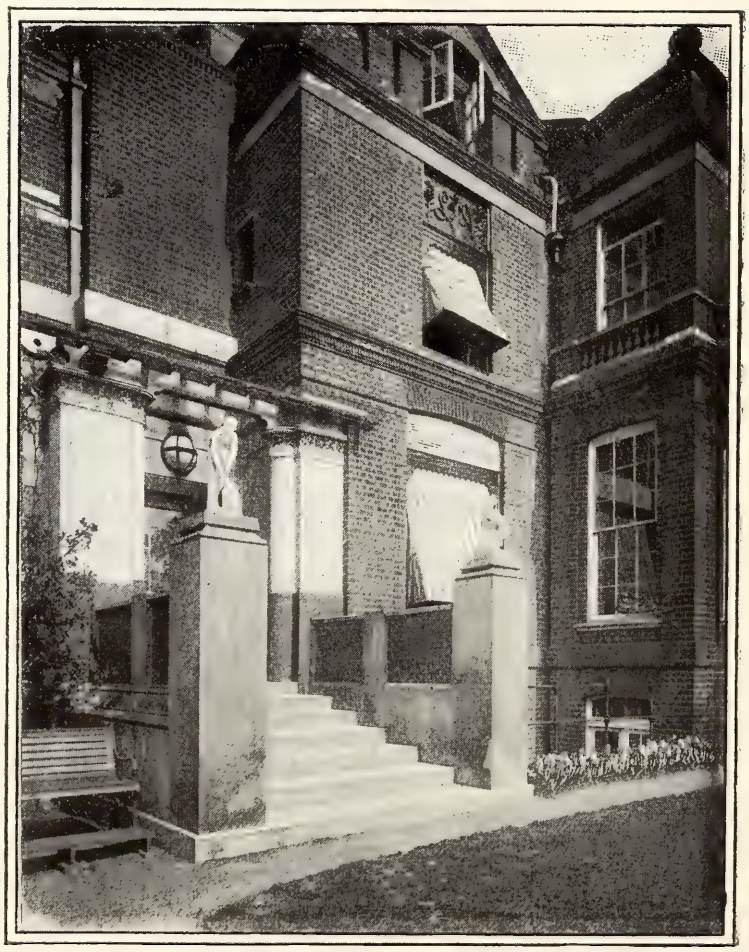
The entrance from the hall is through a screen of carved oak arches. Another door in the panels leads, through a passage lined with old Delft tiles whereon is depicted a Dutch canal scene, to the library, while a diminutive oaken staircase rises to the cosiest of anterooms, almost entirely filled by a huge, carved, four-post bedstead. Here Mrs. Tadema rests when she is tired; and certainly nothing could be more inviting than the pile of huge bro-

MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AND GARDEN, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON.
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

cade cushions heaped on the coverlet of antique embroidery, with a beautiful old curtain to shield the light from weary eyes. Here, too, are the Dutch cradle and the old press which have figured in many of Mrs. Tadema's paintings, while a curious brass basin and tap replace the conventional wash-hand stand.

The studio itself is filled with blue china and curios of every description, while the cosey old chairs are upholstered in embroideries and brocades whose colors are softened and subdued by age. A wonderful bird-cage hangs from the ceiling, brass bowls stand on the chimney-piece, things of interest and beauty catch the eye on every side, and Mr. and Mrs. Tadema are fain to pardon those who stare open-eyed at all these treasures.

Passing through the library we come to the dining-room, a long room one side of which is panelled with oak and has a fitted oaken sideboard. The walls are hung with golden paper, and the chief pictures are Mr. Tadema's own portraits of his wife and youngest daughter. The dining-table, like



MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AS SEEN FROM THE GARDEN.
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN. THE SAME ENTRANCE IS SHOWN AS IN THE PICTURE JUST PRECEDING.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

everything else in the room, is of original design, is long and very narrow, and affords no place for elaborate table decorations. The window looks into the garden, and even here the genius of the owner has been at work, and has transformed the commonplace "plot" of the neighboring places to a really effective scene. A series of pillars and arches in graceful iron work border one side and the end of the lawn, flowering creepers climbing lovingly from one to another, while on the third side are spreading trees, from the branches of which a hammock hangs invitingly. At the end is also a pool of water, with a fountain, surrounded by a deep band of brilliant yellow flowers.

From the side of the dining-room another flight of brass steps leads once more to the great studio, but it is broken by a little atrium decorated in the Pompeian style. There are long lounges, and bookshelves laden with interesting volumes bound in the most original way. Some of these volumes are priceless collections of notes and manuscripts, many of them are very old, all of them are of great interest. Opposite the bookshelves is a long, high desk, whereat Mr. Tadema stands and personally indites all his correspondence. In a corner is a marble basin lit by a skylight, and it was here that the artist contrived to see the shower of roses for his "Heliogabalus" picture, by having them

thrown from above to the marble floor. As if in memory of that perfumed rain dried rose-leaves still lie scattered on the edge of the basin, faintly scenting the air. An alcoved recess leads to the gallery of the studio, while mounting the brass steps at the farther corner you pass into the great studio.

Of all rooms in the house this is, of course, the one most stamped with the individuality of the artist as he reveals it to the public in his work. He himself speaks of his house as a series of backgrounds to his pictures, and it is naturally in his studio especially that he has provided himself with suitable surroundings. The room has more than one entrance, but only one small door is visible; the others are merely panels, which are usually concealed by the wall into which they slide, rich curtains breaking the outline of the opening. The great domed roof is overlaid with silver; the floor is exquisitely inlaid with parquet designed by Mr. Tadema. Facing the great window, with its clear north light, is the apse, surmounted by the inscription, *Ars Longa Vita Brevis.* It is lined with cushioned seats and hung with gorgeous old red velvet embroidery which once decorated the palace of some Venetian noble. The delicate coloring has faded from a portion of the work, and one would suppose that it is the oldest piece of all; but it is not so. Not having enough of the drapery for his purpose, Mr. Tadema had the design copied and materials dyed to match the antique. But while the old dyes have withstood the light for many a score of years, the new have already lost their brilliant hues.

Two brass steps lead to another recess, over which there is a wonderful window where the light filters dimly through Mexican onyx and delicately veined, transparent marble. Here stands the piano, a marvel of satinwood inlaid with tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and silver. The inside of the lid is lined with vellum, and thereon are inscribed the autographs of all the famous musicians, and their name is legion, who have played on, or been accompanied by, the piano.

The walls of the studio are lined with beautiful woods and matchless marbles, while the gallery which runs along one side is ornamented with classic scenes in

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

PORTRAIT OF ALMA-TADEMA'S DAUGHTER, PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

bronze. Here and there quaint little legends are introduced into the decoration, such as "As the sun colors flowers, so art colors life." A little anteroom is devoted to paints and brushes, and the great easel stands on the polished floor, facing the wide window. The room is full of treasures, but to do justice to all it contains I should need a pen as brilliant as the paintbrush of the owner.

Laurens Alma-Tadema was born at Dronryp, in Holland, on January 8, 1836. His father died when he was barely four years old, and his childhood was one of many deprivations and but simple pleasures. His mother, to whom he was very deeply attached, was a woman of strong character, and when she was left with a family of small children, only the two youngest of whom were her own, and a very limited income on which to support and educate them, she bore herself with energy and courage. Laurens was the darling of her heart, but she refused to allow herself to be convinced of his genius, fearing, no doubt, the glamour of her partiality. Circumstances had made her extremely practical, and she would not listen

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

to the prayers of her son that he might study art. It was decided that he should be made a lawyer, and he did his utmost to submit cheerfully to the career which maternal love had marked out for him, although every moment he could steal from work was devoted to drawing and sketching, and his tasks were often neglected in the pursuit of his passion for art.

Tadema was educated at the public school at Leeuwarden, but the routine of his work there was intensely irksome to him, and among all his studies the only one that appealed to him was Roman history. He induced his mother to wake him at daybreak every morning — by means of jerking a string fastened to his big toe—and worked at his drawing with untiring energy till it was time for school. In 1856, when he was only fifteen, without having ever received proper tuition, he sent a portrait of his sister to one of the Dutch galleries, which was duly accepted and hung. But the struggle between the inborn passion of the lad and the desire to do what he regarded as his duty to his mother was more than his health could bear. His strength gave way completely, and the doctors who attended him gave it as their verdict that his days were numbered. Anxious that his few remaining months of life should be as happy as possible, his mother's resolution at last gave way, and young Tadema was given his heart's desire. The fierce struggle was over, and under the new conditions he soon regained his health; for though the future still held many difficulties, they

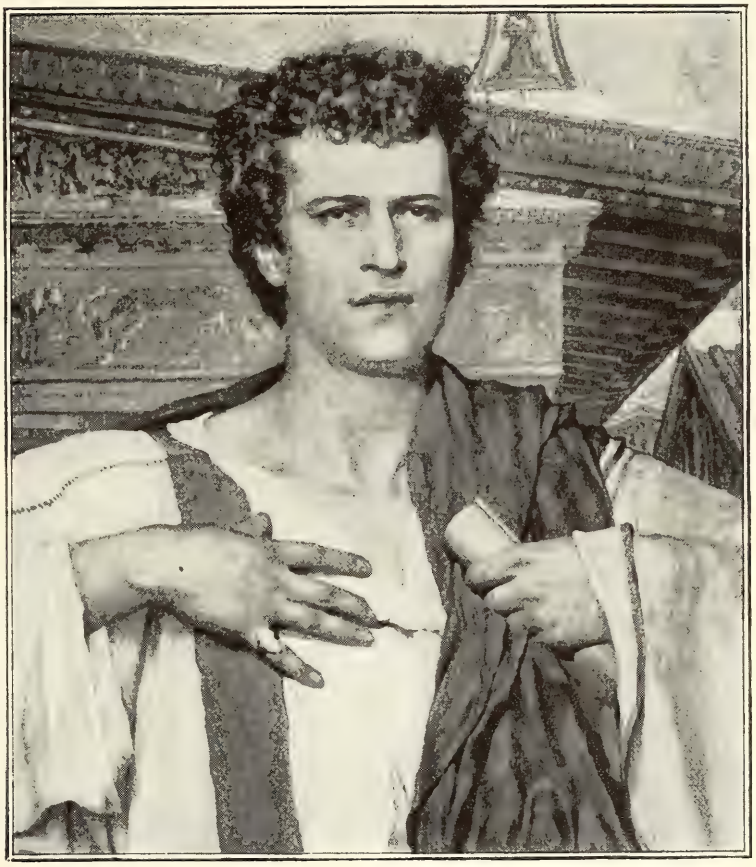
THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

melted before the invincible determination of the young genius. But Holland was not to have the glory of training her brilliant son, for, strange as it is to tell, the student failed to obtain admission into the Dutch schools, and he decided to go to Antwerp, where he entered the Art Academy and studied under Wappers. He labored without ceasing to make up for the time he had lost, but none of his work of this time remains, for he destroyed everything that he felt did not attain to the standard of excellence he had raised for himself.

After leaving the art school, the young artist entered the studio of the great historical painter of Belgium, Leys, who exercised a deep and lasting influence on Tadema's work. While yet but twenty-three years of age, he assisted Leys in painting the frescoes of the Antwerp Guildhall.

About this time Tadema's mother and sister gave up their home in Leeuwarden to join the young painter at Antwerp. But the happiness of having the mother he idolized near him was only to endure for a short time; four years later she passed away. It was then that Mr. Tadema married. His wife, a French lady, died in 1869, leaving two daughters. At her death Mr. Tadema went to England with his children and took up his residence in London, becoming a naturalized British subject a few years later. In 1871 he married Miss Laura Theresa Epps, whose striking features and wonderful red gold hair we have admired in so many of Tadema's pictures, and whose clever painting would have made the name of Tadema well known, even if it had not been illumined by the genius of her distinguished husband. In 1876, when Mr. Tadema was spending the winter in Rome, studying antique art and architecture with an energy characteristic of him, he received the news of his election to the associateship of the Royal Academy. This was followed in 1883 by the title of Royal Academician. He is represented in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House by "The Way to the Temple," but it is by no means one of the finest specimens of his work. Recognitions of Mr. Tadema's greatness have come to him from every part of the world, and there is scarcely a country that has not bestowed honors upon him.



THE ACTOR BARNAY AS MARK ANTONY. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

Mr. Tadema is one of the neatest of men; his studio is always the picture of order; no spot of paint has ever fallen upon the parquet; never does a paintbrush lie neglected upon the floor, and his brushes are like new in their absolute cleanliness. So particular is he on this point that even his artist daughter is scarcely to be trusted with the labor of cleaning them. "*Père* always says I make the handles greasy," she laughingly tells you; "he can't bear any one to wash them but himself."

Mr. Tadema's work is always fraught with sadness to his friends, for each of his pictures is the grave of many others. He never makes sketches, and could we but peel the paint in layers off each completed painting, we should find many a change of scene. The procession of springtime, in one of his later works, once moved under a wonderful domed ceiling. But it did not satisfy the artist, who had a feeling for the blue sky, and the ceiling was painted out, to the bitter chagrin of many friends.

VIEW OF MR. TADEMA'S GARDEN.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

Nor would they cease their lamentations at the destruction of this exquisite piece of work till Mr. Tadema promised that they should see it again, and it was to this promise that the painting "Unconscious Rivals" owes its origin. The ceiling was painted once more, and the two girls were inserted as a subject.

Mr. Tadema is very strongly against the idea that art students should travel and study the works of the great masters. They should wait till they are artists, he says. Then they will be better able to understand and profit by the masterpieces they see. Mr. Tadema himself has not travelled a great deal, and has, curiously enough, never visited Greece or Egypt, the countries he so loves to paint, and which his brush brings so vividly before us. He has sometimes been reproached with a want of imagination and sentiment, a criticism which much annoys him, for he is by no means lacking in either. One of his bits of sentiment relates to the number seventeen, which he declares has always been a lucky one for him. His wife, he will tell

ANOTHER VIEW OF MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AND GARDEN AND THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

you, was seventeen when he first met her; the number of the house to which he took her when they were married was seventeen; his present house bears the same number; and the first spade was put to the work of rebuilding it on August 17th. This was in 1886. He had then been in possession of the house for three years, and throughout those three years he had been designing and making plans and sketches for rebuilding. It was on November 17th that he and his family first took up their residence there. He laughs at himself for this superstition; but it is evident that his holding to it is not wholly a joke.

With the knowledge that Mr. Tadema's paintings number over three hundred, without taking into consideration those which he so ruthlessly destroyed in his youth, it is not surprising to learn that he is an indefatigable worker. I remember questioning him once as to his favorite amusement. "Painting," he smilingly replied. Every moment of daylight spent away from his easel is regretted. In the evening he rests, or possibly plays a game of billiards, at which he is an adept. He cannot read much, for his eyes are very sensitive and easily grow tired, but he loves his books, and many a pleasant hour is spent in arranging and classifying them. Then there is his correspondence, which takes a good deal of time, for all his letters are written by his own hand. Even his daughters are not allowed to help him much, though they, like their father and mother, are hard-working people. The elder, Miss Laurens Alma-Tadema, is almost as busy with her pen as her father with his brush. Her novel, "The Wings of Icarus," is well known, and she has written a biography of Madame Eleonora Duse, of whom she is a warm friend and admirer, and with whom she spent several months in Italy, in order to collect material for the work. All the family are ardent lovers of the drama, but it is an enjoyment in which Mr. Tadema can indulge but sparingly. For when he goes to the theatre, he throws his whole soul into the play, as he does into everything that interests him, and he finds that the excitement, the bright lights, and brilliant colors combine to affect his eyes and to render him unfit for work next day. On several occasions he has made designs for scenery and dresses for some special dramatic production.

Mr. Tadema is the most genial of men, and he and Mrs. Tadema are extremely

hospitable. Evidently his is not that phase of the artistic temperament which can only work in certain moods and cannot bear to meet the eye of a fellow-man when in the mood for work. The desire to work is chronic with him, but he does not allow it to interfere with his social duties.

Mrs. Tadema is always at home to her friends on Monday afternoons and Tuesday evenings, and Mr. Tadema does not follow the example of so many husbands and absent himself from his wife's receptions, but is just as genial and full of welcome as she. On the Mondays there is only tea and gossip, but gossip of art, music, the drama, and of all things interesting. Mrs. Tadema receives in her studio, and after chatting with her for a while and drinking a cup of tea, her friends move upwards to the larger studio to talk with their host and to enjoy his work. And here is one of the points on which husband and wife differ: while Mr. Tadema's pictures are always open for the delight of his friends, Mrs. Tadema's work is put carefully out of sight, for she does not like to have it viewed while in course of development.

The evening receptions, which are quite as informal as the afternoon "at homes," but which are, as a rule, more numerously attended, are held in the larger studio Music and recitations given by the most famous votaries of their arts are often heard. Paderewski, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Madame Duse, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, have all assisted in entertaining Mr. Tadema's guests. But there is no pre-arrangement, and while sometimes the brightest stars may combine in an irresistible programme, occasionally conversation unaccompanied is perforce the order of the evening.

Although one may not perhaps go so far as to paraphrase the familiar aphorism and say, Show me a man's house and I will tell you what he is; nevertheless, there is no doubt that a man influences his surroundings with as much force as they influence him, and a great deal of a man's character may be gathered from the home he has made for himself. And in the case of Alma-Tadema the inference is in the highest degree gracious and agreeable.

SAPPHO. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

THE "WIGWAM," CHICAGO—THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860 WAS HELD.

THE STORY OF LINCOLN'S NOMINATION IN 1860.

BASED ON THE PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE MEN WHO WERE MOST INSTRUMENTAL IN SECURING THE NOMINATION.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

THE possibility of Abraham Lincoln becoming the Presidential candidate of the Republican party in 1860 was probably first discussed by a few of his friends in 1856. The dramatic speech which in May of that year gave him the leadership of his party in Illinois,* and the unexpected and flattering attention he received a few weeks later at the Republican national convention,† suggested the idea; but there is no evidence that anything more was excited than a little idle speculation. The impression Lincoln made two years later in the Lincoln and Douglas debates kindled a different feeling. It convinced a number of astute Illinois politicians that judicious effort would make Lincoln strong enough to justify the presentation of his name as a candidate in 1860 on the ground of pure availability.

One of the first men to conceive this idea was Jesse W. Fell, a local politician of Bloomington, Illinois. During the Lincoln and Douglas debates Fell had been travelling in the Middle and Eastern States. He was surprised to find that Lincoln's speeches attracted general attention, that many papers copied liberally from them, and that on all sides men plied

*See McClure's Magazine for September, 1896.

† Lincoln received 110 votes on the first ballot for the nomination to the Vice-Presidency at the national convention held in Philadelphia in June 1856.

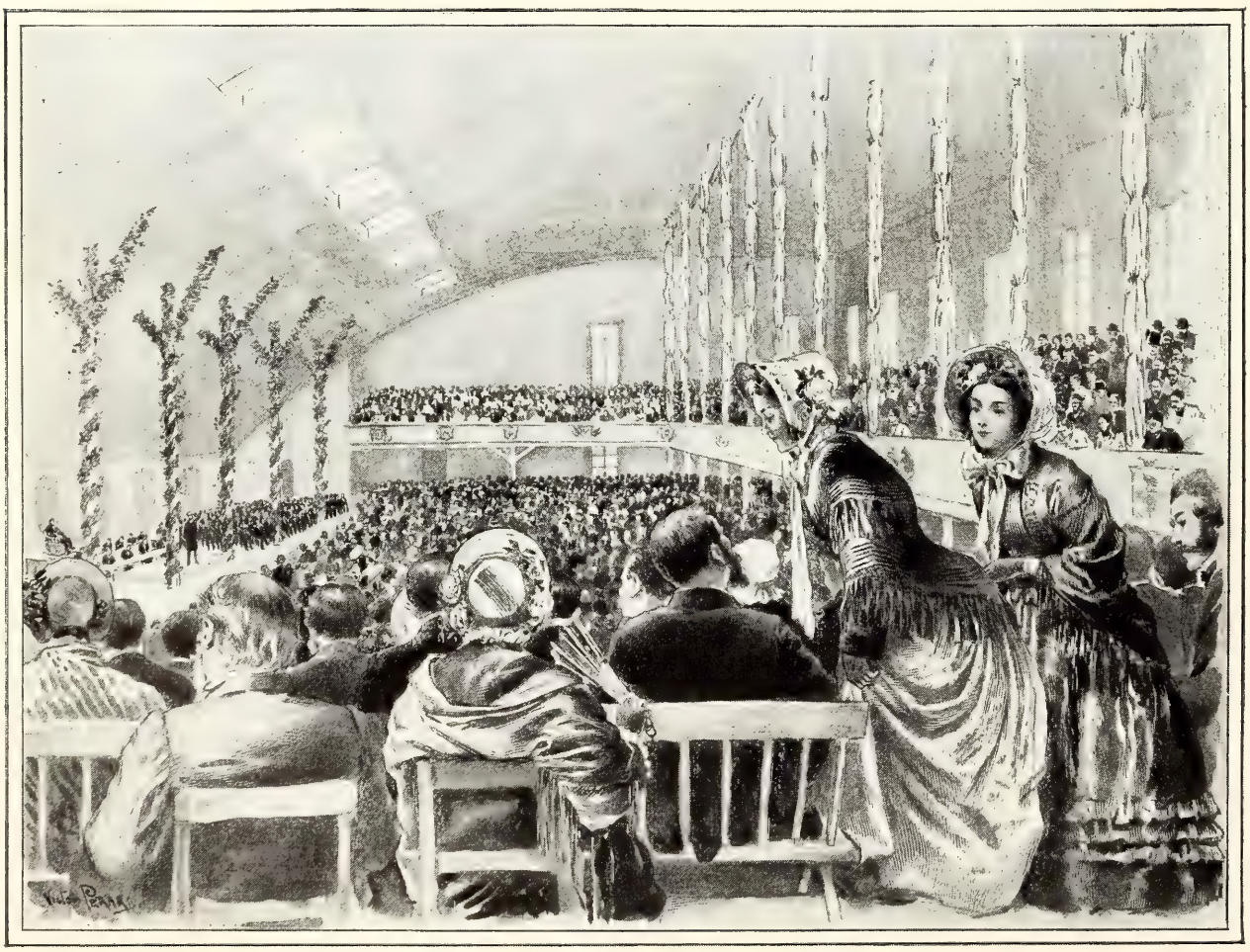
him with questions about the career and personality of the new man. Before Fell left the East he had made up his mind that Lincoln must be pushed by his own State as its Presidential candidate. One evening, soon after returning home, he met Lincoln in Bloomington, where the latter was attending court, and drew him into a deserted law-office for a confidential talk.

"I have been East, Lincoln," said he, "as far as Boston, and up into New Hampshire, travelling in all the New England States, save Maine; in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana; and everywhere I hear you talked about. Very frequently I have been asked, 'Who is this man Lincoln, of your State, now canvassing in opposition to Senator Douglas?' Being, as you know, an ardent Republican and your friend, I usually told them we had in Illinois *two* giants instead of one; that Douglas was the *little* one, as they all knew, but that you were the *big* one, which they didn't all know.

"But, seriously, Lincoln, Judge Douglas being so widely known, you are getting a national reputation *through him*, and the truth is, I have a decided impression that if your popular history and efforts on the slavery question can be sufficiently brought before the people, you can be made a formidable, if not a successful, candidate for the Presidency."

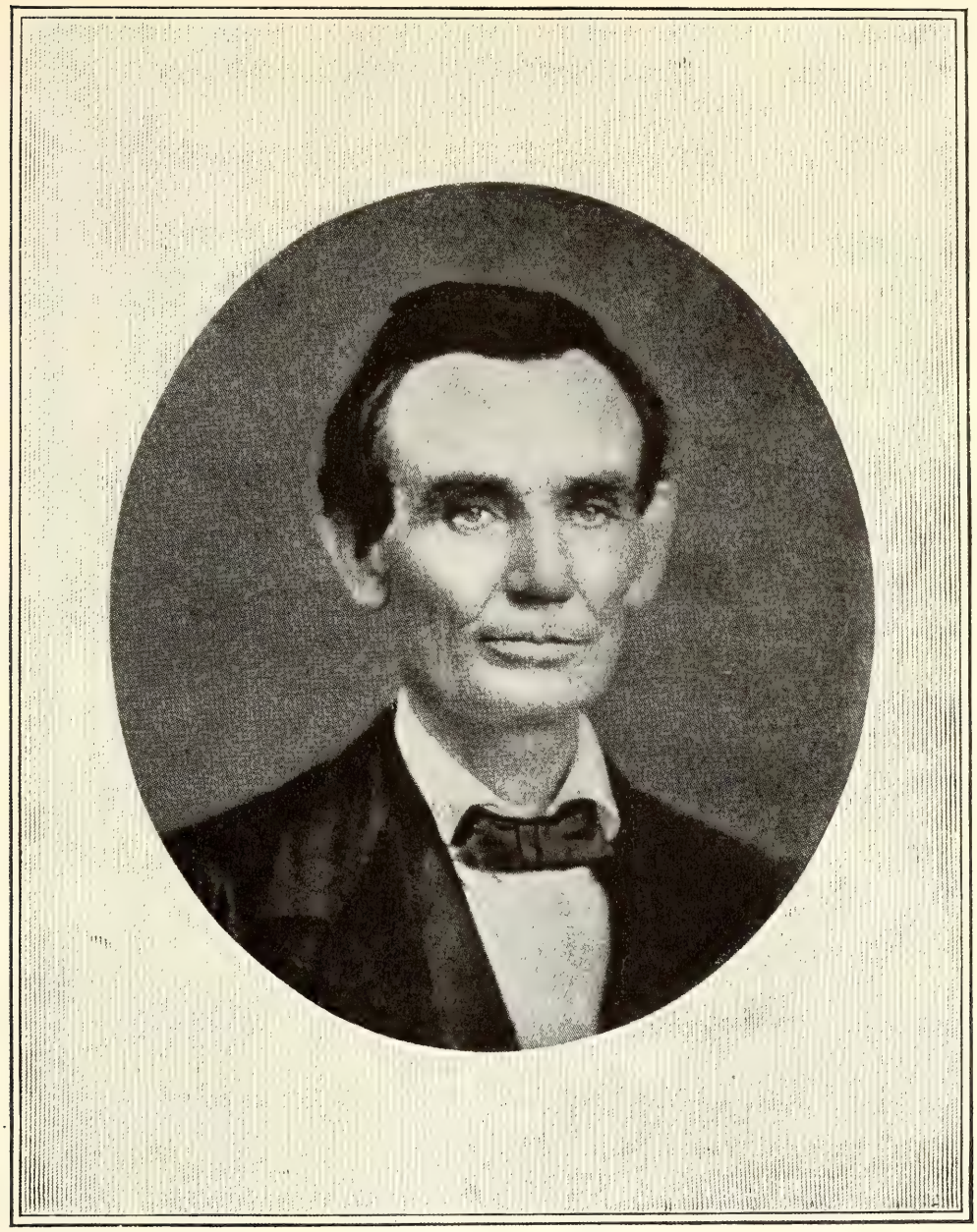
"What's the use of talking of me for the Presidency," was Lincoln's reply, "whilst we have such men as Seward, Chase, and others, who are so much better known to the people, and whose names are so intimately associated with the principles of the Republican party? Everybody knows them; nobody scarcely outside of Illinois knows me. Besides, is it not, as a matter of justice, due to such men, who have carried this movement forward to its present status, in spite of fearful opposition, personal abuse, and hard names? I really think so."

Fell continued his persuasions, and finally requested Lincoln to furnish him a sketch of his life which could be put out in the East. The suggestion grated on Lincoln's sensibilities. He had no chance. Why force himself? "Fell," he said, rising and wrapping his old gray shawl around his tall figure, "I admit that I am



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860.

After a drawing in "Harper's Weekly" of May 19, 1860, by permission of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1853.

From an ambrotype owned by Mr. Hilyard of Superior, Nebraska, and taken at Danville, Illinois, as a gift to his father.

ambitious and would like to be President. I am not insensible to the compliment you pay me and the interest you manifest in the matter; *but there is no such good luck in store for me as the Presidency of these United States.* Besides, there is nothing in my early history that would interest you or anybody else; and, as Judge Davis says, '*it won't pay.*' Good night." And he disappeared into the darkness.

Lincoln's defeat in November, 1858, in the contest for the United States Senatorship, in no way discouraged his friends. A few days after the November election, when it was known that Douglas had been reëlected senator, the Chicago "Democrat," then edited by "Long John" Wentworth, printed an editorial, nearly a column in length, headed "Abraham Lincoln." His work in the campaign then just closed was reviewed and commended in the highest terms. "His speeches," the "Democrat" declared, "will be recognized for a long time to come as the standard authorities upon those topics which overshadow all others in the political world of our day; and our children will read them and appreciate the great truths which they so forcibly inculcate, with even a higher appreciation of their worth than their fathers possessed while listening to them.

"We, for our part," said the "Democrat" further, "consider that it would be but a partial appreciation of his services to our noble cause that our next State Republican convention should nominate him for governor as unanimously and enthusiastically as it did for senator. With such a leader and with our just cause, we would

sweep the State from end to end, with a triumph so complete and perfect that there would be scarce enough of the scattered and demoralized forces of the enemy left to tell the story of its defeat. And this State should also present his name to the national Republican convention, first for President and next for Vice-President. We should say to the United States at large that in our opinion the Great Man of Illinois is Abraham Lincoln, and none other than Abraham Lincoln."

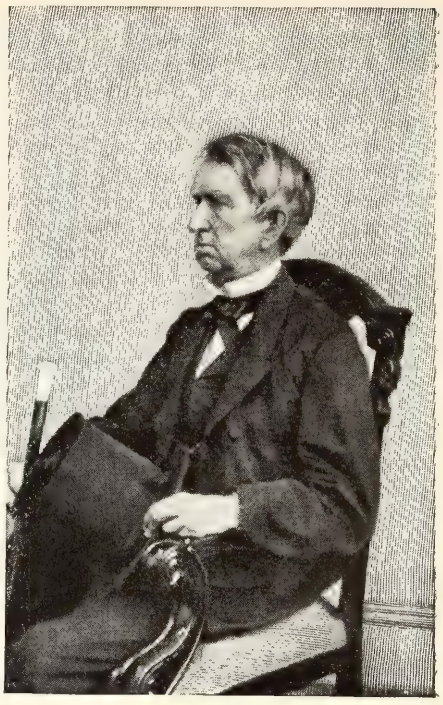
All through the year 1859 a few men in Illinois worked quietly but persistently to awaken a desire throughout the State for Lincoln's nomination. The greater number of these were lawyers on Lincoln's circuit, his life-long friends, men like Judge Davis, Leonard Swett, and Judge Logan, who not only believed in him, but loved him, and whose efforts were doubly effective because of their affection. In addition to these were a few shrewd politicians who saw in Lincoln the "available" man the situation demanded; and a group represented by John M. Palmer, who, remembering Lincoln's magnanimity in throwing his influence to Trumbull in 1854, in order to send a sound anti-Nebraska man to the United States Senate, wanted, as Senator Palmer himself put it, to "pay Lincoln back." Then there were a few young men who had been won by Lincoln in the debates with Douglas, and who threw youthful enthusiasm and conviction into their support.

The work which these men did at this time cannot be traced with any definiteness. It consisted mainly in "talking up" their candidate. They were greatly aided by the newspapers. The press, indeed, followed a concerted plan that had been carefully laid out by the Republican State Committee in the office of the Chicago "Tribune."

To give an appearance of spontaneity to the newspaper canvass it was arranged that the country papers should first suggest Lincoln's name. Joseph Medill, then, as now, of the "Tribune," and secretary of the committee, says that a Rock Island paper opened the campaign. On May 4, 1859, the "Central Illinois Gazette" came out for Lincoln, and one by one, at diplomatic intervals, other papers followed.

Lincoln soon felt the force of this effort in his behalf. Letters came to him from unexpected quarters, offering aid. Everywhere he went on the circuit, men sought him to discuss the situation. In the face of an undoubted movement for him he quailed. The interest was local; could it ever be more? Above all, had he the qualifications for President of the United States? He asked himself these questions as he pondered a reply to an editor who had suggested announcing his name, and he wrote: "I must in all candor say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency."

This was in April, 1859. In the July following he still declared himself unfit. Even in the following November he had little hope of nomination. "For my single self," he wrote to a correspondent who had suggested the putting of his name on the ticket, "I have enlisted for the permanent success of the Republican cause, and for this object I shall labor faithfully



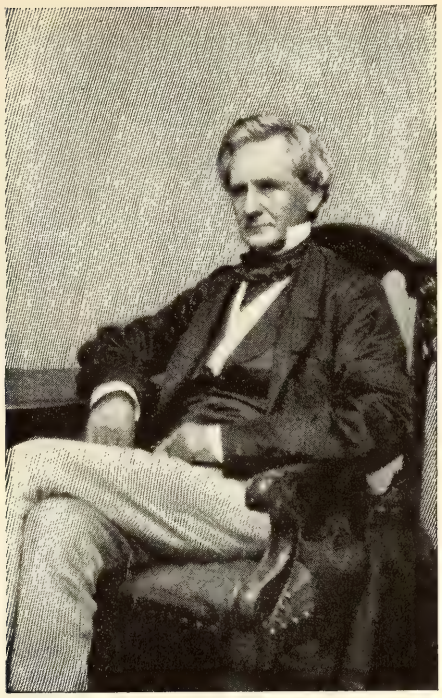
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Seward's name was presented to the Chicago convention of 1860, which finally nominated Lincoln, by William M. Evarts of New York. On the first ballot he received 173½ votes, on the second 184½, on the third 180; 234 votes were necessary for a choice.*

SALMON P. CHASE.

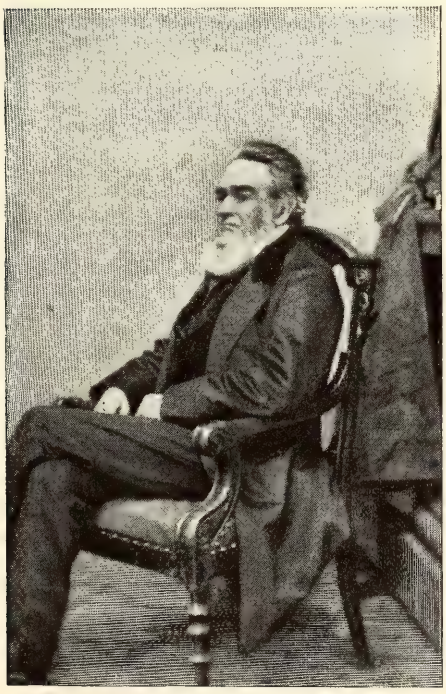
Chase's name was presented to the Chicago convention of 1860 by D. K. Cartter of Ohio. On the first ballot he received 49 votes, on the second 42½, on the third 24½.

* The portraits on this and page 47 are all from photographs by Brady, now in the war collection of Mr. Robert Coster.



SIMON CAMERON.

Andrew H. Reeder of Pennsylvania presented Cameron's name to the Chicago convention. On the first ballot he received 50½ votes. On the second ballot his name was withdrawn, although two votes were cast for him. He received no votes on the third ballot.



EDWARD BATES.

F. P. Blair of Missouri nominated Mr. Bates in the Chicago convention. He received on the first ballot 48 votes, on the second 35, and on the third 22. At Lincoln's inauguration as President in March, 1861, Bates became a member of his cabinet, as did also three other of his competitors for the nomination in the convention of 1860—Seward, Chase, and Cameron.

in the ranks, unless, as I think not probable, the judgment of the party shall assign me a different position."

The last weeks of 1859 and the first of 1860 convinced Lincoln, however, that, fit or not, he was in the field. Fell, who as corresponding secretary of the Republican State Central Committee had been travelling constantly in the interests of the organization, brought him such proof that his candidacy was generally approved of, that in December, 1859, he consented to write the "little sketch" of his life now known as Lincoln's "autobiography."

He wrote it with a little inward shrinking, a half shame that it was so meagre. "There is not much of it," he apologized in sending the document, "for the reason, I suppose, that there is not much of me. If anything be made out of it, I wish it to be modest, and not to go beyond the material."

By the opening of 1860 Lincoln had concluded that, though he might not be a very promising candidate, at all events he was now in so deep that he must have the approval of his own State, and he began to work in earnest for that. "I am not in a position where it would hurt much for me to not be nominated on the national ticket," he wrote to Norman B. Judd, "but I am where it would hurt some for me to not get the Illinois delegates. . . . Can you help me a little in your end of the vineyard?"

The plans of the Lincoln men were well matured. About the first of December, 1859, Medill had gone to Washington, ostensibly as a "Tribune" correspondent, but really to promote Lincoln's nomination. "Before writing any Lincoln letters for the 'Tribune,'" says Mr. Medill in his "Reminiscences," "I began preaching Lincoln among the Congressmen. I urged him chiefly upon the ground of availability in the close and doubtful States, with what seemed like reasonable success."

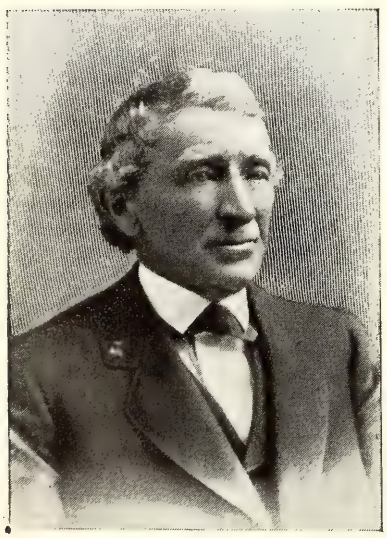
On February 16, 1860, the "Tribune" came out editorially for Lincoln, and Medill followed a few days later with a ringing letter from Washington, naming Lincoln as a candidate on whom both conservative and radical sentiment could unite, and declaring that he now heard Lincoln's name mentioned for President in Washington "ten times as often as it was one month ago." About the time when Medill was writing thus, Norman B. Judd, as member of the Republican National Committee, was executing a manœuvre the importance of which no one realized but the Illinois politicians. This was securing the convention for Chicago.

As the spring passed and the counties of Illinois held their conventions, Lincoln found that, save in the north, where Seward was strong, he was unanimously recommended as a candidate at Chicago. When the State convention met at Decatur on May 9th and 10th, he received an ovation of so picturesque and unique a character that it colored all the rest of the campaign. The delegates were in session when Lincoln came in as a spectator and was invited to a seat on the platform. Soon after, Richard Oglesby, one of Lincoln's ardent supporters, asked that an old

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

HORACE GREELEY.

In the Republican national convention of 1860 Horace Greeley sat as the alternate of an absent delegate from Oregon. He had failed to be chosen a delegate from his own State (New York), through the opposition of the Seward men. As editor of the New York "Tribune," it was supposed, until a short time before the convention, that he would support Seward for the nomination to the Presidency, but he turned against Seward on the plea that he could not be elected. In the convention he labored ardently for Bates.



JESSE W. FELL.

Mr. Fell, a Pennsylvanian by birth, settled in Bloomington, Illinois. Here he became acquainted with Lincoln, who was frequently in the town during court terms. He was one of the first Republicans of the State; he first introduced Lincoln's name in Pennsylvania as a candidate for the Presidency, and it was to him that Lincoln addressed his well-known autobiography.

Democrat of Macon County be allowed to offer a contribution to the convention. The offer was accepted, and a curious banner was borne up the hall. The standard was made of two weather-worn fence-rails, decorated with flags and streamers, and bearing the inscription:

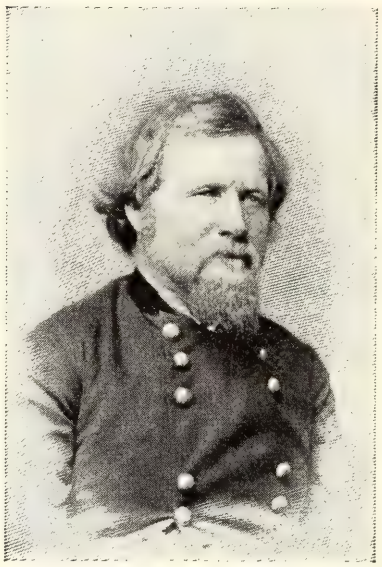
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE RAIL CANDIDATE

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860.

Two rails from a lot of 3,000 made in 1830 by Thos. Hanks and Abe Lincoln — whose father was the first pioneer of Macon County.

A storm of applause greeted the banner, followed by cries of "Lincoln! Lincoln!" Rising, Lincoln said, pointing to the banner, "I suppose I am expected to reply to that. I cannot say whether I made those rails or not, but I am quite sure I have made a great many just as good."* The speech was warmly applauded, and one delegate, an influential German and an ardent Seward man, after witnessing the demonstration, turned to his neighbor and said, "Seward has lost the Illinois delegation."† He was right; for when, later, John M. Palmer, at present United States Senator and the nominee of the anti-silver Democrats for President, brought forth a resolution that "Abraham Lincoln is the choice of the Republican party of Illinois for the Presidency, and the delegates from this State are instructed to use all honorable means to secure his nomination by the Chicago Convention, and to vote as a unit for him," it was enthusiastically adopted.



From a photograph by I. H. Bonsall, Army Photographer, Cincinnati, Ohio; loaned by General Palmer's son.

GENERAL JOHN M. PALMER.

From a photograph taken in 1863. Mr. Palmer was born in Kentucky in 1817, and removed to Illinois in 1832. Here he studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1840. Although an active Democrat, he revolted against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill and joined the anti-Nebraska branch of his party. In 1854 he was one of the five men in the State legislature who secured the election of Lyman Trumbull to the United States Senate. He was chairman of the first Republican State convention held in Illinois, and a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1856; and he contributed no little to the nomination of Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860. He served throughout the war, and was raised for gallant conduct to the rank of Major-General. He has since served as Governor of Illinois and United States Senator, and he is now the nominee of the anti-silver Democrats for President.

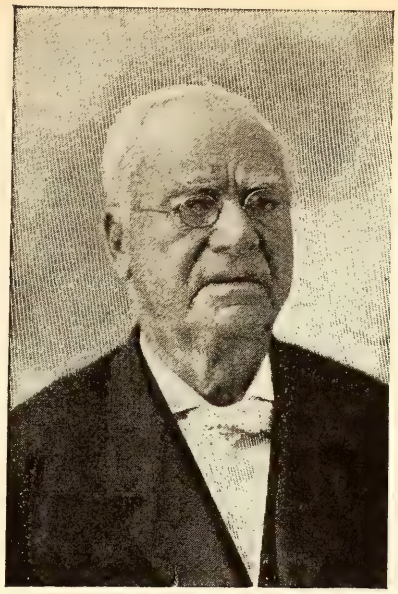
INDIFFERENCE OF THE EAST TO LINCOLN.

While the politicians of Illinois were thus preparing for the campaign, the Re-

*Congressman John Davis of Kansas, who was present at the Decatur convention and took down Mr. Lincoln's words, has courteously allowed us the use of his notes.

†Mr. George Schneider of Chicago, at that date editor of the "Staats Zeitung," and now president of the National Bank of Illinois.

publicans of the East hardly realized that Lincoln was or could be made a possibility. In the first four months of 1860 his name was almost unmentioned as a Presidential candidate in the public prints of the East. In a list of twenty-one "prominent candidates for the Presidency in 1860," prepared by D. W. Bartlett and published in New York towards the end of 1859, Lincoln's name is not mentioned; nor does it appear in a list of thirty-four of "our living representative men," prepared for Presidential purposes by John Savage, and published in Philadelphia in 1860.* The most important notice at this period of which we know was a casual mention in an editorial in the New York "Evening Post" on February 15th. The "Post" considered it time for the Republicans to speak out about the nominee at the coming convention, and remarked: "With such men as Seward and Chase, Banks and *Lincoln*, and others in plenty, let us have two Republican representative men to vote for." This was ten days before the Cooper Union speech and the New England tour, which undoubtedly did much to recommend Lincoln as a logical and statesmanlike thinker and debater, though there is no evidence that it created him a Presidential following in the East, save, perhaps, in New Hampshire. Indeed it was scarcely to be expected that prudent and conservative men who knew little of him, save as he had exhibited himself in the Lincoln and Douglas debates and in the Cooper Union speech, would conclude that, because he could make a good speech, he would make a good President. They knew him to be comparatively untrained in public life and comparatively untried in large affairs. They naturally preferred a man who had a record for executive statesmanship.



From a photograph by Tandy, Lincoln, Illinois; loaned by W. O. Paisley.

RICHARD J. OGLESBY.

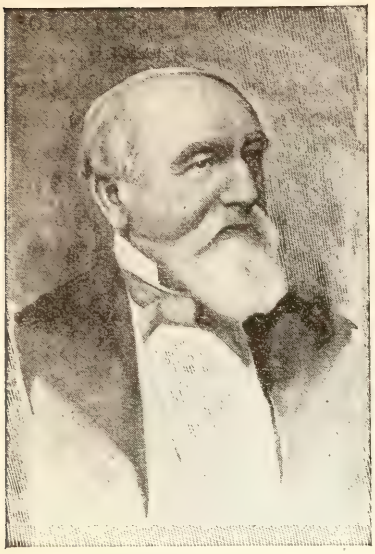
Richard J. Oglesby was born in Kentucky in 1824. Left an orphan at the age of eight years, he removed to Illinois, and there learned the carpenter's trade. In 1845 he was admitted to the bar, but his practice of the law was interrupted by service in the Mexican War and three years of mining in California. Returning to Illinois, he became influential in politics. It was he who suggested to Lincoln's stepbrother, John D. Johnston, bringing the rails into the State convention at Decatur in 1860. He served with honor in the Union army until 1864, when he resigned, and in November of that year was elected governor of his State. He was in Washington at the time of Lincoln's assassination. He continued to serve as governor until 1869, and he has served several terms since. From 1873 to 1879 he was United States Senator.

Up to the opening of the convention in May there was, in fact, no specially prominent mention of Lincoln by the Eastern press. Greeley, intent on undermining Seward, though as yet nobody perceived him to be so, printed in the New York weekly "Tribune"—the paper which went to the country at large—correspondence favoring the nomination of Bates and Read, McLean and Bell, Cameron, Frémont, Dayton, Chase, Wade; but not Lincoln. The New York "Herald" of May 1st, in discussing editorially the nominee of the "Black Republicans," recognized "four living, two dead, aspirants." The "living" were Seward, Banks, Chase, and Cameron; the "dead," Bates and McLean. On May 10th "The Independent," in an editorial on "The Nomination at Chicago," said: "Give us a man known to be true upon the only question that enters into the canvass—a Seward, a Chase, a Wade, a Sumner, a Fessenden, a Banks." But it did not mention Lincoln. His most conspicuous Eastern recognition before the convention was in "Harper's Weekly" of May 12th, his face being included in a double page of portraits of "eleven prominent candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination at Chicago." Brief biographical sketches appeared in the same number—the last and the shortest of them being of Lincoln.

PREPARING FOR THE CONVENTION.

It was on May 16th that the Republican convention of 1860 formally opened at Chicago, but for days before the city was in a tumult of expectation and preparation. The audacity of inviting a national convention to meet there, in the condition in which Chicago chanced to be at that time, was purely Chicagoan. No other city

* These pamphlets are found in the admirable Lincoln collection of Mr. William H. Lambert of Philadelphia.



NORMAN B. JUDD.

A New Yorker by birth, Norman B. Judd moved to Illinois in 1836, when twenty-one years of age, and there began practice of the law. In 1844 he was elected to the State Senate, where he served for sixteen consecutive years. Prominent as the attorney of several railroads, he frequently called in Lincoln as an associate. From the beginning of the anti-Nebraska agitation he was active in politics, and he did much to bring about Lincoln's nomination in 1860. In 1861 he was appointed minister to Prussia. He served in the forty-second and forty-third Congresses, and was afterwards collector of customs at Chicago. He died in 1878.

would have risked it. In ten years Chicago had nearly quadrupled its population, and it was believed that the feat would be repeated in the coming decade. In the first flush of youthful energy and ambition the town had undertaken the colossal task of raising itself bodily out of the grassy marsh, where it had been originally placed, to a level of twelve feet above Lake Michigan, and of putting underneath a good, solid foundation. When the invitation to the convention was extended, half the buildings in Chicago were on stilts; some of the streets had been raised to the new grade, others still lay in the mud; half the sidewalks were poised high on piles, and half were still down on a level with the lake. A city with a conventional sense of decorum would not have cared to be seen in this demoralized condition, but Chicago perhaps conceived that it would but prove her courage and confidence to show the country what she was doing; and so she had the convention come.

But it was not the convention alone which came. Besides the delegates, the professional politicians, the newspaper men, and the friends of the several candidates, there came a motley crowd of men hired to march and to cheer for particular candidates,—a kind of out-of-door *claque* which did not wait for a point to be made in favor of its man, but went off in rounds of applause at the mere mention of his name. New York brought the greatest number of these professional applauders, the leader of them being a notorious prize-fighter and street politician,—"a sort of white blackbird," said Bromley,—one Tom Hyer. With the New York delegation, which numbered all told fully 2,000 Seward men, came Dodworth's Band, one of the celebrated musical organizations of that day.

While New York sent the largest number, Pennsylvania was not far behind, there being about 1,500 persons present from that State. From New England, long as was the distance, there were many trains of excursionists. The New England delegation took Gilmore's Band with it, and from Boston to Chicago stirred up every community in which it stopped, with music and speeches. Several days before the convention opened fully one half of the members of the United States House of Representatives were in the city.* To still further increase the throng were hundreds of merely curious spectators whom the flattering inducements of the fifteen railroads centring in Chicago at that time had tempted to take a trip. There were fully 40,000 strangers in the city during the sitting of the convention.

The streets for a week were the forum of this multitude. Processions for Seward, for Cameron, for Chase, for Lincoln, marched and counter-marched, brave with banners and transparencies, and noisy with country bands and hissing rockets. Every street corner became a rostrum, where impromptu harangues for any of a dozen candidates might be happened upon. In this hurly-burly two figures were particu-

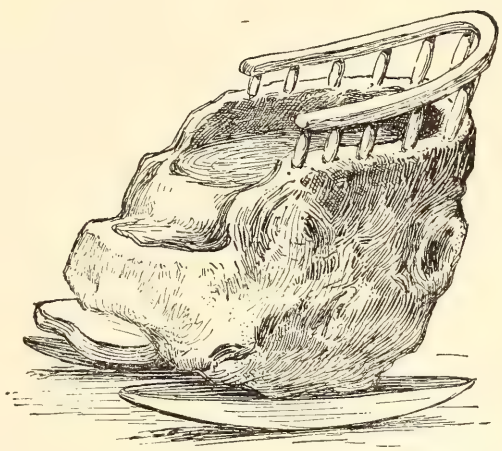
* Boston "Herald," May 15, 1860, Chicago correspondence.

LEONARD SWETT.

Born in Maine in 1825, it was not until 1849, after he had served through the Mexican War, that Leonard Swett settled in Bloomington, Illinois, where he began practice of the law. He travelled the Eighth Circuit with Lincoln until the latter was elected to the Presidency. Mr. Swett took an active part in the anti-slavery agitation in Illinois, aided in Lincoln's nomination in 1860, and was a trusted adviser of Lincoln's throughout the period of the civil war.

larly prominent: Tom Hyer, who managed the open-air Seward demonstration, and Horace Greeley, who was conducting independently his campaign against Seward. Greeley, in his fervor, talked incessantly. It was only necessary for some one to say in a rough but friendly way, "There's old Greeley," and all within hearing distance grouped about him. Not infrequently the two or three to whom he began speaking increased until that which had started as a conversation ended as a speech.

In this half-spontaneous, half-organized demonstration of the streets, Lincoln's followers were conspicuous. State pride made Chicago feel that she must stand by her own. Lincoln banners floated across every street, and buildings and omnibuses were decorated with Lincoln emblems. When the Illinois delegation saw that New York and Pennsylvania had brought in so many outsiders to create enthusiasm for their respective candidates, they began to call in supporters from the neighboring localities. Leonard Swett says that they succeeded in getting together fully 10,000 men from Illinois and Indiana, ready to march, shout, or fight for Lincoln, as the case required.



CHAIR OCCUPIED BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860. IT WAS THE FIRST CHAIR MADE IN THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Reproduced from "Harper's Weekly" of May 19, 1860, by permission of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

Not only was the city full of people days before the convention began, but the delegations had organized and actual work was in progress. Every device conceivable by an ingenious opposition was resorted to in order to weaken Seward, the most formidable of the candidates. The night before the opening of the convention a great mass meeting was held in the Wigwam. The Seward men had arranged to have only advocates of their own candidate speak. But the clever opposition detected the game, and William D. Kelley of Pennsylvania, who was for Lincoln or for Wade, got the floor and held it until nearly midnight, doggedly talking against time until an audience of 12,000 had dwindled to less than 1,000.

One of the first of the delegations to begin activities was that of Illinois. The Tremont House had been chosen as its headquarters, and here were gathered almost all the influential friends Lincoln had in the State. They came determined to win if human effort could compass it, and men never put more intense and persistent energy into a cause. Judge Davis was naturally the head of the body; but Judge Logan, Leonard Swett, John M. Palmer, Richard Oglesby, N. B. Judd, Jesse W. Fell, and scores more were with him. "We worked like nailers," says Governor Oglesby to-day, in talking over the struggle.

The effort for Lincoln had to begin in the Illinois delegation itself. In spite of the rail episode at Decatur, the State convention was by no means unanimous for Lincoln. "Our delegation was instructed for him," wrote Leonard Swett to Josiah Drummond,* "but of the twenty-two votes in it, by incautiously selecting the men, there were *eight* who would have gladly gone for Seward. The reason of this is in this fact: the northern counties of this State are more overwhelmingly Republican than any other portion of the continent. I could pick twenty-five contiguous counties giving larger Republican majorities than any other adjacent counties in any State. The result is, many people there are for Seward, and such men had crept upon the delegation. They intended in good faith to go for Lincoln, but talked despondingly, and really wanted and expected finally to vote as I have indicated. We had also in the north and about Chicago a class of men who always want to turn up on the winning side, and who would do no work, although their feelings were really for us, for fear it would be the losing element and would place them out of favor with the incoming power. These men were dead weights. The centre and south, with many individual exceptions to the classes I have named, were warmly for Lincoln, whether he won or lost.

"The lawyers of our circuit went there

* This letter, written by Mr. Swett on May 27, 1860, to Josiah Drummond of Maine, is one of the best documents on the convention. It was published in the New York "Sun" of July 26, 1891, and is in O. H. Oldroyd's recent work, "Lincoln's Campaign."

determined to leave no stone unturned; and really they, aided by some of our State officers and a half dozen men from various portions of the State, were the only tireless, sleepless, unwavering, and ever vigilant friends he had."

The situation which the Illinois delegation faced, briefly put, was this: the Republican party had in 1860 but one prominent candidate, William H. Seward. By virtue of his great talents, his superior cultivation, and his splendid services in anti-slavery agitation, he was the choice of the majority of the Republican party. It was certain that at the opening of the convention he would have nearly enough votes to nominate him. But still there was a considerable and resolute opposition. The grounds of this were several, but the most substantial and convincing was that Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey all declared that they could not elect Seward if he was nominated. Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsylvania, and Henry S. Lane of Indiana, candidates for governor in their respective States, were both his active opponents, not from dislike of him, but because they were convinced that they would themselves be defeated if he headed the Republican ticket. It was clear to the entire party that Pennsylvania and Indiana were essential to Republican success; and since many States with which Seward was the first choice held success in November as more important than Seward, they were willing to give their support to an "available" man. But the difficulty was to unite this opposition. Nearly every State which considered Seward an unsafe candidate had a "favorite son" whom it was pushing as "available." Pennsylvania wanted Cameron; New Jersey, Dayton; Ohio, Chase, McLean, or Wade; Massachusetts, Banks; Vermont, Collamer. Greeley, who alone was as influential as a State delegation, urged Bates of Missouri.

Illinois's task was to unite this opposition on Lincoln. She began her work with a next-door neighbor. "The first State approached," says Mr. Swett, "was Indiana. She was about equally divided between Bates and McLean.* Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were spent upon her, when finally she came to us unitedly, with twenty-six votes, and from that time acted efficiently with us."

With Indiana to aid her, Illinois now succeeded in drawing a few scattering votes, in making an impression on New Hampshire and Virginia, and in persuading Vermont to think of Lincoln as a second choice. Matters began to look decidedly cheerful. On May 14th (Monday) the New York "Herald's" last despatch declared that the contest had narrowed down to Seward, Lincoln, and Wade. The Boston "Herald's" despatch of the same day reported: "Abe Lincoln is looming up to-night as a compromise candidate, and his friends are in high spirits." And this was the situation when the convention finally opened on Wednesday, May 16th.

* Mr. Joseph Medill, who has very kindly annotated Mr. Swett's letter for us, says that half the Indiana delegation had been won for Lincoln on the ground of availability before the convention met.

THE WIGWAM.

The assembly-room in which the convention met was situated conveniently at the corner of Market and Lake Streets. It had been built especially for the occasion by the Chicago Republican Club, and in the fashion of the West in that day was called by the indigenous name of Wigwam. It was a low, characterless structure, fully 180 feet long by one hundred feet wide. The roof rose in the segment of a circle, so that one side was higher than the other; and across this side and the two ends were deep galleries. Facing the ungalleried side was a platform reserved for the delegates —a great floor 140 feet long and thirty-five feet deep, raised some four feet from the ground level, with committee-rooms at each end. This vast structure of pine boards had been rescued from ugliness through the energetic efforts of the committee, assisted by the Republican women of the city, who, scarcely less interested than their husbands and brothers, strove in every way to contribute to the success of the convention. They wreathed the pillars and the galleries with masses of green; hung banners and flags; brought in busts of American notables; ordered great allegorical paintings of Justice, Liberty, and the like, to suspend on the walls; borrowed the whole series of Healy portraits of American statesmen—in short, made the Wigwam at least gay and festive in aspect. Foreign interest added something to the furnishings; the chair placed on the platform for the use of the chairman of the convention was donated from Michigan, as the first chair made in that State. It was an arm-chair of the most primitive description, the seat dug out of an immense log and mounted on large rockers. Another chair, one made for the occasion, attracted a great deal of attention. It was

constructed of thirty-four kinds of wood, each piece from a different State or Territory, Kansas being appropriately represented by the "weeping willow" as a symbol of her grief at being still excluded from the sisterhood of States.* The gavel used by the chairman was more interesting even than his chair, having been made from a fragment of Commodore Perry's brave "Lawrence."

Into the Wigwam, on the morning of the 16th of May, there crowded fully 10,000 persons. To the spectator in the gallery the scene was vividly picturesque and animated. Around him were packed hundreds of women, gay in the high-peaked, flower-filled bonnets and the bright shawls and plaids of the day. Below, on the platform and floor, were many of the notable men of the United States—William M. Evarts, Thomas Corwin, Carl Schurz, David Wilmot, Thaddeus Stevens, Joshua Giddings, George William Curtis, Francis P. Blair and his two sons, Andrew H. Reeder, George Ashmun, Gideon Welles, Preston King, Cassius M. Clay, Gratz Brown, George S. Boutwell, Thurlow Weed. In the multitude the newspaper representatives outnumbered the delegates. Fully 900 editors and reporters were present, a body scarcely less interesting in its *personnel* than the convention itself. Horace Greeley, Samuel Bowles, Murat Halstead, Isaac H. Bromley, Joseph Medill, Horace White, Joseph Hawley, Henry Villard, A. K. McClure, names so familiar to-day, all represented various journals at Chicago in 1860, and in some cases were active workers in the caucuses. It was evident at once that the members of the convention—some 500 out of the attendant 10,000—were not more deeply interested in its proceedings than the mere spectators, whose approval and disapproval, quickly and emphatically expressed, swayed, and to a degree controlled, the delegates.

Wednesday and Thursday mornings were passed in the usual opening work of a convention. While officers were formally elected and a platform adopted, the real interest centred in the caucuses, which were held almost uninterruptedly. Illinois was in a frenzy of anxiety. "No men ever worked as our boys did," wrote Mr. Swett; "I did not, the whole week, sleep two hours a night." They ran from delegation to delegation, haranguing, pleading, promising. But do their best they could not concentrate the opposition. "Our great struggle," says Senator Palmer, "was to prevent Lincoln's nomination for the Vice-Presidency. The Seward men were perfectly willing that he should go on the tail of the ticket. In fact, they seemed determined that he should be given the Vice-Presidential nomination. We were not troubled so much by the antagonism of the Seward men as by the overtures they were constantly making to us. They literally overwhelmed us with kindness. Judge David Davis came to me in the Tremont House, greatly agitated at the way things were going. He said: 'Palmer, you must go with me at once to see the New Jersey delegation.' I asked what I could do. 'Well,' said he, 'there is Judge Hornblower, a grave and venerable judge, who is insisting that Lincoln shall be nominated for Vice-President and Seward for President. We must convince the judge of his mistake.' We went; I was introduced to Judge Hornblower, and we talked about the matter for some time. Judge Hornblower praised Seward, but he was especially effusive in expressing his admiration for Lincoln. He thought that Seward was clearly entitled to first place and that Lincoln's eminent merits entitled him to second place. I listened for some time, and then said: 'Judge Hornblower, you may nominate Mr. Lincoln for Vice-President if you please. But I want you to understand that there are 40,000 Democrats in Illinois who will support this ticket if you give them an opportunity. We are not Whigs, and we never expect to be Whigs. We will never consent to support two old Whigs on this ticket. We are willing to vote for Mr. Lincoln with a Democrat on the ticket, but we will not consent to vote for two Whigs.' I have seldom seen Judge Hornblower's indignation equalled. Turning to Judge Davis he said: 'Judge Davis, is it possible that party spirit so prevails in Illinois that Judge Palmer properly represents public opinion?' 'Oh,' said Davis, affecting some distress at what I had said, 'oh, Judge, you can't account for the conduct of these old Locofocos.' 'Will they do as Palmer says?' 'Certainly. There are 40,000 of them, and, as Palmer says, not one of them will vote for two Whigs.' We left Hornblower in a towering rage. When we were back at the Tremont House I said: 'Davis, you are an infernal rascal to sit there and hear Hornblower berate me as he did. You really seemed to encourage him.' Judge Davis said nothing, but chuckled as if he had greatly enjoyed the joke. This incident is illustrative of the

* Boston "Atlas and Bee," May 22, 1860.

kind of work we had to do. We were compelled to resort to this argument—that the old Democrats then ready to affiliate with the Republican party would not tolerate two Whigs on the ticket—in order to break up the movement to nominate Lincoln for Vice-President. The Seward men recognized in Lincoln their most formidable rival, and that was why they wished to get him out of the way by giving him second place on the ticket." *

The uncertainty on Thursday was harrowing, and if the ballot had been taken on the afternoon of that day, as was at first intended, Seward probably would have been nominated. Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania all felt this, and shrewdly managed to secure from the convention a reluctant adjournment until Friday morning. In spite of the time this manœuvre gave, however, Seward's nomination seemed sure; so Greeley telegraphed the "Tribune" at midnight on Thursday. At the same hour the correspondent of the "Herald" (New York) telegraphed: "The friends of Seward are firm, and claim ninety votes for him on the first ballot. Opposition to Seward not fixed on any man. Lincoln is the strongest, and may have altogether forty votes. The various delegations are still caucusing."

It was after these messages were sent that Illinois and Indiana summoned all their energies for a final desperate effort to unite the uncertain delegates on Lincoln, and that Pennsylvania went through the last violent throes of coming to a decision. The night was one full of dramatic episodes, of which none, perhaps, was more nearly tragic than the spectacle of Seward's followers, confident of success, celebrating in advance the nomination of their favorite, while scores of determined men laid the plans ultimately effective for his overthrow. All night the work was kept up. "Hundreds of Pennsylvanians, Indianians, and Illinoisans," says Murat Halstead, "never closed their eyes. I saw Henry S. Lane at one o'clock, pale and haggard, with cane under his arm, walking as if for a wager from one caucus-room to another at the Tremont House. In connection with them he had been operating to bring the Vermonters and Virginians to the point of deserting Seward."

In the Pennsylvania delegation, which on Wednesday had agreed on McLean as its second choice and Lincoln as its third, a hot struggle was waged to secure the vote of the delegation *as a unit* for Cameron until a majority of the delegates directed otherwise. Judge S. Newton Pettis, who proposed this resolution, worked all night to secure votes for it at the caucus to be held early in the morning. The Illinois men ran from delegate to caucus, from editor to outsider. No man who knew Lincoln and believed in him, indeed, was allowed to rest, but was dragged away to this or that delegate to persuade him that the "rail candidate," as Lincoln had already begun to be called, was fit for the place. Colonel Hoyt, then a resident of Chicago, spent half the night telling Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania what he knew of Lincoln. While all this was going on, a committee of twelve men from Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa were consulting in the upper story of the Tremont House. Before their session was over they had agreed that in case Lincoln's votes reached a specified number on the following day, the votes of the States represented in that meeting, so far as these twelve men could effect the result, should be given to him.

The night was over at last, and at ten o'clock the convention reassembled. The great Wigwam was packed with a throng hardly less excited than the members of the actual convention, while without, for blocks away, a crowd double that within pushed and strained, every nerve alert to catch the movements of the convention.

The nominations began at once, the Hon. William M. Evarts presenting the name of William H. Seward. The New Yorkers had prepared a tremendous *claque*, which now broke forth—"a deafening shout which," says Leonard Swett, "I confess, appalled us a little." But New York in preparing her *claque* had only given an idea to Illinois. The Illinois committee, to offset it, had made secret but complete preparations for what was called a "spontaneous demonstration." From lake front to prairie the committee had collected every stentorian voice known, and early Thursday morning, while Seward's men were marching exultantly about the streets, the owners of these voices had been packed into the Wigwam, where their special endowment would be most effective. The women present had been requested to wave their handkerchiefs at every mention of Lincoln's name, and hundreds of flags had been distributed to be used in the same way. A series of signals had been arranged to communicate to the thousands without the moment when a

* Interview with Senator Palmer for McClure's Magazine.

roar from them might influence the convention within. When N. B. Judd nominated Lincoln this machinery began to work. It did well; but a moment later, in greeting the seconding of Seward's nomination, New York out-bellowed Illinois. "Caleb B. Smith of Indiana then seconded the nomination of Lincoln," says Mr. Swett, "and the West came to his rescue. No mortal ever before saw such a scene. The idea of us Hoosiers and Suckers being outscreamed would have been as bad to them as the loss of their man. Five thousand people at once leaped to their seats, women not wanting in the number, and the wild yell made soft vesper breathings of all that had preceded. No language can describe it. A thousand steam whistles, ten acres of hotel gongs, a tribe of Comanches, headed by a choice van-guard from pandemonium, might have mingled in the scene unnoticed."

As the roar died out a voice cried, "Abe Lincoln has it by the sound now; let us ballot!" and Judge Logan, beside himself with screeching and excitement, called out: "Mr. President, in order or out of order, I propose this convention and audience give three cheers for the man who is evidently their nominee."

The balloting followed without delay. The Illinois men believed they had one hundred votes to start with; on counting they found they had 102. More hopeful still, no other opposition candidate approached them. Pennsylvania's man, according to the printed reports of that day, had but fifty and one half votes; Greeley's man, forty-eight; Chase, forty-nine; while McLean, Pennsylvania's second choice, had but twelve. If Seward was to be beaten, it must be now; and it was for Pennsylvania to say. The delegation hurried to a committee-room, where Judge Pettis, disregarding the action of the caucus by which McLean had been adopted as the delegation's second choice, moved that, on the second ballot, Pennsylvania's vote be cast solidly for Lincoln. The motion was carried. Returning to the hall the delegation found the second ballot under way. In a moment the name of Pennsylvania was called. The whole Wigwam heard the answer: "Pennsylvania casts her fifty-two votes for Abraham Lincoln." The meaning was clear. The break to Lincoln had begun. New York sat as if stupefied, while all over the hall cheer followed cheer.

It seemed but a moment before the second ballot was ended, and it was known that Lincoln's vote had risen from 102 to 181. The tension as the third ballot was taken was almost unbearable. A hundred pencils kept score while the delegations were called, and it soon became apparent that Lincoln was outstripping Seward. The last vote was hardly given before the whisper went around, "Two hundred and thirty-one and one-half for Lincoln; two and one-half more will give him the nomination." An instant of silence followed, in which the convention grappled with the idea, and tried to pull itself together to act. The chairman of the Ohio delegation was the first to get his breath. "Mr. President," he cried, springing on his chair and stretching out his arm to secure recognition, "I rise to change four votes from Mr. Chase to Mr. Lincoln."

It took a moment to realize the truth. New York saw it, and the white faces of her noble delegation were bowed in despair. Greeley saw it, and a guileless smile spread over his features as he watched Thurlow Weed press his hand hard against his wet eyelids. Illinois saw it, and tears poured from the eyes of more than one of the overwrought, devoted men as they grasped one another's hands and vainly struggled against the sobs which kept back their shouts. The crowd saw it, and broke out in a mad hurrah. "The scene which followed," wrote one spectator,* "baffles all human description. After an instant's silence, as deep as death, which seemed to be required to enable the assembly to take in the full force of the announcement, the wildest and mightiest yell (for it can be called by no other name) burst forth from 10,000 voices which we ever heard from mortal throats. This strange and tremendous demonstration, accompanied with leaping up and down, tossing hats, handkerchiefs, and canes recklessly into the air, with the waving of flags, and with every other conceivable mode of exultant and unbridled joy, continued steadily and without pause for perhaps ten minutes.

"It then began to rise and fall in slow and billowing bursts, and for perhaps the next five minutes these stupendous waves of uncontrollable excitement, now rising into the deepest and fiercest shouts, and then sinking like the ground swell of the ocean into hoarse and lessening murmurs, rolled through the multitude. Every now and then it would seem as though the physical power of the assembly was exhausted and

* Editorial in the Boston "Traveller" of May 23, 1860.

that quiet would be restored, when all at once a new hurricane would break out, more prolonged and terrific than anything before. If sheer exhaustion had not prevented, we don't know but the applause would have continued to this hour."

Without, the scene was repeated. At the first instant of realization in the Wigwam a man on the platform had shouted to a man stationed on the roof, "Hallelujah; Abe Lincoln is nominated!" A cannon boomed the news to the multitude below, and 20,000 throats took up the cry. The city heard it, and one hundred guns on the Tremont House, innumerable whistles on the river and lake front, on locomotives and factories, and the bells in all the steeples, broke forth. For twenty-four hours the clamor never ceased. It spread to the prairies, and before morning they were afire with pride and excitement.

HOW LINCOLN RECEIVED THE NEWS.

And while all this went on, where was Lincoln? Too much of a candidate, as he had told Swett, to go to Chicago, yet hardly enough of one to stay away, he had ended by remaining in Springfield, where he spent the week in restless waiting and discussion. He drifted about the public square, went often to the telegraph office, looked out for every returning visitor from Chicago, played occasional games of ball, made fruitless efforts to read, went home at unusual hours. He felt in his bones that he had a fighting chance, so he told a friend, but the chance was not so strong that he would indulge in much exultation. By Friday morning he was tired and depressed, but still eager for news. One of his friends, the Hon. James C. Conkling, returned early in the day from Chicago, and Lincoln soon went around to his law office. "Upon entering," says Mr. Conkling, "Lincoln threw himself upon the office lounge, and remarked rather wearily, 'Well, I guess I'll go back to practising law.' As he lay there on the lounge, I gave him such information as I had been able to obtain. I told him the tendency was to drop Seward; that the outlook for him was very encouraging. He listened attentively, and thanked me, saying I had given him a clearer idea of the situation than he had been able to get from any other source. He was not very sanguine of the result. He did not express the opinion that he would be nominated." *

But he could not be quiet, and soon left Mr. Conkling, to join the throng around the telegraph office, where the reports from the convention were coming in. The nominations were being reported, his own among the others. Then news came that the balloting had begun. He could not endure to wait for the result. He remembered a commission his wife had given him that morning, and started across the square to execute it. His errand was done, and he was standing in the door of the shop, talking, when a shout went up from the group at the telegraph office. The next instant an excited boy came rushing pell-mell down the stairs of the office, and, plunging through the crowd, ran across the square, shouting, "Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln, you are nominated!" The cry was repeated on all sides. The people came flocking about him, half laughing, half crying, shaking his hand when they got it, and one another's when they couldn't. For a few minutes, carried away by excitement, Lincoln seemed simply one of the proud and exultant crowd. Then remembering what it all meant, he said, "My friends, I am glad to receive your congratulations, and as there is a little woman down on Eighth Street who will be glad to hear the news, you must excuse me until I inform her." He slipped away, telegram in hand, his coat-tails flying out behind, and strode towards home, only to find when he reached there that his friends were before him, and that the "little woman" already knew that the honor which for twenty years and more she had believed and stoutly declared her husband deserved, and which a great multitude of men had sworn to do their best to obtain for him, had at last come.

Thirty-six hours later Lincoln received the committee sent by the convention to notify him formally of his selection as the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States; but before that time the whole country knew of his nomination, and the North and West were ringing with the stirring chorus:

"Hurrah for our cause—of all causes the best!
Hurrah for old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!"

* Interview with Mr. Conkling for McClure's Magazine.

HERR DOLLE'S DIAMONDS.

By Herbert Keen.

WE received one day an addition to our circle at Elvira House in a Mr. Booth that proved a decided acquisition. He conducted himself with the grave decorum of a quiet elderly gentleman of studious tastes and methodical habits, and he and I soon became very good friends. But he always maintained the most absolute reserve respecting his former avocation. He let it be understood that he had retired from business, but I noticed that he usually absented himself for some hours daily, as though he still had some kind of occupation; and occasionally, he went out of town for a day or two ostensibly to attend race meetings. This hobby, of which he made no secret, might have created a prejudice against most men, but in the case of Mr. Booth it was merely regarded as an amiable idiosyncrasy, for it was impossible to suspect him of the mildest dissipation. Sometimes, as he sat in his accustomed arm-chair in the smoking-room, enjoying his after-dinner cigar, and listening with quiet attention to the conversation around him, I used to wonder what the history of this innocent-looking, little, gold-spectacled, bald-headed gentleman, with the scrupulously neat and spotless attire and benevolent aspect, could have been.

Among our guests at that time was a certain Herr Victor Dolle, a Dutch gentleman, who lived in Amsterdam and came over pretty frequently to this country on business connected with his trade of a diamond cutter and polisher. He had resided at Elvira House on many previous occasions, and had gained universal esteem, for he was an amiable, good-natured giant of a man, looking more English than foreign, and speaking our language with singular fluency and correctness.

One day Herr Dolle started by an early train on a flying visit to Birmingham, and I was preparing to depart to the city at the usual hour, when Mrs. Nix stopped me as I passed the door of her office, and, in an agitated voice, requested me to come in. I found her very pale and upset; in fact, almost hysterical. The door of a large safe which stood in a corner of the room was open, and the contents lay scattered in a confused heap upon the floor.

"Mr. Perkins, I have been robbed!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, trembling in every limb, as she closed and locked the door.

"Burglars!" I exclaimed.

"No; at least, I think not," she added, hastily. "The safe has apparently not

"MRS. NIX STOPPED ME AS I PASSED THE DOOR."

been tampered with. It was locked when I opened it just now. The key acted perfectly. And yet something has been abstracted!"

I glanced round in consternation, and, as I did so, I observed upon her writing-table a bank "paying-in" book lying open, and on top of it two or three checks, some bank-notes, and gold.

"It is not money that I have lost," said Mrs. Nix, following my gaze. "If it were, it would be my own, and wouldn't so much matter."

"What is it, then?" I inquired.

"A small parcel intrusted to me by Herr Dolle on the day of his arrival. It contained, I suppose, diamonds or precious stones. He has been in the habit of asking me to take charge of such things while staying here, to avoid carrying them about. For aught I know the contents of the parcel may have been worth hundreds—nay, thousands of pounds!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, distractedly.

"My dear madam," I said, soothingly, seeing that she was beside herself with agitation, "you must keep calm and tell me how it all happened. When did you last see the parcel?"

I took her hand as I spoke and conducted her to an easy-chair, into which she sank in a half-fainting condition. After a brief pause, she said:

"On Tuesday, the day he arrived, Herr Dolle, with my permission, placed the parcel in the corner of that second shelf. To-day being Saturday, I have received payment of several accounts, your own among others. I went to the safe just now to get my 'paying-in' book in order to send the money to the bank. Suddenly I thought of Herr Dolle's parcel, which I had almost forgotten. It has disappeared."

"Are you sure?" I asked, incredulously.

"I have turned everything out of the safe on to the floor," she said, despairingly.

"Perhaps you have overlooked it. What size was it?" I inquired.

"Oh, quite small! Not larger or much thicker than an envelope folded longways across. You know the sort of little paper parcel that Herr Dolle carries diamonds in? It fits into his pocket-book."

I remembered having been shown, on several occasions, by Herr Dolle, little parcels of diamonds such as Mrs. Nix described. They had generally been done up in neat packages of drab paper folded like a needlecase, but rather larger, with an inner lining of tissue in which the gems reposed. Obviously, a parcel of such small dimensions might easily get mislaid among other articles, and I tried to reassure Mrs. Nix by asseverating my belief that this was what had happened. Though the poor lady shook her head despondently, I at once set to work to replace in the safe, one by one, the books and documents she had taken out of it. There were two or three account-books, some miscellaneous papers, a check-book, a number of counterfoils of old checks, but, unfortunately, a careful scrutiny convinced me that Herr Dolle's packet had not slipped into any unsuspected fold or insinuated itself between the leaves of a book, as I had hoped.

"I suppose you are quite sure that you have never given back the packet to Herr Dolle?" I said, as I reluctantly abandoned the search.

"Quite certain. I have been expecting to be asked for it."

"And you found the safe securely locked?" I inquired, as I tried the key.

"Yes."

"Have you ever parted with the key?"

"Not for a single instant. I always carry my keys about with me," said Mrs. Nix.

"What does Major Nix think about it?"

I declare that when I asked this question I was not conscious of any sequence of ideas in my mind; yet, as I uttered the words, I wished them unspoken, for Mrs. Nix flushed painfully, while I suddenly realized that her husband, sharing her apartment, was the only person who might have obtained access to the key without her knowledge.

"I have not mentioned the subject to anyone yet. Besides, the major was not even aware that the parcel existed," she added, indignantly.

I felt embarrassed and confused, for I suddenly realized the true cause of the poor lady's agitation. The loss of the parcel was, of course, serious enough; but when one reflected that circumstances pointed to the major as the possible thief, the situation became painfully complicated.

"What is to be done?" inquired Mrs. Nix, nervously.

"It is a matter for the police," I said, awkwardly.

"No, Mr. Perkins, that is impossible," said Mrs. Nix, confronting me with an air

of desperate resolution. "Scandal must be avoided. I cannot have the police called in. And yet the parcel must be found. What am I to say to Herr Dolle? What shall I do?"

I reflected a moment, feeling, indeed, quite at a loss what to advise in the peculiar circumstances, and then, by a sort of inspiration, I exclaimed:

"There is a gentleman here, Mr. Booth, who I think has had experience in these matters. Will you authorize me to consult him?"

My suggestion, being totally unexpected, received a somewhat reluctant acquiescence, but I felt immensely relieved at the prospect of sharing the responsibility of advising Mrs. Nix in this delicate affair with some one whose judgment I instinctively knew could be relied upon. I therefore left Mrs. Nix with strict injunctions not to breathe a word of the loss, even to her husband, at present, while I hastened to seek for Mr. Booth.

I found him smoking his morning cigar over his particular copy of the "Times," and though I burst in upon him without preface or apology, and related bluntly what had occurred, he manifested neither surprise nor confusion at my consulting him, but immediately proceeded to ask me pertinent questions in a brisk, matter-of-fact way.

"The major is too big a fool to meddle with diamonds. If it had been money, now—" A slight shrug of the shoulders significantly conveyed Mr. Booth's estimate of poor Mrs. Nix's husband, as he rose from his seat at the conclusion of my narrative. "Let us come and look at the safe," he added.

"I am glad you don't suspect the major, for his wife's sake," I remarked.

"He may have had an accomplice, but we needn't tell *her* so," he replied, as we passed out of the room.

Our hostess was, by this time, a little calmer, and as we entered her sanctum, she was hurriedly filling in, on the leaf of the "paying-in" book, particulars of the money to be despatched to the bank. She received Mr. Booth with a slight access of her habitual stateliness, which betrayed her nervous apprehensions.

MARTHA STAINES.

"My dear madam, permit me to congratulate you on your wise determination to refrain from sending for the police," he said, with unusual geniality.

"You think it is unnecessary?" said Mrs. Nix, eagerly.

"Unnecessary and undesirable," replied Mr. Booth, rather to my astonishment. "What you want, of course, is to recover the missing property. The police, on the other hand, would care less about that than to bring some person to justice—probably the wrong person—causing, in any case, scandal and annoyance."

"That is what I thought," said Mrs. Nix, in a tone of heartfelt relief.

"Exactly, and you were quite right. Now, let us consider the facts of the case," added Mr. Booth, turning to the safe. "This is where the parcel was placed?"

"Yes."

"On this shelf here, as I understand from Mr. Perkins. I won't trouble you to repeat what you told him. I shall have a question or two to ask you presently."

He spoke in a pre-occupied manner, while closing the door of the safe and manipulating the key. The latter he examined carefully, carrying it to the light and scrutinizing the wards through a small magnifying glass which he produced from his pocket.

"Now," said Mr. Booth, having apparently satisfied himself that the key had not been tampered with, "let us have a little rehearsal of what took place when Herr Dolle arrived. To begin with, what were you doing?"

"I was seated at the table as I am now, and I was—yes, I remember!—I was just commencing to fill in a slip with particulars of the money I was about to send to the bank," said Mrs. Nix.

"Ah! Then that will fix the date. May I look?" inquired Mr. Booth, taking up the "paying-in" book, which lay upon the table, and turning over the leaves. "It was on the 13th?"

"Yes."

"And I see you sent the money to the bank by a messenger or servant," said Mr. Booth, carelessly, as he laid down the book.

"How do you know that?" inquired Mrs. Nix in surprise.

"Only because the counterfoil was initialled by the bank clerk who received the money, which is generally done when a messenger is employed," said Mr. Booth.

"Yes, I sent by Martha Staines."

"That elderly woman with spectacles—a sort of housekeeper?" inquired Mr. Booth.

"Yes; but surely you don't suspect her! She has been with me for many years. I am sure she is quite honest," said Mrs. Nix, warmly.

"No, I don't suspect her, for a very good reason which I will tell you presently," answered Mr. Booth, smilingly. "Well, you were engaged as you said when Herr Dolle arrived? He came in here?"

"I went out to meet him in the hall, recognizing his voice. He followed me into this room, and stayed talking for some moments. I resumed my seat at the desk here, and presently I went on filling up the 'paying-in' slip, while he talked."

"Ah," ejaculated Mr. Booth.

"The fact is, I was very busy, and Herr Dolle always has so much to say," said Mrs. Nix, smiling. "Presently he produced the little parcel, and asked me to allow him to put it inside the safe, which was open."

MAJOR NIX.

"Well?"

"I, of course, consented, and I particularly looked round at his request, and saw him place it on the shelf there," said Mrs. Nix, emphatically.

"And then?" queried Mr. Booth.

"Then he left, after talking a few minutes longer."

"What did he talk about in those few minutes?" asked Mr. Booth, quickly.

"Really, I can't remember," said Mrs. Nix, impatiently. "I'm afraid I didn't listen very attentively."

Mr. Booth glanced at me as though our hostess's last answer possessed some significance, but I entirely failed to grasp his meaning. He smiled at my perplexity, and turned again to Mrs. Nix.

"Did you lock up the safe directly he left?" he asked.

"Yes—at least—no; not immediately. I rang for Martha. When she came we checked my figures in the 'paying-in' book with the money, which we placed in a little paper bag—you know the kind!"

"One of these," said Mr Booth, producing from a bundle which stood in a corner of the safe a brown paper bag supplied by the bank.

"Yes, and—and that's all; Martha took the bag and the 'paying-in' book to the bank, while I shut the safe and went about my other duties."

"And now for the only really important question," said Mr. Booth, briskly. "When you shut the safe, are you sure Herr Dolle's parcel was there?"

"Quite sure. I saw him place it there."

"But did you really see it? Could you swear that you locked it up in the safe? Because," added Mr. Booth, laughingly, "I'm prepared to wager my head against a china orange, as the saying is, that when you locked the safe the parcel wasn't there!"

"Where was it, then?" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, in bewilderment.

"In Herr Dolle's pocket!"

"No!" we both exclaimed.

"I say 'yes,' and it is a fact which can be verified the moment he returns from Birmingham," he added, smiling at our undisguised incredulity. "Depend upon it that, after placing the parcel on the shelf there, he changed his mind and took it up again. You were busy, Mrs. Nix, and didn't notice what he said. Try and remember!"

"You—may be right, of course," murmured Mrs. Nix, evidently anxious to be convinced in spite of secret misgivings.

"Of course I'm right—eh, Perkins?" said Mr. Booth, glancing meaningly at me.

"Your theory seems a little far-fetched," I replied, half involuntarily.

Mrs. Nix looked distressed at my reply, and Mr. Booth darted at me a momentary glance of annoyance.

"What a fellow you are, Perkins!" he exclaimed, good-humoredly, the instant after. "You refuse to allow me the credit of an intelligent deduction from bare facts! You force me to disclose the trick which I carry up my sleeve and to discount my own cleverness!"

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Nix, eagerly.

"Last night Herr Dolle showed me, in my own room, a parcel of diamonds precisely like the one we have been talking about," said Mr. Booth, gravely.

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix.

"But he didn't say—" I commenced, rather hotly.

"He didn't say it was the identical parcel," interposed Mr. Booth, quickly, "because, naturally, it never occurred to me to ask the question; but I'm convinced in my own mind that it was. If Perkins likes to risk a sovereign, I'll take his bet that Herr Dolle confirms my theory."

"It would be worth a sovereign," I said, more, in truth, from obstinacy than from conviction.

"Done, then," said Mr. Booth, cheerfully.

"Oh, Mr. Booth, I am so much obliged to you. You have relieved my mind of a great anxiety," exclaimed Mrs. Nix, evidently carried away by my companion's assurance. "Come in!" she added, quickly, in response to a knock at the door.

It was the old housekeeper, Martha, a tall, gray-haired woman in spectacles of such strong magnifying power that they made her dim eyes look unnaturally large. Nevertheless, she was obviously as blind as a bat, for she peered into the room in a short-sighted manner and appeared startled at seeing us.

"MR. BOOTH . . . SILENTLY HELD OUT HIS HAND FOR MY SOVEREIGN."

"Beg pardon, ma'am. I only wished to ask if I am to go to the bank?" she said.

"I shall be passing, Mrs. Nix," I interposed, desirous of making amends for any uneasiness I might have caused.

"Oh! thank you. Never mind, Martha, to-day," said Mrs. Nix.

"H'm! Hardly a safe messenger," remarked Mr. Booth, as Martha withdrew. "Honest enough, no doubt, but getting old, and might easily be robbed."

He was strolling to the door as he spoke; I paused only while Mrs. Nix placed in a paper bag the coins, notes, and checks, and then followed him into the hall. When we were alone, he looked at me rather queerly.

"So you don't believe in my theory, Perkins?" he laughed.

"I don't know what to believe," I replied, puzzled by his manner.

"Ah! you are beginning to waver, I see. Do you want to hedge?"

"No; it is a bet," I answered.

Mr. Booth laughed quietly and returned to the smoking-room, while I, feeling somewhat unreasonably irritated, put on my hat and started for my office. I was annoyed because Mr. Booth had seemed to suggest that I was endeavoring to foster suspicion against Major Nix, whereas nothing had been farther from my thoughts. But when I came to reflect upon what had passed, I realized that I had no cause of complaint against him, and that my resentment was really due to vexation with myself for having involuntarily assumed an attitude calculated to disturb our hostess's peace of mind. As for Mr. Booth's theory, a few moments' consideration convinced me that it was possibly correct; and it could, as he had pointed out, easily be put to the test, for Herr Dolle was due back the same evening.

I called in at Mrs. Nix's bank as I passed along Oxford Street, and paid in the money and checks which she had intrusted to me. I had rendered her this small service on two or three previous occasions, and was known to the clerks there. It was in those days a small branch establishment, with a very modest staff. There was only one cashier, if I remember rightly; at all events, I was attended to by a young fellow whose face was familiar to me, though I did not know his name.

"Anything happened to the old lady who generally comes here?" he inquired, carelessly, as I handed over my charge.

"Mrs. Staines is all right. Mrs. Nix asked me to pay in the money, as I happened to be passing," I replied.

"All well at Elvira House?" he asked, glancing through the checks.

"Yes."

"And the major?"

"Major Nix is quite well," I answered, as I turned away.

"I suppose you heard that he lost a good bit of money over the Leger," he remarked, lowering his voice.

"I am not in the major's confidence," I replied, annoyed at the news on the poor wife's account.

"Oh! all right. Then you needn't say I told you," rejoined the cashier, with a vindictive laugh.

It seemed to me, from his tone, that the young man bore some grudge against Major Nix, and was not unwilling to do him an injury by spreading the news. I resolved, therefore, not to gratify him by repeating what he had told me, but, at the same time, the information caused me some uneasiness. If Mr. Booth's theory about the missing parcel should prove delusive, here was a piece of intelligence which might, of itself, suffice to arouse suspicion against the major.

I was a good deal disturbed by this discovery, which had the effect of arousing uncomfortable misgivings in my mind. When I returned to Elvira House in the evening, I told Mr. Booth in confidence what I had learnt. To my surprise, however, he seemed already aware of Major Nix's misfortune, and, after listening to my story, he quietly produced a telegram.

"From Herr Dolle," he remarked, as he placed it triumphantly in my hands.

"Did you send him a message, then?" I asked.

"Yes. Fortunately, Mrs. Nix remembered the name and address of his agents in Hatton Garden. From them I ascertained where a telegram to Birmingham would find him. I thought it better to put an end to Mrs. Nix's suspense at once," he added.

Herr Dolle's reply, despatched from Birmingham, was in these words: "Wire received. Parcel in my possession. Explain to-night."

"Have you told Mrs. Nix?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes. She is delighted, of course. "By the way," he added, carelessly, "Mrs. Nix doesn't wish her husband to know anything about it. Between ourselves she evidently doesn't trust him, and

quite right too. She prefers he shouldn't know that her safe occasionally contains valuables."

"Well, it appears I owe you a sovereign," I replied, producing my purse.

"Better wait and learn the truth from Herr Dolle's own lips. His train arrives at eight o'clock," said Mr. Booth, laughingly.

I demurred to this delay in discharging my obligation, but my friend was good-humoredly obstinate, and it was not until later in the evening, after Herr Dolle's return, that he consented to receive it. When I adjourned to the smoking-room, after spending an hour or two in the drawing-room after dinner, I found Herr Dolle smoking stolidly in his usual corner by the fireplace, and at my entrance he rose and drew me aside.

"My friend," he said, in his slow, guttural accents, "you have lost your bet."

"So I understand," I replied.

"Mrs. Nix is a very stupid lady. It comes of doing two things at once. If she had listened to what I said, she would have saved herself much anxiety. I said to her, 'On second thoughts, my dear madam, I may be able to do business to-day with my little parcel;' and she replied 'Yes,' like that. How was I to know that she did not hear?"

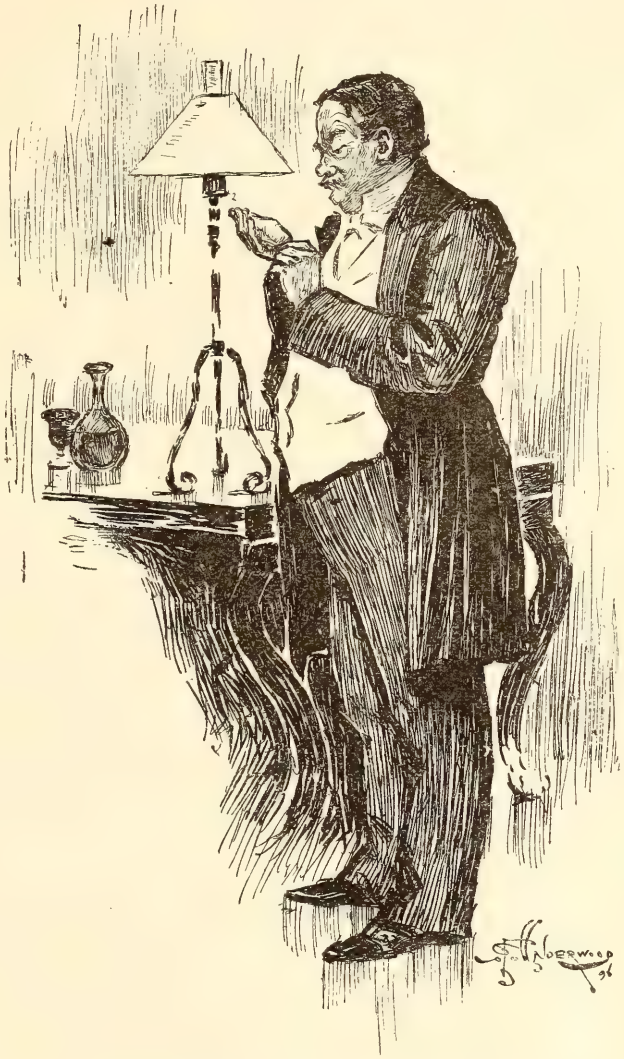
"It was her own fault, of course," I remarked.

"I am sorry, but I should have been sorrier still if the parcel had been lost," he remarked.

"Were the contents valuable?" I inquired.

"Very valuable. I should have been a fool for my pains, Ja!" said Herr Dolle, nodding his head emphatically as he left me and returned to his chair.

An animated discussion was going on in the room, and our little colloquy excited no attention, except from Mr. Booth, who glanced at me with a self-satisfied smile, and silently held out his hand for my sovereign, which I immediately produced. The major, who was in great form that evening, and was apparently quite cheerful and indifferent about his recent losses, caught sight of this little episode, and exclaimed:



"HERR DOLLE, PICKING OUT THE DIAMONDS . . . EXAMINED THEM BENEATH THE GAS-LAMP."

"Hullo! Perkins is paying up! What is it? A bet?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Booth, quietly pocketing the coin. "A bet which Herr Dolle has decided in my favor."

"Eh? What was it? Tell us about it, Dolle," cried the major, who was quite in his element.

Herr Dolle looked a little disconcerted at being appealed to, for he turned red and glanced covertly at Mr. Booth. No doubt, he had, like myself, been warned not to reveal our secret to the major, and felt at a loss how to reply. But Mr. Booth relieved his embarrassment and my own by saying, promptly:

"Perkins doubted when I said that a diamond merchant could always recognize his own wares."

"Hang it all, one diamond is very like another. Given two stones of the same size and quality, and how the deuce could even an expert tell the difference?" shouted the major, in an argumentative tone.

"You don't often come across two stones which are exact counterparts," said Mr. Booth, glancing at the Dutchman.

"What I say is this," said Herr Dolle, slowly, "that I could always recognize

stones which had been cut and polished by myself."

"Well, I shouldn't have believed it possible!" cried the major in his noisy way. "Now, I'll tell you fellows what happened once to a man I knew at Agra."

I forget now the details of the story, but though it led to a long argument, it failed to convince Herr Dolle, who, indeed, was evidently disinclined to discuss the point. I thought he looked worried and depressed, and shortly afterwards he got up, observing with a prodigious yawn that he was tired after his journey, and retired from the room. But Mr. Booth defended his own assertion with great pertinacity, and incidentally displayed an intimate acquaintance with traffic in precious stones, which he explained by saying that he had once visited Kimberley, where he had been initiated into most of the mysteries of the trade.

Looking back, I think I always had a sort of suspicion at the back of my head that we had not heard the last of Herr Dolle's parcel. But it is easy, from after knowledge of events, to claim credit for preternatural acuteness, and to speak quite honestly, I cannot recall to mind anything that happened for some days to make me suspect a private understanding between Herr Dolle and Mr. Booth. At all events, I must own to having been considerably startled by an incident which occurred about a week later.

We were alone one evening in the smoking-room, Herr Dolle, Mr. Booth, the major, and I, after the other guests had departed. It was pretty late, and Herr Dolle had just risen to knock the ashes out of his last pipe when the major, who had been fidgeting about in his chair and nervously twisting the ends of his moustache for some moments, suddenly exclaimed:

"I say, Dolle, you buy diamonds, don't you?"

"Eh?" exclaimed Herr Dolle, turning round with a startled look.

"A friend of mine owes me some money, but, like me, he is hard up," explained the major, reddening at the evident surprise which his inquiry had caused. "His mother died recently and left him some jewelry, including a diamond necklace. He has taken out the stones, and wishes to dispose of them."

While speaking, Major Nix lugged out of his trouser-pocket a little leather bag, from which he extracted a quantity of cotton wool. Carefully wrapped inside this were a dozen or more good-sized diamonds of extraordinary whiteness and brilliancy. Herr Dolle stared at the stones in amazement, and turned red all over his face and neck.

"May I look?" he grunted, after a pause.

Major Nix yielded up his treasure with increasing confusion, and Herr Dolle, picking out the diamonds one by one from their woolly bed, ranged them in rows on his broad palm, and examined them beneath the gas-lamp. Though he said nothing, I could see plainly that he was considerably startled and taken aback, and I noticed that Mr. Booth was vigilant and alert.

"I suppose they are real stones?" said Major Nix, apparently struck by the Dutchman's manner.

"Yes, they are real stones, but I shall not buy these. No!" said Herr Dolle, replacing the diamonds in the bag with stolid deliberation.

"Why not?" inquired the major.

"Because Herr Dolle prefers selling to buying, eh, Herr?" interposed Mr. Booth, briskly. "Besides, he is leaving England to-morrow."

"Yes. I am leaving England to-morrow," said Herr Dolle, rather sulkily, as he handed over the bag to Mr. Booth in obedience to a peremptory gesture from that gentleman.

"My friend can't wait—or rather, *I* can't," said Major Nix, with an uneasy laugh. "I suppose you can recommend me to some one in your line of business?"

"*I* can," said Mr. Booth, before the Dutchman could reply. "My friend Mr. Klenck of 187 Hatton Garden will treat you fairly on my introduction. I'll meet you there, if you like."

"Thanks," exclaimed the major, hurriedly making a note of the name and address on his shirt-cuff. "Shall we say to-morrow?"

"Any time that will suit your friend," said Mr. Booth, cheerfully.

"Eh? Oh! *He* won't want to come. He trusts me," returned the major.

"Mr. Klenck would not deal with an agent in a case like this. Besides, it would be better for your own sake that he should be present. By the bye, what is your friend's name?" inquired Mr. Booth, carelessly.

"I don't think I ought to say," replied Major Nix, pulling at his moustache, and looking embarrassed. "He particularly doesn't want his name to appear. You see it's a family matter."

"I see," said Mr. Booth, dryly, as he quietly put the little bag in his pocket. "I'm not going to let you make a fool of yourself, major. Your friend must turn up or there will be no business done."

Mr. Booth's words, and especially the significant action which accompanied them, threw the major in a great state of excitement and perturbation, and he indignantly protested that his friend's integrity was beyond suspicion. But, unable to resist the logical retort, he at length sullenly gave way, and, though he still refused to mention the name of his principal, he consented to bring him to Mr. Klenck's office at five o'clock in the afternoon of the following day.

With this arrangement the discussion ended, and I remarked that Herr Dolle, whose demeanor had at one time been rather mysterious, seemed relieved at the turn of events, and he resumed his habitual stolidity. We all left the apartment together, but on the landing outside my room, where Mr. Booth and I found ourselves alone, I unburdened my mind by whispering, eagerly:

"Those were Herr Dolle's diamonds, of course!"

"Yes," said Booth, quietly.

"How did the major come by them?" I inquired.

"We shall know to-morrow," said Mr. Booth, smiling at my excitement. "Would you like to meet us at Mr. Klenck's, and see what happens?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Very well. No. 187 Hatton Garden, third floor back, at five o'clock," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, as he passed on towards his room.

"One moment, Mr. Booth," I exclaimed, unable to restrain my curiosity. "You don't believe the major stole them?"

"I can't say anything till to-morrow," he replied, gravely.

With which he nodded "good-night" to me, and abruptly entered his room; and here I may remark that I learnt from subsequent experience that my friend always had a weakness for creating dramatic effects. I frequently accused him of this peculiar form of vanity, and though he defended himself by enlarging upon the danger of premature confidences in matters involving important issues, I am still of opinion that Mr. Booth carried this irritating reticence to undue limits from motives of self-glorification.

However, it was a harmless eccentricity at the worst, though on the present occasion it annoyed me exceedingly, for I was completely mystified by this extraordinary development. On the one hand, all the circumstances of the case pointed to Major Nix as the probable thief, even to the stolen diamonds being actually in his possession; on the other, it was impossible to believe he could be guilty when he had openly offered them for sale in his own house to the lawful owner. It was true that the story of the loss had been hushed up, and the major might have been dense enough not to suspect that the stones belonged to Herr Dolle; but even assuming this, his conduct had either been that of an innocent man or a lunatic.

Next morning Mr. Booth's reserve was more impenetrable than ever; and I did not see Herr Dolle, who had left the house before I came down. I had, therefore, no alternative but to control my impatience as best I could till the evening, when, punctually at the hour named, I presented myself at No. 187 Hatton Garden.

It was a dingy building, in which there were several sets of chambers, and after lingering for a few moments outside, waiting for Mr. Booth, it occurred to me that he might have entered, and I therefore ascended the stairs to Mr. Klenck's office. On reaching the third floor I opened a door which bore his name, my action being signalled by the sharp ring of a bell which answered to the turning of the handle. I found myself in a little square vestibule, partitioned off with glazed panelling, in which was a sliding window marked "Inquiries."

"Yes?" questioned a voice from the other side.

"Is Mr. Booth here?" I inquired.

The response was a "click" at my elbow, which revealed the opening of an inner door, through which I passed into a good-sized room. Here, seated at a table, busily engaged in writing, was my friend Booth, who saluted me with a cool nod and a silent intimation to close the door through which I had entered.

"Where is Mr. Klenck?" I inquired, perceiving that we were alone.

"He has been good enough to let me have the use of his office for half an hour. Mr. Klenck is Herr Dolle's agent," he added, without looking up from his writing.

This was a revelation to me, but seeing that Mr. Booth was occupied with his pen, I forebore to ask questions, and seated myself on a vacant chair opposite to him.

I gazed around me with curiosity, and observed that the only furniture consisted of a couple of small tables covered with blue cloth and surrounded on three sides by a low wooden barrier, evidently designed to prevent small articles from being brushed off; a few chairs, and an enormous safe. I noticed also two sets of scales of fragile and delicate mechanism, with miniature weights, screened by a glass covering; some copper or metal scoops of various small sizes; some pairs of tweezers, and a jeweller's magnifying glass.

"Here they are," said Mr. Booth, suddenly, at the sound of footsteps on the landing outside. "Come in," he added, as the bell rang.

"Is Mr. Klenck in?" inquired the major's voice.

With a sly look at me, Mr. Booth jerked the handle of a small lever attached to the desk at which he was sitting, and Major Nix entered through the inner door, followed by a taller and younger man. Directly they appeared, Mr. Booth rose quickly, and, passing behind them, pushed to the inner door, which fastened with a catch.

"Well, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, briskly, as he returned to the table.

"Hullo! What are *you* doing here?" exclaimed the major, recognizing me with a start.

Noticing a similar movement of surprise on the part of his companion, I looked at the latter attentively, and, though he had evidently taken pains to disguise himself by muffling the lower part of his face in a comforter and keeping on his hat, which was pulled down over his brow, I perceived that it was the young cashier from Mrs. Nix's bank.

"You have a cold, sir?" remarked Mr. Booth, sarcastically, regarding the young man. "You wouldn't otherwise keep your hat on in a gentleman's office."

The person addressed muttered some unintelligible reply, while the major, who seemed suddenly to become vaguely conscious of something being amiss, inquired anxiously:

"Where is Mr. Klenck?"

"He has authorized me to transact this little business," said Mr. Booth.

"Well, this is my friend, and you've got the diamonds," said the major, sulkily.

"No, Herr Dolle has got the diamonds, because they were his property, and at the present moment they are in Amsterdam," said Mr. Booth, quietly.

"This is a trap!" cried the young man furiously, making a sudden movement towards the door, while the major dropped into a chair, open-mouthed.

"The door is locked," said Mr. Booth, indicating the lever by his side, "and no one can leave without my permission."

"Who are you? What's your name?" exclaimed the young man, excitedly.

"What does it all mean?" gasped Major Nix.

Mr. Booth seemed grimly amused at the consternation of his visitors, and for answer he commenced to read aloud from the document he held in his hand.

"*This is the confession of Charles Mortland Morton, a clerk in the Oxford Street Branch of the Middlesex Bank.*"

"It's a lie! I—I only came here to oblige him," cried the young man, pointing to the major with a trembling hand.

"You mean that he stole the diamonds?" said Mr. Booth, looking up innocently.

"How do I know how he came by them?" exclaimed the young man, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"This is just as I expected," said Mr. Booth, glancing at me. "Keep quiet and listen," he added, sharply, to the major, who had risen furiously from his chair.

"*On the 13th inst.*," he went on, reading

"HERE, SEATED AT A TABLE, . . . WAS MY FRIEND BOOTH."

"'HULLO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?' EXCLAIMED THE MAJOR."

from the document before him, "*Mrs. Nix's housekeeper came to the bank, bringing some gold, notes, and checks in a paper bag, which she handed to me over the counter.*"

"How do you know it was I?" interrupted the clerk, defiantly.

"Because the counterfoil of the 'paying-in' book bears your initials," replied Mr. Booth, quietly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the clerk, manifestly taken aback.

"*Inside the bag which she handed to me I found, in addition to the items mentioned in the 'paying-in' book, a small paper parcel which had evidently slipped in by mistake,*" resumed Mr. Booth, reading from his manuscript.

"I deny it!" cried the clerk, with an oath.

"I questioned the old woman quietly," said Mr. Booth, disregarding the interruption and addressing me, "and found out how it happened. She has no suspicion to this moment, but I elicited from her that, at Mrs. Nix's request, she fetched from the safe a small pile of gold and notes which she put into the bag. Among them, being near-sighted, she no doubt accidentally took up Herr Dolle's little parcel, unobserved by her mistress."

"I never knew Dolle had lost anything," interposed the major, hotly.

"No; I persuaded him—for various reasons—to keep it quiet," replied Mr. Booth, smiling at me.

"*When I found the parcel contained diamonds,*" he proceeded, reverting to the written statement, "*I kept the discovery to myself, and, hearing nothing further of the matter, I determined to appropriate them. I owed money, to Major Nix among others, for gambling debts, and I was hard pressed.*"

"*He* was pressing me," interposed the young man, half involuntarily.

"*My difficulty was how to get rid of them without exciting suspicion,*" read Mr. Booth, calmly. "*And at length I decided to employ Major Nix, thinking that if anything went wrong I could deny all knowledge of them, and that the circumstances of the case would bring suspicion on him.*"

"Which was the reason why you were careful to tell me he was in money difficulties," I interrupted, indignantly, addressing the young man, who winced at my words.

"*I therefore told him a cock-and-bull story, which he, like a fool, believed, and—bigger fool still—he undertook the business, in the hope of getting paid what I owed him.* That is the whole," added Mr. Booth, in conclusion.

"You expect me to sign that paper, I suppose," sneered the young man, though he was evidently cowed and overawed.

"No, I expect to have to hand you

over to the police. I give you the chance, that's all," said Mr. Booth, laying down the document on the desk and rising from his chair.

"What if I sign it?" inquired the other, with sudden eagerness.

"Herr Dolle has left himself in my hands," replied Mr. Booth, meaningly. "He will return to prosecute if necessary; otherwise, you will be free to go. The only difficulty I feel is about your employers. They ought to be told."

"They've found out more than enough already, and I'm sacked. What does it matter what I sign! Here, give me the pen," he added, with a transparently assumed air of desperation, and, taking a hasty stride to the table, he dashed off his signature and handed the document to Mr. Booth.

"The door is open," said the latter, quietly, as he jerked the lever.

"What use are you going to make of the paper?" inquired the young man, evidently seized with a sudden apprehension.

"None, upon my honor," said Mr. Booth, folding it up and putting it in his pocket; "unless, indeed, I hear of your making any more libellous statements about Major Nix."

"I couldn't make the major out a greater blackleg than he is," said the young man, with a bitter laugh; and with this parting shot he hurried from the room, and slammed the door after him.

"Hi! Stop!" cried Major Nix, starting up with a great show of virtuous indignation.

"Nonsense, Major," said Mr. Booth, severely. "Let the poor lad go. You've helped to bring him to this, you know."

"I!" protested the major, though he looked sheepish beneath Mr. Booth's steady regard.

"Oh, he is a bad lot—I know all about him. I don't mean to say that you've led him astray. But you've betted with him—you, a man of nearly twice his age! And let me tell you, my friend, that you were in a very tight place, though you little suspected it," he added, impressively. "But for my interference you would probably have found yourself in the dock over this business, with every chance of hearing a verdict of 'guilty' returned against you by an intelligent jury."

"I'm awfully obliged, I'm sure," murmured Major Nix, in a subdued tone.

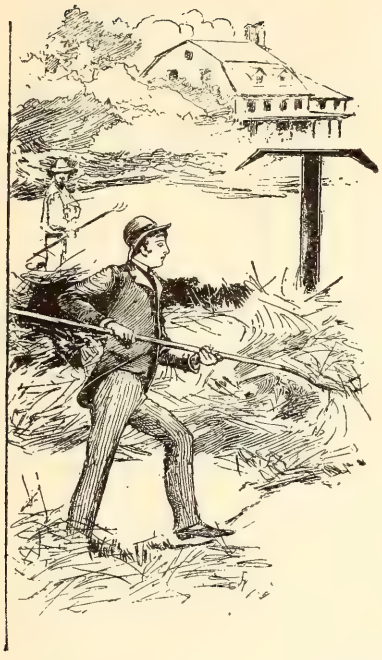
"What I did was for your wife's sake, and not for yours," replied Mr. Booth, a little contemptuously. "I'm not sanguine enough to hope that this affair will be a warning to you, but it ought. Perkins," he said, turning to me to hide a smile which was evoked by the major's ludicrous affectation of injured innocence, "would you mind putting out that gas? I promised Mr. Klenck that I would lock the office up and hand the key to the housekeeper. We must get back or we shall be late for dinner."

TWO MODERN PRODIGALS.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

By James F. McKay,

Author of "A Leap in the Dark," "Stella Grayland," and other stories.



TOM STANDISH and Chauncey Smith were chums at school. Tom went into the army and Chauncey into the church, and they drifted apart. Chauncey made a brilliant start in his first parish, but he resigned suddenly, and wandered about, then went out as missionary to the Oregons. Few knew that the cause of his going off the track was a certain Emily Varick.

Miss Varick was a young person of ideas; and when Chauncey expressed his great regard for her, she repulsed him with some scornful remarks about carpet knights and the need there was for men and women to do noble deeds before saying fine words.

Out West he met Frank Standish, but could get nothing from him about Tom. He did not succeed there, nor get on well with the other missionaries. Finally, he gave it up at short notice, and went straight back home to the old farm among the eastern hills. He left his baggage at the station, and walked home across lots, touched by every familiar stone and tree. It was haying-time, and he saw his father at the other end of a mown field. He took a stray fork and began heaping up the windrows, finding it pleasant that he could beat the man on the next row. The old man presently came down to see who it was, and Chauncey kept his head down and made the hay fly till his father stood close beside him. Then he dropped the fork and threw his arms across the bent shoulders, laughing with a sudden dimness in his eyes.

"This is honest work," he said. "I guess this is what I was made for."

The old folks were glad and sorry, but saw he was not to be questioned. He worked away and made it pleasant for them all that summer and fall, but he did not find it satisfying. In the middle of November he got a letter from Frank Standish which he showed to his mother, and he told her the story in a few words.

"I have just heard you are out of the woods," the captain wrote. "I know just the spot for you. Maberly is going to take a professorship, and they want a parson up at Standish. They pay pretty well, and you're just the man. There's work enough to satisfy you and the kind of work you ought to be at. I've spoken about you, and they want to see you. Come up and preach for them at Thanksgiving. We'll all be at home this year, and will make it pleasant for you. Did you know I had been getting engaged? She'll be there—come and see her. We'll depend on you."

The old folks talked it over that night, and they urged him to go, though they would miss him sadly. So he set to work on a Thanksgiving sermon. He threw it away several times and went to work out of doors again. But he saw it vexed the old people; they had expected great things of him. Everybody had, in fact; he had been a brilliant fellow at college, class poet and a forcible speaker. In the end, he finished his sermon and started for Standish, intending to stop over one train in the city on some business of his father's.

On the train he remembered that Dan Field lived at Preston on this road, and he looked out for him. Sure enough he saw him getting on the train. They sat together the rest of the way, and Chauncey found his friend's strong, laughing talk very pleasant to hear again. He told him where he was going, and they talked over the Standishes, Nelly's marriage to Colonel Haven, Parry's narrow escape from

the Arctic, and the rest. Chauncey asked Field if he knew anything about Tom and why Frank would not speak of him. Then Field stopped laughing.

"No, they don't talk about Tom. Tom went to the bad. He got to be a lieutenant, and was out in New Mexico, acting captain and commissary of the post. He got into some scrape; there was a shortage in his accounts or something, and he was court-martialed and dismissed from the army in disgrace. Scott Jervis ran across him in New Orleans in a shirt and trousers and close down to the husks. Scott bought him a ticket and sent him home; and when he got to Standish they turned him out. He had dishonored them, and they shut the door in his face."

Chauncey made little reply to this, except by the expression on his face. Tom Standish had been the gentlest, nicest boy he knew; and he did not know how to make this story fit. Finally he asked Field if he knew where Tom was.

"Yes, I think he's about town. I used to get a glimpse of him, but he keeps on the shady side, and I haven't seen him in a long time. I hear about him occasionally, though, through a client of mine who keeps a place on the east side."

They talked about some other things, but Chauncey was absent and forgetful, and after a while asked Field for his client's address. Field wrote a few words on a card, and gave it to him. Just as they were shaking hands in the hubbub of the streets, Field said, "Remember me to Frank Standish; I suppose he told you he is going to marry Emily Varick."

A wave of the hand, and then he was gone. Chauncey drifted on with the human tide. When he remembered his father's business, it was too late for that day. He found he was tired out, and took a room at a cheap hotel near by. He threw himself on the bed, and lay there several hours without moving.

Finally he got up and went out into the streets again. It was night now, and he wandered into a riotous quarter, finding it congenial with his humor. He saw, on a lamp, the name of the street Field had written for him, looked up the number, and went in. He gave Field's card to the proprietor of the place; and the man looked at it and him; then said:

"I expect the man you want will be in here before long. I'll give you a hint when he comes."

A faintness had crept upon Chauncey; he forgot that he had not eaten anything since early morning. He sat down aside, where he could watch the door. Presently a man came in and stood speaking to some one near the entrance. Chauncey sat looking at him in a kind of a dream, in which the brilliant lights, the swinging doors, the coming and going, the loud talk of flashy, sharp-faced men, swam in a shifting scene. Something made him turn, and the keeper of the place caught his eye, and motioned with his thumb toward the door. He got up and met the new-comer half way. He was shabby and unkempt enough; but Chauncey was glad he was not like most of the people in the place, who were not shabby at least. He had to stare sharply to find the Standish look in the dull face, though, to tell the truth, Tom had always been a trifle dull.

"Well, Tom, I suppose you don't remember me," he said.

"Yes," he answered, without brightening, "I know you; you're Chauncey Smith."

Chauncey had not the slightest idea what he was going to do with him, but he said decidedly:

"Tom, come along with me. I want to talk to you."

Tom looked dogged as well as dull.

"I don't want to go with you. If you want to talk, we can do it here."

"All I've got to say," Chauncey replied, "is that I think you've had enough of this, and I want you to come out of it."

Tom simply refused, and Chauncey responded:

"Well, if you won't come with me, I'll go with you. I don't care much which."

There was a certain hardness and recklessness in Chauncey's manner that worked through to Tom's dulled perception and affected him more than any appeal would have done; and finding that he could not shake Chauncey off, he finally asked what he wanted of him, and let him take him away. Chauncey did not talk, but took him under his arm and walked him along with an impatient, almost fierce imperiousness that wielded the sway of natural right over Tom's milder spirit. He went into a clothing-store, pencilled on a scrap of wrapping-paper for the man to take Tom's measure in his eye, and pointed out what he wanted. His pocket-book was not very stout when he went in, and was lean when he came out, but he didn't care. He fetched the bundle away under one arm and Tom under the other. He went into some baths behind a barber shop, saying:

"Tom, I've been travelling all day and

feel principally composed of cinders and engine-smoke. Let's have a wash-up."

He turned on the water for Tom, threw down the bundle, and told him to put on the things, shut him in, and went into the next place himself. He was waiting when Tom came out, and he told the barbers to do their worst by them both. Then he saw in a glass that Tom looked something like a Standish again. He brought him away, and took him up to his room, stopping at the office to write T. J. Standish on the register. Then he sat down opposite to Tom, and forgot all about him for a good while, though he seemed to be staring at him all the time.

"HE HAD TO STARE SHARPLY TO FIND THE STANDISH LOOK IN THE DULL FACE."

By and by this roused a certain resentment in Tom, and he spoke up angrily:

"Now, I'd like to know what you mean by all this."

Chauncey straightened up, and woke himself slowly to a remembrance of the situation. Then he said, with a deliberateness that showed the fiery temper behind it:

"Say that over again slow."

It was the perception of this something unnatural, something almost furious, behind Chauncey's words and manner, that made Tom passive in his hands. There had never been anything coarse about the Chauncey Smith that Tom had known, and now his whole manner and speech were rough. His talk had suddenly caught the flavor of the street, of the untamed, riotous world. He had chaffed and laughed harshly with the bath-keeper and the hotel clerk. Tom was shaken and stung by his scornful expression.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that a little soap and water can clean up a man who has been down in the mud for years?"

"No, I don't," Chauncey retorted. "I'll tell you what I suppose; I suppose any man is liable to slip and get down under foot and even roll into the gutter. But I didn't suppose until now that a man who had been brought up on soap and water would like mud well enough to be still and wallow in it until somebody came and pulled him out by the neck. I supposed that any one out of his teens must know that every man has his own way to make in this world, without much help from anybody else, and that any man who lies down in the street and whines for somebody to pick him up and push him along the straight road is a miserable fraud and failure."

He said more of the same sort, said it harshly and hotly, and with the emphasis of strong language. His words were harder than those Tom had met when he went home, but there was an underlying difference that Tom felt rather than saw. The few words he had met at home sent him away hard and desperate; Chauncey's unbridled reproaches broke him to pieces, doubled him up, and set him sobbing like a whipped child.

Chauncey kept still then, and did not interfere. But when Tom looked up, at length, he saw Chauncey bent forward, looking at him with his face between his hands. And from the face between his hands looked out a haggard misery.

"I *am* a failure," Tom complained,—"I ought to know. And I'm a fraud, too. I suppose you've heard of it, like everybody else. I lost the money playing cards; there wasn't anything else to do in that cursed hole. But they needn't have

been so hard on me when I went home. It was Frank and Nelly that were the worst. Nelly said she'd rather have heard that I was dead, and Frank put me out. The old man was awfully cut up, but I think I could have made it up with him if I had seen him alone. And I know Kate was sorry; but she wasn't home. I've got the letter here that she wrote me; I've read it a hundred times, but I never answered it. Frank is no saint himself, as I know. He said I had disgraced them, and they disowned me forever. I said I would disgrace them then, and I guess I have. But I might have done worse yet if it hadn't been for Kate."

Chauncey still looked at him from between his hands.

"Don't mind me, Tom," he said; "I wasn't preaching at you so much as at myself. It's I that am the failure. I got turned out, too, and I haven't stood up against it any better than you. I've been racing and raving about the country for a couple of years, and haven't done a decent thing. And I'm the worst kind of a fraud. I'm on my way now to preach at Thanksgiving and tell the people all the things we've got to be thankful for, and there isn't a thing in the world that I'm thankful for myself. See here, Tom; I've got it in my pocket, all written out Oh, it's beautiful! It shows you what great gains we've made, what blood and tears our liberty has cost, what noble characters and families generations of brave living have bred (like the Standishes, for example), and all the rest. And I don't care, to-night, if chaos comes again; I know the world is full of griefs too bitter for tears and wounds too deep to bleed. We're down in the ditch together, and it won't do any good for us to call names."

And so these two confessed poor sinners humbled and bemoaned themselves far into the night, and crept sick-hearted into bed as the dawn began to come in from the sea. The city was all bustle and sunshine when they rose from their unrefreshing sleep. They went down and ate breakfast together, then wandered aimlessly about the town. It brought back the memory of a holiday they had spent there as joyous boys; and they took the freak of going about to some of the same sights and shows, laughing as loudly as then, but with a different humor, as may be supposed.

So the day passed, and Chauncey showed no sign of proceeding on his journey. He had not named his destination, but had intimated that he was due farther north the night previous; and now it was the day before Thanksgiving. He had not gone into any particulars, but it had been borne in upon Tom that here was a keener spirit than his own, quite as likely as not to go to pieces in the strait it was in. Chauncey left the lead to him all day, and in the evening Tom told Chauncey it was time to go and get his things to take the night train.

So Chauncey went along with him, paid his bill, and they went up together to the northern train. Chauncey went to the ticket-office, and when he came back Tom held out his hand.

"I won't forget this," he said, his voice turning thick as he spoke. "You're the first one that hasn't despised me; you've done me a good turn. I'm going to do better."

Chauncey did not take his hand.

"I've got your ticket," he said. "I won't go unless you do."

Tom said there was no reason for his going; and Chauncey replied, then they wouldn't go. He did not know what he was going to do with Tom or with himself. Quite probably he perceived vaguely that throwing the lead on Tom had a good effect; and he persisted in it, half recklessly, half purposely. That was characteristic of his doubting and subtilizing intellect. Tom argued, hesitated, then went with him as the gates were about to close. They arrived between three and four in the morning, and went to the nearest hotel. Chauncey had kept the tickets, and Tom took no notice and did not know where they were to.

On the previous morning Chauncey Smith had naturally been the subject of talk at the breakfast table in the Standish mansion. He had been expected the preceding night. Emily Varick was there. She had been a school friend of Kate's, and in that way became acquainted with Kate's brother, Captain Frank, whom she admired as one of the doers of heroic things and a handsome, courtly fellow personally. Frank was led to speak of his acquaintance with Chauncey in the far West and the rather singular kind of missionary he made.

"I used to think he was cut out for a soldier or trapper. He was a great rider and a splendid shot, and I don't think that he has any such thing as fear in his composition. I used to wonder at him; we never thought of him in that way in the old times. He used to be quite natty,

"HE LAY AND GUARDED THAT PATH WITH A REPEATING RIFLE, AND DROPPED EVERY REDSKIN THAT SHOWED HIMSELF."

and his strong point was his head. There wasn't any white man out there the Indians were as much afraid of as Parson Smith. I saw him knock down one of the biggest braves, one day, with his naked hand. And when the Shanahan family were cut off by the hostiles, nobody else would go, because it seemed sure death, and it would have been sure death to any one else. Smith lodged the women in a sort of chamber which he beat down in the middle of a thicket, where there was only a path for one to come in at a time; and he lay and guarded that path with a repeating rifle, and dropped every redskin that showed himself, till he beat them off and gained time for the troops to come up. Yet he didn't seem to take much pleasure in anything; he was waspish in his temper and a kind of rough in his talk and dress. I used to think something had happened to him, but most likely he was only out of place."

They did not know that Emily Varick knew Chauncey Smith, and she said nothing; but there was no more interested hearer of this account of him, as may be supposed.

Chauncey and Tom came out of the hotel as the bell of the old church was ringing on Thanksgiving morning. Tom then first discovered that he was in the familiar old place, and it staggered him a good deal. They strolled along, looking about them silently, and came to the church door. Then Tom said:

"I won't go in now, but I'll wait for you. Maybe I'll come in by and by."

Chauncey hesitated, then went up the aisle and the pulpit stairs. The sexton

came and asked him if he was Mr. Smith, saying they had given him up and an old resident minister was expected to preach. Chauncey told him to send the old gentleman up; and he presently came, shook hands, and asked if he should conduct the opening services, and Chauncey said he should like it. Then he saw the people gathering as in a dream. He saw the Standishes come down the aisle, each glancing up at him, and among them one who took his thoughts away from all the rest. The dream drifted on. Through it presently organ music rose and rolled; an anthem of many voices filled the house; the tones of prayer and scripture followed from the old gray-head beside him. And then he became aware that the people were waiting for him to speak.

The sermon he had prepared was in his pocket, and he took it out mechanically, but did not open it; all that fact and logic was simply impossible. The phrase came into his mind, "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." And he began in a low voice that never became loud, but grew more and more distinct as it took hold of the people, and hushed them by its suppressed passion and conviction.

He alluded to the obvious causes for thankfulness, the undeniable gains of progress, our precious freedom and the great debt to the dead who wrought it out for us, and the honor and emulation we rightly show to those who personally represent their noble traditions of character and courage. He said that those who could uphold the heritage of honored names prospered only by the tenure of continued noble living, and not by any show of pride or state. He said that, after all, the individual life was the one essential thing, to which all the rest was but accessory; that in Job's day as in ours a man's life was a march from mystery to mystery, that still the earth is full of sorrow and sin, that the strength of the strongest is a breaking staff and the knowledge of the wisest but to see the vastness of the unknown. He said that all inventions and institutions came to nothing if they did not result in making men the more to do justice and love mercy and truth, and that perhaps justice between man and man, when all was considered, was not far removed from the charity that is not puffed up but suffers long and forgives as it hopes to be forgiven; that the mother who watches heart-sick, night after night, and hopes against hope, for the return of the prodigal to his right mind, reproaching him only by her wan face and tireless solicitude, does as much as another to bring him to feel the bitterness of feeding with the swine and to

"I AM NOT GOING TO MARRY CAPTAIN STANDISH."

save his soul and her own. And he closed with the quotation: "I say unto you, that joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

The service drew to an end, and the congregation dispersed. The Standishes waited while the old minister spoke with Chauncey; and when they came down from the pulpit together, Captain Frank went forward to meet them. Kate Standish stood by her father in the aisle, tall, and strikingly like the gray-haired admiral with his straight and gracious dignity; and now there was a certain wistful regret in both their faces, and neither of them

spoke. The place grew empty while they waited for Frank to come with Chauncey, and Frank's sister, Mrs. Haven, chatted with Miss Varick in an undertone. Kate's attention was attracted to a young man near the east door, partly hidden by a pillar against which he leaned, with his back toward them. Presently she moved slowly down the aisle, keeping her eyes upon the stranger. She came quite near him by degrees, then stood still regarding him until he turned his face, as if by a painful effort, without looking up. She went forward, came full in front of him; and then he raised his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, and threw her arms about his neck.

Chauncey had slipped out at the rear door, and Frank joined the family and came down the aisle with them. Astonished at Kate, they came near and found her sobbing on Tom's neck. Frank took hold of her arm and spoke sternly, commanding her to come away; but Tom straightened up then, put his arm about her, and faced the tall captain.

"Stand off," he said. "She is my sister as much as yours."

Frank had assumed a good deal of power in the family of late years, and his father had given way to him. But days like this always brought the old admiral bitter longings for his lost boy, which the words he had just heard had not made less; and he interposed now with a tremulous authority not to be gainsaid.

"Let her alone; it is her brother. He is my son; and if he has come back penitent, he shall not be turned away."

And Tom was penitent enough, and went home to his father's house, where all but Frank and Mrs. Haven received him with varying degrees of cordiality. Frank did not come to dinner at all, but had an interview with his father alone afterward, and then went and talked with Miss Varick. He told her how much he regretted this unfortunate affair on her account; said that his father had been wrought upon by the impertinent personalities of that fellow Smith and refused to hear reason; that it was, of course, very painful to him, but it was his duty as the future head of the family to protest in its honor by leaving the house. He was sorry to cut short her visit, but as his future wife, she would, of course, wish to leave with him, and he would accompany her to the city in the morning. To his surprise, Miss Varick dissented from these views and arrangements.

The captain, who was very angry, under a show of courtly bearing gave her the night to consider, and said he would take her answer in the morning as an intimation that she did or did not wish to continue their present relation.

Emily Varick did not sleep much that night. Early in the morning, Captain Frank sent her a ceremonious note, asking if she desired his escort into town; and she returned a more simple reply, to the effect that she was very sorry, but could not go with him that day. He read it and turned away, and ordered himself to be driven to the train alone.

Emily went into Kate's room and talked it over with her, both being much concerned, and some tears were shed on both sides. Kate told her friend more fully about Tom, and enlarged upon Chauncey's generous service, of which Tom had been talking to her. He had found him at the hotel again, and urged him to remain, and this morning had gone down to him with an invitation from the admiral. Tom came back alone, found Kate with Miss Varick, and told her that Chauncey sent his regrets, but said there were reasons personal to himself that made it impossible for him to come. Tom said he was going up to his father, and then would return to the hotel. Miss Varick turned to him then, and said:

"When you go back to the hotel, tell him that I wish him to come."

Tom looked his surprise, but bowed and went on up-stairs. Kate looked at Emily.

"Do you know Chauncey Smith?"

And Emily answered, "Yes."

Kate made no further inquiry except by a long, grave look in her face; but when Tom came up and told her Chauncey was below, she took Emily with her and went down. She walked straight across to Chauncey, gave him her hand, and said warmly:

"I am very glad, indeed, to see you, and very grateful. I will go and tell my father. Here is some one you know."

She went out and shut the door. Chauncey did not move or speak until Emily came across and said, with embarrassment:

"I am glad you came. I wanted to say to you that I think you have acted a very generous and unselfish part in this affair, knowing, as you must, that you ran the risk of forfeiting an excellent position by doing and saying what you did. You must be glad now. And I wanted to say that I have heard of your noble bravery and de-

votion in the West, and that—and that I—"

He stood looking down at her. After a pause, he said in a low tone:

"There is not a word of truth in all that."

She sat down then, and both were silent. After a while he asked:

"Would you mind if I tell you the truth?"

And she answered, "Yes, tell me."

"I went to the West on your account; I was restless at home, and I was restless and reckless out there. I earned the dislike of the missionaries, and was impatient and overbearing with the Indians. I didn't care for my life, and they thought me brave. I didn't care for anything but you. I did no good out there, and have been working as a farm-laborer this year, wasting the talents and education that were given me. On my way here I heard about Tom, and that you were going to marry Frank Standish. I was sorry about Tom, of course, but should not have done him any good if I had not been desperate myself. I could not have come here and preached as I intended, knowing about you. Tom did as much to bring me as I to bring him. In truth, I suppose it was my hunger to see you that brought us both."

"You should not talk so; if we analyzed motives in that way, all honor would disappear."

She turned away and stood by the window a little while, then came back part way.

"I think I said some foolish things to you, which I am afraid did you harm. I am very sorry, and want to do anything I can to repair the wrong. I am going to tell you something about myself, on the condition that you do not take me to mean anything more than exactly what I say, and that you say nothing in reply, but go away and get back to honest work at your vocation, and do not come to see me for a year. I am not going to marry Captain Standish."

Chauncey stood still, incapable, for a time, of taking in the meaning of those dozen syllables that changed the aspect and attitude of all the universe.

"I am sorry you are troubled," he said. "Can I do anything for you?"

"You forget the condition," she returned.

"I did not agree to the condition. I have been selfish and blind, and I want you to say you forgive me. It was because I cared so much for you that I could not think of anything—I could not care for anything else in the world besides you. Don't you think you could forgive me for that?"

He was sufficiently serious, yet there was a suggestion of humor in his words that marked the returning sanity of his mind and made Emily laugh through quick-springing tears, stirred by the same obscure touch in the kindred fountains of sorrow and mirth. Then she got up quickly and went toward the door; but Chauncey followed and detained her.

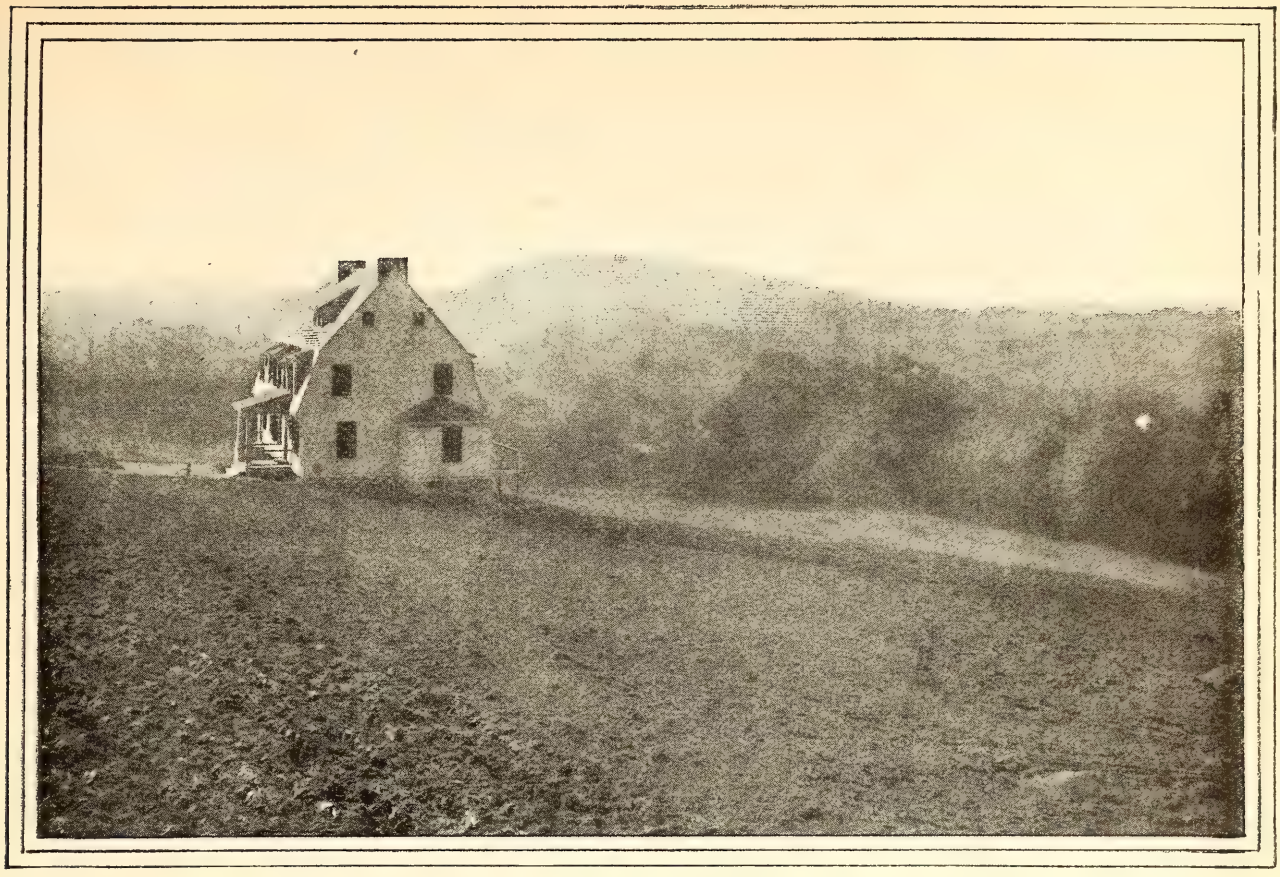
"Emily," he pleaded, "a year is such a long time. If I get well to work before that, may I come and tell you? Say in six months?"

"Well," she answered, "I suppose you will have it your own way."

He took her hand from the knob and held it a moment tight in his own, looking at her earnestly. Then he opened the door for her, stood aside, and let her go away.

Tom went with him to the train at his departure, and they shook hands warmly yet soberly at parting. Tom thanked him again, and expressed his determination to redeem the past. And Chauncey said:

"I owe you at least as much as you owe me. We've climbed out of the ditch together, Tom. We haven't either of us got to the top of the hill or in sight of it yet, but the straight road lies before us, and we both know the taste of ditch water well enough not to want to roll in again if we can help it."



MR. AND MRS. WARD'S HOME AT NEWTON CENTRE, MASSACHUSETTS.

A NOVELIST'S VIEWS OF NOVEL-WRITING.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," etc.

AUTHORSHIP AND ACTIVE PHILANTHROPY.—MORAL PURPOSE IN FICTION.—THE WRITING OF SHORT STORIES.

A MAKER of books with any tendency towards the activities of moral reform may be at some peculiar disadvantages. As I look back upon the last twenty-five years of my own life, I seem to myself to have achieved little or nothing in the stir of the great movements for improving the condition of society which have distinguished our day. Yet I am conscious that these have often thrust in my study door and dragged me out into their forays, if not upon their battlefields. The grandfather who belonged to the underground railway and the grandfather of the German lexicon must have contended in the brain cells or heart cells of their unconscious descendant, as our ancestors do in the lives of all of us; for the reformer's blood and the student's blood have always had an uncomfortable time of it together in my veins.

It is almost impossible to understand, now, what it meant when I was twenty-five for a young lady, reared as I was on Andover Hill, to announce that she should forthwith approve and further the enfranchisement and elevation of her own sex. Seen beside the really great martyrdoms and dedications of the "causes" which throb through our modern life, this seems an episode only large enough to cause a smile. Yet I do not, to this hour, like to recall, and I have no intention whatever of revealing, what it cost me. In fact, it seems to have been my luck to stumble into various forms of progress to which I have been of the smallest possible use, yet for whose sake I have suffered the discomfort attending all action in moral improvements without the happiness of knowing that this was clearly quite worth while.

The creed is short, though it has taken a long time to formulate it.

I believe in the life everlasting, which is sure to be; and that it is the first duty of Christian faith to present that life in a form more attractive to the majority of men than the life that now is.

I believe in women, and in their right to their own best possibilities in every department of life.

I believe that the methods of dress practised among women are a marked hindrance to the realization of these possibilities, and that they should be scorned or persuaded out of society.

I believe that the miseries consequent on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are so great as to command imperiously the attention of all dedicated lives; and that, while the abolition of American slavery was numerically first, the abolition of the liquor traffic is not morally second.

I believe that the urgent protest against vivisection which marks our immediate day, and the whole plea for lessening the miseries of animals as endured at the hands of men, constitute the "next" great moral question which is to be put to the intelligent conscience, and that only the educated conscience can properly reply to it.

I believe that the condition of our common and statute laws is behind our age to an extent unperceived by all but a few of our social reformers; that wrongs mediæval in character, and practically resulting in great abuses and much unrecorded suffering, are still to be found at the doors of our legal system; and that they will remain there till the fated fanatic of this undeveloped "cause" arises to demolish them.

I am uncertain whether I ought to add that I believe in the homœopathic system of therapeutics. I am often told by sceptical friends that I hold this belief on a par with the Christian religion, and I am not altogether inclined to deny the sardonic impeachment! When our bodies cease to be drugged into disease and sin, it is my personal impression that our souls will begin to stand a fair chance; perhaps not much before.

Too brief a creed! Yet still too short a life to practise it! But may the clover refuse to grow over my grave, and the flowers laid there by the dearest hands shrink from it, if I outlive the impulse of my heart to keep step with the onward movement of human life, and to perceive the battle afar off, charging when and where I can.

Justice Holmes, the son of our great poet, in a recent Decoration Day address, struck a pæan in praise of the "splendid carelessness of life" which war taught us. Give us such splendid carelessness in moral as in physical danger, and the world will spin fast towards the stars!

I have intimated that the claims of my study have interfered with the demands which social reform would otherwise have made upon my life. This is an inevitable fact, imperfectly to be understood except by people whose business is to stay in a study. There is a puzzled expression sometimes cast upon one by men and women—but especially by women—whom one holds in the highest honor, whose own existence is dedicated to the moral agitation of the platform and the convention and to the machinery of organization. Mine is not, nor has it ever been. My intellect may go with them, and my heart may throb for them, but my time and my vitality have always been distinctly the property of my ideals of literary art; ideals which are not the less imperious to me because I know better than any of my critics how impossible it has been for me to reach them, where they—

> "Swing like lamps in the Judgment Hall
> On the eve of the Day of the Last Awaking."

"Do not trouble her. She works in another way from ours," said Mrs. Livermore gently, one day, to some unknown agitator who was abusing rather than entreating me into the performance of some platform exhibition for the sake of the cause. I blessed the great woman who defended me from the small one, and I think of her words and manner gratefully to this day.

And this leads me to say, by the way—if I may spare a paragraph for the confession—that it is fortunate for the real usefulness and power of women in public address that their eminent success in this direction has never in the least depended upon my individual contributions to its history. In the course of my life I have made, indeed, the most conscientious and courageous efforts to defy my own temperament in this respect. I have read, and preached, and lectured; possibly I may have martyred myself in this manner fifteen or twenty times. The kindest of audiences, and my full quota of encouragement, have not, and has not, been able to supply me with the pluck required to add visibly to this number of public ap-

pearances. Before an audience I am an abject coward, and I have at last concluded to admit the humiliating fact. The solid amount of suffering which I have endured on such occasions is as disproportionate as it is ridiculous. Once I was rash enough to pledge myself to deliver a short course of literary lectures before a coëducational university, where I was sure of that admiring and uncritical sympathy which young students give to a teacher to whom, for any reason, they feel at all drawn. For six disastrous weeks before this simple experience I dwindled with terror, day and night; and I came to that audience of boys and girls as if they had been a den of tigers and I a solitary disabled gladiator, doomed at their claws.

I contrived to live to the end of that "course of lectures," hiding my agonies with such hypocritical dissimulation that I was told their existence was not suspected by my audience. Whether the students were any wiser for that literary instruction I do not know; but I was. The inevitable miseries of life are enough, I said. I will never ornament them with the superfluous again. To the lecture bureaus and the charity entertainments of our elocutionary land I have since that occasion offered one monotonous reply: I am not a platform woman. Go thou in peace, but, I pray thee, have me excused.

Dr. Bushnell's strong and vicious phrase, "the reform against nature," which is so often misapplied in opposition to the higher interests of women, sometimes finds its fit survival; and I meekly suggest this as one of the contingencies which it seems created to cover. I glory in the success of a modest and high-minded woman in public address. I am proud of her to the last shrinking nerve in my own organization. She seems to me something phenomenal, to be admired in silent awe. But this is a reform against *my* nature; and I have retreated from the field.

I have said (to return to our interrupted thought) that the duties of a student and writer have often encroached upon my power to throw my life into moral reforms; but I am anxious to add that my interest in moral reforms has never, to my consciousness, encroached upon my power—such as that has been—to write, or upon those habits of study which are the key to the combination lock of all successful writing. On the contrary, I am distinctly aware that such sympathies with the moral agitations of our day as have touched me at all have fed, not famished, my literary work. I think that most writers who have trodden a similar path would say as much; but there is more involved in such testimony than would seem at first sight. Let me suspend the thought, however, while I allow myself a moment of more purely personal musing.

Upon reviewing the list of books which my long-suffering publishers of the eminent and friendly house which has borne with me for thirty years attribute to my pen, I find in the whole of it but one which is confessedly and componently written to further an ethical reform. This is a little pamphlet on the dress of women. It is nothing more nor less than a tract; and never claimed to be. A tract, though it spoke with the rhetoric of men, of artists, or of angels, and though it had compassed the circulation of a yellow novel or a spelling-book, is in no sense literature, nor even literary art; nor ever claims to be. No artist or artisan of the school of art for art's sake can be more acutely aware of axioms like these than his fellow-student who, from a diametrically opposite conception of the nature and province of literature, dips his pen now and then into the hot blood of some battle with skulking error which preachers and philanthropists and men of science have passed by upon the other side and left for the teller of tales or the singer of song to trouble himself wherewith.

If I am reminded how many of my stories have been written with an ethical purpose, that is quite another accusation, and one which I have not, from any point of view, the wraith of a wish to deny.

I have been particularly asked, in closing these papers, to say a few words about my own theory of literary art. However unimportant one's personal fraction of achievement may be, it is built upon theory of some kind; and the theory may be considered of as much or as little interest or value as the work achieved.

"I have never gone—I do not go—so deep as that," said one of our foremost novelists to me, many years ago, when I asked him why he did not handle some situation which had presented itself to me as peculiarly adapted to his strong and delicate pen. But he spoke gravely, and too thoughtfully for the lightness of his words. I was not surprised when, long afterwards, I noticed that he had become absorbed in some of the most serious of sociological questions, and that a book of

his no longer held itself in graceful scorn apart from the study of the higher and the deeper laws which govern human life. But the phrase of his stayed by me. He would not go "so deep as that"? Yet this was no inditer of society verse, no builder of uproarious paragraphs, no dabbler in comedy, whose profession it was to make a man laugh after dinner, or a woman smile when she had sat down to cry. (Heaven preserve the lightsome race, for we need them when we can spare the tragic artist.) He of whom I speak was an artist in fiction; of dignity, versatility, and fame.

What manner of artist were he, I make bold to ask, who would not "go as deep as that"? Graceful, elaborate, subtle, ingenious, charming, he may be. Perfect, I suggest, he is not, and he cannot be; no, nor even complete in the artistic sense of the term, who refuses to portray life exactly as it is.

In a word, I believe it to be the province of the literary artist to tell the truth about the world he lives in: and I suggest that, in so far as he fails to be an accurate truth-teller, he fails to be an artist.

Now, there is something obviously very familiar about this simple proposition; and, turning to trace the recognition down, one is amused to perceive that here is almost the precise language of the school of writers to which one distinctly does not belong. Truth, like climate, is common property; and I venture to suggest that the issue between the two contending schools of literary art to-day is not so much one of fact as of form; or, perhaps I should rather say, not so much one of theory as of temperament in the expression of theory.

A literary artist portrays life as it is, or has been, as it might be, or as it should be. We classify him as the realist, the romanticist, or the idealist; though I am not sure but our classification is more defective than his ability to meet it. Separate, for instance, the first of these clauses from the formulation. Let us say, it is the duty of the artist in fiction to-day to paint life as it exists. With this inevitable observation who of us has any quarrel?

The quarrel arises when the artist defines his subject and chooses his medium. The conflict begins when the artist proffers his personal impression as to what life is. "Your work," said Hall Caine before the Century Club, "is what you are." Just here, I venture to suggest, lies the only important, uncontested field left in a too familiar war. Most of the controversy between our schools of art goes "firing wild," because it fails to perceive the true relations of this one simple feature of resistance.

We are all agreed, I submit, that we should picture life as it is. If I may return to the definitive words, our difference is not so much one of artistic theory as of the personal equation. Our book reveals what life is to us. Life is to us what we are. Mr. Howells, in his charming papers of last autumn on literary Boston, has given us some of the latest phrases of the school of art whose chief exponent in America he undoubtedly is. Of our great New Englanders—Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe—he says: "Their art was Puritan. So far as it was impressed . . it was marred by the intense ethicism that pervaded . . . and still characterizes the New England mind. . . . They still helplessly pointed the moral in all they did. It was in poetry and in romance that they excelled. In the novel, so far as they attempted it, they failed. . . . New England yet lacks her novelist, because it was her instinct and her conscience to be true to an ideal of life rather than to life itself." Of the greatest of American novels, he concludes by saying that "it is an address to the conscience and not to the taste; to the ethical sense, not the æsthetical sense."

This is not the place, nor does it offer the space, in which to reply with anything which I should call thoroughness to such a view of the nature of art. But it seems to be the place for me to suggest, at least, as much as this:

Since art implies the truthful and conscientious study of life as it is, we contend that to be a radically defective view of art which would preclude from it the ruling constituents of life. Moral character is to human life what air is to the natural world—it is elemental.

There was more than literary science in Matthew Arnold's arithmetic when he called "conduct three-fourths of life." Possibly the Creator did not make the world chiefly for the purpose of providing studies for gifted novelists; but if He had done so, we can scarcely imagine that He could have offered anything much better in the way of material, even though one look the moral element squarely in the face and abide by the fact of its tremendous proportion in the scheme of things. The moral element, it cannot be denied,

predominates enormously in the human drama. The moral struggle, the creation of character, the moral ideal, failure and success in reaching it, anguish and ecstasy in missing or gaining it, the instinct to extend the appreciation of moral beauty and to worship its Eternal Source—these exist wherever human being does. The whole magnificent play of the moral nature sweeps over the human stage with a force, a splendor, and a diversity of effect which no artist can deny if he would, which the greatest artist never tries to withstand, and against which the smallest will protest in vain.

Strike "ethicism" out of life, good friends, before you shake it out of story! Fear less to seem "Puritan" than to be inadequate. Fear more to be superficial than to seem "deep." Fear less to point your moral than to miss your opportunity. It is for us to remind you, since it seems to us that you overlook the fact, that in any highly formed or fully formed creative power the "ethical" as well as the "æsthetical sense" is developed. Where "the taste" is developed at the expense of "the conscience" the artist is incomplete. He is, in this case, at least *as* incomplete as he is where the ethical sense is developed at the expense of the æsthetic. Specialism in literary art, as in science, has its uses, but it is not symmetry; and this is not a law intended to work only one way.

It is an ancient and honorable rule of rhetoric, that he is the greatest writer who, other things being equal, has the greatest subject. He is, let us say, the largest artist who, other things being equal, holds the largest view of human life. The largest view of human life, we contend, is that which recognizes moral responsibility, and which recognizes it in the greatest way.

In a word, the province of the artist is to portray life as it is, and life *is* moral responsibility. Life is several other things, we do not deny. It is beauty, it is joy, it is tragedy, it is comedy, it is psychical and physical pleasure, it is the interplay of a thousand rude or delicate motions and emotions, it is the grimmest and the merriest motley of phantasmagoria that could appeal to the gravest or the maddest brush ever put to palette; but it is steadily and sturdily and always moral responsibility. An artist can no more fling off the moral sense from his work than he can oust it from his private life. A great artist (let me repeat) is too great to try to do so. With one or two familiar exceptions, of which more might be said, the greatest have laid in the moral values of their pictures just as life lays them in; and in life they are not to be evaded. There is a squeamishness against "ethicism" which is quite as much to be avoided as any squeamishness about "the moral nude in art" or other debatable question. The great way is to go grandly in, as the Creator did when He made the models which we are fain to copy. After all, the Great Artist is not a poor master; all His foregrounds stand out against the perspective of the moral nature. Why go tiptoeing about the easel to avoid it?

"Helplessly to point the moral" is the last thing needful or artistic. The moral takes care of itself. Life is moral struggle. Portray the struggle, and you need write no tract. In so far as you feel obliged to write the tract, your work is not well done. One of the greatest works of fiction ever given to the world in any tongue was "Les Misérables." Are those five books the less novels because they raised the mortal cry of the despised and rejected against the deafness of the world? By the majesty of a great art, No!

Did Victor Hugo write a tract? He told an immortal story. Hold beside it the sketches and pastels, the etchings, the studies in dialect, the adoration of the incident, the dissection of the cadaver, which form the fashion in the ateliers of our schools to-day!

It has seemed to me, to return to the personal question, that, so far as one is able to command attention at all, one's first duty in the effort to become a literary artist is to portray the most important, not altogether the least important, features of the world he lives in. The last thirty years in America have pulsated with moral struggle. No phase of society has escaped it. It has ranged from social experiment to religious cataclysm and to national upheaval. I suggest that even moral reforms, even civic renovations, might have their proper position in the artistic representation of a given age or stage of life. I submit that even the religious nature may be fit material for a work of art which shall not be refused the name of a novel *for that reason.* Such expressions of "ethicism" are phases of human life, are elements of human nature. Therefore, they are lawful material for any artist who chooses them, who understands them, and whose art is sufficient for their control. If he has sacrificed truth

or beauty to didactics he is, in so far, no artist. But because he selects for his canvas, whether from mere personal aptitude or from a color sense which leads him to prefer the stronger values, the moral elements of life, he shall not *for that reason* be denied the name of artist. "Omit eternity in your estimate of area," said a great mathematician, "and your solution is wrong." Omit the true proportions of moral responsibility in your estimate of beauty, you who paint for "Art's sake," and your art is in error.

There is one form of fiction which, I think, is imperfectly understood by students and critics, to which, as it happens, I have given some special attention, and which is, therefore, peculiarly interesting to me. I mean the short story. The difficulties in the way of creating a good novel are sufficiently obvious. I question whether they are as severe as those in the case of the short story. The short story, in its present stage of evolution, is a highly developed piece of workmanship, and will, I think, yet become a far more exquisite one than we at present compass. A good short story is a work of art which daunts us in proportion to its brevity. It would not be easy for one who has not "served his time out" at this form of creation to understand the laws of construction involved in it and the rigidity of obedience demanded by them. Perhaps I ought fairly to say, in venturing to offer this assertion, that, personally, I make a very hard time of it over a short story. I do not know how to write one easily or quickly. "*Those things?*" said a friend to me once, and he a learned man, accustomed to study from fourteen to eighteen hours a day at his own profession. "Why, I supposed you got those off in a few hours!"

It has always taken me at least from a month to six weeks to finish a magazine story. I confess that I "toil terribly" over them. It makes little difference whether the *motif* comes in a blinding flash, or in a slow, insulated electric current: the construction and execution remain inexorable ideals, frowning above attention, patience, vitality, energy, until the work is done. One who honors this vehicle of thought is often ill with the strain before a magazine tale of forty pages of manuscript can be apparently completed. The work upon such a story is never done. Revision calls the vision to account in that iron exaction from one's self which is so much more remorseless than the exaction that any critic can make upon one.

Fortunately, perhaps, the editor calls for his copy, and the laboring pen must drop its loving task. The story goes to press. Then come the days and nights of wishing that it had stayed at home! Then the steady action of the brain, which has for weeks stiffened about the story, goes on till it meets the reaction awaiting all strenuous labor. I recast, remodel, retouch, destroy the whole thing a dozen times in my mind, and recreate it; scathing myself that I ever suffered it to leave the safe protection of the little pasteboard pad, held across the lap, on which I write. The proof-sheets come: at once a species of relief and of torment. The changes which can and which cannot be made in the text combat each other. No proof leaves the study without three revisions.

I look upon a short story, properly fitted for the higher magazines of our day, as one of the very finest forms of expression. No inspiration is too noble for it; no amount of hard work is too severe for it. It is my belief that there is a future for the short story, which all our experiments and achievements are building with a gradual and a beautiful architecture.

Is the natural growth of this way of telling a story in part a concession to the restlessness of our times, in which all men are driven by "the whip of the sky" and leisure is a lost art? Shall we sometime come to the point where people will no longer think themselves able to read books? Will the novel dwindle to the novelette (that dreariest of efforts to do a thing and not do it at the same time)? Will the scientific volume shrink to the essay in the last review? Will all the classics in fiction some day be short stories? Who can prophesy? Not I; and would not, if I could.

Perhaps the question oftenest asked of any writer by "the great unknown" of his readers is which of his own writings he personally prefers. It has always seemed to me rather a foolish question; for it is not of the slightest consequence what an author thinks about his own work: he may have his opinion as to what ought to be the best thing he has done; but his readers will decide for him what *is* the best—or the worst—that he has offered them.

"The public," Thackeray used to say, "is a jackass." With this great author-

ity I feel forced to differ a little. On the whole, I have a profound respect for the sense of the reading public. If large numbers of intelligent people like a book —one may believe in one's soul that it is the poorest thing one has done—but one is forced to think that there was something worth while about it. If they dislike a book, I am more than ready to suspect that there is a reason for it, though I may labor under the personal delusion that it is my *chef-d'œuvre.*

Still, since there seems to be a widespread natural wish to know how authors discriminate among their own works, I do not know that it is any more unreasonable a demand to comply with than the mania for autographs.

And, by the way, if I may take a moment's recess from a subject which will not be the worse for a respite, this may be as good a place as any other in which to say that I have been reluctantly forced, for dear life, to decline the distribution of autographs by mail, except for the gratification of the sick and for charities. The demand having reached a point where I had no longer strength or time to comply with it, I was forced to adopt a course not at heart as ungracious as it may seem. Good Lord, deliver us from ten, twenty cards to an envelope! And preserve us from the crises when the autograph epidemic strikes a school or a college, like the measles, and runs through! When autograph bed-quilts and autograph aprons vie with autograph lamp-shades and autograph table-cloths, a writer who cannot command secretary, typewriter, or any aid whatever to the mechanical part of his profession, finds himself at bay. When, one day, I received a peremptory order from some remote and unknown individual for *autograph prayers,* I resorted to the protest of all overworked and underpaid laborers in our times—I struck.

To come back to our bisected paragraph: If I am to say for which of my short stories I have any especial preference, the list would be sadly brief—"The Madonna of the Tubs," perhaps, and "Jack, the Fisherman," "The Supply at Saint Agatha's," "The Bell of Saint Basil's," and possibly one other. These indicate to my aspiration the astral bodies of something which I should have liked to do, if I could have done it.

Among the books which I have written in the last twenty-five years there are too many which were cast in very early youth, when an unpractised pen and unformed ideas of art compassed nothing that I like to recall, or to have others remember. The stories known as "The Gates" series have a certain interest to me, for the reason that they continue to this day to find more readers than any or all other books I have written, and that in chronological proportion. "Beyond the Gates" and "The Gates Between" were written in maturer life than the first: I have a little tenderness for these two dreams of the life to be. "The Story of Avis" is a woman's book, and an author would care for it in proportion as she cared for her own sex. Perhaps, on the whole, I have written nothing which I should be so sorry to have seriously misunderstood, or am so glad to find friends for, as the last story: "A Singular Life."

This brings me to say, gladly, how much I owe, in the little share of the hard work of my times which I have done, to the picturesque, warm-hearted people of the sea, among whom I have spent the last twenty summers. The tide does not rise through my pen as it did through Celia Thaxter's—who, I think, seldom published a poem which did not contain an allusion to the sea; but I have neighbored the life of the coast too long not to feel myself a part of it. I am told that certain "material" in Gloucester is pointed out as the original of scenes or of characters in some of my stories; and I should like to take this opportunity to say that, while I may paint in the tints or outlines of rocks and beaches, downs and harbor, fleet and wharf, I never draw portraits of my neighbors or of my friends. They have taught me much, however, of a kind of knowledge of which it would be impossible for any writer to divest himself. I honor their courage, their generosity, their patience in hardship, and their pluck in overcoming it; and I like that something wild and salt in their natures akin to the winds and the waves in which they live. In so far as their qualities have washed up into my stories, the debt is distinctly mine. The story of "A Singular Life" came out of the depths of the sea and of a heart that has long loved the sea people. Bayard is my dearest hero.

Our Gloucester home itself has suffered a "sea change" within the last five years. The choice spot on the chosen side of the harbor became, in time, a Babel in which only those "who sleep o' nights" could rest. The tramp and the tongue of the summer army devastated Paradise. The wand of the house-mover—most startling

of modern magicians—waved over the cottage; and to-day we find ourselves wafted from shore to farm: from stormy tides, both salt and human, we have come to anchor in—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

How confusing and bewitching is the experience, no one can divine who has not moved his house, and gone on living in it! Through windows which used to gaze on Norman's Woe and Boston Light and the tossing eastern shore, and the fleets champing at their roads like tethered sea-horses at their bits, we look to see "the daisies dressed for the dance" with the clovers, and the cattle slowly winding across the downs beyond the rope-gate which—with the genuine native Gloucester instinct—we found ourselves quite naturally constructing out of the sheets of our fishing-boat, which we do not call a yacht, which tugs at her mooring off the pier, six minutes away. Beyond the door on which the spray used to dash in the autumn gales, lies the tapestry of the marshes, a vast Persian rug, unfolded in all the dull, deep shades that Oriental weavers love, against the feet of the cliffs —whose gray shoulders mark the fascinating foreground of the downs.

Happy the flitting that stirs from home to home, and never from home to hotel-life!

There is a hillside in the Garden City of Massachusetts where we have built the most modest of houses into the most luxurious of landscapes. All our splendor is outside. "Oh," said a shivering cockney, "these places where there is climate, and nothing else!" To such a visitor our "poem of places" might seem a view, and nothing else. But town life has not spoiled the whole of our day and generation; and enough remain who have eyes to see and nerves to feel the free horizon, the pure, electric air, the gracious sweep of hill and valley outline, the rose-garden of the sunrise, the conflagration of the sunset, the banner of the woods and meadows.

Poverty itself is rich in a country home: and plain New England comfort and economy we consider to be in princely circumstances. Our upholstery hangs in our silver birches and bronze chestnuts, our red oaks and olive pines. Our Wilton and Axminster lie in our clovers and snow-drifts. Our bric-à-brac shines on the boughs of our apple-trees when the blossom blushes. Our jewels blaze on the tips of our pine-fronds when the ice-storms glaze and the sun of the winter thaw is hot. Our galleries are filled with the masterpieces of May and of October, framed in quiet study windows whose moods we choose to fit with ours.

We can never quite want for society when our pine-groves talk; they have taught us their language, and we need no translator when the winds are abroad. The piano rings to the accompaniment of grand winter storms from which only the true country lover never shrinks; and the books on their shelves or tables turn loving faces to the readers who do not count the evenings dull in the society of these loyal and lifelong friends. The country-side without and the fireside within open the book of home together; and the word they read is Peace.

It is impossible for us to sing too loud the song of country life. For a student, we believe it to be the one way of living. Perhaps, to be just, I should say suburban life—since it is but twenty-five minutes from Boston to our door; and the world is always with us if we want it.

In point of fact, one may not want it very much. The distractions, the exhaustions, the savage noises, the demands of town life are, for me, mortal enemies to thought, to sleep, and to study; its extremes of squalor and of splendor do not stimulate, but sadden me; certain phases of its society I profoundly value, but would sacrifice them to the heaven of country quiet, if I had to choose between.

In this shelter of snow and silence we spend eager winters; for our hardest work, like that, perhaps, of most people of our calling, is done between October and June. Life seems to grow busier, I find, as middle age strikes step with one. "I have always been thinking," said a gentle, careworn woman to me once, "that the time would come when things would grow easier; it never has; perhaps it will yet." Perhaps it did; for she died that year.

But we, like so many others who think more of working than of dying, care only to push on steadily, wishing less for cessation of toil than for strength to keep at it; and for wisdom to make it worthy of the ideal of labor and of life which we believe to be the most precious gift of heaven to any soul. When one has gone as far as one can in search of it, will it come, like the father in the parable, though yet a great way off, to meet one, and shorten the remainder of the way?

The fog was breathing off Cape Ann

when I put my pen to the first words of these broken recollections. The coast was hidden. The sea was calling. He asked grave questions. The fog is breathing over the inland rolling country as I write this closing page. The blue and purple mists of a soft November storm, that cannot make up its mind whether to stay or go, smoke far along the valley. The outlines of the woods and distance are blurred as if with an imperious brush. Half the meaning of the gentle scene is hidden. The sea is too many miles away to hear him. I am the one who does the calling, who asks the questions now. But strong silence answers me.

Since out of life we all learn a few things well, we find it natural to try to make them over to other lives; and we should choose for our telling, not the most brilliant lessons, but those that have been educative to ourselves—those that will make it easier to live, and more possible to live happily, and with the eyes focussed upon a true horizon.

Perhaps, in my honest soul, I am wondering if these fragments will have done as much as this for any reader of all the patient number.

But the mist is on the hills as on the valleys, and the outlines of the landscape all are hidden. I can see but a little way.

Is it the fog that reminds me? Perhaps! But that, or something else, drags out of my pen the poignant words of Zangwill, who said of a certain writer, that "he had concealed himself behind an autobiography." If one has done as much as that, perhaps one has met the chief conditions of the case.

ASPIRATIONS—EXPLANATIONS.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Phroso," etc.

ASPIRATIONS.

I HAD been telling Philippa March exactly how matters stood between Cousin Flo and myself.

"It's really a little awkward, you know," I ended, smiling.

"Awkward!" said Philippa, who had listened to me quite gravely. "Awkward, Mr. Vansittart? I call it disgusting." And her clear blue eyes flashed scorn.

Now I myself did not consider it exactly disgusting, so I said nothing more than,

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have mentioned it to you. But it seemed amusing in a way. Of course, it's a secret."

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't like it known," observed Philippa, with meaning.

I sat smoothing my hat and smiling.

"What are you smiling at?" she asked, sharply. "Oh, I wonder how you and people like you" (by which she meant Cousin Flo) "can make a jest of it as you do!" And she began to walk up and down.

"A jest of what, Miss March?"

"Why, of—of—of love and so on, Mr. Vansittart."

"Oh! of love?" said I, meditatively, as I deposited my hat on the table.

"That's serious, surely, if anything in the world is? And you make fun of it all!"

"Well, it makes a fool of me," I pleaded.

Philippa gave me a look and walked about.

"You're quite right," said I. "It's—it's uncommon bad form. I shall tell Flo that—"

"You were just as bad yourself—worse."

"Why worse?"

"You were the man. You began it. You encouraged her."

Flo does not give the impression of needing encouragement, but I let that pass. In fact, I was much interested in Philippa's opinion.

"You're right," I said again. "It is a serious thing."

"It's a holy thing," said Philippa, from the middle of the room.

"It is," I agreed, meeting her earnest gaze. "With the right person, it is; with the wrong—"

"It's a desecration," interrupted Philippa.

"I'm so glad I talked to you about it, Miss March. You take such a jolly—I mean, such a splendidly high view of it. You elevate the whole thing so." And I rose and joined Philippa, who was now standing on the hearth-rug, where the sun caught her hair through the drawing-room window.

"Have you read this?" asked Philippa, suddenly, taking three volumes from the mantel-piece. "It's simply magnificent."

"I don't think I have. What is it?"

"'Incomprehensa,'" answered Philippa. "By the author of 'Too Many by Half,' you know."

"What's it about?"

"A girl," said Philippa, with kindling eye, "who gave her whole life to— But what's the use of talking about it to you? You're laughing again."

"Upon my honor, I just screwed up my mouth because—because of the sun, you know."

"Gave her whole life to saving a man not in the least worthy of her."

"What a pity!" said I, trying to say the right thing.

"A pity! It's just that that's so splendid."

"Oh, yes, of course—in one point of view. Yes, it would be, Miss March."

"And he never understood her!"

"Liked some one else, did he?"

"Oh, no. He loved her—"

"Come, he had some good—"

"In his way," ended Philippa, with measureless disdain. "That made it worse."

I began to feel uncomfortable; yet I had another feeling. Philippa is wonderfully striking when she looks haughty and scornful.

"I shall read it," said I. "It's a fine idea. Pity things like that don't happen in real life! In real life nobody tries to help a fellow."

I think I achieved some pathos in this remark, for Philippa turned a softened glance upon me.

"He's just allowed," I continued, "to go on making an—making all sorts of blunders, I mean—and nobody cares enough to do anything."

"It's very hard to help some people," said Philippa, sadly.

"But what's her name—"

"Incomprehensa, Mr. Vansittart."

"Yes. Thanks. Incomprehensa tried, all the same."

"Yes, she did," said Philippa; and a pause followed.

"But a book's one thing and life's another," I observed, bitterly.

"It oughtn't to be," said Philippa, in a low voice; and she looked away towards the window. "I don't think it would be with—with everybody."

"A fellow feels, don't you know, Miss March, that he would be better if anybody took any interest in him, you know—I mean, sensibly—not all for a lark, as Flo does."

"She's not very serious herself, is she?" asked Philippa, with a slight, patient smile.

"That's the worst of it," said I. "So, of course, she's no use. I often feel that if I had some one to—well, at any rate, to talk to about such things—"

"What things, Mr. Vansittart?"

"Oh, well—oh, well— Come, you know what I mean, Miss March."

And Philippa said softly,

"Yes, I think I do, Mr. Vansittart."

"If," I resumed, "I might come and talk to *you* sometimes—"

"I—I'm often at home," murmured Philippa.

"And hear what you think about it, you know, and see your—I mean, hear your opinion."

"If you really think it would be any—"

"Oh, it would—no end, I assure you, Miss March. It would make me a different fellow—upon my word, it would. It would elevate me. I am sure it would elevate me like anything."

Philippa blushed—maybe only because I was implying a compliment to her moral worth. I continued to regard her with admiring eyes.

"It would make me very happy if I thought—" she said.

"And—and, Miss March," I interrupted, encouraged by her tone, "perhaps you might find there was some good in a chap, after all, and—"

"I'm sure I should, Mr. Vansittart."

"And then perhaps some day you might come to care for—"

I had got thus far (and, after all, it was most of the way) when Philippa suddenly drew back, and, flushing a fine color, asked in grand indignation,

"Have you forgotten your cousin, Mr. Vansittart?"

It was exactly what I had done. I had clean forgotten Flo.

"You must have, I think," she went

"'HAVE YOU READ THIS?' ASKED PHILIPPA, SUDDENLY."

on, "or you would hardly venture to hint to me—"

"Look here, Miss March," I broke in, "it's all nonsense about Flo, you know. She doesn't half mean it, and I don't—"

"I understood that you had asked—"

"Well, so I did," I admitted in desperation. "I say, Philippa—I mean, Miss March—if I can square it with—"

"If you can *what?*"

"If I can honorably—"

"Not another word, please, Mr. Vansittart! How can I listen while your cousin—?" She broke off, turning away. But I took a step after her.

"If my cousin were not—" I began, in low, persuasive tones.

"Not another word, please," whispered Philippa.

"There it is!" I cried tragically. "I'm left to myself. You won't hold a finger out to me!"

Philippa did not do what I suggested in a literal sense, but she allowed me to see her profile instead of the back of her head.

"Please go away now," said she.

"I'll go," said I, "if—"

"No, no; go, please!"

"If you'll say one word to me!"

"One word?" I just heard from Philippa, as I leant my head forward to catch it.

"Yes, one word. Then I shall have strength to—to tackle—I—I mean to go like an honest man to Flo and—and do it, you know."

There was a pause. I stood expectant. At last Philippa spoke.

"I never thought of this," she said.

"Of course, you didn't," said I. As a matter of fact, I had not thought of it myself.

"I—I do think there's some good in you—a little."

"Ah, you're too—"

"Just a little, which under good influences—"

"Yours would be angelic!"

"Hush, hush!"

"Say one word," I implored.

And Philippa, her profile—which is a most admirable one—still presented to me, spoke the one word I asked.

"Perhaps," said Philippa.

I gave a cry of joy.

"Now go," added Philippa.

As a gentleman I was bound to go. I took my hat and walked straight to the door, a smile of radiant happiness on my face. Just as I reached it, Philippa spoke again.

"Mr. Vansittart!"

"Yes?"

"You—you'll see your cousin soon?"

Somehow I felt less radiant. My smile vanished.

"Good-by," said Philippa.

"Good-by," said I, and I opened the door.

"Shall you see her to-night?" asked Philippa.

I paused a moment; then I said, "I'll try," and I shut the door.

I went downstairs whistling softly. Then I lit a cigarette. I wanted it. And I said, as I walked away,

"I wonder if I'm in a tight place."

For it seemed possible that I was. So I took the night to think it over.

EXPLANATIONS.

IN the doorway I met Captain Worsley. The occurrence did not, at the moment, strike me as significant. I was engrossed with the prospects of the coming interview. How should I break to Flo that I had at last found my true haven, and that the nonsense between herself and me must end?

"THEN I LIT A CIGARETTE."

Flo was sitting on the sofa. I walked up to her with a shame-faced air.

"I've come to tell you something, Flo," said I, in a grave tone.

"Oh, bother! I'm busy," said Flo.

"But it's important. When you hear it—"

"Won't to-morrow do, Dick?"

"No," said I. I was wound up; I should probably be incapable of it to-morrow. "I have come, Flo, to beg your pardon for—"

"Oh, I didn't mind. I knew it was only your nonsense, Dick."

"My nonsense?" said I. "Oh, I don't mean that. I mean since that, Flo, you remember—"

"Look here, my dear boy," interrupted Flo, "I'm thinking about something *most* important—something I've got to make up my mind about, and I can't listen to you."

Upon this, being somewhat annoyed, I sat down, crossed my legs, and observed calmly:

"Well, I only came to tell you that I was in love with Philippa March."

Flo turned on me swiftly, her pre-occupation entirely vanishing.

"I thought you'd listen," I observed, complacently. "Yes, and it's all right, if I can square you. Hullo, Flo, you've done your hair different to-day! I rather like it that way."

Flo was staring at me with wide-open eyes. (I don't know whether I've mentioned that her eyes are brown; they are.)

"It's all right if—?" she repeated, as though she had not heard aright.

"If I can square you, you know," said I. "Because, you see, in my rooms the other day—"

"And you told that March girl?"

"S. W.,' SAID I, IN GLOOMY AND TRAGIC TONES."

"I think I must have, from what she said," I stammered, feeling rather guilty.

"And you came here by her advice—?"

"She thought it only fair to you," I said, hastily.

"To get rid of me?" ended Flo.

"Now, do be reasonable, there's a good girl," I urged, soothingly.

Flo wrose to her feet and walked to the writing-table.

"Excuse me a moment," said she, sitting down and taking a pen.

"Glad she takes it so coolly," said I to myself, and I fell to watching her as she wrote. Certainly I liked the new way of doing her hair; in fact, I preferred it to Philippa's way; there was a coquetry about it; Philippa's hair was severe. A chap doesn't always want bracing up.

"Read that," said Flo, rising and sweeping down on me with a written note in her hand.

So I read it. It was short. "Yes—— Florence." I turned it over in my hand.

"If," said Flo, with unlimited dignity, "you had not happened to call, I should have written to you in the course of this afternoon—"

"This note?" I asked, looking at it in a puzzled way.

"No, not that note. I should have written to release you from your promise to me."

"My dear Flo!" I said, radiant. "Then *that's* all right. How confoundedly lucky! Why, I've been making myself beastly unhappy, and feeling like a brute, when all the time there was nothing in it! Philippa will be awfully glad." And I beamed upon Flo.

"And to inform you," she continued,

in the same cold voice, "of my engagement—"

"Hullo!" I cried, sitting straight up.

"To Captain Worsley."

"That beast!"

"Although you're my cousin, Richard, you have hardly the right—"

But I was not in the mood to listen. I was walking up and down the room. And I laughed bitterly.

"That's a girl all over!" said I. "You encourage me—hang it, you accept me—yes, you did practically; and then, without a word to me, you go and take a sweep like—"

"Well, and what did you do with Philippa March?" cried Flo, facing me in anger.

"I have come here, like a man, to—to—"

"Square me," suggested Flo.

"To arrive at an understanding with you. If you had claimed the fulfilment of my promise, I should have—I should have considered the matter, Florence."

"You're very good," said Flo, her nose in the air. "But, as you see, I don't claim it."

I looked at Flo. It was all over between us. I did not wish to part bad friends.

"You seem to have no regrets, Flo," I observed, a little ruefully.

"Really, I don't see why I should," said Flo.

"Oh, I know I'm not much of a chap," I confessed, humbly; "but with a girl who let me down easy, and didn't expect too much of me, you know—"

"Is that why you went to Philippa March?" asked Flo, suddenly.

"Who made allowances for me," I pursued, not noticing the interruption; "and didn't ask perfection of me—"

"Just what Philippa March *would* do," observed Flo, with conviction.

I paused in my walk. Flo sat down on the sofa. I sat down on the sofa.

There was a long silence. I was the first to break it.

"Well, I'm sure I hope you'll be happy with that fellow. He seems a glum sort of a dog, though."

"But he's so good, Dick!"

"I must say he's not over-amusing, Flo."

"There are better things than that, Dick."

"I mean one wouldn't call him clever."

"N—no. Perhaps not *clever*, Dick."

I turned round towards Flo.

"But, of course, all that's nothing if you love him," I observed.

"And you, of course, don't notice the little faults I see in Miss March?"

"Of course not."

"Yes—of course not."

After an interval, Flo said, laying a hand on my arm, "I'm so glad we're parting—"

"It's all for the best," said I, gently touching Flo's hand.

"Parting friends, I was going to say, Dick. We shouldn't have got on well together."

"I expect we should have quarrelled, Flo."

"Of course, we should have had *some* good times—"

"Ripping!"

"Trotting about together, and staying on the river—"

"I say!"

"And running over to Paris—"

"By Jove!"

"And—and I don't think Percival—Captain Worsley—cares much about that sort of thing."

"I know it's poison to Phil—to Miss March."

There was a silence longer than any of the previous ones.

Then I said—and I must observe that I am not in the habit of doing it before ladies—I said:

"Oh, d——n!"

"Dick!" cried Flo.

I rose. I pointed to Flo's note, which lay on the table.

"Let's have it over," said I, sternly. "Put the beastly thing in an envelope."

Flo went to the writing-table.

"Address the beastly thing," I commanded.

Flo took quite a long while addressing

CAPTAIN WORSLEY.

it; for it must have been a full minute before she asked:

"Dick, is Jermyn Street W. or S. W.? I—I—I don't know."

"S. W.," said I, in gloomy and tragic tones.

"Thank you, Dick. I've done it now."

"Done it! I should think you have," I groaned. "So have I!"

"Will you post it?" asked Flo, and she stretched her hand out behind her, with the letter between her finger and thumb. But she kept her head the other way, and appeared to be studying the blotting-paper.

Well, I went and took the note, and I stole back to the hearth-rug.

Flo did not move.

"What a strange lottery is life!" I mused. "Who would have thought of Worsley being your husband!"

"Or Philippa March your wife!" came from the writing-table.

"It seems incredible," I murmured.

"Almost," came from the writing-table.

There was a nice bright fire in the grate. I stood and watched the jumping flame. Flo rose from the writing-table, and, crossing, stood by me; and we both watched the jumping flame.

"Do you remember," asked Flo presently, "how we used to tell fortunes from the fire?"

"Yes; and to see faces there?"

"Yes. I remember, Dick. I don't see anything there now."

"I should like to see something," said I.

"Would you? What?" asked Flo.

Now, as we happened to be standing, my hand, which held the captain's letter, was in immediate proximity to Flo's hand, which, as I chanced to observe, held her handkerchief.

"Very much indeed," said I, and I touched Flo's hand with the corner of the letter.

"Oh!" gasped Flo.

I advanced my hand (which, as I say, contained the letter) slowly towards the fire. Flo watched it with a fascinated gaze; she did not move. My hand hovered over the fire; a bright, sudden flash of flame blazed up triumphantly.

"Look, look! Now!" I cried. "What do you see there now?"

Flo turned to me with a swift smile under moist eyes.

"Why, you're—!" I cried.

"There's an eyelash in my eye," said Flo. "And, Dick, how silly you are! I shall have to write it again!"

"In the same way?"

There was yet another pause.

"I suppose," Flo then observed, "that nobody ever writes a letter twice in *quite* the same words, do they, Dick?"

I said they did not.

I went downstairs the happiest man alive. And, I pledge my word, it was not till I reached the corner of the street that the thought struck me, and I cried aloud, in dismay:

"By Jove, I haven't done it!"

In the course of talk one is so apt to forget things.

THE BATTLE OF THE SNOW-PLOWS.

A TRUE STORY OF RAILROADING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "A Thousand-mile Ride on the Engine of a 'Flyer,'" etc.

SNOW-BUCKING with a pilot plow is dangerous business. However, there is very little of it to do in these days. Now a road that is able to accumulate a snowdrift is able to own a rotary plow or snow-excavator. These machines are as large as a coach, and as heavy as a locomotive. The front end is funnel-shaped, and instead of throwing the snow away it swallows it, and then spurts it out in a great stream like water from a hose at a fire. Inside the house or car there is a boiler as large as a locomotive boiler, with two big cylinders, to furnish power to revolve a wheel in the funnel-shaped front end. This wheel is like the wheel of a windmill, except that the fans or blades are made of steel and are quite sharp. As the plow is driven through the drifted snow by a locomotive —sometimes by two or three of them—the rapidly revolving wheel slices the snow from the hard bank, draws it into the steel chest, where the same rotary motion drives it out through a sheet-iron spout.

Once at Alpine Pass, on a summer branch of the Union Pacific, I saw one of these machines working in six feet of snow that had been there six months and was so hard that men walked over it without snowshoes. It was about the middle of May; the weather was almost warm at midday, but freezing at night. A number of railroad and newspaper men had gone up there, eleven thousand feet above the sea, to witness a battle between two rival excavators. The trial was an exciting one, and lasted three days. Master Mechanic Egan, whose guest I was, was director-general, and a very impartial director, I thought. The two machines were very similar in appearance; but instead of a wheel with knives, one had a great auger in front, the purpose of which was to bore into the snowdrift and draw the snow into the machine, as the chips are drawn from an auger-hole by the revolving of the screw. The discharging apparatus was similar in the two, and like that already described.

There was a formidable array of rolling-stock on the two sidings at the foot of the mountain where we had our car and where we camped nights. On one side track stood one of the machines, with three engines behind her; on another, the other, with the same number of engines. You could tell the men of the one from the men of the other, for the two armies dwelt apart, just as the Denver police kept clear of the State militia in Governor Waite's war.

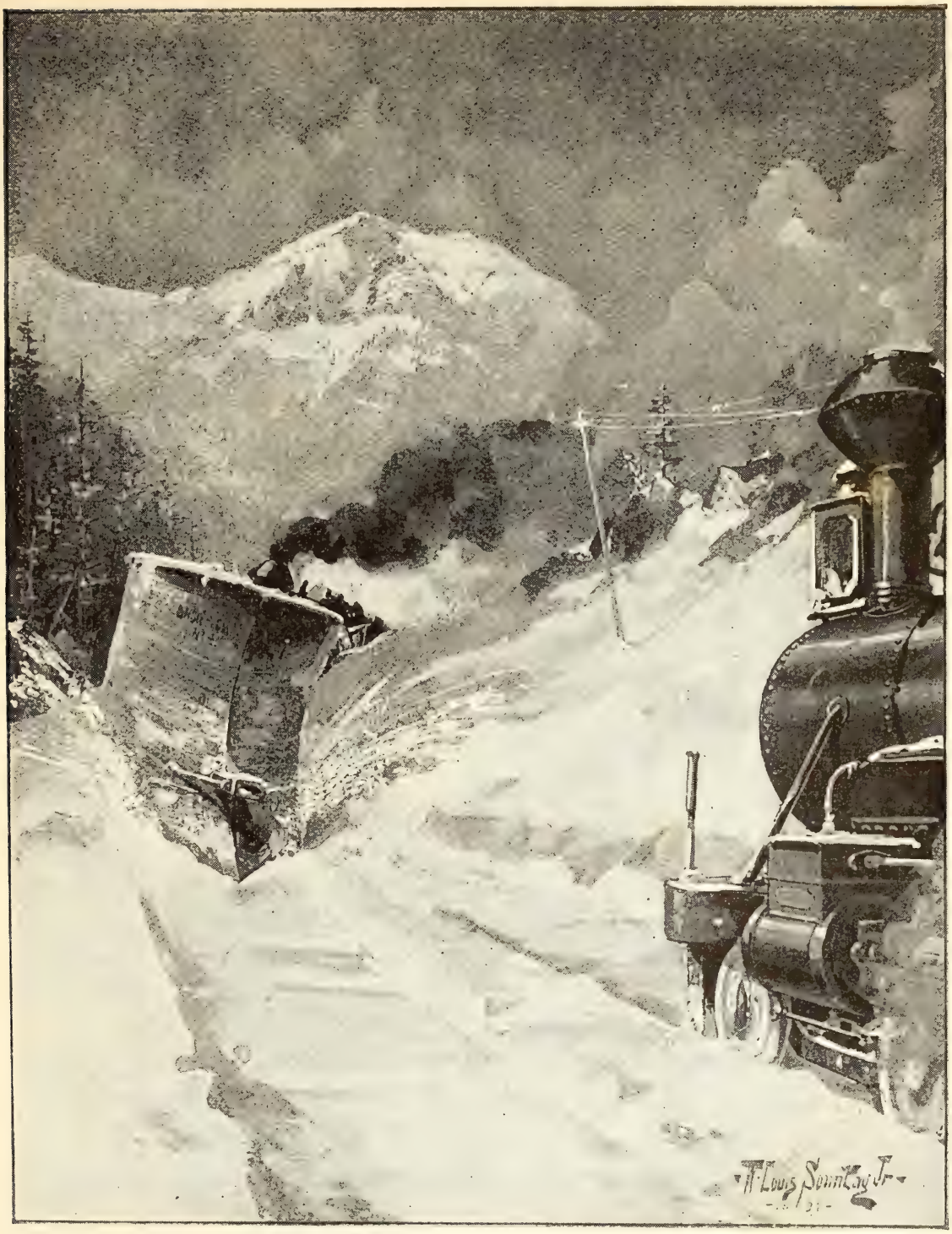
It was perfectly natural for the men on the different machines to be loyal to their respective employers and a little bit jealous of the rival crew; but I was surprised to see how quickly that feeling extended to the crews of the half-dozen locomotives, all working for the same railroad company and in no way interested in the outcome.

On the morning of the first day of the trial, when the six engines came down the track from the coal-yards, a trainman stood at the three-throw switch, and gave a locomotive to each of the two machines alternately. They all knew where they belonged, and they kept the same place, each of them, until the battle was over.

There was no betting, but there was a distinct "favorite" from the start; and when the iron horses were all hooked up, the men on the "favorite" began, good-naturedly enough, to "josh" the other crew.

Mr. Egan decided that one of the machines should go forward, and when it stuck, stalled, or stopped, for any reason, should at once back down, take the siding, and give the other a chance.

It was nearly noon when the railway officers and the reporters climbed to the storm deck of the first machine, and the commander gave a signal to start. The whistle "off brakes" was answered by the six locomotives and the little engine that brought up the rear with the special train.



SNOW-BUCKING WITH A PILOT PLOW.

The hungry machine gathered up the light drifts which we encountered in the first few miles, and breathed them out over the tops of the telegraph poles. At a sharp curve, where there was a deep drift, the snow-plow left the track, and we were forced to stop and back out. The engineers looked sullen as they backed down to let the other crew pass, and the fresh men laughed at them. The snow was lighter now, so that instead of boring into it, the second plow only pushed it and piled it up in front of her, until the whole house was buried, when she choked up and laid down. Now the frowns were transferred to the faces of the second crew, and the smiles to the other.

For two days we see-sawed in this way, and every hour the men grew more sullen. The mad locomotives seemed to enter into the spirit of the fight; at least it was easy to imagine that they did, as they snorted, puffed, and panted in the great drifts. Ah, 'twas a goodly sight to see them, each sending an endless stream of black smoke to the very heavens, and to hear them scream to one another when about to stall, and to note with what reluctance they returned to the side track.

In the little town at the foot of the hill

the rival crews camped at separate boarding-houses. This was fortunate, for it would not have been safe for them to live together. Even the enginemen, by the end of the second day, were hardly on speaking terms. Bob Stoute said that somebody had remarked that the two hundred and sixty-five wouldn't make steam enough to ring the bell. He did not know who had said it, but he did know that he could "lick" him. After supper that evening, when the "scrappy" engineer came out of Red Woods saloon, he broadened the statement so as to include "any 'rotary' man on the job, see?"

When we went into the field on the morning of the third day, not more than seven miles of snow remained between us and the mouth of the Alpine tunnel, where the race would end; for the tunnel was full of snow. All the forenoon the hot engines steamed and snorted and banged away at the great sea of snow that grew deeper and harder as we climbed. The track was so crooked that the plows were off the rail half the time; so that when we stopped for luncheon we had made less than three miles.

The least promising of the two machines was out first after dinner; and as the snow was harder up here, she bid fair to win great credit. She rounded the last of the sharp curves that had given us so much trouble, successfully. But as the snow grew deeper, she smothered, choked up, and stalled. Then even her friends had to admit that "she was not quite right," and the enginemen looked blacker than ever as they backed down and took the siding.

Up came the rival, every engine blowing off steam, the three firemen at the furnace doors, the engineers smiling and eager for the fray. As she turned into the tangent where the other had stalled, the leading locomotive screamed "off brakes," and every throttle flew wide open. Down, down, went the reverse levers, until every engine in the train was working at her full capacity. While waiting in the siding, the engineers had screwed their "pops," or relief valves, down so that each of the engines carried twenty pounds more steam than usual. There were no drifts now, but the hard snow lay level six feet deep. The track was as good as straight—only one long curve—and the pilots would touch timber line at the mouth of the tunnel. The road here lay along the side of the mountain, through a heavy growth of pine. The snow was granulated, and consequently very heavy. By the time they had gone a hundred yards, a great stream of snow was flowing from the spout out over the telegraph wires, over the tops of the small spruces and pines, crashing down through their branches until the white beneath them was covered with a green carpet of tree twigs. On and on, up and up, the monster moguls pushed the plow. Higher and higher rose the black smoke; and when the smoke and the snow came between the spectators and the sun, which was just now sinking behind the hill, the effect was marvellously beautiful. Still on they went through the stainless waste, nor stopped nor stalled, until the snow-plow touched the tunnel-shed.

The commander gave a signal to "back up;" and with faces wreathed in smiles and with their machine covered with cinders, snow, and glory, the little army drifted down the hill. The three days' fight was at an end, and the Rotary was the victor.

But I started to write about pilot plows and old-time snow-bucking—when we used to take out an extra insurance policy and say good-by to our friends as we signed the call-book. On a mountain division of a Western road, some ten years ago, I had my first experience in snow-bucking. For twenty-four hours a pilot plow and flanger had been racing over the thirty miles of mountain, up one side and down the other. As often as they reached the foot of the hill they received orders to "double the road."

It was Sunday afternoon when the caller came for me. Another engine had been ordered out to help push the snow-plow through the great drifts, that were getting deeper and deeper every hour. Ten miles out from the division station, at the foot of the mountain proper, we side-tracked to wait the return of the snow-plow.

The hours went by, the night wasted away, Monday dawned, and no news of the snow brigade. All we could learn at the telegraph office was that they were somewhere between Shawano and the top of the hill, — presumably stuck in the snow. All day and all night they worked and puffed, pushed and panted; but to no purpose. Now, when they gave up all hope of getting through, they attempted to back down; but that was equally impossible. The heavy drifts in the deep cuts were not to be bucked away with the rear end of an engine.

Tuesday came, and found us still watching and waiting for the snow-plow. Other

THE MODERN ROTARY SNOW-PLOW.

engines came up from the division station with a work-train and a great army of trackmen with wide shovels. A number of railroad officers came, and everybody shovelled. We had no plow on our side of the hill, and had to buck with naked engines. First we tried one, then two, then three coupled together. The shovellers would clear off a few hundred yards of track, over which we would drive at full speed. As our engine came in contact with a great drift, all the way from eight to eighteen feet deep, she would tremble and shake as though she was about to be crushed to pieces.

Often when we came to a stop, only the top of the stack of the front engine was visible. The front windows of the cabs were all boarded up to prevent the glass from being smashed. For three or four days the track was kept clear behind us, so that we could back out and tie up at night where there was coal and water. All this time the snow kept coming down, day and night, until the only sign of a railroad across the range was the tops of the telegraph poles. Toward the last of the week we encountered a terrific storm—almost a blizzard. This closed the trail behind us, and that night

we were forced to camp on the mountain side. We had an abundance of coal, but the water in the tanks was very low. By shovelling snow into them when we were stuck in the deep drifts, we managed to keep them wet.

For three or four days—sometimes in the dead hours of the night—we had heard a mournful whistle away up on the mountain side, crying in the waste like a lost sheep. This was a light engine, as we learned afterward, that had started down the hill, but got stuck in the storm. For four days and nights the crews were imprisoned in the drifts. They had only a few pieces of hard bread, which they soaked in snow-water and ate. More than once during the fourth day they had looked into the tallow-bucket, and wondered if they could eat the tallow.

On Sunday morning, just a week from the day on which I had signed the call-book, the sun shone clear and bright. The crew with the big pilot plow had reached the summit; and now a new danger confronted the lone engine whose cry had gone out in the night like the wail of a lost soul. The big plow was coming down the hill with two locomotives behind her; and if this crew remained on the main line, they would be scooped into eternity. When the storm cleared away they found that they were within a few feet of the switch target. If they could shovel out the snow and throw the switch, it would let them on to a spur. Hungry and weak as they were, they began with the fireman's scoop to clear the switch and shovel away from the wheels, so that the engine could start herself. All the time they could hear the whistles of the three engines, now whistling "down brakes," "back up," and "go ahead," as they hammered away at the deep drifts. At last the switch was forced open, the engine was in to clear; but not a moment too soon, for now came the great plow fairly falling down the mountain, sending a shower of snow over the lone engine on the spur.

We, too, had heard and seen them coming, and had found a safe siding. When the three half-starved and almost desperate engineers came to the clear track we had made, the great engines, till now held in check by the heavy snow, bounded forward down the steep grade at a rate that made us sick at heart. Each of the locomotives on the side track whistled; but the wheels were covered with ice and snow, and even with levers reversed, they seemed to slide as fast. Fortunately, at the next curve there was a heavy drift—so deep that the snow-train drove right through it, making a complete tunnel arched over with snow. Thus, after eight days, the road was opened, and eight sections of the passenger train came slowly and carefully down the mountain and passed under the arch.

HOME FROM THE CITY.*

By Hamlin Garland.

Out of the city, out of the street!
Out in the wind and the grasses,
Where the bird and the daisy wooing meet,
And the cloud like an eagle passes,
Far from the roaring street.

Out of the hurry, away from the heat
And clamor of iron wheels and hoofs,
Out of the stench and scorching heat
We come as a dove to its native roofs,
Far from the thunderous street.

Into the silence of cool-breathed leaves,
Where the wind like a lover
Murmurs, and waits to listen, and weaves
His arms in the leafy cover—
Back to a world of stubble and sheaves
We flee from the murderous street!

* From "Prairie Songs," by Hamlin Garland; by permission of Stone & Kimball, publishers, New York.

GRANT AT 21. THE EARLIEST KNOWN PORTRAIT. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original daguerreotype, owned by Mrs. Louisa Boggs of Macon, Mo. Mrs. Boggs is the widow of Henry Boggs, who was Grant's partner in the real estate business in St. Louis during the winter of 1858–59. This portrait has been in her possession since 1860. It is one of a number of portraits and documents brought to light by Mr. Hamlin Garland in his industrious search for material preparatory to the series of studies in Grant's life which begin publication in this number of McClure's. Except Mrs. Boggs and her immediate acquaintance, no one knew of its existence until Mr. Garland discovered it. It was probably taken about 1843, just after Grant's graduation from West Point. It resembles a daguerreotype owned by Mrs. George W. Childs, which was reproduced in McClure's Magazine for May, 1894.

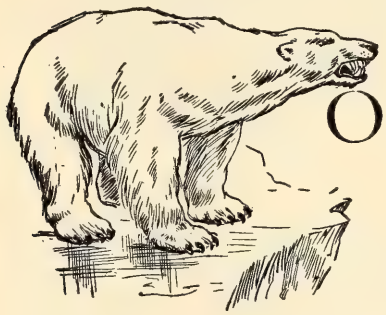
McClure's Magazine.

Vol. VIII. DECEMBER, 1896. No. 2.

THE FARTHEST NORTH.

AN ACCOUNT OF DR. NANSEN'S ADVENTURES AND ACHIEVEMENTS.

By Cyrus C. Adams.

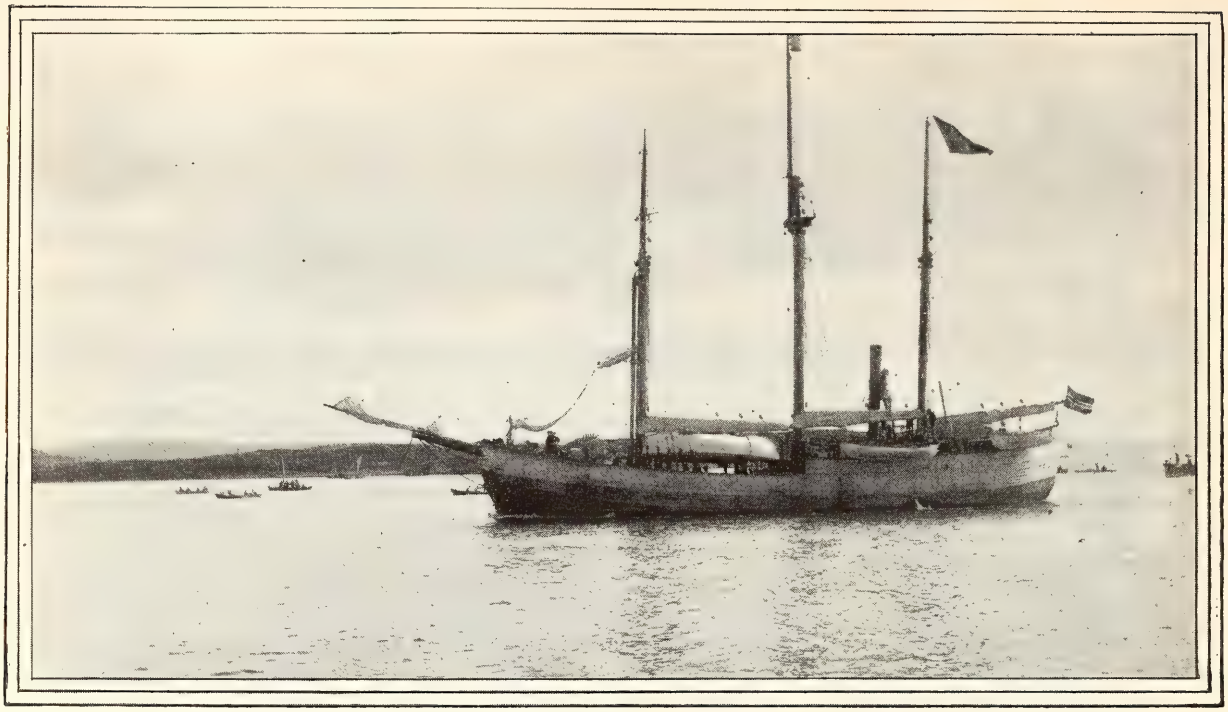


ON April 7th, last year, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen stood among the ice hummocks of the Arctic Ocean at a point about 195 miles nearer the North Pole than any man had ever been before. He could see nothing from the top of the highest ice hill save these hummocks and ridges, stretching away to the horizon like frozen waves. The scene had the one condition needed to crown it as the most utterly desolate waste that can be conceived. It was wholly void of all forms of life. No Polar explorer had ever before entered an area where the air, the ice, the land or the sea depths support no living thing; but for the last 150 miles of his journey north, by ship or sledge, Nansen had not found the slightest trace of life in the air, on the ice, or in the ocean depths. Somewhere near the eighty-fourth parallel, he seems to have passed beyond the pale of the life zones into an area around the Pole where nature is wholly inorganic and inert.

At the point he had reached, Nansen was within 261 statute miles of the North Pole. He was nearer this long-sought goal of many explorers than New York city is to Mount Washington. It was almost within his reach, and yet it was the same elusive object that had mocked so many Arctic wayfarers. He had set out from his vessel, twenty-four days earlier, with only one hundred days' provisions for himself and his comrade, and a month's supply for the dogs, all he could carry over those rugged ice floes. At the rate he had advanced it would take him two months more to reach the Pole; and there could be little satisfaction in standing on the apex of the northern hemisphere with all his dogs gone, only two weeks' supply of food left, and no game within hundreds of miles. If Nansen were not prudent as well as daring, the world would never have known his fate. He turned back in time, traversed the ter-

DR. AND MRS. NANSEN.

From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.



THE "FRAM" IN THE HARBOR OF CHRISTIANIA AFTER HER RETURN FROM THE ARCTIC.

From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

rible ice to Franz Josef Land, and brought home a story of great achievements, marred by no accident, the result of splendid effort and unsurpassed good luck, never before combined in such large measure by an Arctic enterprise.

Almost exactly three years elapsed after Dr. Nansen, with his staunch ship and ten comrades, passed out of view into the Arctic ice, before they came back to the civilized world. Not a man had been ill, not a timber had been injured in the "Fram's" giant frame, and full supplies for three years were still on board. They had traversed an area of 50,000 square miles of unknown waters. They had discovered a wide sea of oceanic depth, overthrowing the theory of the prevailing shallowness of the Arctic. They had traced this wide sea for hundreds of miles, and found it to be over two miles deep. They had made other discoveries of much interest to the world; and when they divided forces on the ice, the sledges to go north for any fate in store for them, the ship to drift whither the wind listed, impelled for seventeen months by a kindly destiny over widely diverse routes, they arrived, at last, within a period of seven days, on the coast of Norway, their work completed and their triumph secure. Did Arctic explorers ever have better fortune or more richly deserve it than Dr. Nansen and his brave men?

But "God helps them that help themselves." As far as man can do, Nansen made even pitiless Arctic conditions serve his purposes. He owes his brilliant success largely to years of minute and careful preparation. Last year many famous Arctic experts were at the Geographical Congress in London. It was interesting to see their faith in Nansen. They criticised the theory he had gone north to test. They doubted the existence of the Arctic current which he thought would waft the "Fram" across the Polar sea. They feared that his vessel would be crushed like an eggshell among the grinding floes. But they had met the man; and his sound sense, scientific attainments, practical ideas, thorough Arctic stud-

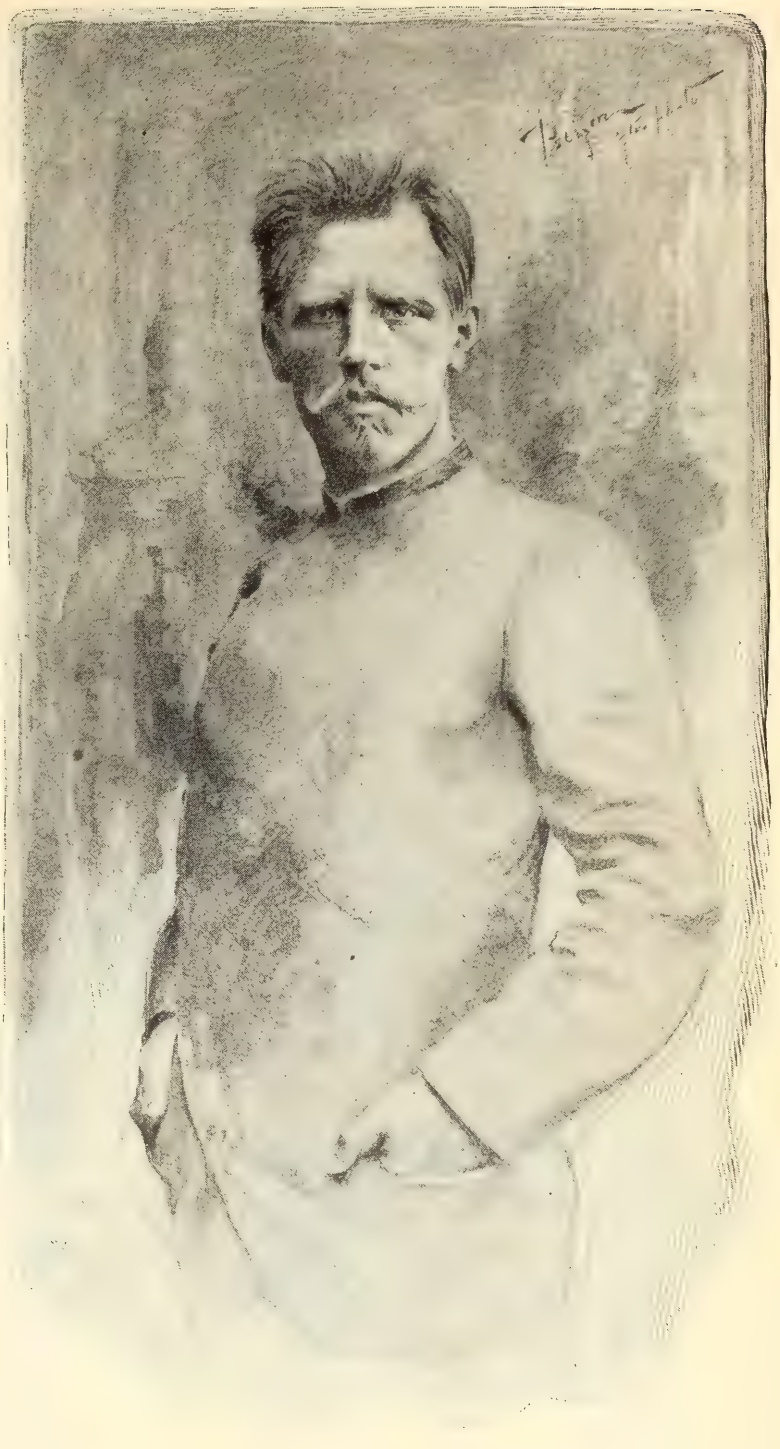
DR. NANSEN'S MOTHER.

ies, physical stamina, and enthusiasm had won their confidence and admiration. Somehow or other, they believed Nansen was coming back with a story of splendid work done.

How few who achieve great things win recognition at his early age! Nansen is only thirty-five years old. He was born near Christiania, Norway, educated in its university, trained as a zoölogist, and the year he was twenty-one was marked by the completion of his school life, a trip in East Greenland seas for zoölogical specimens, and his appointment as Curator in the Natural History Museum at Bergen. At twenty-seven the scientific papers he had written won him the degree of Ph.D.; and a year later all the world knew him as the first man to cross Greenland, which he described in two volumes, writing another on the Eskimos. Since then his time has been almost wholly absorbed by his polar project.

Nansen began to plan this voyage when he was twenty-three years old, nine years before he started. Many a hint for his great undertaking came to him while cruising in East Greenland waters, and during his memorable crossing of Greenland on the ice cap in 1888. He spent that winter among the west coast natives, and what he learned of Eskimo ways of living was invaluable to him later. He mastered the difficult art of managing the kayak, or Eskimo skin boat, which he said was "the best one-man vessel in the world;" and when he and Johansen set out for Spitzbergen, last spring, from the little island in Franz Josef Land where they had wintered, two kayaks, weighing twenty pounds each, carried them and their meagre outfit across all bits of open water. They were larger than the little Greenland skin boat, but were modelled after and propelled like it.

During his Greenland winter, too, Nansen lived much with the Eskimos, sleeping in their rude huts of stone and turf in spite of the dirt, discomforts, and offensiveness; joining their Nimrods in the hunt on land and sea, and taking lessons from them in the art of handling dog teams. He believed that an Arctic explorer should be able to live, if need be, as the natives do, depending for everything upon the country he lives in. He found his theory true, and he is alive to-day because he was able to live just like the Eskimos. When the two men landed on their little island in August, last year, they had no dogs, no food, no shelter, and no clothing except the ragged woollen garments they were wearing; but they did have guns and ammunition. Bear and sea game were in abundance. They became Eskimos for



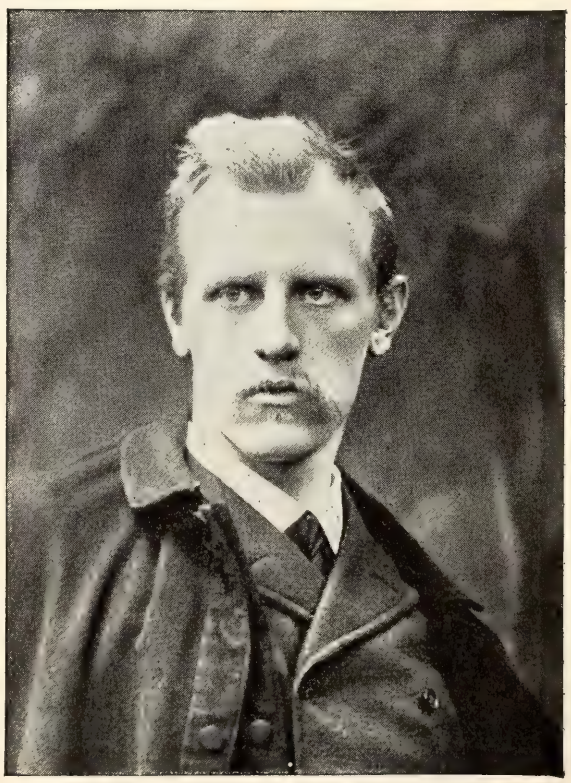
DR. NANSEN.

Drawn by W. M. Burgher after a photograph by W. C. Frabritius & Son, Christiania.

B. F. NANSEN AND HIS INFANT SON FRIDTJOF.

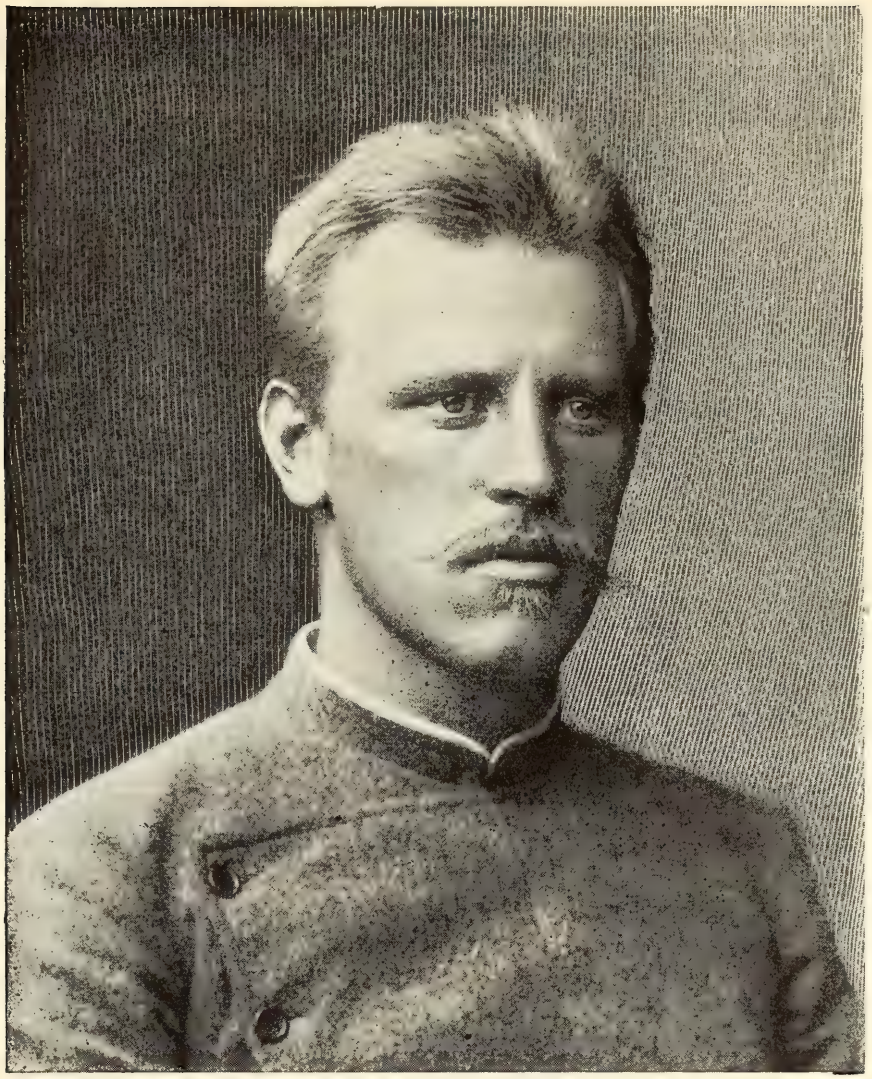
NANSEN AT 4 YEARS OF AGE.

NANSEN AT 12 YEARS OF AGE.



NANSEN ABOUT 1893. AGE 31.

From a photograph by J. Thomson, London.



NANSEN JUST BEFORE HE STARTED ON HIS ARCTIC EXPEDITION IN 1893.

the time, and had no more fear of suffering from hunger and cold than they would have had at home. They killed walrus and bear. They built a hut of stone and turf, roofed it with walrus hides, and made a door of bear skin. Their larder, lacking variety to be sure, was always well filled. Bear meat was the staff of life. Oil and fat were their fuel and lights, and furs carpeted their floor and supplied their winter clothing and sleeping bags. It was not an ideal existence, but after nine months of it the explorers were as hardy and strong as men could be.

From his childhood Dr. Nansen has been an athlete, a hunter, and an expert skiboler, or snow-shoe traveller. He is more than six feet tall, with muscles like iron, and the medals he won made him known, long ago, as a champion of sport in Norway. These qualities, with the courage and endurance they imply, besides skill in kayak and ski travel, and ability to live as the Eskimos do, have had no small part in making his success. He has the grip of a giant, as a misguided pickpocket learned to his sorrow when he toyed with the Norseman's watch-chain. Nansen had just arrived in London to tell the geographers there about his polar project. He saw a great crowd at Buckingham Palace, and pushed to the front rank just as the Princess of Wales arrived to hold a drawing-room. As he waved his hat with the crowd, he felt a twitch at his chain, and grasped the wrist of the too familiar person. He cheered and waved until enthusiasm subsided, meanwhile holding an umbrella firmly under the arm to which the thief was attached, and then handed his prisoner over to a policeman. Nansen said he merely held the man tightly; but the fellow was howling with pain, and declared he would rather go to prison than have his bones crushed.

But, first of all, Nansen is a man of science. He had mastered all that had been done by Arctic explorers; and when, with unsurpassed practical sense, he made such arrangements for his journey as to be able to advance hundreds of miles into the wholly unknown regions around the North Pole, it was his penetrating scientific genius that gained an insight into the unknown.

THE "FRAM" IN THE ICE-PACK.

Drawn by Victor S. Perard after a drawing by Otto Sinding.

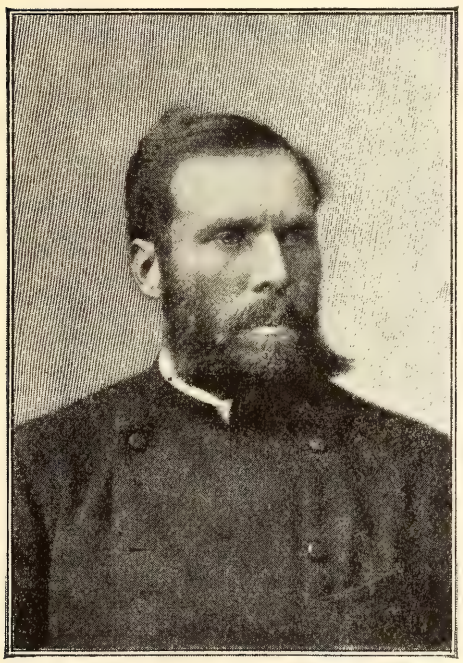
That is the reason he has brought back such a harvest of valuable facts, many of which relate to pure science. We shall refer to some of the most striking facts. It is now known of his work as a whole, that he has made most significant and interesting discoveries and studies in Arctic geography, geology, marine hydrology, meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, and biology; but of course some time will elapse before his results can be published in detail for the study of experts.

Nearly everything Nansen predicted about his journey has come true. He said he expected to cross the unknown polar area, and he has done it. He foretold exactly the general direction in which his ship would drift while fast in the ice, but it is not certain that he correctly assigned the cause of this drift. He believed he would enter a marine current that would carry his ice-imbedded vessel to the northwest. The most that can now be said of this theory is that he has discovered nothing to disprove it; but he has found that the polar ice cap, once thought to be a fast ice sheet, is in continuous drift under the influence of the prevailing winds, and as the most persistent winds are from the southeast, the mean direction of the "Fram's" drift was northwest. Nansen invented the model of the "Fram," making her hull round and slippery like an eel, with no corners or sharp edges for the ice to seize upon. She is the strongest vessel ever used in Arctic exploration. He said that pressure would simply lift her on the ice, and so her bottom, near the keel, was made almost flat in order that she might not capsize while on the ice surface; and her screw and rudder were also

ingeniously protected. The many experts who said her design would not save the "Fram" from instant destruction were mistaken; for she met these resistless ice pressures, and they merely lifted her out of her cradle, and she rested safely on the surface.

Nansen said that, owing to the probable predominance of water in the far north, he expected to find there higher temperatures than along the north coast of Asia. This

NANSEN IN HIS STUDY ON THE "FRAM."



O. N. SVERDRUP, NAVIGATOR OF THE "FRAM."
From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

remarkable prediction has been fulfilled. The lowest temperature observed on the "Fram" was sixty-one and one-half degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, while farther south, in the Kara Sea, sixty-three degrees below zero, and at the mouth of the Lena River ninety-four degrees below zero have been registered.

The explorer, of course, was not expecting to find a great sea two miles deep, and his sounding apparatus was wholly inadequate for measuring such depths; but Nansen, like the late A. M. Mackay, on whose shoulders Livingstone's mantle fell in Africa, is a man to make means where none exists. Mackay made houses and boats without tools or nails save those he fashioned in the heart of Africa; and so Nansen made a sounding apparatus of the most modern sort, procuring his iron wire from a cable. Dr. Nansen's greatest discovery on this voyage, like his greatest discovery in Greenland, was made in spite of inadequate appliances. He proved, in 1888, that inner Greenland contains one of the poles of cold of the earth, although none of his thermometers was able to show the lowest degrees of cold he experienced.

Arctic explorers love to name the land features they discover after eminent personages or the friends and supporters of their enterprises. Dr. Nansen cannot have this pleasure, for in all his long journey he discovered no land except a few little islands near the Asian coast. Nansen has proved, in connection with the "Jeannette" expedition, that no large land masses thickly stud the Asian Arctic ocean as they do the North American polar area.

THE KITCHEN OF THE "FRAM."

Where is the North polar continent that once figured on the maps? It is not so long ago that the renowned geographer Petermann believed he had good reason for faith in its existence. The Pole was probably in this continent, and he thought that towering rocks near Be-

DR. NANSEN AND LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN LEAVING THE "FRAM."

On March 14, 1895, Dr. Nansen, with a single companion, Lieutenant Johansen, left his ship behind him and pushed toward the Pole on foot. It was then that he got farther north than any man before him. He was unable to return to the "Fram," and he and Johansen made their way to Franz Josef Land, where they fell in with the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition, found comfortable lodging and a ship to bring them home.

ring Strait, now known to be an island, might be one of the termini of the great land mass. Faith in this theory gradually weakened the farther men penetrated into the "White North;" and now Nansen has thrown a flood of light upon the question. The ocean depths he has found to the north of Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen, the disappearance of animal life in that region, the structure of the ice, which is plainly formed at sea and not on land, and the free movement of the ice masses driven, as they are, in any direction by the prevailing winds, point inevitably to the conclusion that the man who reaches the North Pole will probably find no land there, but a deep sea instead, covered by closely packed and drifting ice. The deep sea trough that was ever under the "Fram" as she drifted to the north of Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen shows that these lands have no northern extension. The nearest known land to the Pole is that which Lockwood and Brainard discovered, in 1882, north of Greenland.

Up to last August the world had supposed that the North Polar Sea was for the most part a shallow basin with cold water in its depths. But Dr. Nansen reports a remarkable fact that is hardly less interesting than the deep sea, his greatest discovery—that is, that the water about 600 feet below the surface is above the freezing point, while the upper layer of water is invariably below the freezing point; and this warmer water below 600 feet (north of Spitzbergen below 3,000 feet) appears to extend to the very bottom. In view of this fact, some accepted theories as to the life of the globe and the circulation of ocean waters will require revision.

We can hardly imagine the tedium and monotony of that long, slow drift over a lifeless sea, with no change in nature's

THE SALOON OF THE "FRAM."

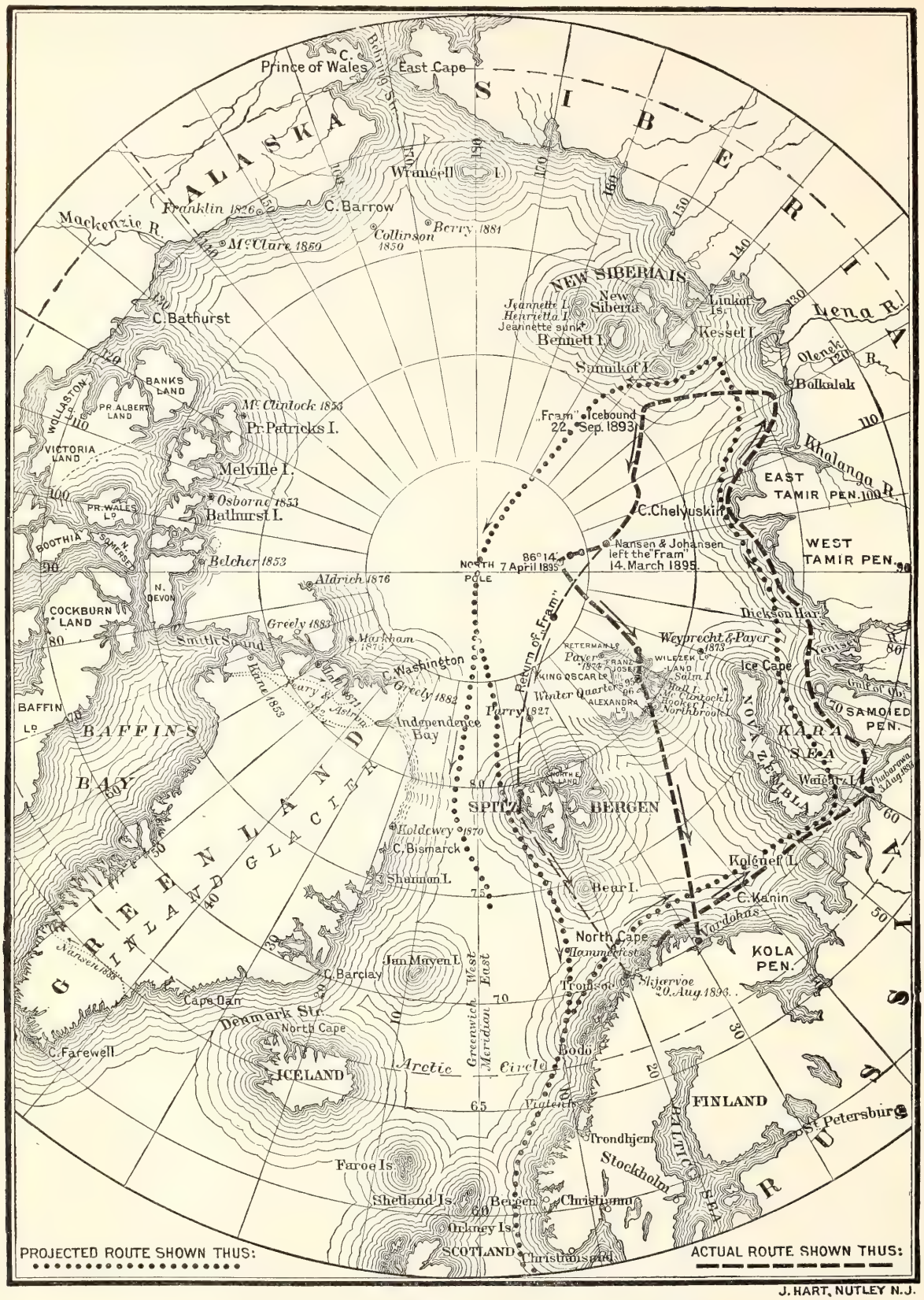
MEETING OF DR. NANSEN AND MR. JACKSON IN FRANZ JOSEF LAND, JUNE, 1896.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition.

aspect, save the alternation of hummocks with almost level floe ice; and the sea, more than a third of each year, enfolded in the gloom of Arctic twilight and darkness. The fact that every member of his party, from first to last, was well and fit for service, under trying and depressing conditions, is brilliant proof that Nansen hit the mark with his new ideas of planning the work and augmenting the comfort of an Arctic party. All his ideas as to hygiene, methods of travel, and so on, succeeded, and his men maintained for three years the life and energy needed to do scientific work.

Some people laughed at Nansen's plan to dispel the darkness around the ship with an electric plant, but it was a great success. Here was one spot in the Arctic waste all aglow with vivid light. Nansen painted or photographed by an arc lamp in the saloon. With every puff of air the windmill was set going to keep the dynamo charged; and when wind failed, the boys manned the capstan, four at a time, and supplied the needed power. Heat and light were requisites which, Nansen said, he could not do without and keep his men in good heart and strength. Their cabin was warm, and so was their clothing, and they had light in plenty until the last winter, when, to the general regret, the electric plant was dispensed with, because portions of the apparatus were needed for snow-shoes and runners. Nansen feared the scurvy, but his precautions averted an attack from this ghastly enemy.

A phonograph helped to cheer the hours of leisure. The explorer could not take his wife, but he had her songs with him. It had been his intention to follow the example of our own Arctic hero, Civil Engineer Peary, and take his wife with him. Fru Nansen is a charming woman, the daughter of a Norwegian naturalist, fond



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTES OF DR. NANSEN AND THE "FRAM."

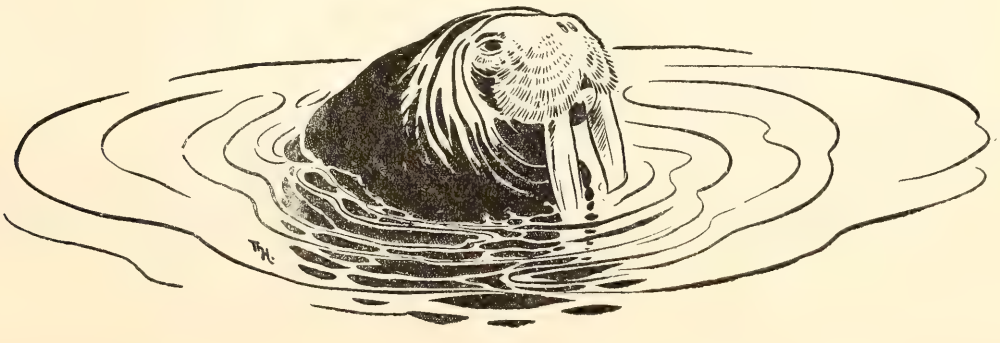
of the robust recreations of her country, and as adventuresome as her husband. Both were confident that she had strength for the voyage, but at the last moment all his comrades begged him to leave his wife behind, and Nansen decided to grant their request. Fru Nansen could not go, but her lovely voice was often heard in the little cabin. A gifted vocalist, well known to Scandinavian audiences, she sang all her husband's favorite songs into the phonograph, and there was the cheeriest of music on shipboard ; and a baby's prattle, too, for the little daughter had several remarks for her papa on the phonographic record. Liv is her name, and it has been a name of good omen ; for she was called Life when the day of parting had begun to cast its

DR. NANSEN AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. JACKSON IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEIR MEETING IN FRANZ JOSEF LAND IN JUNE, 1896.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition.

shadow over the modest cottage, and that name was the prayer of the young wife and husband that, after the perilous and uncertain years had passed, the little trinity might again be gathered in their home. Sunshine and gladness now illumine the little cottage near Christiania.

While the news of Nansen's safe return was flashing round the world, one of his compatriots, Hansen by name, sent out by a geographical society, was scouring the coasts of Asia for traces of him. He was to learn if the natives of North Siberia had heard anything of the "Fram," or whether the explorer had called at the New Siberian Islands for the food supplies which Baron Toll had cachéd for him. There was no news of Nansen along the 3,000 miles of his fellow-countryman's route; and when Hansen reached the farther end of the telegraph wire he doubtless learned excellent reasons why he was coming home empty-handed.



A CAROL.

By William Canton.

This gospel sang the angels bright:
Lord Jhesu shall be born this night;
Born not in house nor yet in hall,
Wrapped not in purple nor in pall,
Rocked not in silver, neither gold;
This word the angels sang of old;
Nor christened with white wine nor red;
This word of old the angels said
Of Him which holdeth in His hand
The strong sea and green land.

This thrice and four times happy night—
These tidings sang the angels bright—
Forlorn, betwixen ear and horn,
A babe shall Jhesu Lord be born,
A weeping babe in all the cold;—
This word the angels sang of old—
And wisps of hay shall be his bed;
This word of old the angels said
Of Him which keepeth in His hand
The strong sea and green land.

O babe and Lord, Thou Jhesu bright,—
Let all and some now sing this night—
Betwixt our sorrow and our sin,
Be thou new-born our hearts within;
New-born, dear babe and little King,
So letten some and all men sing—
To wipe for us our tears away!
This night so letten all men say
Of Him which spake, and lo! they be—
The green land and strong sea.

From "W. V. Her Book," by William Canton: Stone & Kimball, publishers, New York. By special permission.

MADONNA AND CHILD.

From the painting by Josephine Wood Colby. Reproduced by the special permission of the artist, and now first published.

AN UNPUBLISHED LIFE PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

By Charles Henry Hart,

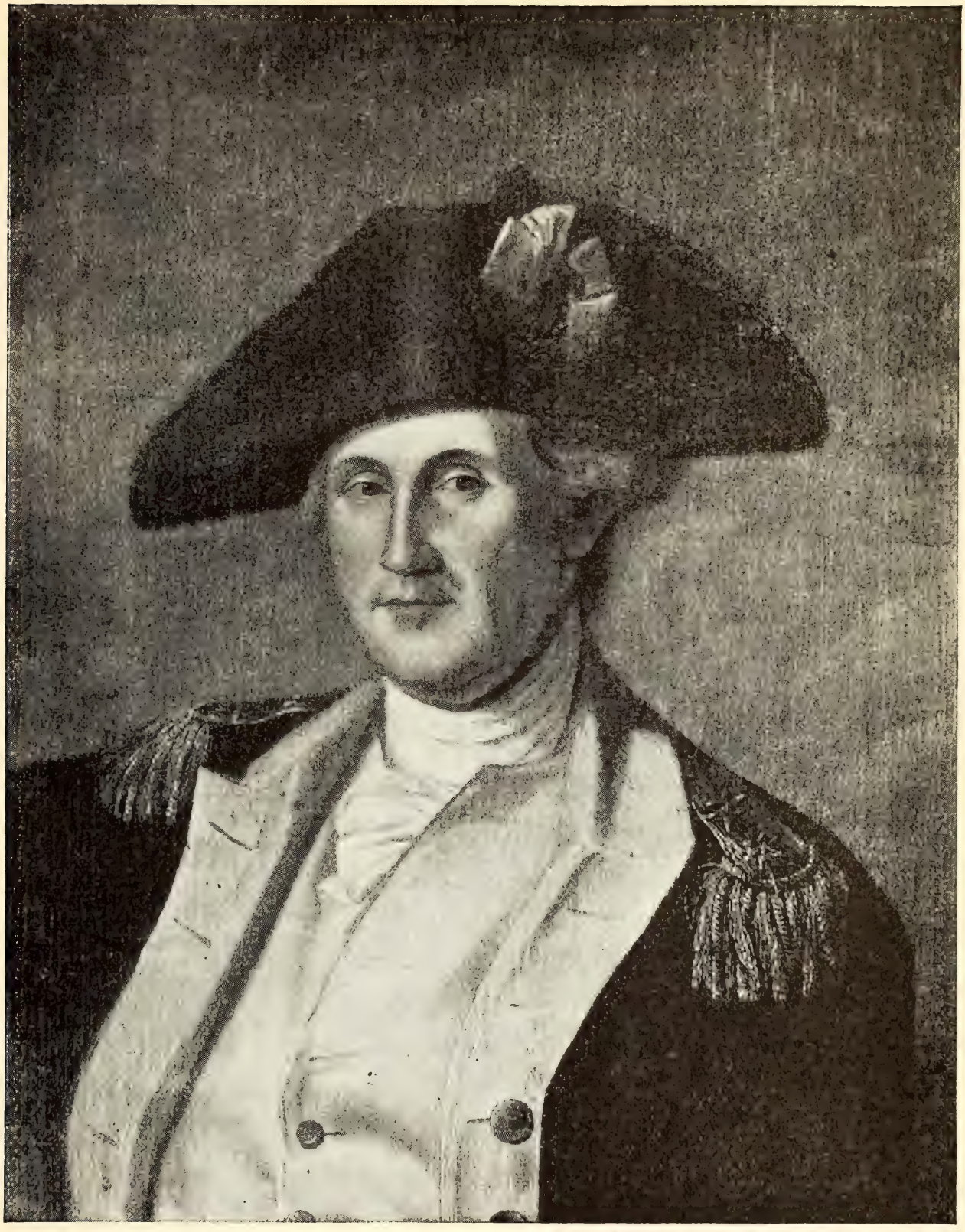
Author of "The Original Portraits of Washington," "Stuart's Lansdowne Portrait of Washington," etc.

THE State Normal School at West Chester, Pennsylvania, has become possessed of the varied collections of the Chester County Cabinet of Natural Science. As is not infrequently the case with such institutions, the Cabinet of Natural Science had received many gifts of valuable objects not germane to its special pursuits, and these, with its natural science cabinets, now belong to the State Normal School. Among such objects was the portrait of Washington, by Charles Willson Peale, here presented to the public for the first time.

There are at least forty original portraits of Washington known to have been painted from life, with a score more claiming like distinction. To Charles Willson Peale belongs the honor of having painted Washington from life a greater number of times than any other artist. He had not less than fourteen different sittings from Washington, if we can accept the numeration given by his son Rembrandt. In May, 1772, while Washington was still a Virginia colonel, he wrote from Mount Vernon: "Inclination having yielded to importunity, I am now, contrary to all expectation, under the hands of Mr. Peale; but in so grave, so sullen a mood—and now and then under the influence of Morpheus when some critical strokes are making—that I fancy the skill of this gentleman's pencil will be put to it in describing to the world what manner of man I am." In September, 1795, when Washington was in his second term as President of the United States, Stuart, meeting Mrs. Washington, urged her to hasten to her husband's protection, as he had just left him where they were "Pealing him on the right side and on the left, behind and before." The allusion in this jest of Stuart's was to the fact that Charles Willson Peale, his younger brother James, and his sons Rembrandt and Raphaelle, were each availing themselves of this, Washington's last sitting, to delineate his features. Between these two, so widely separated in time, Peale unquestionably secured numerous other sittings.

This complacency to Peale on Washington's part was due, in the first place, no doubt, to the fact that the first portrait he had painted was done by Peale. This was just as Washington was entering his forty-first year. Then Peale himself was a faithful soldier in the Revolution, and did much to relieve the tedium of winter quarters at Valley Forge by painting portraits of many of the officers. It was at this time and place that he painted, on a piece of bed-ticking, the portrait now reproduced; and despite the unfavorable conditions under which it was painted, it may safely be pronounced the most vivid and life-like portrait of Washington that Peale achieved. An examination of the canvas, which is twenty-three by twenty-eight inches, out of the frame, shows that it has been cut down from a larger picture; and this will account for what seems a somewhat awkward pose. It was presented to the Chester County Cabinet in 1841, by the eminent artist, John Neagle of Philadelphia. How and when Mr. Neagle acquired it, we do not know; nor why he took it away from his own city, to bury it in a country town. But we do know that he presented it as "*An original portrait of Genl. Washington, in revolutionary costume, taken by C. W. Peale, at Valley Forge.*"

This certificate from John Neagle means more than it would from many other men. He was not only distinguished as a portrait painter, but he was a most exact and conscientious man, as is evidenced by the careful inscriptions on many of his own paintings. He was past thirty when Charles Willson Peale died, had lived in the same city with him, and belonged to the same artistic coterie. We may therefore rest assured that he did not inscribe this portrait as "original," and taken "at Valley Forge," without good and sufficient evidence, if the remnant of old bed-ticking that served for a canvas did not tell us the same tale. Its originality, too, is clearly attested by its freedom, simplicity, and directness, its natural expression and dignified repose—all of which plainly tell that painter and sitter faced each other while it was being limned. Beyond this it can be accepted as a truthful delineation of the unidealized Washington—the Com-



AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. PAINTED AT VALLEY FORGE BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.

From a photograph of the original painting, taken expressly for McClure's Magazine by C. S. Bradford, West Chester, Pennsylvania, and copyrighted by him September 26, 1896. The original painting is the property of the State Normal School, West Chester, Pennsylvania.

mander-in-Chief at the head of the army and in camp. Peale seems never to have duplicated it, although he repeated most of his other portraits of Washington many times. Perhaps it was with him as it was with Stuart and his portraits of the same subject—he did not know which one really was the best. A close comparative study, however, of this Valley Forge head with Peale's well-known whole length portraits, having Nassau Hall in the background, leads me to the conclusion that it was his chief guide for the head in these pictures.

HOW DR. DAVIDSON KEPT HIS LAST CHRISTMAS AT DRUMTOCHTY.

By Ian Maclaren,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

CHRISTMAS fell on a Sunday the year Dr. Davidson died, and on the preceding Monday a groom drove up to the manse from Muirtown Castle.

"A letter, Doctor, from his lordship"—John found his master sitting before the study fire in a reverie, looking old and sad—"and there's a bit boxie in the kitchen."

"Will you see, John, that the messenger has such food as we can offer him?" and the Doctor roused himself at the sight of the familiar handwriting; "there is that, eh, half fowl that Rebecca was keeping for my dinner to-day; perhaps she could do it up for him. I . . . do not feel hungry to-day. And, John, will you just say that I'm sorry that . . . owing to circumstances, we can't offer him refreshment?" On these occasions the Doctor felt his straitness greatly, having kept a house in his day where man and beast had of the best.

"What dis for the minister of Drumtochty an' his . . . hoose 'ill dae for a groom, even though he serve the Earl o' Kilspindie, an' a' ken better than say onything tae Becca aboot the chuckie;" this he said to himself on his way to the kitchen, where that able woman had put the messenger from the Castle in his own place, and was treating him with conspicuous and calculated condescension. He was a man somewhat given to appetite and critical about his drink, as became a servant of the Earl; but such was the atmosphere of the manse and the awfulness of the Doctor's household that he made a hearty dinner off ham and eggs, with good spring water, and departed declaring his gratitude aloud.

"My dear Davidson,—Will you distribute the enclosed trifle among your old pensioners in the Glen as you see fit, and let it come from you, who would have given them twice as much had it not been for that confounded bank. The port is for yourself, Sandeman's '48—the tipple you and I have tasted together for many a year. If you hand it over to the liquidators, as you wanted to do with the few bottles you had in your celler, I'll have you up before the sheriff of Muirtown for breach of trust and embezzlement, as sure as my name is

"Your old friend,

"Kilspindie.

"P. S.—The Countess joins me in Christmas greetings, and charges you to fail us on New Year's Day at your peril. We are anxious about Hay, who has been ordered to the front."

The Doctor opened the check and stroked it gently; then he read the letter again and snuffed, using his handkerchief vigorously. After which he wrote:

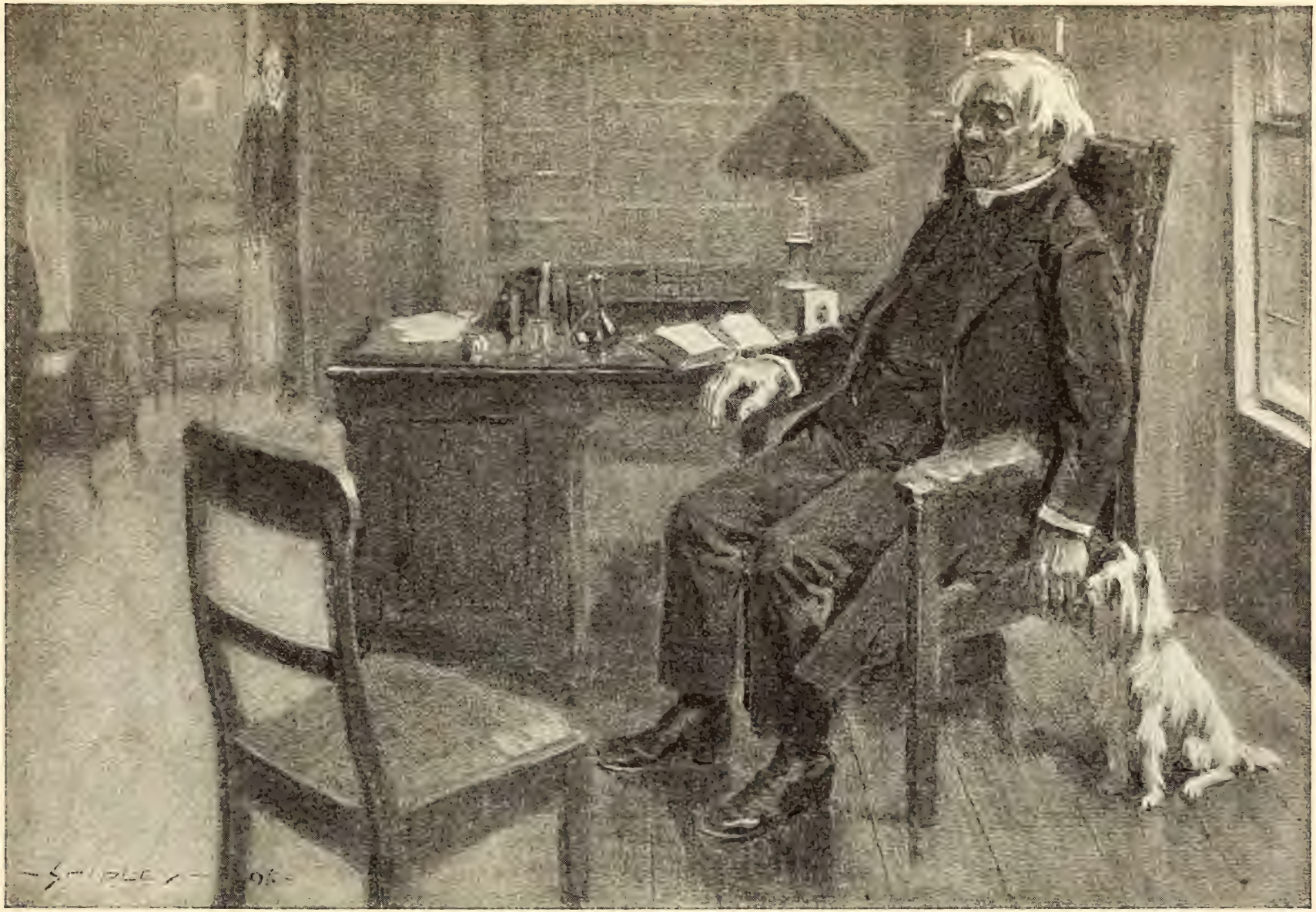
"Dear Kilspindie,—It is, without exception, the prettiest check I have ever had in my hands, and it comes from as good a fellow as ever lived. You knew that it would hurt me not to be able to give my little Christmas gifts, and you have done this kindness. Best thanks from the people and myself, and as for the port, the liquidators will not see a drop of it; don't believe any of those stories about the economies at the manse which, I suspect, you have been hearing from Drumtochty. Deliberate falsehoods; we are living like fighting cocks. I'm a little shaky—hint of gout, I fancy—but hope to be with you on New Year's Day. God bless you both, and preserve Hay in the day of battle.

"Yours affectionately,

"Alexander Davidson."

"Don't like that signature, Augusta," said the Earl to his wife; "it's true enough, for no man has a warmer heart, but he never wrote that way before. Davidson's breaking up, an' . . . he 'ill be missed. I must get Manley to run out and overhaul him when he comes down. My belief is that he's been starving himself. Peter Robertson, the land steward, says that he has never touched a drop of wine since that bank smashed; now that won't do at his age, but he's an obstinate fellow, Davidson, when he takes a thing into his head."

The Doctor's determination—after the calamity of the bank failure—to reduce himself to the depths of poverty was wonderful, but Drumtochty was cunning and full of tact. He might surrender his invested means and reserve only one hundred pounds a year out of his living, but when



"IN THE MORNING THE DOCTOR WAS STILL SITTING IN HIS BIG CHAIR, AND SKYE WAS FONDLY LICKING A HAND THAT WOULD NEVER AGAIN CARESS HIM."

he sent for the Kildrummie auctioneer and instructed him to sell every stick of furniture, except a bare minimum for one sitting-room and a bedroom, Jock accepted the commission at once, and proceeded at eleven miles an hour—having just bought a new horse—to take counsel with Drumsheugh. Next Friday he dropped into the factor's office—successor to him over whom the Doctor had triumphed gloriously—and amid an immense variety of rural information, mentioned that he was arranging a sale of household effects at Drumtochty Manse. Jock was never known to be so dilatory with an advertisement before, and ere he got it out Lord Kilspindie had come to terms with the liquidator and settled the Doctor's belongings on him for life.

The Doctor's next effort was with his household, and for weeks the minister looked wistfully at John and Rebecca, till at last he had them in and stated the situation.

"You have both been . . . good and faithful servants to me, and I may say . . . friends for many years, and I had hoped you would have remained in the manse till . . . so long as I was spared. And I may mention now that I had made some slight provision that would have . . . made you comfortable after I was gone."

"It wes kind o' ye, sir, an' mindfu'." Rebecca spoke, not John, and her tone was of one who might have to be firm and must not give herself away by sentiment.

"It is no longer possible for me, through . . . certain events, to live as I have been accustomed to do, and I am afraid that I must . . . do without your help. A woman coming in to cook and . . . such like will be all I can afford."

The expression on the housekeeper's face at this point was such that even the Doctor did not dare to look at her again, but turned to John, whose countenance was inscrutable.

"Your future, John, has been giving me much anxious thought, and I hope to be able to do something with Lord Kilspindie next week. There are many quiet places on the estate which might suit . . . " then the Doctor weakened, "although I know well no place will ever be like Drumtochty, and the old manse will never be the same . . . without you. But you see how it is . . . friends."

"Doctor Davidson," and he knew it was vain to escape her, "wi' yir permission a' wud like tae ask ye ane or twa questions, an' ye'll forgie the leeberty. Dis ony man in the pairish o' Drumtochty ken yir wys like John? Wha 'ill tak yir messages, an' prepare the fouk for the veesitation, an' keep the gairden snod, an' see tae a' yir trokes when John's awa? Wull ony man ever cairry the bukes afore ye like John?"

"Never," admitted the Doctor, "never."

"Div ye expect the new wumman 'ill ken hoo mickle stairch tae pit in yir stock, an' hoo mickle butter ye like on yir chicken, an' when ye change yir flannels tae a day, an' when ye like anither blanket on yir bed, an' the wy tae mak the currant drink for yir cold?"

"No, no, Rebecca, nobody will ever be so good to me as you've been"—the Doctor was getting very shaky.

"Then what for wud ye send us awa, and bring in some handless, useless tawpie that cud neither cook ye a decent meal nor keep the manse wise like? Is't for room? The manse is as big as ever. Is't for meat? We 'ill eat less than she 'ill waste."

"You know better, Rebecca," said the Doctor, attempting to clear his throat; "it's because . . . because I cannot afford to . . ."

"A' ken very weel, an' John an' me hev settled that. For thirty year ye've paid us better than ony minister's man an' manse housekeeper in Perthshire, an' ye wantit tae raise oor wages aifter we mairrit. Div ye ken what John an' me hev in the bank for oor laist days?"

The Doctor only shook his head, being cowed for once in his life.

"Atween us, five hundred and twenty-sax pund."

"Eleven an' sevenpence," added John, steadying his voice with arithmetic.

"It's five year sin we askit ye tae py naethin' mair but juist gie's oor keep, an' noo the time's come, an' welcome. Hev John or me ever disobeyed ye or spoken back a' thae years?"

The Doctor only made a sign with his hand.

"We 'ill dae't aince, at ony rate, for ye may gie us notice tae leave an' order us oot o' the manse; but here we stop till we're no fit tae serve ye or ye hae nae mair need o' oor service."

"A homologate that"—it was a brave word, and one of which John was justly proud, but he did not quite make the most of it that day.

"I thank you from my heart, and . . . I'll never speak of parting again," and

for the first time they saw tears on the Doctor's cheek.

"John," Rebecca turned on her husband—no man would have believed it of the beadle of Drumtochty, but he was also . . . "what are ye stoiterin' roond the table for? It's time tae set the Doctor's denner; as for that chicken," and Rebecca retired to the kitchen, having touched her highest point that day.

The insurrection in the manse oozed out, and encouraged a conspiracy of rebellion in which even the meekest people were concerned. Jean Baxter of Burnbrae, who had grasped greedily at the dairy contract of the manse, when the glebe was let to Netherton, declined to render any account to Rebecca, and the Doctor had to take the matter in hand.

"There's a little business, Mrs. Baxter, I would like to settle with you, as I happen to be here." The Doctor had dropped in on his way back from Whinny Knowe, where Marget and he had been talking of George for two hours. "You know that I have to be, eh . . . careful now, and I . . . you will let me pay what we owe for that delicious butter you are good enough to supply."

"Ye 'ill surely tak a look roond the fields first, Doctor, an' tell's what ye think o' the crops;" and after that it was necessary for him to take tea. Again and again he was foiled, but took a firm stand by the hydrangea in the garden, and John Baxter stood aside that the affair might be decided in single combat.

"Now, Mrs. Baxter, before leaving I must insist," began the Doctor with authority, and his stick was in his hand; but Jean saw a geographical advantage, and seized it instantly.

"Div ye mind, sir, comin' tae this gairden five year syne this month, and stannin' on that verra spot aside the hydrangy?"

The Doctor scented danger, but he could not retreat.

"Weel, at ony rate, John an' me dinna forget that day, an' never wull, for we were makin' ready tae leave the home o' the Baxters for mony generations, an' it wes you that stoppit us. Ye 'ill maybe no mind what ye said tae me."

"We 'ill not talk of that to-day, Mrs. Baxter . . . that's past and over."

"Aye, it's past, but it's no over, Doctor Davidson; na, na, John an' me wesna made that wy. Ye may lauch at a fulish auld wife, but ilka kirnin' (churning) day ye veesit us again. When a'm turnin' the kirn a' see ye comin' up the road, an' a' gar the handle keep time wi' yir step; when a' tak oot the bonnie yellow butter ye're stannin' in the gairden, an' then a' stamp ae pund wi' buttercups, an' a' say, 'You're not away yet, Burnbrae, you're not away yet'—that wes yir word tae the gude man; and when the ither stamp comes doon on the second pund and leaves the bonnie daisies on't, 'Better late than never, Burnbrae; better late than never, Burnbrae.' Ye said that afore ye left, Doctor."

Baxter was amazed at his wife, and the Doctor saw himself defeated.

"Mony a time has John an' me sat in the summer-hoose an' brocht back that day, an' mony a time hev we wantit tae dae somethin' for him that keepit the auld roof-tree abune oor heads. God forgie me, Doctor, but when a' heard ye hed gien up yir glebe ma hert loupit, an' a' said tae John, 'The'ill no want for butter at the manse sae lang as there's a Baxter in Burnbrae.'

"Dinna be angry, sir." But the flush that brought the Doctor's face unto a state of perfection was not anger. "A' ken it's a leeberty we're takin', an' maybe a'm presumin' ower far, but gin ye kent hoo sair oor herts were wi' gratitude, ye wudna deny us this kindness."

"Ye 'ill lat the Doctor come awa noo, gude wife, tae see the young horse," and Doctor Davidson was grateful to Burnbrae for covering his retreat.

This spirit spread till Hillocks lifted up his horn, outwitting the Doctor with his attentions, and reducing him to submission. When the beadle dropped in upon Hillocks one day, and, after a hasty review of harvest affairs, mentioned that Dr. Davidson was determined to walk in future to and from Kildrummie Station, the worthy man rose without a word, and led the visitor to the shed where his marvellous dog-cart was kept.

"Div ye think that a' cud daur?" studying its general appearance with diffidence.

"There's nae sayin' hoo it wud look wi' a wash," suggested John.

"Sall, it's fell snod noo," after two hours' honest labor, in which John condescended to share, "an' the gude wife 'ill cover the cushions. Dinna lat on, but a'll be at the gate the morn afore the Doctor starts." And Peter Bruce gave it to be understood that when Hillocks convoyed the Doctor to the compartment of the third rigidly and unanimously reserved for him, his manner, both of walk and con-

versation, was changed, and it is certain that a visit he made to Piggie Walker on the return journey was unnecessary save for the purpose of vain boasting. It was not, however, to be heard of by the Doctor that Hillocks should leave his work at intervals to drive him to Kildrummie, and so there was a war of tactics, in which the one endeavored to escape past the bridge without detection, while the other swooped down upon him with the dog-cart. On the Wednesday when the Doctor went to Muirtown to buy his last gifts to Drumtochty, he was very cunning, and ran the blockade while Hillocks was in the corn-room, but the dog-cart was waiting for him in the evening—Hillocks having been called to Kildrummie by unexpected business—and it was a great satisfaction afterwards to Peter Bruce that he placed fourteen parcels below the seat and fastened eight behind—besides three which the Doctor held in his hands, being fragile, and two, soft goods, on which Hillocks sat for security. For there were twenty-seven humble friends whom the Doctor wished to bless on Christmas Day.

When he bade the minister good-by at his gate, Hillocks prophesied a storm, and it was of such a kind that on Sunday morning the snow was knee deep on the path from the manse to the kirk, and had drifted up four feet against the door through which the Doctor was accustomed to enter in procession.

"This is unfortunate, very unfortunate," when John reported the state of affairs to the Doctor, "and we must just do the best we can in the circumstances, eh?"

"What wud be yir wull, sir?" but John's tones did not encourage any concessions.

"Well, it would never do for you to be going down bare-headed on such a day, and it's plain we can't get in at the front door. What do you say to taking in the books by the side door, and I'll just come down in my top coat when the people are gathered;" but the Doctor did not show a firm mind, and it was evident that he was thinking less of himself than of John.

"A'll come for ye at the usual oor," was all that functionary deigned to reply, and at a quarter to twelve he brought the gown and bands to the study—he himself being in full black.

"The drift 'ill no tribble ye, an' ye 'ill no need tae gang roond; na, na," and John did not quite conceal his satisfaction, "we 'ill no start on the side door aifter five and thirty years o' the front."

So the two old men—John bare-headed, the Doctor in full canonicals and wearing his college cap—came down on a fair pathway between two banks of snow three feet high, which Saunders from Drumsheugh and a dozen ploughmen had piled on either side. The kirk had a severe look that day, with hardly any women or children to relieve the blackness of the men, and the drifts reaching to the sills of the windows, while a fringe of snow draped their sides.

The Doctor's subject was the love of God, and it was noticed that he did not read, but spoke as if he had been in his study. He also dwelt so affectingly on the gift of Christ, and made so tender an appeal unto his people, that Drumsheugh blew his nose with vigor and Hillocks himself was shaken. After they had sung the paraphrase,

> "To Him that lov'd the souls of men,
> And washed us in His blood,"

the Doctor charged those present to carry his greetings to the folk at home and tell them they were all in his heart. After which he looked at his people as they stood for at least a minute, and then lifting his hands, according to the ancient fashion of the Scottish Kirk, he blessed them. His gifts, with a special message to each person, he sent by faithful messengers, and afterwards he went out through the snow to make two visits. The first was to blind Marjorie, who was Free Kirk, but to whom he had shown much kindness all her life. His talk with her was usually of past days and country affairs, seasoned with wholesome humor to cheer her heart, but to-day he fell into another vein, to her great delight, and they spoke of the dispensations of Providence.

"'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth,' Marjorie, is a very instructive Scripture, and I was thinking of it last night. You have had a long and hard trial, but you have doubtless been blessed, for if you have not seen outward things, you have seen the things . . . of the soul." The Doctor hesitated once or twice, as one who had not long travelled this road.

"You and I are about the same age, Marjorie, and we must soon . . . depart. My life was very . . . prosperous, but lately it has pleased the Almighty to . . . chasten me. I have now, therefore, some hope also that I may be one of His children."

"He wes aye gude grain, the Doctor,"

Marjorie said to her friend, after he had left, "but he's hed a touch o' the harvest sun, an' he's been ripening."

Meanwhile the Doctor had gone on to Tochty Lodge, and was standing in the stone hall, which was stripped and empty of the Carnegies forever. Since he was a laddie in a much-worn kilt and a glengarry bonnet without tails, he had gone in and out the Lodge, and himself had seen four generations—faintly remembering the General's grandfather. Every inch of the house was familiar to him, and associated with kindly incidents. He identified the spaces on the walls where the portraits of the cavaliers and their ladies had hung; he went up to the room where the lairds had died and his friend had hoped to fall on sleep; he visited the desolate gallery where Kate had held court and seemed to begin a better day for the old race; then he returned and stood before the fire-place in which he had sat long ago and looked up to see the stars in the sky. Round that hearth many a company of brave men and fair women had gathered, and now there remained of this ancient stock but two exiles—one eating out his heart in poverty and city life, and a girl who had, for weal or woe, God only knew, passed out of the line of her traditions. A heap of snow had gathered on the stone, where the honest wood fire had once burned cheerily, and a gust of wind coming down the vast open chimney powdered his coat with drift. It was to him a sign that the past was closed, and that he would never again stand beneath that roof.

He opened the gate of the manse, and then, under a sudden impulse, went on through deep snow to the village and made a third visit—to Archie Moncur, whom he found sitting before the fire reading the "Temperance Trumpet." Was there ever a man like Archie?—so gentle and fierce, so timid and fearless, so modest and persevering. He would stoop to lift a vagrant caterpillar from the cart track, and yet had not adjectives to describe the infamy of a publican; he would hardly give an opinion on the weather, but he fought the drinking customs of the Glen like a lion; he would only sit in the lowest seat in any place, but every winter he organized—at great trouble and cost of his slender means—temperance meetings which were the fond jest of the Glen. From year to year he toiled on, without encouragement, without success, hopeful, uncomplaining, resolute, unselfish, with the soul of a saint and the spirit of a hero in his poor, deformed, suffering little body. He humbled himself before the very bairns, and allowed an abject like Milton to browbeat him with Pharisaism; but every man in the Glen knew that Archie would have gone to the stake for the smallest jot or tittle of his faith.

"Archie," said the Doctor, who would not sit down, and whose coming had thrown the good man into speechless confusion, "it's the day of our Lord's birth, and I wish to give you and all my friends of the Free Kirk—as you have no minister just now—hearty Christmas greeting. May peace be in your kirk and homes . . . and hearts.

"My thoughts have been travelling back of late over those years since I was ordained minister of this parish and the things which have happened, and it seemed to me that no man has done his duty by his neighbor or before God with a more single heart than you, Archie.

"God bless you." Then on the doorstep the Doctor shook hands again and paused for a minute. "You have fought a good fight, Archie—I wish we could all say the same . . . a good fight."

For an hour Archie was so dazed that he was not able to say a word, and could do nothing but look into the fire, and then he turned to his sisters, with that curious little movement of the hand which seemed to assist his speech.

"The language wes clean redeeklus, but it wes kindly meant . . . an' it maks up for mony things. . . . The Doctor wes aye a gentleman, an' noo . . . ye can see that he's . . . something mair."

Drumsheugh dined with the Doctor that night, and after dinner John opened for them a bottle of Lord Kilspindie's wine.

"It is the only drink we have in the house, for I have not been using anything of that kind lately, and I think we may have a glass together for the sake of Auld Lang Syne."

They had three toasts, "The Queen," and "The Kirk of Scotland," and "The friends that are far awa," after which—for the last included both the living and the dead—they sat in silence. Then the Doctor began to speak of his ministry, lamenting that he had not done better for his people, and declaring that if he were spared he intended to preach more frequently about the Lord Jesus Christ.

"You and I, Drumsheugh, will have to go a long journey soon, and give an account of our lives in Drumtochty. Perhaps we have done our best as men can,

and I think we have tried; but there are many things we might have done otherwise, and some we ought not to have done at all.

"It seems to me now, the less we say in that day of the past the better. . . . We shall wish for mercy rather than justice, and"—here the Doctor looked earnestly over his glasses at his elder—"we would be none the worse, Drumsheugh, of a friend to . . . say a good word for us both in the great court."

"A've thocht that masel"—it was an agony for Drumsheugh to speak—"mair than aince. Weelum MacLure wes . . . ettlin' (feeling) aifter the same thing the nicht he slippit awa, an' gin ony man cud hae stude on his ain feet . . . yonder, it wes . . . Weelum."

The Doctor read the last chapter of the Revelation of St. John at prayers that evening with much solemnity, and thereafter prayed concerning those who had lived together in the Glen that they might meet at last in the City.

"Finally, most merciful Father, we thank Thee for Thy patience with us, and the goodness Thou hast bestowed upon us, and for as much as Thy servants have sinned against Thee beyond our knowledge, we beseech Thee to judge us not according to our deserts, but according to the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ our Lord." He also pronounced the benediction—which was not his wont—and he shook hands with his two retainers; but he went with his guest to the outer door.

"Good-by, Drumsheugh . . . you have been . . . a faithful friend and elder."

When John paid his usual visit to the study before he went to bed, the Doctor did not hear him enter the room. He was holding converse with Skye, who was seated on a chair, looking very wise and much interested.

"Ye're a bonnie beastie, Skye"—like all Scots, the Doctor in his tender moments dropped into dialect—"for a'thing He made is verra gude. Ye've been true and kind to your master, Skye, and ye 'ill miss him if he leaves ye. Some day ye 'ill die also, and they 'ill bury ye, and I doubt that 'ill be the end o 'ye, Skye.

"Ye never heard o' God, Skye, or the Saviour, for ye're juist a puir doggie; but your master is minister of Drumtochty, and . . . a sinner saved . . . by grace."

The Doctor was so much affected as he said the last words slowly to himself that John went out on tiptoe, and twice during the night listened—fancying he heard Skye whine. In the morning the Doctor was still sitting in his big chair, and Skye was fondly licking a hand that would never again caress him, while a miniature of Daisy—the little maid who had died in her teens, and whom her brother had loved till his old age—lay on the table, and the Bible was again open at the description of the New Jerusalem.

ANGEL WITH VIOL.

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli (born, 1438; died, 1494). Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

IN THE FIRST CHRISTMASTIDE.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

With timbrel and with tabor, with viol and with lute,
Bend out of heaven, dear Spirits, across your frosty height,
For the crown of every labor, and of every flower the fruit,
The happy earth inherits, Love being born to-night!

ANGEL WITH TABOR.

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

Over the vast abysses of nothingness and gloom,
Where the old gods go reeling at the cry of the new name,
Lean from your untold blisses, and make the midnight bloom
With your throbbing gladness stealing in a thousand points of flame.

O Angel of all Innocents, your viol make more sweet;
O Angel of all Lovers, touch tenderly your lute;
O Angel of all Heroes, your rapturous tabor beat;

ANGEL WITH TIMBREL.

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

O Angel of all Triumph, sound your timbrel's swift pursuit;
For you hear the Voice above you, like the breath of some strong flute:
"To-night, to-night, Great Love is born, and joy is absolute!"

Forget, O strains untiring, Gethsemane's dark cup,
    Foretell not the heart-breaking despair of Calvary's height,
For with boundless sweep and gyring all the universe moves up,
    The depth, the dark forsaking with this primal Christmas night!

ANGEL WITH LUTE.

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

While sinking at the warning of the clear and mighty cry,
Shall the evil that is hoary, with the dooming that was meet,
In the void of night and morning like a dream dissolve and die,
And death grow into glory now Love makes Life complete!

GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE, AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.

From a copyrighted photograph by F. L. Dickinson, Cincinnati, Ohio. The house is still standing, but it has been removed to Columbus, Ohio, where it is carefully preserved as a relic in an enclosing structure of stone, iron, and glass.

THE EARLY LIFE OF ULYSSES GRANT.*

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

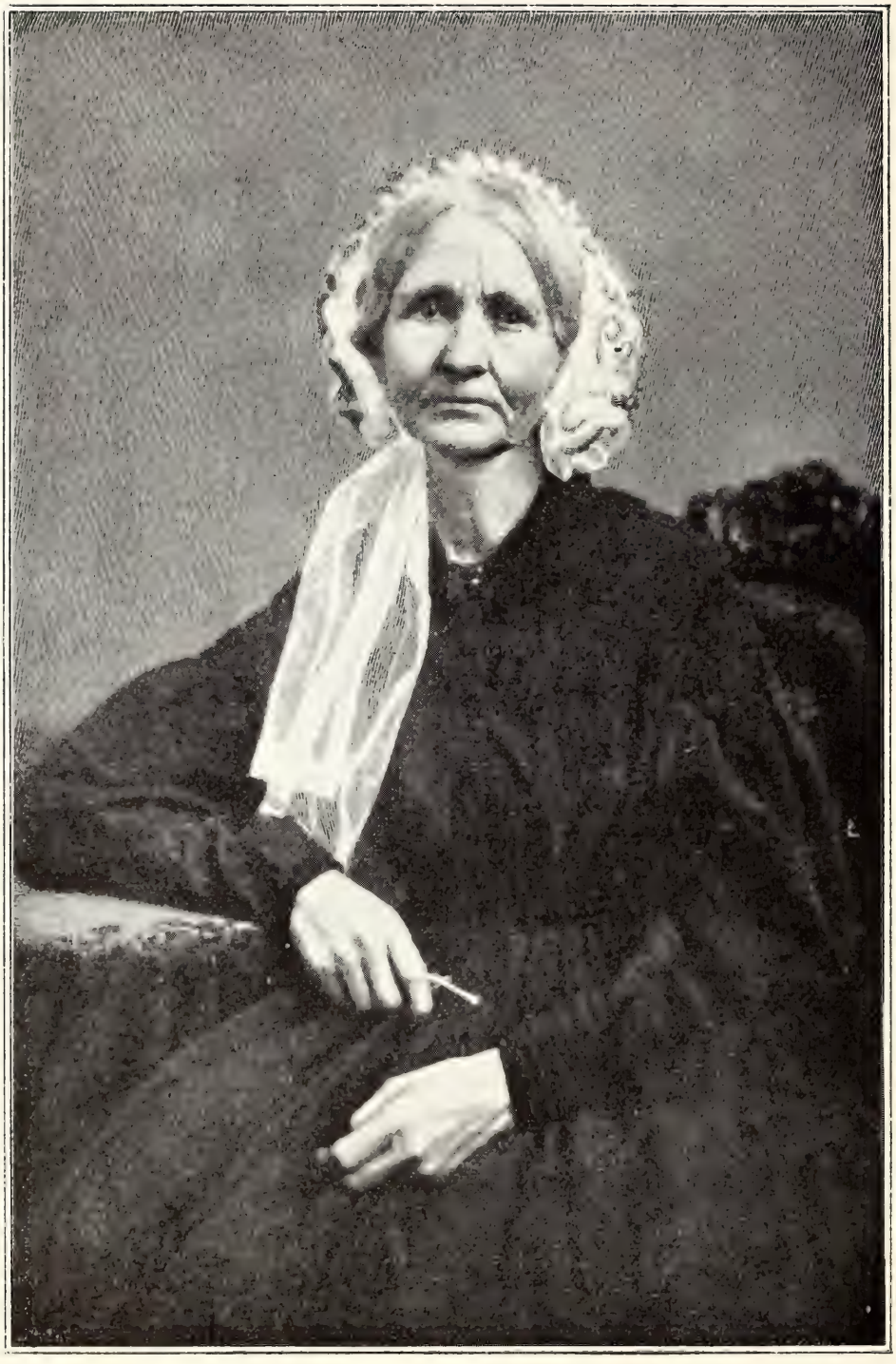
I.

ULYSSES GRANT was born in a cabin home standing in a little village on the north bank of the Ohio River, at a point about twenty-five miles east of Cincinnati. This cabin stood comparatively unchanged until about ten years ago, when it was taken down and removed to Columbus as a relic. It was a one-story building of two very small rooms, with an outside chimney at one end in the manner of Southern cottages. In one room the family lived in day-time, cooking at the big fireplace, and eating at a pine table. In the other room they slept.

It was almost as humble in appearance as the house in which Abraham Lincoln first saw the light. The village was called Point Pleasant, and it was indeed a beautiful place. Below the door the Ohio River curved away into blue distance, and behind it rose hills covered with tall woods of oak and walnut and ash. At that time the river was the great highway, and over its steel-bright surface the stern-wheel steamers "Daniel Boone" and "Simon Kenton" plied amid many flat-boats, like immense swans surrounded by awkward water-bugs.

At this time Point Pleasant had hopes of being a metropolis. It was deceived. It is to-day a very small village, at whose wharf only an occasional steamer condescends to stop. In 1820 it contained among other industries a tannery, and the foreman of this tannery, an ambitious, stalwart young fellow, called Jesse Grant, had been in business for himself some years before at Ravenna, and was looking for a chance to begin again. Sickness had broken up his industry and had swept away his savings—savings which represented the most unremitting toil and the most rigorous self-

* In writing this article upon the early life of Grant, I have gathered my material so far as possible by personal interviews with men and women who knew him. I have referred to "The Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant" and to Richardson's "Personal Life of U. S. Grant" for confirmation and for the sequence of events. I am indebted to Mr. Chambers Baird of Ripley, for assistance in collecting notes concerning Grant's school-days in Ripley and Maysville. I have also quoted from a series of letters written to the "New York Ledger" in 1868 by Jesse Grant.



HANNAH SIMPSON GRANT, MOTHER OF GENERAL GRANT.

From an original photograph owned by Helen M. Burke. La Crosse, Wisconsin.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT WENT TO SCHOOL AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

The school which Grant attended was taught by John D. White, and among Grant's schoolmates were August V. Kautz, afterwards General Kautz; Daniel Ammen, afterwards Admiral Ammen; Chilton A. White, since prominent in politics; and Carr B. White, afterwards General White.

denial—but he was once more accumulating money, and was nearly ready for a second venture.

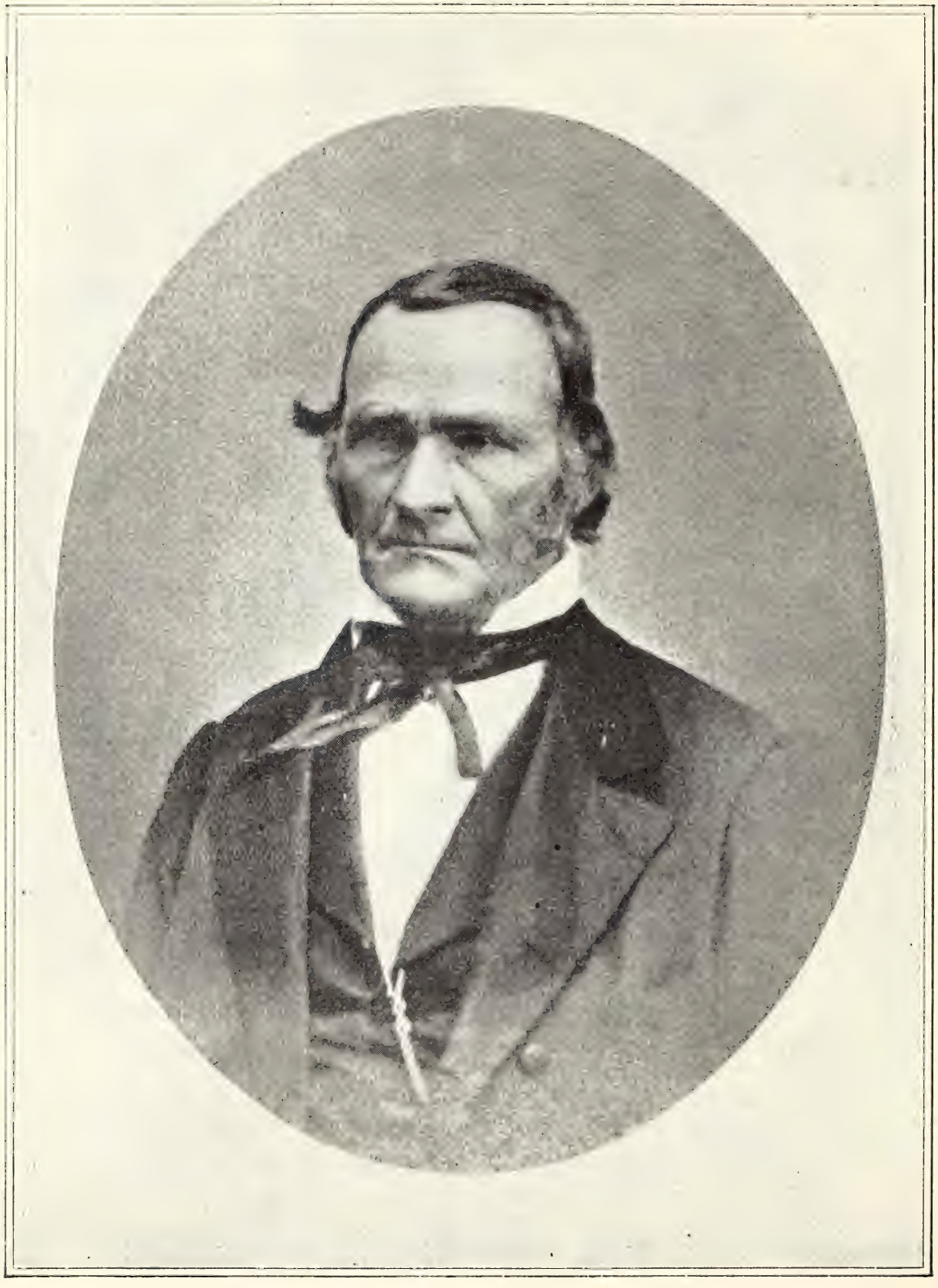
He married, in 1821, a slender, self-contained young girl, named Hannah Simpson—a girl of most excellent quality, handsome, but not vain, and of great steadiness of purpose. In 1822 his first son was born, and in 1823 Jesse Grant decided upon Georgetown as the best point to set up a tannery of his own. His keen perception of the commercial changes going on decided this movement. Georgetown was the county-seat of the new County of Brown, and had the further advantage of being situated in a wilderness of tan-bark. Moreover, it was growing, while Point Pleasant was being overshadowed by Ripley. Georgetown thus became the boyhood home of Ulysses Grant.

The Grant family made a powerful impression upon the citizens of Georgetown at once. Jesse Grant was a strong man physically and mentally—though possessed of many idiosyncrasies. He was nearly six feet in height, and alive to his finger tips. His head was large, and his face largely modelled, but his eyes were weak and near-sighted. He looked the transplanted New Englander he was, square of jaw, firm of lip.

He came of a strong family of most admirable record. His father and grandfather had been soldiers in the Colonial and Revolutionary wars respectively, his grandfather attaining the rank of captain. His father was a lieutenant of militia at Lexington, and fought through the entire Revolutionary War. The Grants had been Connecticut Yankees for several generations, and Jesse brought the vigor, hardihood, and shrewd economy of his forebears to the less thrifty Ohio border. He took a prominent position in the village at once. He loved to talk, to make speeches, and to argue. He held advanced ideas, and he wrote rhymes. He had the gentle art of making enemies as well as friends. He was pronouncedly of the North, his neighbors were mainly of the South.

Hannah Simpson, the gentle wife, had no discoverable enemies. She was almost universally beloved as a Christian woman and faithful wife and mother. It took longer to know her, for she was the most reticent of persons. "Ulysses got his reticence, his patience, his equable temper from his mother," is the verdict of those who knew both father and mother. Others go further and say: "He got his *sense* from his mother."

In truth the Simpsons were a fine old family. They were quite as martial as the Grants, were as closely identified with the early history of America, and were possessed



JESSE ROOT GRANT, FATHER OF GENERAL GRANT. AGE, 69 YEARS.

From an original photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wisconsin.

apparently of greater self-control. Hannah Simpson was the daughter of John Simpson, a man with the restless heart of a pioneer, who had left his ancestral home in Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, and had settled in Clermont County, Ohio, a few years before. He had built a brick house and opened a large farm, and his position was most honorable in his town of Bantam. Hannah Simpson, his daughter, seems to have gathered up and carried forward to her son Ulysses the best qualities of her people. That she was a remarkable woman, all her neighbors bear testimony. She never complained of any hardship or toil or disappointment. She seldom laughed, and her son Ulysses once said, "I never saw her shed a tear in my life." She was as proud of her family history as her husband was of his, but she said nothing about it. She never argued, never boasted, and never gossiped of her neighbors. Her husband bore testimony to her high character in words well chosen : "Her steadiness, strength of character have been the stay of the family through life." Her old neighbors call her "a noble woman."

In 1823, as now, Georgetown was inhabited by native families ; that is to say, by families at least two removes from the old world, as a roster of the names will show. Many were from Kentucky and Virginia, and the town partook almost equally of South and North in respect of customs, speech, and political prejudices—possibly at that time the South predominated. The town was laid out around the court-house square in Southern fashion. It was a town hewn out of a mighty forest of trees. To this day the fringes and fragments of wood, and especially the stumps, testify of the giants of other days. The soil was fat and productive, as the settler could well perceive by measuring the giant oaks which had risen out of it; and he set himself to work like some valorous but inconsiderate and inconsiderable insect to gnaw down the forest and let in the sunlight upon his corn and potatoes.

The life which the boy Ulysses touched was therefore primitive, unrefined, elemental. The village was almost as rude as the farms—a mere cluster of cabins. The houses were small, unadorned, and overcrowded with children. The women cooked at the open fireplaces with pots and cranes, with "reflectors" and "dutch-ovens" as luxuries. The ceilings were very low, the walls bare, the furniture rude and scanty. The interiors were without a single touch of refining grace save when at night the fireplace threw a golden glory over the rough plaster and filled the corners of the room with mystery of shadow play.

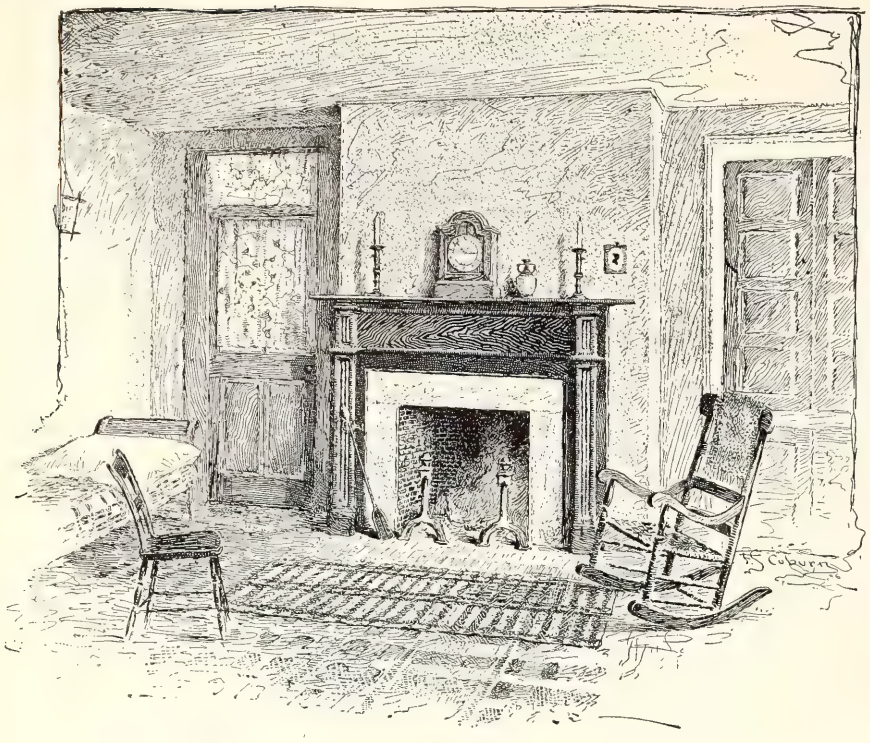
The women spun and wove and dyed their own garments. The men wore jeans and hickory, while "store-clothes" were a mark of great extravagance or gentility. Doctors and judges and clergymen were sometimes seen apparelled in the magnificence of "boughten clothes" on feast-days and Sundays.

Newspapers were few and came irregularly and were very dull ; but they were read with minute care. Life was timed to the slow pulsing to and fro of the clumsy stage and to the stately languor of the stern-wheel steamers whose booming roar sounded clamorously in the night from the river mist ten miles away. The fact that Georgetown was an inland town and that it was a farming community kept it comparatively free from broil and bloodshed, rude though it was. It had also repose and a certain security of life which was a compensation for its remoteness.

Ripley, down on the Ohio River ten miles away, was the principal market, and was considered entitled to regular stops on the part of the steamers that swung to with elaborate and disdainful courtesy in answer to signals from the lesser towns. From Ripley or Higginsport, Georgetown was reached by stage over hill and through deep wood. Ulysses Grant lived for sixteen years in this locality, and upon his boy mind was impressed the faces, the speech, the manners, and the daily habits of these people. He loved the town with the love men have for the things thus clothed upon with childish wonder, which never lose their halo, but remain forever sweet and marvellous.

They were a plain people of unæsthetic temperament, sturdy of arm and resolute of heart, as befitted woodsmen. Nonsense, they could not abide ; and they were quick to perceive Jesse Grant's "foolish pride" in his first-born son. They were amused at his name "Ulysses," which they soon parodied into "Useless." "How did you come to saddle such a name on the poor child ?" some of them asked.

The story was curious. As related by the father afterward, it appeared that the common difficulty of choosing a name for the babe arose. Multitudes of suggestions only confused the young parents the more, until at last it was proposed to cast the names into a hat. This was done. A romantic aunt suggested Theodore. The mother favored Albert, in honor of Albert Gallatin. Grandfather Simpson voted for Hiram, because he considered it a handsome



SITTING-ROOM IN THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

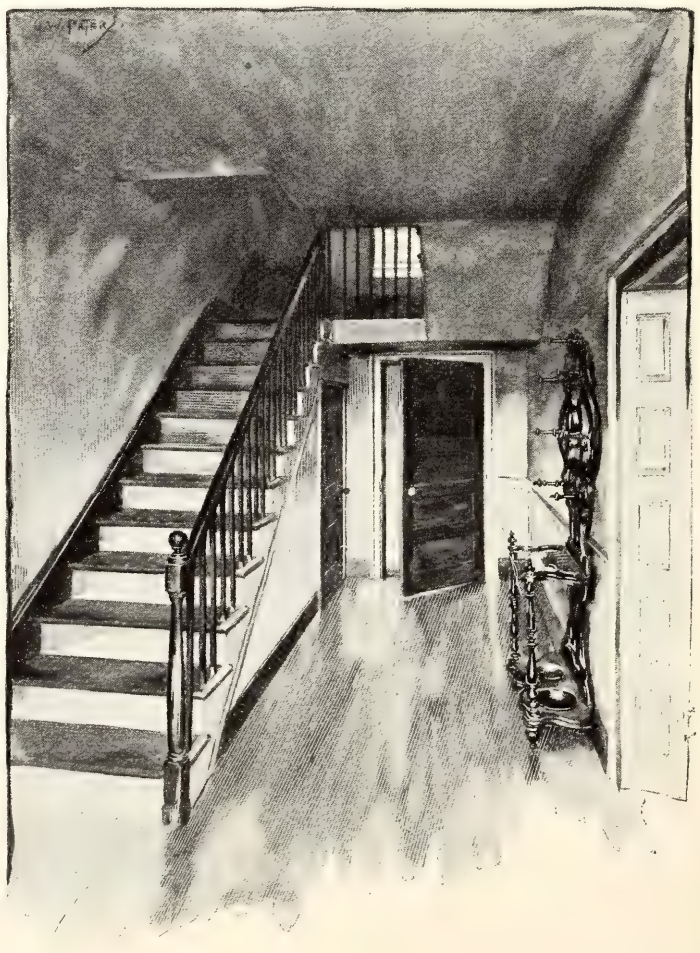
From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine, and now first published.

name. The drawing resulted in two names, Hiram and Ulysses.

"Ulysses," it is said, was cast into the hat by Grandmother Simpson, who had been reading a translation of Fénelon's "Telemachus," and had been much impressed by the description of Ulysses given by Mentor to Telemachus. "He was gentle of speech, beneficent of mind." "The most patient of men." "He is the friend of truth. . . . He says nothing that is false, but when it is necessary he concedes what is true. His wisdom is a seal upon his lips, which is never broken save for an important purpose." The boy was named Hiram Ulysses Grant, but the father always called him Ulysses and never Hiram. "My Ulysses" was a common expression of his, and the rude jesters of the village mocked his utterance of it.

Other children came to the Grants—Simpson (three years younger), Clara, Virginia, Orvil (nearly thirteen years younger), and Mary, the youngest of them all; but Ulysses remained the father's pride, and upon him he builded all his hopes.

Ulysses developed early into a self-reliant child, active and healthy. He came at the age of seven to share in the work about the house and yard. He began to pick up chips and to carry in the wood for the big fireplaces, quite like the son of a farmer; indeed his earliest traits were neither military nor bookish. He was called "Lys," or in the soft drawl of the South, "Lyssus"; his playmates had not yet begun to find it worth while to tease him about his name. He had a wonderful love for horses, and as soon as he could toddle he delighted to go out across the yard, where at the hitching-poles, before the finishing-room of the tannery, several teams were almost always to be found on pleasant days. He crawled about between the legs of the dozing horses, and swung by their tails in perfect content, till some



STAIRWAY IN THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine, and now first published.

timid mother near by rushed to Mrs. Grant with excited outcry: "Mrs. Grant, *do* you know where your boy is? He's out there swinging on the tails of Loudon's horses."

But Mrs. Grant never seemed to worry about Ulysses in the least. She was not of those mothers whose maternal love casts a correspondingly deep shadow of agonizing fear. "When Ulysses was sick she gave him a dose of castor oil, put him to bed, and went calmly about her work, trusting in the Lord and the boy's constitution," as one neighbor expressed it.

THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO, WHERE ULYSSES S. GRANT LIVED AS A BOY FOR NEARLY FIFTEEN YEARS. IT IS STILL STANDING.

Mrs. Grant saw that Ulysses understood horses, and that they understood him; so she interfered very little in his play with the teams across the way. She was too busy to have an eye to his restless activity. She was the wife of a pioneer, with all the harassment and toil and disappointment of such a lot; but she never wept, and never lost her balance—and this wonderful gift of self-mastery she gave her eldest son.

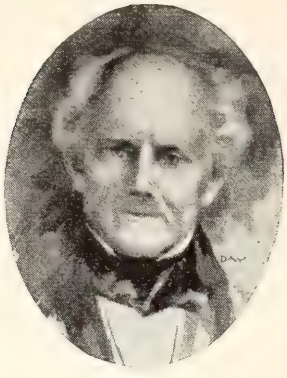
At eight years of age he began to drive a team and to break bark into the hopper of the bark-mill.* The bark-mill, it may be explained, was precisely like a big coffee-mill put in action by a horse attached to a crooked sweep. Into a big iron hopper it was the boy's duty to break the long slabs of bark with a mallet. The strips as they came from the woods were several feet in length, and in order to reach the grinding machinery they needed to be broken into pieces four or five inches long. This was wearisome business, especially when the paw-paws were ripe and the hawk was indolently floating on the western wind. The mill stood under a shed where there was nothing to see; and, besides, the boy doing the work was obliged to keep his head out of the way of the sweep and to see that the horse kept a steady gait. "If you stopped to think how many strips were ahead of you, it was appalling."

Breaking bark did not please Ulysses so well as driving the team which hauled the bark from the woods, and he escaped it in every way possible. His father states:* "When I said to him, we shall have to go to grinding bark, he would get right up without saying a word and start straight for the village, and get a load to haul or passengers to carry, or something or other to do, and hire a boy to come and grind the bark." He was sometimes able to persuade the girls to help him by exalting the privilege, in the way of Tom Sawyer, and by earnestly detailing the need there was

* W. T. Galbreath, of Ripley, who worked for Jesse Grant when Ulysses was a child of eight, says: "Ulysses used to get up early in order to get his breakfast and ride the horse down to the tannery, where I was grinding bark. There he'd get off and sit and whittle and talk—waiting for the return ride at noon."

* Jesse Grant's letters to the "New York Ledger."

DR. ROGERS.



J. D. WHITE.

JACOB W. RAND.

W. W. RICHESON.

DANIEL AMMEN.

JUDGE MARSHALL.

HON. C. A. WHITE.

DR. ROGERS was the Grant family physician at Point Pleasant, Ohio.

JOHN D. WHITE was the teacher to whom Grant owed most of his early instruction. He kept a subscription school in Georgetown between 1828 and 1839. He was the father of Carr B. White and Chilton A. White, who were among Grant's earliest playmates.

JACOB W. RAND and W. W. RICHESON kept the special school at Maysville, Ky., which Grant attended during the winter of 1836–37.

DANIEL AMMEN, whose distinguished service in the navy through the war raised him to the rank of rear-admiral, was born and reared in or near Georgetown, and was Grant's schoolmate and life-long friend.

JUDGE JAMES A. MARSHALL, a cousin of Grant, still lives in Georgetown, where he is a highly respected lawyer. He is a man of careful speech, and his estimate of the Grant family is of great value.

CHILTON A. WHITE is still living in Georgetown, and we are indebted to him for valuable reminiscences of Grant. He has been a prominent citizen of Southern Ohio for many years, having served as a State Senator and member of Congress.

of his riding on the sweep behind the horse. This was great generalship, and across the space of half a century his old-time playmates still remember his roguish triumph. He was always on hand also when the wheat was being threshed, for he got a chance to ride a horse then.

All around him during those years the mighty battle with the forest went on. Axes rang incessantly, trees crashed and fell, columns of smoke rose to the sky at mid-day, and splendid fires glowed at night. It was like the attack of brownies on a chained and helpless army of giants. The steam sawmill had not yet added its devouring teeth to the destruction of the trees—it was mainly hand work. Ulysses took active part in this devastation. He helped strip the bark from the oaks, and set fire to the stumps and the heaps of branches. He drove team when the bark was carried to the mill, and he lent a hand to roll the useless logs into piles to be burned. There was something splendid in this work, while the tannery grew more and more repulsive to him, and secretly he made up his mind never to be a tanner. He would grind bark in the yard, if need were, but to scrape hides or even handle them was out of the question. He never came nearer to being a tanner than this.

About a mile to the west of the village square a little stream called White Oak Creek runs through a deep, wide *coulée* or valley. In those days the stream was a strong, swift current, and there were mills for grinding corn and wheat located along its banks, and the farmers came in caravans from the clearings far to the north with grain to be ground, and at night they camped like an army corps in the splendid open forest of the bottom-lands. It was a beautiful experience to see these camp-fires gleaming all over the lowlands; to hear the mules and horses call for supper; to see the smoke curling up, and to

hear the hearty talk and laughter of the men. This was a favorite playing-ground for the boys, and Ulysses longed to join these caravans.

The creek was full of fish at that time. There were swimming-holes which became skating-ponds in due season, and all good things to eat grew on these bottom-lands. Then, too, the teams filed past on their way to Higginsport with flour to load on the flat-boats bound for New Orleans. It all had mystery and allurement in it, and one of the strongest passions Ulysses Grant felt at this time was the wish to travel, to go down the Ohio River and see where the water went to; to go up the river and find out where the flat-boats came from. He said little of this longing, for he was trained to hide his emotions.

II.

Ten years of careful management made Jesse Grant one of the well-to-do citizens of the town. He had a comfortable brick house, he wore gold-bowed glasses, and he possessed a carriage, which was not a common thing in those days. He owned also a draying outfit, which Ulysses began to use when a mere child. "At eight and a half years he had become a regular teamster," his father states, "and used to work my team all day, day after day, hauling wood. At about ten years of age he used to drive a pair of horses, all alone, from Georgetown, where we lived, to Cincinnati, forty miles away, and bring home a load of passengers."

His father did not insist on his working about the bark-mill, provided he obtained a substitute, and readily enough entrusted the team to him, and was quite willing that he should have a horse of his own. Indeed, he allowed him to manage the horses and a considerable part of the farming. Chilton White remembers that he was always busy with a team. "He was a stout, rugged boy, with a good deal of sleight in his work with a team. He liked horses, and kept his span fat and slick."

It was not uncommon even at that day for fathers to believe in the extraordinary endowments of their first-born sons, but Jesse Grant seems to have made public proclamation of Ulysses's unusual capabilities. His praise of his son grew wearisome to other fathers. His faith received strong confirmation, to his thinking, from the words of a travelling phrenologist. Of this famous incident there are two versions. The father's story runs thus:

> "When Ulysses was about twelve years old, the first phrenologist who ever made his appearance in that part of the country, came to our neighborhood. . . . One Dr. Buckner, . . . in order to test the accuracy of the phrenologist, asked him if he would be blindfolded and examine a head. . . . The phrenologist replied that he would. So they blindfolded him, and then brought Ulysses forward to have his head examined.
>
> He felt it all over for some time, saying to himself, "It is no very common head! It is an extraordinary head!" At length Dr. Buckner broke in with the inquiry whether the boy would be likely to distinguish himself in mathematics.
>
> "Yes," said the phrenologist. "*In mathematics or anything else. It would not be strange if we should see him President of the United States.*"

The village version of the incident is quite different. With all his shrewdness and energy, the neighbors say, there was a strain of singular guilelessness in Jesse Grant. He was credulous and simple—in the old meaning of the word simple.

According to their report, Doctor Buck-

BUILDING USED BY JESSE R. GRANT AS THE FINISHING-HOUSE OF HIS TANNERY AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO. IT STILL STANDS, OPPOSITE THE OLD GRANT HOMESTEAD.

ner was only putting up a practical joke on his neighbor Grant. As the timid and blushing Ulysses was pushed forward to the platform the crowd began to titter, and the quick-witted lecturer seized upon the situation. It was to him another numbskull son of a doting father. As he muttered to himself the crowd roared and stamped with delight. He spoke over this boy's head the same word of prophecy he had used in a hundred similar cases. It was a perfectly successful joke. The father believed the cheering was in honor of his son. Thereafter he not only insisted that Ulysses was to be a great man, but also President of the United States. His faith, moreover, expressed itself in deeds—he sent Ulysses to school. Ridicule made no difference with him ; he stuck to his faith unshakably, and men are living to-day who laughed at him then for his "vain foolishness."

With all this Jesse Grant was known to be a sober man, and an honorable man, and Mrs. Grant was considered a fortunate woman by her neighbors, in that her husband was "such a good provider." The Grant house was considered one of the best furnished in the neighborhood. Mrs. Grant was almost as proud of her family as her husband, but she never expressed her feelings either of pain or pleasure. She acquiesced in the plans to make Ulysses a great man, and through her efforts he was always nicely dressed and ready for school. How much further her love went she gave little sign.

The feeling against Jesse Grant developed rancor on the part of many of the village boys toward Ulysses, and he suffered thereby not a little. According to the tales of old residents, the boys "were always laying for him," and he was called upon to suffer positive abuse. An old citizen of Georgetown, Ohio, relates the following incident :

"A favorite game with the boys of John D. White's subscription school, at Georgetown, was mumble-the-peg. Grant couldn't play the game very skilfully, and the peg always got a few clandestine licks every time he was to pull it. On one occasion it was driven in so deep that the boys thought Lys could never get it out. He set to work with his forehead down in the dirt, the sun beating hot upon him, and the crowd of boys and girls shutting out every breath of fresh air. The peg would not move. The red-faced, shock-headed, thick-set boy, with his face now all over mud, had forgotten his comrades and saw only one thing in the world, that was this stubborn peg. The bell rang, but the boy did not hear it. A minute later, after a final effort, he staggered to his feet with the peg in his mouth. The old schoolmaster was in the door of the schoolhouse, with his long beech switch—the only person to be seen. There was glee inside at this new development—here was fun the boys had not counted on. Imagine their surprise when, as the boy came closer, and the stern old schoolmaster saw his face, he set down the switch inside the door and came outside. One boy slipped to the window, and reported to the rest. The old man was pouring water on Lys Grant's hands and having him wash his face. He gave him his red bandanna to wipe it dry. What the school saw a minute later was the schoolmaster coming in patting this very red and embarrassed boy on the head."

AN OLD STREET IN GEORGETOWN, OHIO, AT THE PRESENT DAY.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine, and now first published.

And stories are still current in Georgetown also which are calculated to make him out a stupid lad. Of such is the famous horse-trade story, wherein Ulysses is said to have raised his own

EARLY HOME OF GENERAL GRANT'S MOTHER, IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

The wooden part of this house, with a farm of 164 acres, was purchased by John Simpson, General Grant's great-grandfather, in 1763. It was then a bare structure of logs, the clap-board coating not being added until later. The stone part was built by John Simpson about 1765. In 1804, at John Simpson's death, his son, John Simpson, General Grant's grandfather, bought the property. General Grant's mother, Hannah Simpson, was at this time five or six years old, having been born November 23, 1798, at Whitemarsh, Pennsylvania. The picture shows the house as it stands to-day. It is from a photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wisconsin, a granddaughter of the second John Simpson and a cousin of General Grant.

bid two points without waiting for answer on the part of the seller. As the boy was only eight, and eager for the colt, it doesn't seem to be conclusive proof of stupidity.*

In spite of these stories it appears that the boys who knew him best had a high regard for him. He had a way of doing things which commanded respect. He had travelled a great deal. He had been to Cincinnati, to Maysville, to Louisville (to transact business for his father), and he had a team to drive just as if it were his own. These things entitled him to a certain degree of consideration on the part of his comrades.

"There were, in fact, two sets of boys in the town; one very rough, and one very quiet set—that is to say, well-meaning—for while they were full of fun and noise, they were good, clean boys; they did not use liquor or tobacco, and it was to this company that Ulysses belonged. It was his habit to associate with boys older than himself, and this, with his staid demeanor, made him seem older than his years. At this time Ulysses was a plump, short, ruddy, staid, manly boy, never given to pranks. He never backed out of anything, and avoided any prominence; what he had to do he did well and promptly."

He seldom did anything which could even be called thoughtless. "He was the soul of honor," another playmate bears witness. At ten years of age he had become a remarkable teamster. He amazed his

* "In the matter of Grant's famous horse trade with Mr. Ralston, the version most current shows great acuteness on the part of the boy, in that, after telling Mr. R. all that his father had told him about how to go about the trade, he bought the horse for the minimum price of forty dollars. The version that Grant himself repeats in his 'Memoirs' is that one which says, that the boy by his stupidity in telling just how much he would pay had to pay fifty dollars, when really the farmer's price was only forty dollars.

"Nelson Waterman, who says he was working in a field near Ralston's when the boy came down to make the trade, says that there really was no trade. When the boy told all that his father had said to him—that if he could not buy the colt for forty dollars, pay forty-five dollars; if he couldn't buy it for forty-five dollars, pay fifty dollars—Ralston was disgusted with the boy's lack of business ability, and would not make any sale to him; sent him home, in fact, to his father without the colt, and with some good fatherly advice.

"This accords with the current stories of Grant's early stupidity."—HENRY J. HANNAH, *in a letter to the writer.*

companions by his ability to manage and train horses.*

He was a successful farmer, and liked it very much ; in fact, his life was nearer that of a farmer's boy than a tanner's son. His father once wrote of him, "He would rather do anything else under the sun than work in the tannery." Uncle Thomas Jennings, an old neighbor, recalls the boy's thrift—"While the other boys were at play, he was earning a quarter." All reliable testimony points to his being a very busy and practical boy. He always had pocket money, earned by teaming. He worked willingly and steadily at hauling, breaking bark, and plowing. "His father owned fifty acres of wood-land with some tillable land upon it, and Ulysses had much to do with farming that land," raising fodder for the cows and horses, and vegetables for the house.

When he was not at work about the tannery or farm, he was conveying travellers to Ripley, to Maysville, to Higginsport, to West Union, or to Cincinnati. In this way he earned enough money to buy a horse of his own. Once when he was about thirteen years of age, he took a couple of lawyers across country to Toledo. The neighbors were astonished to think Uncle Jesse would trust his boy to make such a long trip.

"Aren't you afraid he'll get into trouble on the way?"

"Oh, no," replied the proud sire ; "he'll take care of himself."

To understand to the full the resolution and good judgment required on this trip of several hundred miles, it must be remembered that in 1835 there were few pikes or bridges, and the streams were much deeper to ford than now. Jesse often sent his son to make collections or to transact important business. The boy certainly did not lack for employment, and yet in the midst of teaming, grinding bark, and going to school, he found time to have a little fun.

It was a good boy's country. It produced not merely great trees, and corn and wheat, it produced paw-paws, and grapes, and May-apples, and blackberries, and hickory nuts, and beech-nuts, and all kinds of forage for boys. These things in due season they plucked and hoarded in the alert seriousness of squirrels or young savages. Ulysses was often of these parties, and in winter many pleasant evenings were spent before the hearth cracking nuts in company with the White or Marshall boys. He could swim well, but was a poor fisherman. He could play ball fairly well, and could ride standing on one foot upon the back of a galloping horse. In winter time he was a daring and much-admired coaster down the steep street which fell away sharply from the square and ran past the tan-yard and the Grant homestead. It is a fine country to coast in, with many long curving slopes of road running under magnificent trees and past clumps of brush and over bridges.

He was a great favorite with the girls, though he was not a demonstrative lover. He was kind and considerate of them ; never rude and boisterous, and never derisive. "He was one of the few boys who had a team and sleigh at their disposal, and he took the girls a-sleighing," sitting silently in the midst of their shrieking and chatter. He never teased children younger than himself, and he never tortured animals. So runs the testimony of the women who knew him as a boy. He had the effect always of being a good listener, and was counted good company, though never an entertainer. "He was more like a grown person than a lad."

He was at fifteen a good-looking boy, with a large head, strong straight nose, quiet gray-blue eyes, and flexible lips. He was short and sturdy, with fine hands and feet. "He was not a brilliant boy, but he was a good boy," "a refined boy," "the soul of honor." "He never swore or used vulgar words, and he was notably considerate and unselfish." There is little record of his fighting, though he was not given to running away.

Of his education in Georgetown little can be said. He had been schooled of nature and by work and play ; but up to his fourteenth year he had attended only the winter session of John D. White's subscription school, which "took up" in a long, low brick building standing on a knoll to the south of the town. Schools in country

*There was something mysterious in his power to communicate to a horse his wishes. He could train a horse to trot, rack, or pace apparently at will. When he was about eleven years of age he made a reputation among the boys by riding the trick pony of a circus which came in trailing clouds of glorified dust one summer day, like a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

"It was a small animal show and circus," said Judge Marshall, "and one part of the entertainment was to turn a kangaroo loose in the ring and ask some lively-footed boy to catch it. I considered myself a pretty good runner in those days, and I tried to catch the kangaroo, to the vast amusement of the people looking on. Ulysses, however, was a plump boy and not a good runner. He made no attempt at the kangaroo, but was deeply interested in the trick pony, which had been trained to throw off any boy who attempted to ride him. He was a very fat bay pony with no mane, and nothing at all to hang to. Ulysses looked on for a while, saw several of the other boys try and fail, and at last said, 'I believe I can ride that pony.' He anticipated the pony's attempts to throw him off, by leaning down and putting his arms around the pony's neck. The pony reared, kicked, and did everything he knew to unhorse Ulysses, but failed ; and at last the clown acknowledged the pony's defeat and paid the five dollars which he had promised to the boy who would ride the pony. As Ulysses turned away with the five dollars in his hand, he said to the boys standing round, 'Why, that pony is as slick as an apple.'"

towns of that day were not taken very seriously by most of the citizens. To be able to read and write and cipher was considered very fair attainment. There were those, it is true, who wished their sons and daughters to study "Lindley Murray" and higher mathematics, but such ambitions were considered of questionable virtue. Ulysses was a quiet boy at school. "He never whispered or spoke in a low voice as if afraid to be heard," his old classmate A. H. Markland once said.

Chilton White recalls that he won high admiration in drawing. "He could draw a horse and put a man on him." He was strong also in mathematics. "Grant was a quiet, studious fellow and a good scholar. I studied algebra with him, and I remember he would never let Carr White or me show him the way to do problems, but always wanted to work them out himself."* A certain wordlessness and lack of dash, together with a peculiar guilelessness, drew upon him the ridicule of the rude. His language was so simple and bare of all slang and profanity that it seemed poor and weak to his comrades. He suffered a certain persecution during all his days in Georgetown.

III.

Jesse Grant was a close reckoner in ordinary dealings, but he was more liberal with his son than most fathers of the village, and the winter that Ulysses was fourteen, he sent him to school in Maysville, a larger town just across the river in Kentucky, fifteen or twenty miles from Georgetown. This was done in the hope that something a little better might be had in way of schooling.

No doubt the boy gladly accepted the opportunity, for Maysville was a city to him, and besides there were the steamboats, the beautiful river, and the wharves with their daily passenger and freight traffic. It was an old town, filled with houses of the old English type, such as Boston and Baltimore have in their older streets. It was a straggling town, extending along the sloping bank between the river and the bluffs behind. It was on slave soil, but it was not without its anti-slavery element even at that day. Jesse Grant, it is said, helped to found the first abolition society in Kentucky in 1823.

It was a finer place for a boy's life than Georgetown. There were boating, swimming, and fishing in summer, and beautiful skating and superb coasting in winter. Of his life in Maysville we know little, but his old teacher and some of his classmates remember him very well, as a very quiet, pleasant boy. W. W. Richeson, his teacher, was a college-bred man of liberal tastes, and his methods as a teacher were peculiar and original. He made a strong and gracious impression on young Grant.

In response to a letter from Mr. W. H. Haldeman, of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," asking for some of his recollections of the school-boy days of General Grant, Professor Richeson had these things to say:

"H. U. Grant entered as a pupil in the Maysville seminary during the winter season of 1836 and 1837. . . . Young Ulysses, during his school days at Maysville Seminary, ranked high in all his classes, and his deportment was exceptionally good. He was a member of the Philomathean Society, to which the juniors of the institution belonged. From the secretary's book I find that 'Mr. Grant submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That it be considered out of order for any member to speak on the opposite side to which he belongs.'

"In this record you perceive his consistency, even at the early age of fifteen. In February of the same year (1837) the records show that 'Ulysses Grant and E. M. Richeson were appointed to declaim on the ensuing Friday.'* At another meeting I find that 'Mr. Grant submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That any member who leaves his seat during debate shall be fined not less than six and one-fourth cents.'"

While he attended the Maysville Seminary he boarded with the family of his uncle, Peter Grant, who was largely engaged in the salt trade in connection with Hewit, Phillips, Adams & Co. Peter Grant was accidentally drowned near the mouth of the Kanawha River while descending that stream with his saline flotilla.

We have ourselves examined the book referred to by Professor Richeson, and find it yields a number of interesting glimpses of Grant. Apparently Grant entered the Philomathean Debating Club for the first time at its thirty-third meeting, January 3, 1837. He took a prominent part at once. By a curious coincidence the question for

* O. Edwards, Mayor of Georgetown.

* When the roll was called at the next meeting, however, "H. U. Grant" was absent. He was fined.

this first evening was, "Resolved, that the Texans were not justifiable in giving Santa Anna his liberty." In the names of the debaters this night there appears on the record H. U. Grant. He was on the affirmative side. He was on the affirmative side at the thirty-fourth meeting, with this question, "Resolved, that females wield greater influence in society than the males." The affirmative side won in this case as well as the other. At the thirty-fifth meeting his name appears on the affirmative of the question (a very vital one at that time), "Resolved, that it would not be just and politic to liberate the slaves at this time." Again he was on the winning side. At the thirty-sixth meeting the name appears "U. Grant" on the affirmative side of the resolution that "Intemperance is a greater evil than war."

At the thirty-seventh meeting he was elected, together with his friend A. H. Markland and W. Richeson, as a member of a committee; he also took part in the debate on the question, "Resolved, that Socrates was right in not escaping when the prison doors were opened to him." He took the affirmative, and it was again the successful side. And in all the succeeding meetings down to March 27, 1837, the record shows him to have been active; but after that date his name does not appear. The probabilities are, that he returned home to help put in the crop. There is a fine flavor about this club. It had a Latin motto and debated the weightiest questions the world has ever grappled with. It would seem from its record, that Grant was, as his friend Markland has said, a good debater, but that he would rather pay six-and-a-quarter cents fine than declaim.

However, his was not a nature which showed its hidden powers early, and he returned to Georgetown the next spring, not very much changed in looks or habit. He remained in Georgetown during the ensuing year, sharing the life and amusements of its best young people, attending the village school in the winter.

Of indoor amusements there were few. The better class of people in the village took a sombre view of life. Dancing was prohibited, the fiddle was seldom heard. There were no musical instruments, and little singing save of wailing hymns and droning psalms. Books were almost unknown except volumes of sermons or religious essays. On the bureau of the Grant sitting-room, it is remembered, there stood a little cabinet containing about thirty books. What these were, there is no tradition to tell; presumably they were not poetry or fiction,* though Jesse Grant was naturally a lover of reading. Such books as came his way he read with care. He kept well-informed on subjects of current political discussion, and was always ready for an argumentative set-to. His individual opinions were the result of reading and thought, and that they were an offence to his neighbors made little difference to him. All that he possessed he had worked for; being beholden to no man, he carried himself as a free man among equals.

He attended the Methodist Church, though hardly so devoted in his religious life as his wife. There is no record that either father or mother ever used any strong effort to induce Ulysses to join the church, though they insisted on his recognition of the Sabbath. His home life was pleasant. "I never received a harsh word or suffered an unjust act from my father or mother," he wrote in later life, and it is a good deal to say of any parents.

His sixteenth year he spent at home in Georgetown, beloved by his playmates and happy in his activity with team and plow. His only bugbear was "the beam-room," where the reeking hides were stretched and scraped. It was a repulsive place to a sensitive person, and Ulysses expected to be called soon to take his place there.

One day they were short of hands in the tannery, and Jesse said:

"Ulysses, you'll have to go into the beam-room and help me to-day."

Ulysses reluctantly followed, for thus far he had escaped that work. As he walked beside his father he said:

"Father, this tanning is not the kind of work I like. I'll work at it though," he sturdily added, "if you wish me to, until I am twenty-one; but you may depend upon it I'll never work a day longer at it after that."

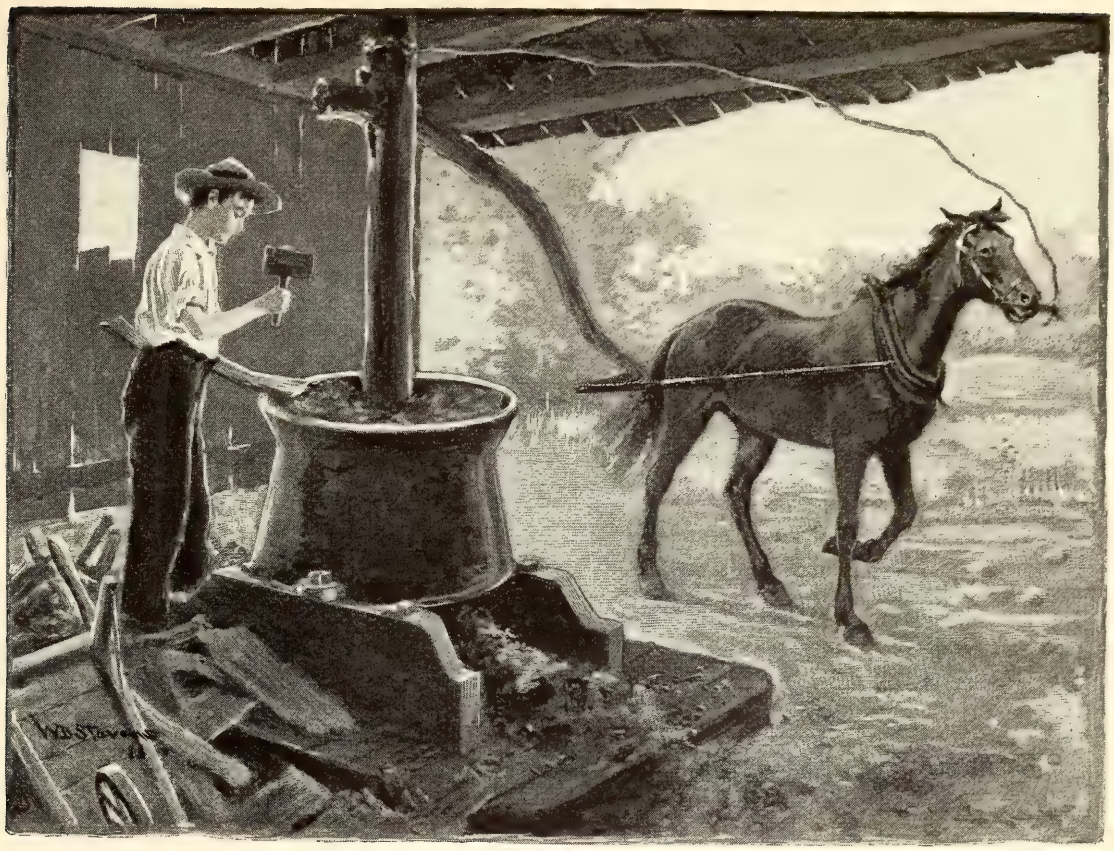
Jesse Grant, being a reasonable man, immediately replied:

"My son, I don't want you to work at it *now* if you don't like it and don't mean to stick to it. I want you to work at whatever you like and intend to follow. Now, what do you think you would like?"

"I'd like to be a farmer, or a down-the-river trader, or get an education." He put the education last, in his modest way.

The little farm on which Ulysses had been working in years past was rented out, and down-the-river trading hardly pleased the

* One of these was probably the famous old Weems' "Life of Washington," for Jesse Grant speaks of Ulysses reading the "Life of Washington" at about seven years of age. The lad was not much of a reader, however. "He cared more for horses than for books," his playmates remember.



THE BARK-MILL.

Grant's special work as a boy in his father's tannery was to feed the bark into the bark-mill and see that the horse that turned the mill kept moving.

father, and times being very close he didn't see how he could send the boy away to school. He thought of West Point, and said :

" How would you like West Point ? You know the education is free there, and the government supports the cadets. How would you like to go there ? "

" First rate," Ulysses promptly replied.*

His life thus far had been such as makes a boy older than his years, but it had not given him much in way of preparation for West Point, and it is probable that he did not really imagine himself a successful candidate for the appointment. He said little about the plan, for he had suffered too keenly already from the ridicule of his playmates, who made a never-ending mock of his father's prophecy of the son's future greatness. There seems no doubt of this, though he never alluded to it. † Undoubtedly this constant derision added to his reticence and apparent dulness.

Some of the good people of Georgetown, Ripley, and Batavia, however, go far in their attempt to show how very ordinary Ulysses Grant was. A boy of thirteen who could drive a team six hundred miles across country and arrive safely; who could load a wagon with heavy logs by his own mechanical ingenuity ; who insisted on solving all mathematical problems himself ; who never whispered or lied or swore or quarrelled ; who could train a horse to pace or trot at will ; who stood squarely upon his own knowledge of things without resorting to trick or mere verbal memory—such a boy, at this distance, does not appear " ordinary," stupid, dull, or commonplace. That he was not showy or easily valued was true. His unusualness was in the balance of his character, in his poise, in his native judgment, and in his knowledge of things at first hand.

Even at sixteen years of age he had a superstition that to retreat was fatal. When he set hand to any plan or started upon any journey, he felt the necessity of going to the turn of the lane or to the end of the furrow. He was resolute and unafraid always ; a boy to be trusted and counted upon,—sturdy, capable of hard knocks. What he was in speech he was in grain. If he said, " I can do that," he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but also that he had thought his way to the successful end of the undertaking. He was, in fact, an unusually determined and resourceful boy.

* From a letter written to the " New York Ledger " by Jesse Grant in 1868. This does not agree with the account in the " Memoirs " of U. S. Grant, but it seems a very natural decision on the boy's part.

† This ridicule is alluded to by W. T. Galbreath, Chilton White, Nelson Waterman, O. Edwards, and other citizens of Brown County.

"WE LAY IN SMOTHERIN' CROSS SEAS THAT MADE THE AULD 'KITE' CHATTER FROM STEM TO STERN."

"BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Jungle Book," etc.

IF you remember my highly improper friend Brugglesmith, you will also bear in mind his friend McPhee, chief engineer of the "Breslau," whose dinghy Brugglesmith tried to steal. His apologies for the performances of Brugglesmith may one day be told in their proper place, but the tale before us concerns McPhee in his sea-going capacities. He was never a racing engineer, and took special pride in saying as much before the Liverpool men; but he had a knowledge of machinery and the humors of ships that he had worked thirty-two years to gain. One side of his face had been wrecked through the bursting of a pressure-gauge in the days when men knew less about pressures than they do now, and his nose rose grandly out of the wreck, like a club in a public riot. There were cuts and lumps on his head, and he would guide your forefinger through his short iron-gray hair and tell you how he had come by his trade-marks. He owned all sorts of certificates of extra competency, and at the bottom of his cabin chest of drawers, where he kept the photograph of his wife, were two or three Royal Humane Society medals for saving lives at sea. Professionally—it was different when crazy steerage-passengers jumped overboard—professionally, McPhee does not approve of saving life at sea, and he has often told me that a new hell is prepared for stokers and trimmers who sign for a strong man's pay and fall sick the second day out. He believes in throwing boots at fourth and fifth engineers when they wake him up at night with word that a bearing is red hot, all because a lamp's glare is reflected red from the twirling metal. He believes that there are only two poets in the world; one being Robert Burns, of course, and the other Gerald Massey. When he has time for novels he reads Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade—chiefly the latter—and he knows whole pages of "Very Hard Cash" by heart.

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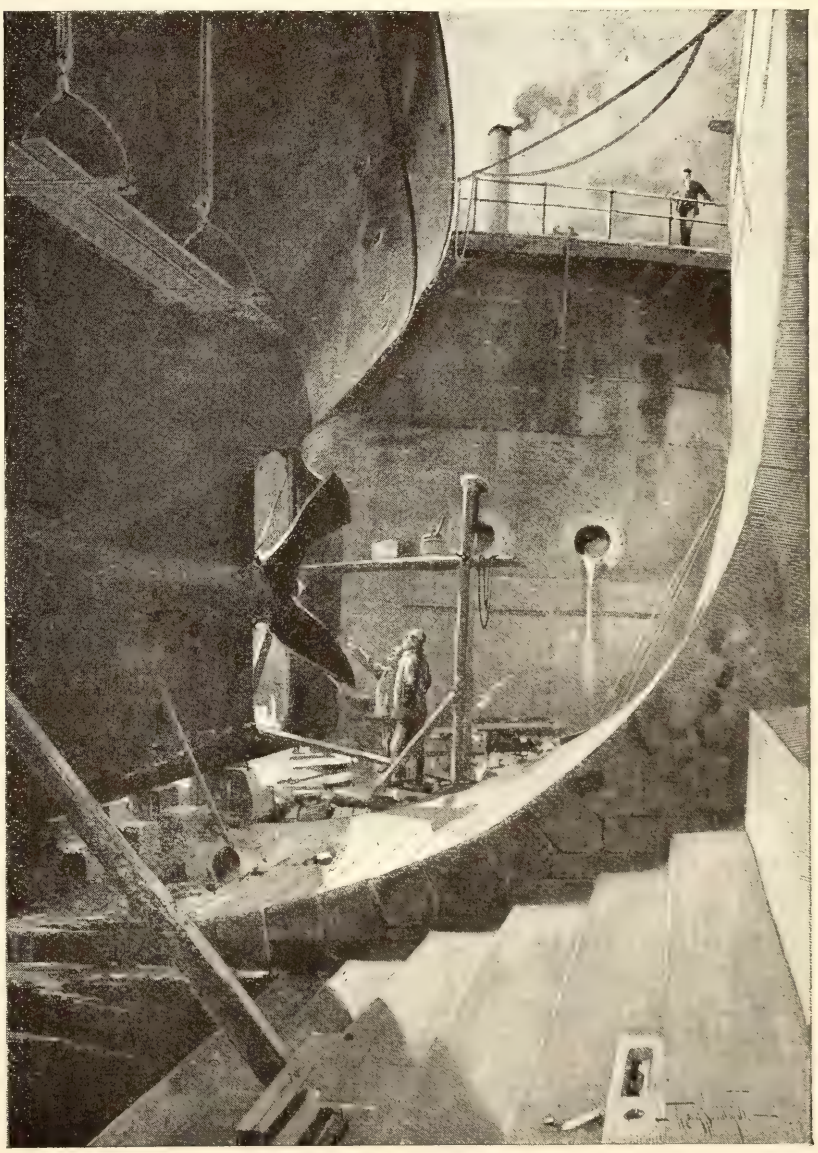
In the saloon his table was next to the captain's, and he drank only water all the while his engines worked.

He was good to me when we first met, because I did not ask him questions and believed in Charles Reade as a most shamefully neglected author. Later, he approved of my writings to the extent of one pamphlet of twenty-four pages that I wrote for Holdock, Steiner, and Chase, owners of the line, when they bought some ventilating patent and fitted it to the cabins of the "Breslau," "Spandau," and "Koltzau." The purser of the "Breslau" recommended me to Holdock's secretary for the job, and Holdock, who is a Wesleyan Methodist, invited me to his house, and gave me dinner with the governess when the others had finished, and placed the plans and specifications in my hand, and I wrote the pamphlet that same afternoon. It was called "Comfort in the Cabin," and brought me seven pound ten cash down—an important sum of money in those days; and the governess, who was teaching Master John Holdock his scales, told me that Mrs. Holdock had told her to keep an eye on me in case I went away with coats from the hat-rack. The Holdocks never approached literature in the right spirit, and Mrs. Holdock wanted to cut out half the poetical quotations in the pamphlet till I made clear to her husband that they were not charged for as original matter. McPhee liked that pamphlet enormously, for it was composed in the Bouverie-Byzantine style, with baroque and rococo embellishments; and afterwards he introduced me to Mrs. McPhee, who succeeded Dinah in my heart, for Dinah was half a world away, and it is wholesome and antiseptic to know such a woman as Janet McPhee. They lived in a little twelve-pound house in the dark and distant East, close to the shipping. When McPhee was away Mrs. McPhee read the shipping news in the daily papers and called on the wives of senior engineers of equal social standing. Once or twice, too, Mrs. Holdock visited Mrs. McPhee in a brougham with celluloid fittings, and I have reason to believe that after she had played owner's wife long enough they talked scandal. The Holdocks lived in an old-fashioned house with a big brick garden not a mile from the McPhees, for they stayed by their money as their money stayed by them; and in summer you met their brougham solemnly junketing by Theydon Bois or Loughton. But I was Mrs. McPhee's friend, and she allowed me to convey her Westward sometimes to theatres, where she sobbed or laughed or shivered with a simple heart; and she introduced me to a new world of doctors' wives, captains' wives, and engineers' wives, whose whole talk and thought centred in and about ships and lines of ships you have never heard of. There were sailing ships, with stewards and mahogany and maple saloons, trading to Australia, taking cargoes of consumptives and hopeless drunkards for whom a



"'WHEN D'YE SHIP A NEW TAIL-SHAFT?' I SAID TO BANNISTER."

"SYNE UP WENT A ROCKET FORWARD, AN' TWA ON THE BRIDGE, AN' A BLUE LIGHT AFT. SYNE A TAR-BARREL FORWARD AGAIN."

sea-voyage was recommended; there were frowsy little West African boats, full of rats and cockroaches, where men died anywhere but in their bunks; there were Brazilian boats, whose cabins could be hired for merchandise, that went out loaded nearly awash; there were Zanzibar and Mauritius steamers, and wonderful reconstructed boats that plied to the other side of Borneo. These were loved and known, for they earned our bread and a little butter; and we despised the big Atlantic boats, and made fun of the P. and O. and Orient liners, and swore by our respective owners—Wesleyan, Baptist, or Presbyterian, as the case might be.

I had been out of England for some months, and had only just come back when Mrs. McPhee invited me to dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the note-paper was almost bridal in its scented creaminess. When I reached the house I saw that there were new curtains in the window that must have cost forty-five shillings a pair; and as Mrs. McPhee drew me into the little marble-papered hall, she looked at me keenly, and cried:

"Have ye not heard? What d'ye think o' the hat-rack?"

Now that hat-rack was oak; thirty shillings at least. McPhee came down-stairs with a sober foot—he steps as lightly as a cat for all his weight when he is at sea—and he shook hands in a new and awful manner—a parody of old Holdock's style when he says good-by to his skippers. Being a man who flatters himself that he can put two and two together, I perceived at once that it must be a legacy. I held my peace, though Mrs. McPhee was begging me every thirty seconds to eat a great deal and say nothing. It was rather a mad sort of meal, because McPhee and his wife took hold of hands like little children (they always do after voyages), and nodded and winked and choked and gurgled, and hardly ate a mouthful.

A female servant came in and waited, and I nearly fell off my chair, because there is not work for two pair of hands in that house, and, if there were, McPhee could not afford a servant; and Mrs. McPhee had told me time and again that she would thank no one to do her housework while she had her health. But this was a servant with a cap, and I saw Mrs. McPhee swell and swell under her garance-colored gown. There is no small freeboard to Janet McPhee, nor is garance any subdued tint; and with all this unexplained pride and glory in the air I felt like watching fireworks without knowing the festival. When the maid had removed the cloth she brought a pineapple that would have cost half a guinea at that season (only I knew McPhee had his own way

of getting such things), and a Canton china bowl of dried *lichis*, and a glass plate of preserved ginger, and a small jar of sacred and Imperial chow-chow that perfumed the room. McPhee gets it from a Dutchman in Buitenzorg, and I think he doctors it with liquors. But the crown of the feast was some Madeira of the kind that you can only come by if you know the Wine, and the Man, and the Island. A little maize-wrapped fig of clotted Madeira cigars went with the wine, and the rest was a pale blue smoky silence, Janet, in her splendor, smiling on us two and patting McPhee's hand.

"We'll drink," said McPhee slowly, rubbing his chin, "to the eternal damnation o' Holdock, Steiner, and Chase."

Of course I answered "Amen," though I had made seven pound ten shillings out of the firm. But McPhee's enemies were mine, and I was drinking his Madeira.

"Ye've heard nothing?" said Janet. "Not a word, nor a whisper?"

"Not a word, nor a whisper. On my word I have not."

"Tell him, Mac," said she; and that is another proof of Janet's goodness and wifely love. A smaller woman would have cut in first, but Janet is five foot nine in her stockings.

"We're rich," said McPhee. I shook hands all round.

"We're vara rich," he added. I shook hands all round a second time.

"I'll go to sea no more. Unless—there's no sayin'—a private yacht, maybe—wi' a small an' handy auxiliary."

"It's not enough for *that*," said Janet. "We're fair rich—well to do, but no more. A new gown for church and one for the theatre. We'll have it made West."

"How much is it?" I asked.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds." I drew a long breath. "An' I've been earnin' twenty-five an' twenty pound a month!" The last words came away with a roar, as though the wide world was conspiring to beat him down.

"All this time I'm waiting," I said. "I know nothing since last September. Was it left you?"

They laughed aloud together. "It was left," said McPhee, choking. "Ou, ay, it was left. That's vara good. Of course it was left. Janet, d'ye note that? It was left. Now if you'd put *that* in your pamphlet it would have been vara jocose. It *was* left." He slapped his thigh and roared till the wine quivered in the decanter.

The Scotch are a great people, but they are apt to hang over a joke too long, particularly when no one can see the point but themselves.

"When I rewrite my pamphlet I'll put it in, McPhee. Only I must know something more first."

McPhee thought for the length of half a cigar, while Janet caught my eye and led it round the room to one new thing after another—the new fine-patterned carpet, the new chiming rustic clock between the models of the Colombo outrigger-boats, the new inlaid sideboard with a purple cut-glass flower-stand, the fender of gilt and brass, and last, the new black and gold piano.

"In October o' last year the Board sacked me," began McPhee. "In October o' last year the 'Breslau' came in for winter overhaul. She'd been runnin' eight months—two hunder an' forty days—an' I was three days makin' up my indents, when she went to dry dock. All told, mark you, it was this side o' three hunder pound—to be preceese, two hunder an' eighty-six pound four shillings. There's not another man could ha' nursed the 'Breslau' for eight months to that tune. Never again—never again! They may send their boats to the bottom for aught I care."

"There's no need," said Janet, softly. "We're done wi' Holdock, Steiner, and Chase."

"It's irritatin', Janet, it's just irritatin'. I ha' been justified from first to last, as the world knows, but—but I canna forgie 'em. Ay, wisdom is justified o' her children, an' any other man than me wad ha' made the indent eight hunder'. Hay was our skipper—ye'll have met him. They shifted him to the 'Torgau,' an' bade me wait for the 'Breslau' under young Bannister. Ye'll obsairve there'd been a new election on the Board. I heard the shares were sellin' hither an' yon, an' the major part of the Board was new to me. The old Board would ne'er ha' done it. They trusted me. But the new Board were all for reorganization. Young Steiner—Steiner's son—the Jew, was at the bottom of it, an' they did not think it worth their while to send me word. The first *I* knew—an' I was chief engineer—was the notice of the line's winter sailin's, and the 'Breslau' timed for sixteen days between port an' port. Sixteen days, man! She's a good boat, none better for her work, but eighteen is her summer time, mark you. Sixteen was sheer flytin',

"IT WAS PERISHIN' COLD, BUT I'D DONE MY JOB JUDGMATICALLY, AN' CAME SCRAPIN' ALL ALONG HER SIDE SLAP ON TO THE LOWER GRATIN' O' THE GANGWAY."

kitin' nonsense, an' so I told young Bannister.

"'We've got to make it,' he said. 'Ye should not ha' sent in a three hunder' pound indent.'

"'Do they look for their boats to be run on air?' I said. 'The Board's daft.'

"'E'en tell 'em so,' he says. 'I'm a married man, an' my fourth's on the ways now, she says.'"

"A boy—wi' red hair," Janet put in. Her own hair is the splendid red gold that goes with a creamy complexion.

"My word, I was an angry man that day! Forbye I was fond o' the old 'Breslau,' I looked for a little consideration from the Board after twenty years' service. There was Board-meetin' on Wednesday, an' I slept overnight in the engine-room takin' figures to support my case. A bairn might ha' known they were flyin' in the face of all human possibilities. Well, I put it fair and square before them all. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I've run the "Breslau" eight seasons, an' I believe there's no fault to find in my work. But

if ye haud to this'—I waggled the advertisement at 'em—'this that *I've* never heard of till I read it at breakfast, I do assure you, on my professional reputation, she can never do it. That is to say, she can for a while, but at a risk no thinkin' man would run.'

"'What the deil d'ye suppose we pass your indent for?' says old Holdock. 'Man, we're spendin' money like watter.'

"'I'll leave it in the Board's hands,' I said, 'if two hunder an' eighty-seven pound is anything beyond right and reason for eight months.' I might ha' saved my breath, for the Board was new since the last election, an' there they sat, the deevidend-huntin' ship-chandlers, deaf as the adder o' Scripture.

"'We must keep faith wi' the public,' said young Steiner.

"'Keep faith wi' the "Breslau" then,' I said. 'She's served you well, an' your father before you. She'll need her bottom restiffenin', an' new bed-plates, an' turnin' out the forward boilers, an' returnin' all three cylinders, an' refacin' all guides, to begin with. It's a three months' job.'

"'Because one employee is afraid?' says young Steiner. 'Maybe a piano in the chief engineer's cabin would be more to the point.'

"I crushed my cap in my hands an' thanked God we'd no bairns an' a bit put by.

"'Understand, gentlemen,' I said. 'If the "Breslau" is made a sixteen-day boat, ye'll find another engineer.'

"'Bannister makes no objection,' said Holdock.

"'I'm speakin' for myself,' I said. 'Bannister has bairns.' An' then I lost my temper. 'Ye can run her into hell an' out again if ye pay pilotage,' I said, 'but ye run without me.'

"'That's insolence,' said young Steiner.

"'At your pleasure,' I said, turnin' to go.

"'Ye can consider yourself dismissed. We must preserve discipline among our employees,' said old Holdock, an' he looked round to see that the Board was with him. They knew nothin'—God forgie 'em—an' they nodded me out o' the line after twenty years—after twenty years.

"I went out an' sat down by the hall porter to get my wits again. I'm thinkin' I swore at the Board. Then auld McRimmon—o' McNaughten and McRimmon—came oot o' his office, that's on the same floor, an' looked at me, proppin' up one eyelid wi' his forefinger. Ye ken they call him the Blind Deevil, forbye he's onythin' but blind, an' no deevil in his dealin's wi' me—McRimmon o' the Black Ox line.

"'What's here, Mister McPhee?' said he.

"I was past prayin' for by then. 'A chief engineer sacked after twenty years' service because he'll not risk the "Breslau" on the new timin', McRimmon,' I said.

"The auld man sucked in his lips an' whistled. 'Ah,' said he. 'The new timin'. I see!' He doddered into the Board-room I'd just left, an' the Dandie dog that is just his blind man's leader stayed wi' me. *That* was providential. In a minute he was back again. 'Ye've cast your bread on the watter, McPhee,' he says. 'Whaur's my dog? My word, is he on your knee? There's more discernment in a dog than a Jew. What garred ye curse your Board, McPhee? It's expensive.'

"'They'll pay more for the "Breslau,"' I said. 'Get off my knee, ye smotherin' beast.'

"'Bearin's hot, eh?' said McRimmon. 'It's thirty year since a man daur curse me to my face. Time was I'd ha' cast ye doon the stairway for that.'

"'Forgie's all!' I said. He was wearin' to eighty, as I knew. 'I was wrong, McRimmon, but when a man's put oot o' the door for dooin' his plain duty he's not always ceevil.'

"'So I hear,' says McRimmon. 'Ha' ye ony objection to a tramp freighter? It's only fifteen a month, but they say the Blind Deevil feeds a man better than others. She's my "Kite." Come ben. Ye can thank Dandie here. I'm no used to thanks. An' noo,' says he, 'what possessed ye to throw up your berth wi' Holdock?'

"'The new timin',' said I. 'The "Breslau" will not stand it.'

"'Hoot, oot,' said he. 'Ye might ha' crammed her a little—enough to show ye were drivin' her, an' brought her in twa days behind. What's easier than to say ye slowed for bearin's, eh? All my men do it, and—I believe 'em.'

"'McRimmon,' says I, 'what's her virginity to a lassie?'

"He puckered his dry face an' twisted in his chair. 'The warld an' a',' says he, 'the vara warld an' a'! But what ha' you or me to do wi' virginity, this late along?'

"'This,' I said. 'There's just one thing that each one of us in his trade or profession will *not* do for ony consideration whatever. If I run to time I run to time, barrin' always the risks o' the high seas. Less than that under God I have not done. More than that by God I will not do! There's no trick o' the trade I'm not acquaint wi'——'

"'So I've heard,' says McRimmon, dry as a biscuit.

"'But yon matter o' fair runnin's just my Shekinah, ye'll understand. I daur na tamper wi' *that*. Nursing weak engines is fair craftsmanship; but what the Board ask is cheatin' wi' the risk o' manslaughter addeetional.' Ye'll note I know my business.

"There was some more talk, an' next week I went aboard the 'Kite,' twenty-five hundred ton, simple compound, a Black Ox tramp. The deeper she rode, the better she'd steam. I've snapped as much as eleven out of her, but eight point three was her fair normal. Good food forward an' better aft, all indents passed wi'out marginal remarks, the best Welsh coal, new donkies, and good crews. There was nothin' the old man would not do except paint. That was his deeficulty. Ye could no more draw paint than his last teeth from him. He'd come down to dock, an' his boats a scandal all along the watter, an' he'd whine an' cry an' say they looked all he could desire. Every owner has his *non plus ultra*, I've obsairved. Paint was McRimmon's. But you could get round his engines without riskin' your life, an', for all his blindness, I've seen him reject five flawed intermediates one after the other on a nod from me; an' his cattle-fittin's were guaranteed for North Atlantic weather. Ye ken what *that* means? McRimmon an' the Black Ox line, God bless him!

"Oh! I forgot to say she would lie down an' fill her forward deck green an' snore away into a twenty-knot gale forty-five to the minute, three an' a half knots an' hour; the engines runnin' sweet an' true as a bairn breathin' in its sleep. Bell was skipper—an' forbye there's no love lost between crews an' owners, we were fond o' the auld Blind Deevil an' his dog, an' I'm thinkin' he liked us. He was worth the windy side o' twa million sterlin' an' no friend to his own blood-kin. Money's an awfu' thing—overmuch—for a lonely man.

"I'd taken her out twice, there an' back again, when word came o' the 'Breslau's' breakdown, just as I prophesied. Calder was engineer—he's not fit to run a tug down the Solent—and he fairly lifted the engines off the bed-plates, an' they fell down in heaps, by what I heard. So she filled from the after stuffin'-box to the after bulkhead an' lay star-gazing with seventy-nine squealin' passengers in the saloon till the 'Camaralzaman' o' Ramsey and Gold's Carthagena line gave her a tow to the tune o' five thousand seven hunder an' forty pound, wi' costs in the admiralty court. She was helpless, ye'll understand, an' in no case to meet ony weather. Five thousand seven hunder an' forty pounds *with* costs, an' exclusive o' new engines! They'd ha' done better to ha' kept me on the old timin'.

"But even so the new Board were all for retrenchment. Young Steiner, the Jew, was at the bottom of it. They sacked men right an' left that would not eat the dirt the Board gave 'em. They cut down repairs, they fed crews wi' leavin's an' scrapin's; and, reversin' McRimmon's practice, they hid their defeeciencies wi' paint an' cheap gildin'. *Quem Deus vult perrdere prrius dementat*, ye remember.

"In January we went to dry dock, an' in the next dock lay the 'Grotkau,' their big freighter that was the 'Dolabella' o' Piegan, Piegan, and Walsh's line in '84—a Clyde-built iron boat, a flat-bottomed, pigeon-breasted, under-engined, bull-nosed barge of a five-thousand-ton freighter, that would neither steer, nor steam, nor stop when ye asked her. Whiles she'd attend to her helm, whiles she'd take charge; whiles she'd wait to scratch herself, an' whiles she'd buttock into a dock-head. But Holdock and Steiner had bought her cheap, and was paintin' her all over. I went to see young Bannister—he had to take what the Board gave him, an' he an' Calder were shifted together from the 'Breslau' to this abortion—an' talkin' to him, I went into the dock under her. Her plates were pitted till the men that were paint, paint, paintin' her laughed at it. But the warst was at the last. She'd a great clumsy iron twelve-foot Thresher propeller—Aitcheson designed the 'Kite's'—and just on the tail o' the shaft, behind the boss, was a red weepin' crack ye could ha' put a penknife to. Man, it was an awfu' crack!

"'When d'ye ship a new tail-shaft?' I said to Bannister.

"He knew what I meant. 'Oh, yon's a superfeecial flaw,' says he, not lookin' at me.

"'Superfeecial Gehenna!' I said. 'Ye'll not take her oot in a solution o' continuity that like?'

"'They'll putty it up this evening,' he said. 'I'm a married man an'—ye used to know the Board.'

"I e'en said what was gie'd me in that hour. Ye know how a dry dock echoes. I saw young Steiner standin' listenin' above me, an', man, he used language provocative of a breach o' the peace. I was a spy and a disgraced employee, an' a corrupter o' young Bannister's morals, an' he'd prosecute me for libel. He went away when I ran up the steps—I'd ha' thrown him into the dock if I'd caught him—an' there I met McRimmon wi' Dandie pullin' on the chain, guidin' the auld man among the railway lines.

"'McPhee,' said he, 'ye're no paid to fight Holdock, Steiner, Chase, and Company, Limited, when ye meet. What's wrong between you?'

"'No more than tail-shaft rotten as a kail-stump. For ony sakes, go an' look, McRimmon. It's a comedietta.'

"'I'm feared o' yon conversational Hebrew,' said he. 'Whaur's the flaw, an' what like?'

"'A seven-inch crack just behind the boss. There's no power on earth will fend it just jarrin' off.'

"'When?'

"'That's beyond my knowledge,' I said.

"'So it is. So it is!' said McRimmon. 'Ye're certain it was a crack?'

"'Man, it's a crevasse,' I said, for there were no words to describe the magnitude of it. 'An' young Bannister's sayin' it's no more than a superfeecial flaw!'

"'Weel, I tak' it oor business is to mind oor business. If ye've ony friends aboard her, McPhee, why not bid them to a bit dinner at Radley's?'

"'I was thinkin' o' tea in the cuddy,' I said. 'Engineers o' tramp freighters cannot afford hotel prices.'

"'Na!—na!' says the auld man, whimperin'. 'Not the cuddy. They'll laugh at my "Kite," for she's no plastered with paint like the "Grotkau." Bid them to Radley's, McPhee, an' send me the bill. Thank Dandie here, man. I'm no used to thanks.' Then he turned him round. (I was just thinkin' the vara same thing.) 'Mister McPhee,' said he, 'this is *not* senile dementia.'

"'Preserve's!' I said, clean jumped oot o' mysel'. 'I was but thinkin' you're fey, McRimmon.'

"Dod, the auld deevil laughed till he nigh sat down on Dandie. 'Send me the bill,' says he. 'I'm lang past champagne, but tell me how it tastes the morn.'

"Bell and I bid young Bannister an' Calder to dinner at Radley's. They'll have no laughin' an' singin' there, but we took a private room—like yacht-owners fra' Cowes."

McPhee grinned all over, and lay back to think.

"And then?" said I.

"We were no drunk in ony preceese sense o' the word, but Radley's showed me the dead men. There were six magnums o' dry champagne an' maybe a bottle o' whiskey."

"Do you mean to tell me that you four got away with a magnum and a half apiece, besides whiskey?" I demanded.

McPhee looked down upon me from between his shoulders with toleration.

"Man, we were not settin' down to drink," he said. "They no more than made us wutty. To be sure, young Bannister laid his head on the table, an' greeted like a bairn, an' Calder was all for callin' on Steiner at two in the morn an' painting him galley green; but they'd been drinkin' the afternoon. Lord, how they twa cursed the Board, an' the 'Grotkau,' an' the tail-shaft, an' the engines, an' a'! They didna' talk o' superfeecial flaws that night. I mind young Bannister and Calder shakin' hands on a bond to be revenged on the Board at ony reasonable cost this side of losing their certificates. Now mark ye how false economy ruins business. The Board fed them like swine (I have good reason to know it), an' I've obsairved wi' my ain people that if ye touch his stomach ye wauken the deil in a Scot. Men will tak' a dredger across the Atlantic, if they're well fed, an' fetch her somewhere on the broadside o' the Americas; but bad food's bad service the world over.

"The bill went to McRimmon, an' he said no more to me till the week-end, when I was at him for more paint, for we'd heard the 'Kite' was chartered Liverpool-side.

"'Bide whaur ye're put,' said the Blind Deevil. 'Man, do ye wash in champagne? The "Kite's" no leavin' here till I gie the order, an'—how am I to waste paint on her wi' the "Lammergeyer" docked for who knows how long an' a'?'

"She was our big freighter—McIntyre was engineer—an' I knew she'd come from overhaul not three months. That

morn I met McRimmon's head clerk—ye'll not know him—fair bitin' his nails off wi' mortification.

"'The auld man's gone gyte,' says he. 'He's withdrawn the "Lammergeyer."'

"'Maybe he has reasons,' says I.

"'Reasons! He's daft!'

"'He'll no be daft till he begins to paint,' I said.

"'That's just what he's done—and South American freights higher than we'll live to see them again. He's laid her up to paint her—to paint her—to paint her!' says the little clerk, dancin' like a hen on a hot plate. 'Five thousand ton o' potential freight rottin' in dry dock, man; an' he dolin' the paint out in quarter-pound tins, for it cuts him to the heart, mad tho' he is. An' the "Grotkau"—the "Grotkau" of all conceivable bottoms—soaking up every pound that should be ours at Liverpool!'

"I was staggered wi' this folly—considerin' the dinner at Radley's in connection wi' the same.

"'Ye may well stare, McPhee,' says the head clerk. 'There's engines, an' rollin' stock, an' iron bridges—d'ye ken what freights are noo?—an' pianos, an' millinery, an' fancy Brazil cargo o' every species pourin' into the "Grotkau"—the "Grotkau" o' the Jerusalem firm, and the "Lammergeyer's" bein' painted!'

"Losh, I thought he'd drop dead wi' the fits.

"I could say no more than 'Obey orders if ye break owners,' but on the 'Kite' we believed McRimmon was mad, an' McIntyre of the 'Lammergeyer' was for lockin' him up by some patent legal process he'd found in a book o' maritime law. An' a' that week South American freights rose an' rose. It was sinfu'!

"Syne Bell got orders to tak' the 'Kite' round to Liverpool in water-ballast, and McRimmon came to bid's goodby, yammerin' an' whinin' o'er the acres o' paint he'd lavished on the 'Lammergeyer.'

"'I look to you to retrieve it,' says he. 'I look to you to reimburse me! 'Fore God, why are ye not cast off? Are ye dawdlin' in dock for a purpose?'

"'What odds, McRimmon?' says Bell. 'We'll be a day behind the fair at Liverpool. The "Grotkau's" got all the freight that might ha' been ours an' the "Lammergeyer's."' McRimmon laughed an' chuckled—the pairfect eemage o' senile dementia. Ye ken his eyebrows wark up an' down like a gorilla's.

"'Ye're under sealed orders,' said he, tee-heein' an' scratchin' himself. 'Yon's they—to be opened *seriatim*.'

"Says Bell, shufflin' the envelopes when the auld man had gone ashore, 'We're to creep round a' the south coast standin' in for orders—this weather too. There's no question o' his lunacy now.'

"Well, we buttocked the auld 'Kite' along—vara bad weather we made—standin' in to the Start, the Leezard, and St. David's for telegraphic orders, which are the curse o' skippers. Syne we made over to Holyhead, an' Bell opened the last envelope for the last instructions. I was wi' him in the cuddy, an' he threw it over to me, cryin': 'Did ye ever know the like, Mac?'

"I'll no say what McRimmon had written, but he was far from mad. There was a sou'-wester brewin' when we made the mouth o' the Mersey, a bitter cold morn wi' a gray-green sea and a gray-green sky—Liverpool weather, as they say; an' there we lay choppin,' an' the crew swore. Ye canna keep secrets aboard ship. They thought McRimmon was mad, too.

"Syne we saw the 'Grotkau' rollin' oot on the top o' flood, deep an' double deep, wi' her new painted funnel an' her new painted boats an' a'. She looked her bad name, an', moreover, she coughed like it. Calder tauld me at Radley's what ailed his engines, but mine own ear would ha' told me twa mile awa', by the beat o' them. Round we came, plungin' an' squatterin' in her wake, an' the wind cut, wi' good promise o' more to come. By six it blew hard but clear, an' before the middle watch it was a sou'-wester in good earnest.

"'She'll edge into Ireland this gait,' says Bell. I was with him on the bridge watchin' the 'Grotkau's' port light. Ye canna see green so far as red or we'd ha' kept to leeward. We'd no passengers to consider, an' all eyes being on the 'Grotkau,' we fair walked into a liner rampin' home to Liverpool. Or to be preceese, Bell no more than twisted the 'Kite' oot from under her bows, and there was a little damnin' betwix' the twa bridges. Noo a passenger"—McPhee regarded me benignantly—"wad ha' told the papers that as soon as he got to the Customs. We stuck to the 'Grotkau's' tail that night an' the next twa days—she slowed down to five knot by my reckonin', and we lapped along the weary way to the Fastnet."

"But you don't go by the Fastnet to get to any South American port, do you?" I said.

"*We* do not. We prefer to go as direct as maybe, but we were followin' the 'Grotkau,' an' she'd no walk into that gale for ony consideration. Knowin' what I did to her discredit, I couldna blame young Bannister. It was warkin' up to a North Atlantic winter gale, snow an' sleet an' a perishin' wind. Eh, it was like the deil walkin' abroad o' the surface o' the deep, whuppin' off the tops o' the waves before he made up his mind. They'd bore up against it so far, but the minute she was clear o' the Skelligs she fair tucked up her skirts an' ran for it by Dunmore Head. Wow, she rolled!

"'She'll be makin' Smerwick,' says Bell.

"'She'd ha' tried for Ventry by noo if she meant that,' I said.

"'They'll roll the funnel oot o' her this gait,' says Bell. 'Why canna Bannister keep her head to sea?'

"'It's the tail-shaft. Ony rollin's better than pitchin' wi' superfeecial cracks in the tail-shaft. Calder knows that much,' I said.

"'It's ill wark retreevin' steamers this weather,' said Bell. His beard and whiskers were frozen to his oilskin, an' the spray was white on the weather side of him. Pairfect North Atlantic winter weather!

"One by one the sea raxed away our three boats, an' the davits were crumpled like rams' horns.

"'Yon's bad,' said Bell, at the last. 'Ye canna pass a hawser wi'oot a boat.' Bell was a vara judeecious man—for an Aberdonian.

"I'm not one that fashes himself for eventualities outside the engine-room, so I e'en slipped down betwixt waves to see how the 'Kite' fared. Man, she's the best geared boat of her class that ever left Clyde! Kinloch, my second, knew her as well as I did. I found him dryin' his socks on the main steam-pipe an' combin' his whiskers wi' the comb Janet gie'd me last year, for the warld an' a' as though we were in port. I tried the feed, speered into the stoke-hole, thumbed all bearin's, spat on the thrust for luck, gie'd 'em my blessin', an' took Kinlock's socks, before I went up to the bridge again.

"Then Bell handed me the wheel, an' went below to warm himself. When he came up my gloves were frozen to the spokes an' the ice clicked over my eyelids. Pairfect North Atlantic winter weather, as I was sayin'.

"The gale blew out by night, but we lay in smotherin' cross seas that made the auld 'Kite' chatter from stem to stern. I slowed to thirty-four, I mind—no thirty-seven. There was a long swell the morn, an' the 'Grotkau' was headin' into it west awa'.

"'She'll win to Rio yet, tail-shaft or no tail-shaft,' says Bell.

"'Last night shook her,' I said. 'She'll jar it off yet, mark my word.'

"We were then, maybe, a hunder and fifty mile west-sou'-west o' Slyne Head by dead reckonin'. Next day we made a hunder an' thirty—ye'll note we were not racin' boats; an' the day after a hunder an' sixty-one, an' that made us, we'll say, eighteen an' a bittock west, an' maybe fifty-one an' a bittock north, crossin' all the North Atlantic liner lanes on the long slant, always in sight o' the 'Grotkau,' creepin' up by night and fallin' awa' by day. After the gale it was cold weather wi' dark nights.

"I was in the engine-room on Friday night, just before the middle watch, when Bell whustled down the tube: 'She's done it,' an' up I came.

"The 'Grotkau' was just a fair distance south, an' one by one she ran up the three red lights in a vertical line, the sign of a steamer not under control.

"'Yon's a tow for us,' said Bell, lickin' his chops. 'She'll be worth more than the "Breslau." We'll go down to her, McPhee!'

"'Bide a while,' I said. 'The seas throng wi' ships here.'

"'Reason why,' said Bell. 'It's a fortune gaun beggin'. What d'ye think, man?'

"'Gie her till daylight. She knows we're here. If Bannister needs help he'll loose a rocket.'

"'Wha told ye Bannister's need? We'll ha' some rag-an'-bone freighter snappin' her up under oor nose,' said he, and he put the wheel over. We were goin' slow.

"'Bannister wad be better pleased to go home on a liner an' eat in the saloon. Mind ye what they said o' Holdock and Steiner's food that night at Radley's? Keep her awa', man—keep her awa'. A tow's a tow, but an abandoned ship's big salvage.'

"'E-eh!' said Bell. 'Yon's an inshot o' yours, Mac. I love ye like a brother. We'll bide whaur we are till daylight;' an' he kept her awa'.

"Syne up went a rocket forward, an' twa on the bridge, an' a blue light aft. Syne a tar-barrel forward again.

"'She's sinkin',' said Bell. 'It's all gaun, an' I'll get no more than a pair o' night-glasses for pickin' up young Bannister—the fool!'

"'Fair an' soft again,' I said. 'She's signallin' to the south of us. Bannister knows as well as I one rocket would bring us. He'll no be wastin' fireworks for nothin'. Hear her ca'!'

"The 'Grotkau' whustled an' whustled for five minutes, an' then there were more fireworks—a regular exhibeetion.

"'That's no for men in the regular trade,' says Bell. 'Ye're right, Mac. That's for a cuddy full o' passengers.' He blinked through the night-glasses when it lay a bit thick to southward.

"'What d'ye make of it?' I said.

"'Liner,' he says. 'Yon's her rocket. Ou ay; they've waukened the skipper, an' —noo they've waukened the passengers. They're turnin' on the electrics cabin by cabin. Yon's anither rocket! They're comin' up to help the perishin' in deep watters.'

"'Gie me the glass,' I said. But Bell danced on the bridge clean dementit. 'Mails—mails—mails!' said he. 'Under contract wi' the government for the due conveyance o' the mails, an', as such, Mac, ye'll note, she may rescue life at sea; but she canna tow!—she canna tow! Yon's her night-signal. She'll be up in half an hour!'

"'Gowk!' I said, 'an' we're blazin' here wi' all oor lights. Oh, Bell, ye're a fool!'

"He tumbled off the bridge forward, an' I tumbled aft, an' before ye could wink our lights were oot, the engine-room hatch was covered, an' we lay pitch dark three mile maybe from the 'Grotkau,' watchin' the lights o' the liner come up that she'd been signallin' for. Twenty knot an hour she came, every cabin lighted an' her boats swung awa'. It was grandly done, an' in the inside of an hour. She stopped like Mrs. Holdock's machine; down went the gangway, down went the boats, an' in ten minutes we heard the passengers cheerin', an' awa' she fled.

"'They'll tell o' this all the days they live,' said Bell. 'A rescue at sea by night, as pretty as a play. Young Bannister an' Calder will be drinkin' in the saloon; an' six months hence the Board o' Trade 'll gie the skipper a pair o' binoculars. It's vara philanthropic all round.'

"We lay by till day—ye may think we waited for it wi' sore eyes—an' there sat the 'Grotkau,' her nose a bit cocked, just leerin' at us. She looked perfectly ridiculous.

"'She'll be fillin' aft,' says Bell. 'For why is she down by the stern? The tail-shaft's punched a hole in her, an'—we've no boats. There's three hunder thousand pound sterlin', at a conservative estimate, droonin' before our eyes. What's to do?'

"'Run her as near as ye daur,' I said. 'Gie me a jacket an' a life-line, an' I'll swum for it.' There was a bit lump of a sea, an' it was cold in the wind—vara cold; but they'd gone overside like passengers, young Bannister and Calder an' a', leaving the gangway down on the lee side. It would ha' been a flyin' in the face o' manifest Providence to overlook the invitation. We were within fifty yards o' her while Kinloch was garmin' me all over wi' oil behind the galley, an' as we ran past I went outboard for the salvage o' three hunder thousand pound. Man, it was perishin' cold, but I'd done my job judgmatically, an' came scrapin' all along her side slap on to the lower gratin' o' the gangway. No one more astonished than me, I assure ye. Before I caught my breath I'd barked both my knees on the gratin', an' was climbin' up before she rolled again. I made my line fast to the rail, an' squattered aft to young Bannister's cabin, whaur I dried me wi' everything in his bunk an' put on every conceivable sort o' rig I found till the blood was circulatin'. Three pair drawers I mind I found—to begin upon—an' I needed them all. It was the coldest cold I remember in all my experience.

"Syne I went aft to the engine-room. The 'Grotkau' sat on her own tail, as they say. She was vara short-shafted, an' her gear was all aft. There was four or five foot o' water in the engine-room slummockin' to and fro black an' greasy; maybe there was six foot. The stoke-hold doors were screwed home, an' the stoke-hold was tight enough, but for a minute the mess in the engine-room deceived me. Only for a minute, though, an' that was because I was not, in a manner o' speakin', as calm as ordinar. I looked again to be sure. 'Twas just black wi' bilge: dead watter that must ha' come in fortuitously, ye ken."

"McPhee, I'm only a passenger," I said, "but you don't persuade me that six foot o' water can come into an engine-room fortuitously."

"Who's tryin' to persuade one way or the other?" McPhee retorted. "I'm statin' the facts o' the case—the simple, natural facts. Six or seven foot o' dead watter in the engine-room is a vara depressin' sight if ye think there's like to be more comin'; but I did not consider that was likely, and so ye'll note I was not depressed."

"That's all very well, but I want to know about the water," I said.

"I've told ye. There was six feet or more there, wi' Calder's cap floatin' on top."

"Where did it come from?"

"Weel, in the confusion o' things after the propeller had dropped off an' the engines were racin' an' a', it's vara possible that Calder might ha' lost it off his head an' no troubled himself to pick it up again. I remember seein' that cap on him at Southampton."

"I don't want to know about the cap. I'm asking where the water came from and what it was doing there, and why you were so certain that it wasn't a leak, McPhee?"

"For good reason; for good an' sufficient reason."

"Give it to me, then."

"Weel, it's a reason that does not properly concern myself only. To be preceese, I'm of opinion that it was due, the watter, in part to an error o' judgment in another man. We can a' mak' mistakes."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"I got me to the rail again, an'—'What's wrang?' said Bell, hailin'.

"'She'll do,' I said. 'Send's o'er a hawser.'

"They bent a twa-inch rope to the life-line an' a hawser to that, an' I led the rope o'er the drum of a hand-winch forward, an' I sweated the hawser inboard an' made it fast to the 'Grotkau's' bitts.

"Bell brought the 'Kite' so close I feared she'd roll in an' do the 'Grotkau's' plates a mischief. He hove anither life-line to me an' went astern, an' I had all the weary winch-work to do again wi' a second hawser. For all that, Bell was right: we'd a long tow before us, an' though Providence had helped us that far, there was no sense in leavin' too much to its keepin'. When the second hawser was fast, I was wet wi' sweat, an' I cried Bell to tak' up his slack an' go home. I've heard that Kinloch an' he got gey drunk the night, but I turned in to young Bannister's bunk an' slep' past ony expression. For a general rule I sleep wi' both ears open, as a thinkin' engineer must, but I was deeper gone that night than I can ca' to mind in my life before. I waukened ragin' wi' hunger, a fair lump o' sea runnin', the 'Kite' snorin' awa' four knots an hour, an' the 'Grotkau' slappin' her nose under, an' vawin' an' standin' over at discretion. She was a most disgracefu' tow. But the shameful thing of all was the food. I raxed me a meal fra' galley shelves an' pantries an' lazareetes an' cubby-holes, that I would not ha' gied to the mate of a Cardiff collier; an' ye ken we say a Cardiff mate will eat clinkers to save waste. I'm sayin' it was simply vile! The crew had written what *they* thought of it on the new paint o' the foc'sle, but I had not a leevin' soul wi' me to complain on. There was nothin' for me to do save watch the hawsers an' the 'Kite's' tail squatterin' down in white watter when she lifted over a sea; so I got steam on the after donkey-pump an' pumped oot the engine-room. There's no sense in leavin' watter loose in a ship. When she was dry, I went doun the shaft-tunnel, an' found she was leakin' a little through the stuffin'-box, but nothin' to make wark. The propeller had e'en jarred off, as I knew it must, an' Calder had been waitin' for it to go wi' his hand on the gear. He told me as much when I met him ashore. There was nothin' started or strained. It had just slipped awa' to the bed o' the Atlantic as easy as a man dyin' wi' due warnin'—a most providential business for all concerned. Syne I took stock o' the 'Grotkau's' upper works. Her boats had been smashed on the davits, an' here an' there was the rail missin' an' a ventilator or two had fetched awa', an' the bridge rails were bent by the seas, but her hatches were tight an' she'd taken no sort o' harm. Dod, I came to hate her like a human bein', for I was eight weary days aboard starvin'—ay, starvin' within a cable's length o' plenty. All day I laid in the bunk reading the 'Woman Hater,' the grandest book Charlie Reade ever wrote, an' pickin' a toothful here an' there. It was weary, weary work. Eight days, man, I was aboard the 'Grotkau,' an' not one full meal did I make. Sma' blame her crew would not stay by her.

"It came on to blow when we fetched soundin's, an' that kept me standin' by the hawsers, lashed to the capstan breathin' betwixt green seas. I near died o' cauld an' hunger, for the 'Grotkau' towed

like a barge, an' Bell howkit her along through or over. It was vara thick up Channel, too. We were standin' in to make some sort o' light an' we near walked over twa three fishin' boats, an' they cried us we were overclose to Falmouth. Then we were near cut down by a drunken foreign fruiter that was blunderin' between us an' the shore, and it got thicker an' thicker that night, an' I could feel by the tow Bell did not know whaur he was. Losh, we knew in the morn, for the wind blew the fog oot like a candle, an' the sun came clear; and as surely as McRimmon gied me my check the shadow o' the Eddystone lay across our tow-rope! We were that near—ay, we were that near! Bell fetched the 'Kite' round with the jerk that came close to tearin' the bitts out o' the 'Grotkau,' an' I mind I thanked my Maker in young Bannister's cabin when we were inside Plymouth breakwater.

"The first to come aboard was McRimmon wi' Dandie. Did I tell you our orders were to take anything we found into Plymouth? The auld deil had just come down overnight, puttin' two an' two together from what Calder had told him when the liner landed the 'Grotkau's' men. He had preceesely hit oor time. I'd hailed Bell for something to eat, an' he sent it o'er in the same boat wi' McRimmon, when the auld man came to me. He grinned an' slapped his legs and worked his eyebrows the while I ate.

"'How do Holdock, Steiner, and Chase feed their men?' said he.

"'Ye can see,' I said, knockin' the top off another beer bottle. 'I did not sign to be starved, McRimmon.'

"'Nor to swim, either,' said he, for Bell had tauld him how I carried the line aboard. 'Well, I'm thinkin' you'll be no loser. What freight could we ha' put into the "Lammergeyer" would equal salvage on four hunder thousand pounds—hull an' cargo? Eh, McPhee? This cuts the liver out o' Holdock, Steiner, Chase, and Company, Limited. Eh, McPhee? An' I'm sufferin' from senile dementia now? Eh, McPhee? An' I'm not daft, am I, till I begin to paint the "Lammergeyer"? Eh, McPhee? Ye may weel lift your leg, Dandie! I ha' the laugh o' them all. Ye found watter in the engine-room?'

"'To speak wi'oot prejudice,' I said, 'there was some watter.'

"'They thought she was sinkin' after the propeller went. She filled wi' extraordinary rapeedity. Calder said it grieved him an' Bannister to abandon her.'

"I thought o' the dinner at Radley's an' what like o' food I'd eaten for eight days.

"'It would grieve them sore,' I said.

"'But the crew would not hear o' stayin' and workin' her back under canvas. They're gaun up an' down sayin' they'd ha' starved first.'

"'They'd ha' starved if they'd stayed,' said I.

"'I tak' it fra' Calder's account there was a mutiny a'most.'

"'Ye know more than I, McRimmon,' I said. 'Speakin' wi'oot prejudice, for we're all in the same boat, *who* opened the bilge-cock?'

"'Oh, that's it—is it?' said the auld man, an' I could see he was surprised. 'A bilge-cock, ye say?'

"'I believe it was a bilge-cock. They were all shut when I came aboard, but some one had flooded the engine-room eight feet over all, and shut it off with the worm-an'-wheel gear from the second gratin' afterwards.'

"'Losh!' said McRimmon. 'The ineequity o' man's beyond belief. But it's awfu' discreditable to Holdock, Steiner, and Chase, if that came oot in court.'

"'It's just my own curiosity,' I said.

"'Aweel, Dandie's afflicted wi' the same disease. Dandie, strive against curiosity, for it brings a little dog into traps an' suchlike. Whaur was the "Kite" when yon painted liner took off the "Grotkau's" people?'

"'Just there or thereabouts,' I said.

"'An' which o' you twa thought to cover your lights?' said he, winkin'.

"'Dandie,' I said to the dog, 'we must both strive against curiosity. It's an unremunerative business. What's our chance o' salvage, Dandie?'

"He laughed till he choked. 'Tak' what I gie you, McPhee, an' be content,' he said. 'Lord, how a man wastes time when he gets old! Get aboard the "Kite," mon, as soon as ye can. I've clean forgot there's a Baltic charter yammerin' for you at London. That'll be your last voyage, I'm thinkin', excep' by way o' pleasure.'

"Steiner's men were comin' aboard to take charge an' tow her round, an' I passed young Steiner in a boat as I went to the 'Kite.' He looked down his nose, but McRimmon pipes up: 'Here's the man ye owe the "Grotkau" to—at a price, Steiner—at a price! Let me introduce Mr. McPhee to you. Maybe ye've met before; but ye've vara little luck in keepin' your men—ashore or afloat?'

"Young Steiner looked angry enough to eat him, as he chuckled an' whustled in his dry old throat.

"'Ye've not got your price yet,' Steiner says.

"'Na, na,' says the auld man in a screech ye could hear to the Hoe, 'but I've twa million sterlin' an' no bairns, ye Judeeus Apella, if ye mean to fight; an' I'll match ye pund for pund till the last pund's oot. Ye ken *me*, Steiner! I'm McRimmon o' McNaughten and McRimmon!'

"'Dod,' he said betwix' his teeth, sittin' back in the boat. 'I've waited fourteen year to break that Jew-firm, an' God be thankit I'll do it now.'

"The 'Kite' was in the Baltic while the auld man was warkin' his warks, but I know the assessors valued the 'Grotkau,' all told, at over three hunder and sixty thousand—her manifest was a treat o' richness—an' McRimmon got a third for salvin' an abandoned ship. Ye ken there's vast deeference between towin' a ship wi' men on her an' pickin' up a derelict—a vast deeference in pounds sterlin'. Moreover, twa three o' the 'Grotkau's' crew were burnin' to testify about food, an' there was a note o' Calder to the Board in regard to the tail-shaft that would ha' been vara damagin' if it had come into court. They knew better than to fight.

"Syne the 'Kite' came back, an' McRimmon paid off me an' Bell personally, an' the rest of the crew *pro ratâ*, I believe it's ca'ed. My share—oor share I should say—was just twenty-five thousand pound sterlin'."

At this point Janet jumped up and kissed him.

"Five-and-twenty thousand pound sterlin'! Noo, I'm fra the North, and I'm not the like o' man to fling awa' money rashly, but I'd gie six months' pay—one hunder and twenty pounds—to know *who* flooded the engine-room of the 'Grotkau.' I'm fairly well acquaint wi' McRimmon's eediosyncrasies, and *he'd* no hand in it. It was not Calder, for I've asked him, an' he wanted to fight me. It would be in the highest degree unprofessional o' Calder—not fightin', but openin' bilge-cocks—but for a while I thought it was him. Ay, I judged it might be him—under temptation."

"What's your theory?" I demanded.

"Weel, I'm inclined to think it was one o' those singular providences that remind us we're in the hands o' Higher Powers."

"It couldn't open and shut itself?"

"I did not mean that; but some half-starvin' oiler, or, maybe, trimmer, must ha' opened it awhile to mak' sure o' leavin' the 'Grotkau.' It's a demoralizin' thing to see an engine-room flood up after any accident to the gear—demoralizin' an' deceptive both. Aweel, the man got what he wanted, for they went aboard the liner cryin' that the 'Grotkau' was sinkin'. But it's curious to think o' the consequences. In a' human probability he's bein' cursed in heaps at the present moment aboard another tramp freighter; an' here am I, wi' five-an'-twenty thousand pound invested, resolute to go to sea no more—providential's the preceese word—except as a passenger, ye'll understand, Janet."

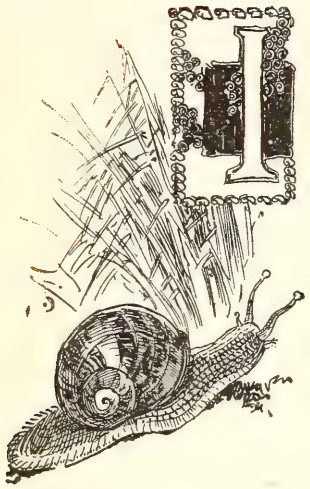
. . . . . .

McPhee kept his word. He and Janet went for a voyage as passengers in the first-class saloon. They paid seventy pounds for their berths; and Janet found a very sick woman in the second-class saloon, so that for sixteen days she lived below and chatted with the stewardesses at the foot of the second-saloon stairs, while her patient slept. McPhee was a passenger for exactly twenty-four hours, till they were out of soundings. Then the engineers' mess—where the oilcloth tables are—joyfully took him to its bosom, and for the rest of the voyage the company was richer by the unpaid services of a highly certificated engineer.

MY UNWILLING NEIGHBOR.

By Frank R. Stockton,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Adventures of Captain Horn," etc.



I WAS about twenty-five years old when I began life as the owner of a vineyard in western Virginia. I bought a large tract of land, the greater part of which lay upon the sloping side of one of the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, the exposure being that most favorable to the growth of the vine. I am an enthusiastic lover of the country and of country life, and believed that I should derive more pleasure as well as profit from the culture of my far-stretching vineyard than I would from ordinary farm operations.

I built myself a good house of moderate size upon a little plateau on the higher part of my estate. Sitting in my front porch, smoking my pipe after the labors of the day, I could look down over my vineyard into a beautiful valley, with here and there a little curling smoke arising from some of the few dwellings which were scattered about among the groves and spreading fields, and above this beauty I could imagine all my hillside clothed in green and purple.

My family consisted of myself alone. It is true that I expected some day that there would be others in my house besides myself, but I was not ready for that yet.

During the summer I found it very pleasant to live by myself. It was a novelty, and I could arrange and manage everything in my own fashion, which was a pleasure I had not enjoyed when I lived in my father's house; but when winter came I found it very lonely. Even my servants lived in a cabin at some little distance, and there were many dark and stormy evenings when the company even of a bore would have been welcome to me. Sometimes I walked over to the town and visited my friends there, but this was not feasible on stormy nights, and the winter seemed to me a very long one.

But spring came, out-door operations began, and for a few weeks I felt again that I was all-sufficient for my own pleasure and comfort. Then came a change. One of those seasons of bad and stormy weather which so frequently follow an early spring settled down upon my spirits and my hillside. It rained, it was cold, fierce winds blew, and I became more anxious for somebody to talk to than I had been at any time during the winter.

One night, when a very bad storm was raging, I went to bed early, and as I lay awake I revolved in my mind the scheme of which I had frequently thought before. I would build a neat little house on my grounds, not very far away from my house, but not too near, and I would ask Jack Brandiger to come there and live. Jack was a friend of mine who was reading law in the town, and it seemed to me that it would be much more pleasant, and even more profitable, to read law on a pretty hillside overlooking a charming valley, with woods and mountains behind and above him, where he could ramble to his heart's content.

I had thought of asking Jack to come and live with me, but this idea I soon dismissed. I am a very particular person, and Jack is not; he leaves his pipes about in all sorts of places—sometimes when they are still lighted. When he came to see me he was quite as likely to put his hat over the inkstand as to put it anywhere else. But if Jack lived at a little distance, and we could go backwards and forwards to see each other whenever we pleased, that would be quite another thing. He could do as he pleased in his own house, and I could do as I pleased in mine, and we might have many pleasant evenings together. This was a cheering idea, and I was planning how we might arrange with the negro women who managed my household affairs to attend also to those of Jack, when I fell asleep.

I did not sleep long before I was awakened by the increased violence of the

storm. My house shook with the fury of the wind; the rain seemed to be pouring on its roof and northern side as if there were a waterfall above us; and every now and then I could hear a shower of hailstones rattling against the shutters. My bedroom was one of the rooms on the lower floor, and even there I could hear the pounding of the deluge and the hailstones upon the roof.

All this was very doleful, and had a tendency to depress the spirits of a waking man, alone in a good-sized house; but I shook off this depression. It was not agreeable to be up here by myself in such a terrible storm, but there was nothing to be afraid of, as my house was new and very strongly built, being constructed of logs, weatherboarded outside and sealed within. It would require a hurricane to blow off the roof, and I believed my shutters to be hail-proof; so, as there was no reason to stay awake, I turned over and went to sleep.

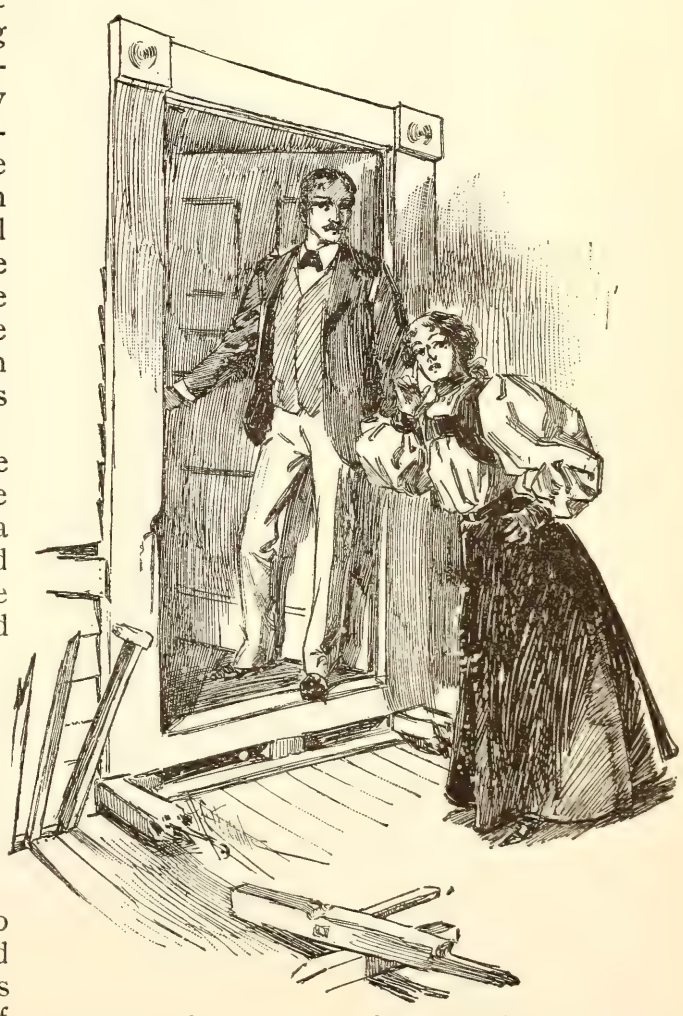
I do not know how long it was before I was awakened again, this time not by the noise of the storm, but by a curious movement of my bedstead. I had once felt the slight shock of an earthquake, and it seemed to me that this must be something of the kind; certainly my bed moved under me. I sat up; the room was pitchy dark. In a moment I felt another movement, but this time it did not seem to me to resemble an earthquake shock; such motion, I think, is generally in horizontal directions, while what I felt was more like the slower movement of a ship upon the water. The storm was at its height, the wind raged and roared, and the rain seemed to be pouring down as heavily as ever.

I was about to get up and light the lamp, for even the faintest candle flame would be some sort of company at such a gruesome moment, when my bedstead gave another movement, more shiplike than before. It actually lurched forward as if it were descending into the trough of the sea, but, unlike a ship, it did not rise again, but remained in such a slanting position that I began to slide down towards the foot. I believe that if it had not been a bedstead provided with a foot-board, I should have slipped out upon the floor.

I did not jump out of bed; I did not do anything. I tried to think, to understand the situation, to find out whether I was asleep or awake, when I became aware of noises in the room and all over the house, which even through the din of the storm made themselves noticed by their peculiarity. Tables, chairs, everything in the room, seemed to be grating and grinding on the floor, and in a moment there was a crash. I knew what that was; it was my lamp, which had slipped off the table. Any doubt on that point would have been dispelled by the smell of kerosene, which filled the air of the room.

The motion of the bed, which I now believe must have been the motion of the whole house, still continued; but the grating noises in the room gradually ceased, from which I inferred that the furniture had brought up against the front wall of the room.

Now, it was impossible for me to get up and strike a light, for to do so, with kerosene oil all over the floor and its vapor diffused through the room, would probably result in setting the house on fire; so I must stay in darkness and wait. I do not think I was very much frightened—I was so astonished that there was no room in my mind for fear. In fact, all my mental energies were occupied in trying to find out what had happened. It required, how-



"'PLEASE DON'T SPEAK LOUDLY,' SHE SAID; 'I AM AFRAID IT WILL FRIGHTEN MOTHER.'"

ever, only a few more minutes of reflection and a few more minutes of the grating, bumping, trembling of my house to enable me to make up my mind what had happened: my house was sliding downhill!

The wind must have blown the building from its foundations, and, upon the slippery surface of the hillside, probably lashed into liquid mud by the pouring rain, it was making its way down towards the valley! In a flash my mind's eye ran over the whole surface of the country beneath me as far as I knew it. I was almost positive that there was no precipice, no terrible chasm into which my house might fall. There was nothing but sloping hillside, and beneath that a wide stretch of fields.

Now there was a new and sudden noise of heavy objects falling upon the roof, and I knew what that meant: my chimney had been wrenched from its foundations, and the upper part of it had now toppled over. I could hear, through the storm, the bricks banging and sliding upon the slanting roof. Continuous sounds of cracking and snapping came to me through the closed front windows, and these were caused, I supposed, by the destruction of the stakes of my vines, as the heavy house moved over them.

Of course, when I thoroughly understood the state of the case, my first impulse was to spring out of bed, and, as quickly as possible, to get out of that thumping and sliding house; but I restrained myself. The floor might be covered with broken glass, I might not be able to find my clothes in that darkness and in the jumble of furniture at the end of the room, and even if I could dress myself, it would be folly to jump out in the midst of that raging storm into a probable mass of wreckage which I could not see; it would be far better to remain dry and warm under my roof. There was no reason whatever to suppose that the house could go to pieces, or that it would turn over; it must stop some time or other ; and, until it did so, I would be safer in my bed than anywhere else. Therefore in my bed I stayed.

Sitting upright, with my feet pressed against the foot-board, I listened and felt. The noises of the storm, and the cracking and the snapping and grinding before me and under me, still continued, although I sometimes thought that the wind was moderating a little, and that the strange motion was becoming more regular. I believed the house was moving faster than when it first began its strange career, but that it was sliding over a smooth surface. Now I noticed a succession of loud cracks and snaps at the front of the house, and, from the character of the sounds, I concluded that my little front porch, which had been acting as a cutwater at the bow of my shiplike house, had yielded at last to the rough contact with the ground, and would probably soon be torn away. This did not disturb me, for the house must still be firm.

It was not long before I perceived that the slanting of my bed was becoming less and less, and also I was quite sure that the house was moving more slowly. Then the crackings and snappings before my front wall ceased altogether. The bed resumed its ordinary horizontal position, and, although I did not know at what exact moment the house ceased sliding and came to a standstill, I was sure that it had done so. It was resting at last upon a level surface. The room was still perfectly dark, and the storm continued. There was no use for me to get up until daylight came—I could not see what had happened—so I lay back upon my pillow and tried to imagine upon what level portion of my farm I had stranded. While doing this I fell asleep.

When I woke, a little light was stealing into the room through the blinds of my shutters. I quickly slipped out of bed, opened a window, and looked out. Day was just breaking, the rain and wind had ceased, and I could discern objects; but it seemed as if I needed some light in my brain to enable me to comprehend what I saw. My eyes fell upon nothing familiar.

I did not stop to investigate, however, from my window. I found my clothes huddled together with the furniture at the front end of the room, and as soon as I was dressed I went into the hall and then to my front door. I quickly jerked this open, and was about to step outside when, suddenly, I stopped. I was positive that my front porch had been destroyed ; but there I saw a porch, a little lower than mine and a great deal wider, and on the other side of it, not more than eight feet from me, was a window—the window of a house; and on the other side of the window was a face—the face of a young girl! As I stood staring in blank amazement at the house which presented itself at my front door, the face at the window disappeared, and I was left to contemplate the scene by myself. I ran to my back door and threw it open. There I saw, stretching up the fields and far up the hillside,

"'IF YOU HAVE SCRATCHED UP LITTLE SAMUEL!' SHE SCREAMED, PANTING, BUT SHE HAD NOT BREATH ENOUGH TO FINISH THE SENTENCE."

the wide path which my house had made as it came down from its elevated position to the valley beneath, where it had ended its onward career by stopping up against another house. As I looked off the back porch, I saw that the ground still continued to slope, so that if my house had not found in its path another building, it would probably have proceeded somewhat farther on its course. It was lighter, and I saw bushes and fences and little outbuildings—I was in a back yard.

Almost breathless with amazement and consternation, I ran again to the front door. When I reached it I found a young woman standing on the porch of the house before me. I was about to say something—I know not what—when she put her finger on her lips and stepped forward.

"Please don't speak loudly," she said. "I am afraid it will frighten mother; she is asleep yet. I suppose you and your house have been sliding downhill?"

"That is what has happened," said I; "but I cannot understand it; it seems to me the most amazing thing that ever took place on the face of the earth."

"It is very queer," said she; "but hurricanes do blow away houses, and that must have been a hurricane we had last night, for the wind was strong enough to loosen any house. I have often wondered if that house would ever slide downhill."

"My house?"

"Yes," she said. "Soon after it was built I began to think what a nice clean sweep it could make from the place where it seemed to be stuck to the side of the mountain, right down here into the valley."

I could not talk with a girl like this; at least I could not meet her on her own conversational grounds. I was so agitated myself that it seemed unnatural that any one to whom I should speak should not also be agitated.

"Who are you?" I asked, rather brusquely; "at least, to whom does this house belong?"

"This is my mother's house," said she. "My mother is Mrs. Carson. We happen just now to be living here by ourselves, so I cannot call on any man to help you do anything. My brother has always lived with us, but last week he went away."

"You don't seem to be a bit astonished at what has happened," said I.

She was rather a pretty girl; of a cheerful disposition, I should say, for several times she had smiled as she spoke.

"Oh, I am astonished," she answered; "or at least I was, but I have had time enough to get over some of it. It was at least an hour ago when I was awakened by hearing something crack in the yard. I went to a window and looked out, and could just barely see that something like a big building had grown up during the night. Then I watched it, and watched it, until I made out it was a whole house; and after that it was not long before I guessed what had happened. It seemed a simpler thing to me, you know, than it did to you, because I had often thought about it, and probably you never had."

"You are right there," said I earnestly. "It would have been impossible for me to imagine such a thing."

"At first I thought there was nobody in the house," said she; "but when I heard some one moving about, I came down to tell whoever had arrived not to make a noise. I see," she added, with another of her smiles, "that you think I am a very strange person not to be more flurried by what has happened; but really I cannot think of anything else just now except what mother will say and do when she comes down and finds you and your house here at the back door. I am very sure she will not like it."

"Like it!" I exclaimed. "Who on earth could like it?"

"Please speak more gently," she said. "Mother is always a little irritable when her night's rest has been broken, and I would not like to have her wakened up suddenly now. But really, Mr. Warren, I haven't the least idea in the world how she will take this thing. I must go in and be with her when she wakes, so that I can explain just what has happened."

"One moment," I said. "You know my name?"

"Of course I know your name," she answered. "Could that house be up there on the hillside for more than a year without my knowing who lived in it?" With this, she went indoors.

I could not help smiling when I thought of the young lady regretting that there was no man in the house who might help me do something. What could anybody do in a case like this? I turned and went into the house. I entered the various rooms on the lower floor, and saw no signs of any particular damage except that everything movable in each room was jumbled together against the front wall. But when I looked out of the back door, I found that the porch there was a good deal wrecked, which I had not noticed before.

I went upstairs, and found everything pretty much as it was below. Nothing seemed to have been injured except the chimney and the porches. I thanked my stars that I had used hard wood instead of mortar for the ceilings of my rooms.

I was about to go into my bedroom, when I heard a woman scream, and of course I hurried to the front. There on the back porch of her house stood Mrs. Carson. She was a woman of middle age, and, as I glanced at her, I saw where her daughter got her good looks. But the placidity and cheerfulness of the younger face were entirely wanting in the mother. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were red, her mouth was partly opened, and it seemed to me that I could almost see that her breath was hot.

"Is this your house?" she cried, the moment her eyes fell upon me; "and what is it doing here?"

I did not immediately answer. I looked at the angry woman, and behind her I saw, through the open door, the daughter crossing the hallway. It was plain that she had decided to let me have it out with her mother without interference. As briefly and as clearly I could, I explained what had happened.

"What is all that to me?" she screamed. "It doesn't matter to me how your house got here. There have been storms ever since the beginning of the world, and I never heard of any of them taking a house into a person's back yard. You ought not to have built your house where any such thing could happen. But all this is

"I . . . BEGAN TO SEARCH FOR THE WELL, AND IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE I DISCOVERED ITS ROUND, DARK OPENING, . . . UNDER ONE END OF MY PORCH."

nothing to me. I don't understand, now, how your house did get here, and I don't want to understand it. All I want is for you to take it away."

"I will do that, madam, just as soon as I can. You may be very sure I will do that. But—"

"Can you do it now?" she asked. "Can you do it to-day? I don't want a minute lost. I have not been outside to see what damage has been done, but the first thing to do is to take your house away."

"I am going to the town now, madam, to summon assistance."

Mrs. Carson made no answer, but she turned and walked to the end of her porch. There she suddenly gave a scream, which quickly brought her daughter from the house. "Kitty! Kitty!" cried her mother. "Do you know what he has done? He has gone right over my round flower garden; his house is sitting on it this minute!"

"But he could not help it, mother," said Kitty.

"Help it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson. "I don't want him to help it; what I want—" Suddenly she stopped. Her eyes flashed brighter, and her mouth opened wider. She seemed to have lost the power of speech; but quickly it came back to her. "Little Samuel!" she screamed. "Kitty, do you know I believe he has scratched up little Samuel!"

I looked at her stupefied, without knowing what she was talking about. "Little Samuel!" again screamed Mrs. Carson, and she ran about wildly endeavoring to get off her porch; but my house had demolished her steps, and it blocked up the opening.

"The side door, mother!" said Miss Kitty; and then, as the older woman disappeared into the house with a stifled exclamation, her daughter said to me: "It is my little brother she is thinking about.

He died some years ago and was buried in a small graveyard back of our garden. She thinks your house has gone over it and has scratched him up." Miss Carson now followed her mother, and I jumped over the railings of the porch and ran after them.

As we hurried along by my house and into their garden, which now seemed to be unevenly divided into two parts, scream after scream came from Mrs. Carson as she noticed the absence of sheds, fences, or vegetable beds, which had found themselves in the course of my all-destroying dwelling. Once she turned her head towards me, her face pallid. "If you have scratched up little Samuel!" she screamed, panting, but she had not breath enough to finish the sentence, and continued onward with clenched fists.

But little Samuel was not scratched up. My house had not passed within a hundred feet of his resting-place. Then we turned and went back to the house, or rather to the houses.

It was now well on in the morning, and some of the neighbors had become aware of the strange disaster which had happened to me, although if they had heard the news from Mrs. Carson they might have supposed that it was a disaster which had happened only to her. As they gazed at the two houses so closely jammed together, all of them wondered, some of them even laughed, but not one offered a suggestion which afforded satisfaction to Mrs. Carson or myself. The general opinion was that, now my house was there, it would have to stay there, for there were not enough horses in the State to pull it back up that mountain-side. To be sure, it might possibly be moved off sidewise; but whether it was moved one way or the other, a lot of Mrs. Carson's trees would have to be cut down to let it pass.

"Which shall never happen!" cried that good lady. "If nothing else can be done, it must be taken apart and hauled off in carts; but, no matter how it is managed, it must be moved, and that immediately."

Miss Carson now prevailed upon her mother to go into the house, and I stayed and talked to the men and a few women who had gathered outside.

When they had said all they had to say, and seen all there was to see, these people went home to their breakfasts. I entered my house—not by the front door, for to do that I would have been obliged to trespass upon Mrs. Carson's back porch. I got my hat, and was about to start for the town, when I heard my name called. Turning into the hall, I saw Miss Carson, who was standing at my front door.

"Mr. Warren," said she, "you haven't any way of getting breakfast, have you?"

"Oh, no," said I. "My servants are up there in their cabin, and I suppose they are too much scared to come down. But I am going to town to see what can be done about my house, and will get my breakfast there."

"It's a long way to go without anything to eat," she said, "and we can give you some breakfast. But I want to ask you something. I am in a good deal of perplexity; our two servants are out at the front of the house, but they positively refuse to come in. They are afraid that your house may begin sliding again and crush them all, so I shall have to get breakfast. But what bothers me is trying to find our well. I have been outside, and can see no signs of it."

"Where was your well?" I gasped.

"It ought to be somewhere near the back of your house," she said. "May I go through your hall and look out?"

"Of course you may," I cried, and I preceded her to my back door.

"Now, it seems to me," she said, after surveying the scene of desolation immediately before, and looking from side to side, towards objects which had remained untouched, "that your house has passed directly over our well, and must have carried away the little shed and the pump and everything above ground. I should not wonder a bit," she continued slowly, "if it is under your porch."

I jumped to the ground, for the steps were shattered, and began to search for the well, and it was not long before I discovered its round dark opening, which was, as Miss Carson had imagined, under one end of my porch.

"What can we do?" she asked. "We can't have breakfast or get along at all without water." It was a terribly depressing thing to me to think that I, or rather my house, had given these people so much trouble; but I speedily assured Miss Carson that if she could find a bucket and a rope, which I could lower into the well, I could provide her with water.

She went into her house to see what she could find, and I tore away the broken planks of the porch, so that I could get to the well; and then, when she came with a tin pail and a clothesline, I went to

work with great ardor to haul up water and carry it to her back door.

"I don't want mother to find out what has happened to the well," she said; "for she has enough on her mind already."

Mrs. Carson was a woman with some good points in her character. After a time she called to me herself, and told me to come in to breakfast; but during the meal she talked very earnestly to me about the amazing trespass I had committed and about the means which should be taken to repair the damages my house had done to her property. I was as optimistic as I could be, and the young lady spoke very cheerfully and hopefully about the affair, so that we were beginning to get along somewhat pleasantly, when, suddenly, Mrs. Carson sprang to her feet. "Heavens and earth!" she cried, "this house is moving!"

She was not mistaken. I had felt beneath my feet a sudden sharp shock—not severe, but unmistakable. I remembered that both houses stood upon slightly sloping ground; my blood turned cold, my heart stood still—even Miss Carson was pale!

When we had rushed out-of-doors to see what had happened, or what was going to happen, I soon found that we had been needlessly frightened. Some of the broken timbers on which my house had been partially resting had given way, and the front part of the building had slightly descended, jarring, as it did so, the other house, against which it rested. I endeavored to prove to Mrs. Carson that the result was encouraging rather than otherwise, for my house was now more firmly settled than it had been; but she did not value the opinion of a man who did not know enough to put his house in a place where it would be likely to stay, and she could eat no more breakfast, and was even afraid to stay under her own roof until experienced mechanics had been summoned to look into the state of affairs.

I hurried away to the town, and it was not long before several carpenters and masons were on the spot. After a thorough examination, they assured Mrs. Carson that there was no danger, that my house would do no further damage to her premises; but, to make things certain, they would bring some heavy beams and brace the front of my house against her cellar wall. When that should be done it would be impossible for it to move any farther.

"But I don't want it braced!" cried Mrs. Carson. "I want it taken away; I want it out of my back yard!"

The master carpenter was a man of imagination and expedients. "That is quite another thing, ma'am," said he. "We'll fix this gentleman's house so that you needn't be afraid of it; and then when the time comes to move it, there's several ways of doing that. We might rig up a powerful windlass at the top of the hill, and perhaps get a steam-engine to turn it, and we could fasten cables to the house and haul her back to where she belongs."

"And can you take your oaths," cried Mrs. Carson, "that those ropes won't break, and when that house gets half way up the hill, it won't come sliding down ten times faster than it did, and crash into me and mine and everything I own on earth? No, sir! I'll have no house hauled up a hill back of me!"

"Of course," said the carpenter, "it would be a great deal easier to move it on this ground, which is almost level—"

"And cut down my trees to do it! No, sir!"

"Well, then," said he, "there is no way to do but to take it apart and haul it off."

"Which would make an awful time at the back of my house while you were doing it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson.

I now put in a word. "There's only one thing to do that I can see," I exclaimed. "I will sell it to a match factory. It is almost all wood, and it can be cut up in sections about two inches thick, and then split into matches."

Kitty smiled. "I should like to see them," she said, "taking away the little sticks in wheelbarrows!"

"There is no need of trifling on the subject," said Mrs. Carson. "I have had a great deal to bear, and I must bear it no longer than is necessary. I have just found out that in order to get water out of my own well, I must go to the back porch of a stranger. Such things cannot be endured. If my son George were here, he would tell me what I ought to do. I shall write to him, and see what he advises. I do not mind waiting a little bit, now that I know that you can fix Mr. Warren's house so that it won't move any farther."

Thus the matter was left. My house was braced that afternoon, and towards evening I started to go to a hotel in the town to spend the night.

"No, sir!" said Mrs. Carson. "Do you suppose that I am going to stay here all night with a great empty house jammed

up against me, and everybody knowing that it is empty? It will be the same as having thieves in my own house to have them in yours. You have come down here in your property, and you can stay in it and take care of it!"

"I don't object to that in the least," I said. "My two women are here, and I can tell them to attend to my meals. I haven't any chimney, but I suppose they can make a fire some way or other."

"No, sir!" said Mrs. Carson. "I am not going to have any strange servants on my place. I have just been able to prevail upon my own women to go into the house, and I don't want any more trouble; I have had enough already!"

"But, my dear madam," said I, "you don't want me to go to the town, and you won't allow me to have any cooking done here; what am I to do?"

"Well," she said, "you can eat with us. It may be two or three days before I can hear from my son George, and in the meantime you can live in your own house and I will take you to board. That is the best way I can see of managing the thing; but I am very sure I am not going to be left here alone in the dreadful predicament in which you have put me."

We had scarcely finished supper, when Jack Brandiger came to see me. He laughed a good deal about my sudden change of base, but thought, on the whole, my house had made a very successful move; it must be more pleasant in the valley than up on that windy hill. Jack was very much interested in everything, and when Mrs. Carson and her daughter appeared, as we were walking about viewing the scene, I felt myself obliged to introduce him.

"I like those ladies," said he to me afterwards. "I think you have chosen very agreeable neighbors."

"How do you know you like them?" said I. "You had scarcely anything to say to Mrs. Carson."

"No, to be sure," said he; "but I expect I should like her. By the way, do you know how you used to talk to me about coming and living somewhere near you? How would you like me to come and take one of your rooms now? I might cheer you up."

"No," said I firmly. "That cannot be done. As things are now, I have as much as I can do to get along here by myself."

Mrs. Carson did not hear from her son for nearly a week, and then he wrote that he found it almost impossible to give her any advice. He thought it was a very queer state of affairs; he had never heard of anything like it; but he would try and arrange business so that he could come home in a week or two and look into matters.

As I was thus compelled to force myself upon the close neighborhood of Mrs. Carson and her daughter, I endeavored to make things as pleasant as possible. I brought some of my men down out of the vineyard and set them to repairing fences, putting the garden in order, and doing all that I could to remedy the doleful condition of things which I had unwillingly brought into the back yard of this quiet family. I rigged up a pump on my back porch by which the water of the well could be conveniently obtained, and in every way endeavored to repair damages.

But Mrs. Carson never ceased to talk about the unparalleled disaster which had come upon her, and she must have had a great deal of correspondence with her son George, because she gave me frequent messages from him. He could not come on to look into the state of affairs, but he seemed to be giving it a great deal of thought and attention.

Spring weather had come again, and it was very pleasant to help the Carson ladies get their flower garden in order—at least as much as was left of it, for my house was resting upon some of the most important beds. As I was obliged to give up all present idea of doing anything in the way of getting my residence out of a place where it had no business to be, because Mrs. Carson would not consent to any plan which had been suggested, I felt that I was offering some little compensation in beautifying what seemed to be, at that time, my own grounds.

My labors in regard to vines, bushes, and all that sort of thing were generally carried on under direction of Mrs. Carson or her daughter, and as the elderly lady was a very busy housewife, the horticultural work was generally left to Miss Kitty and me.

I liked Miss Kitty; she was a cheerful, whole-souled person, and I sometimes thought that she was not so unwilling to have me for a neighbor as the rest of the family seemed to be; for if I were to judge the disposition of her brother George from what her mother told me about his letters, both he and Mrs. Carson must be making a great many plans to get me off the premises.

Nearly a month had now passed since my house and I made that remarkable morning call upon Mrs. Carson. I was becoming accustomed to my present mode of living, and, so far as I was concerned, it satisfied me very well; I certainly lived a great deal better than when I was depending upon my old negro cook. Miss Kitty seemed to be satisfied with things as they were, and so, in some respects, did her mother; but the latter never ceased to give me extracts from some of her son George's letters, and this was always annoying and worrying to me. Evidently he was not pleased with me as such a close neighbor to his mother; and it was astonishing how many expedients he proposed in order to rid her of my undesirable proximity.

"My son George," said Mrs. Carson one morning, "has been writing to me about jackscrews; he says that the greatest improvements have been made in jackscrews."

"What do you do with them, mother?" asked Miss Kitty.

"You lift houses with them," said she. "He says that in large cities they lift whole blocks of houses with them and build stories underneath. He thinks that we can get rid of our trouble here if we use jackscrews."

"But how does he propose to use them?" I asked.

"Oh, he has a good many plans," answered Mrs. Carson. "He said that he should not wonder if jackscrews could be made large enough to lift your house entirely over mine and set it out in the road, where it could be carried away without interfering with anything, except, of course, vehicles which might be coming along. But he has another plan; that is, to lift my house up and carry it out into the field on the other side of the road, and then your house might be carried along right over the cellar until it got to the road. In that way, he says, the bushes and trees would not have to be interfered with."

"I think Brother George is cracked!" said Kitty.

All this sort of thing worried me very much. My mind was eminently disposed towards peace and tranquillity, but who could be peaceful and tranquil with a prospective jackscrew under the very base of his comfort and happiness? In fact, my house had never been such a happy home as it was at that time; the fact of its unwarranted position upon other people's grounds had ceased to trouble me.

But the coming son George, with his jackscrews, did trouble me very much, and that afternoon I deliberately went into Mrs. Carson's house to look for Kitty. I knew her mother was not at home, for I had seen her go out. When Kitty appeared I asked her to come out on her back porch. "Have you thought of any new plan of moving it?" she said with a smile as we sat down.

"No," said I earnestly; "I have not, and I don't want to think of any plan of moving it. I am tired of seeing it there, I am tired of thinking about moving it away, and I am tired of hearing people talk about moving it. I have not any right to be here, and I am never allowed to forget it. What I want to do is to go entirely away, and leave everything behind me—except one thing."

"And what is that?" asked Kitty.

"You," I answered.

She turned a little pale and did not reply.

"You understand me, Kitty," I said. "There is nothing in the world that I care for but you. What have you to say to me?"

Then came back to her her little smile. "I think it would be very foolish for us to go away," she said.

It was about a quarter of an hour after this when Kitty proposed that we should go out to the front of the house. It would look queer if any of the servants should come by and see us sitting together like that. I had forgotten that there were other people in the world; but I went with her.

We were standing on the front porch, close to each other, and I think we were holding each other's hand, when Mrs. Carson came back. As she approached she looked at us inquiringly, plainly wishing to know why we were standing side by side before her door as if we had some special object in so doing.

"Well?" said she, as she came up the steps. Of course it was right that I should speak, and, in as few words as possible, I told her what Kitty and I had been saying to each other. I never saw Kitty's mother look so cheerful and so handsome as when she came forward and kissed her daughter and shook hands with me. She seemed so perfectly satisfied that it amazed me. After a little, Kitty left us, and then Mrs. Carson asked me to sit by her on a rustic bench.

"Now," said she, "this will straighten out things in the very best way. When

you are married, you and Kitty can live in the back building—for, of course, your house will now be the same thing as a back building—and you can have the second floor. We won't have any separate tables, because it will be a great deal nicer for you and Kitty to live with me, and it will simply be your paying board for two persons instead of one; and you know you can manage your vineyard just as well from the bottom of the hill as from the top. The lower rooms of what used to be your house can be made very pleasant and comfortable for all of us. I have been thinking about the room on the right that you had planned for a parlor, and it will make a lovely sitting-room for us, and that is a thing we have never had, and the room on the other side is just what will suit beautifully for a guest-chamber. The two houses together, with the roof of my back porch properly joined to the front of your house, will make a beautiful and spacious dwelling. And it was fortunate that you painted your house a light yellow ; I have often looked at the two together, and thought what a good thing it was that one was not one color and the other another. And as to the pump, it will be very easy now to put a pipe from what used to be your back porch to our kitchen, so that we can get water without being obliged to carry it. Between us we can make all sorts of improvements, and some time I will tell you a good many that I have thought of.

"What used to be your house," she continued, "can be jackscrewed up a little bit and a good foundation put under it; I have inquired about that. Of course it would not have been proper to let you know that I was satisfied with the state of things, but I was satisfied, and there is no use of denying it. As soon as I got over my first scare, after that house came down the hill, and had seen how everything might be arranged to suit all parties, I said to myself: 'What the Lord has joined together, let not man put asunder,' and so, according to my belief, the strongest kind of jackscrews could not put these two houses asunder, any more than they could put you and Kitty asunder, now that you have agreed to take each other for each other's own."

Jack Brandiger came to call that evening, and when he had heard what had happened he whistled a good deal. "You are a funny kind of a fellow," said he. "You go courting like a snail, with your house on your back!"

I think my friend was a little discomfited. "Don't be discouraged, Jack," said I. "You will get a good wife some of these days; that is, if you don't try to slide uphill to find her!"

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

CHAPTER III.

IT was the forty-fathom slumber, that clears the soul and eye and heart, and sends you to breakfast ravening. They emptied a big tin dish of juicy fragments of fish—the blood-ends the cook had collected over night. They cleaned up the plates and pans of the elder mess, who were out fishing, sliced pork for the mid-day meal, swabbed down the foc'sle, filled the lamps, drew coal and water for the cook, and investigated the fore-hold, where the boat's stores were stacked. It was another perfect day—soft, mild, and clear; and Harvey breathed to the very bottom of his lungs.

More schooners had crept up in the night, and the long blue seas were full of sails and dories. Far away on the horizon, the smoke of some liner, her hull invisible, smudged the blue, and to eastward a big ship's topgallant sails, just lifting, made a square nick in it. Disko Troop was smoking by the roof of the cabin—with one eye on the craft around and the other on the little fly at the mainmast-head.

"When dad kerflummoxs that way," said Dan in a whisper, "he's doin' some high-line thinkin' fer all hands. I'll lay my wage an' share we'll make a berth soon. Dad he knows the cod, an' the fleet they know dad knows. See 'em comin' up one by one, lookin' fer nothin' in particular, o' course, but scrowgin' on us all the time. There's the 'Prince Leboo;' she's a Chat-ham boat. She's crep' up sence last night. An' see that big one with a patch in her foresail an' a new jib. She's the 'Carrie Pitman' from West Chat-ham. She won't keep her canvas long onless her luck's changed since last season. She don't do much 'cep' drift. There ain't an anchor made 'll hold her. . . . When the smoke puffs up in little rings like that, dad's studyin' the fish. Ef we speak to him now, he'll git mad. Las' time I did, he jest took an' hove a boot at me."

Disko Troop stared forward, the pipe between his teeth, with eyes that saw nothing. As his son said, he was studying the fish—pitting his knowledge and experience on the Banks against the roving cod in his own sea. He accepted the presence of the inquisitive schooners on the horizon as a compliment to his powers. But now that it was paid, he wished to draw away and make his berth alone, till it was time to go up to the Virgin and fish in the streets of that roaring town upon the waters. So Disko Troop thought of recent weather, and gales, currents, food supplies, and other domestic arrangements, from the point of view of a twenty-pound cod; was, in fact, for an hour, a cod himself, and looked remarkably like one. Then he removed the pipe from his teeth.

"Dad," said Dan, "we' done our chores. Can't we go over side a piece? It's good catchin' weather."

"Not in that cherry-colored rig ner them ha'af-baked brown shoes. Give him suthin' fit to wear."

"Dad's pleased—that settles it," said Dan, delightfully, dragging Harvey into the cabin, while Troop pitched a key down the steps. "Dad keeps my spare rig where he kin overhaul it, 'cause ma sez I'm keerless." He rummaged through a locker, and in less than three minutes Harvey was adorned with fisherman's rubber boots that came half up to his thigh, a heavy blue jersey well darned on the elbows, a pair of nippers, and a sou'wester.

"Naow ye look somethin' like," said Dan. "Hurry!"

"Keep nigh an' handy," said Troop, "an' don't go visitin' round the fleet. Ef anyone asks you what I'm cal'latin' to do, speak the truth, fer ye don't know."

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"I'LL LAY MY WAGE AN' SHARE HE'S OVER A HUNDRED."

A little red dory, labelled "Hattie S.," lay astern of the schooner. Dan hauled in the painter, dropped lightly on to the bottom boards, while Harvey tumbled after.

"That's no way o' gettin' into a boat," said Dan. "Ef there wuz any sea you'd go to the bottom, sure. You got to learn to meet her."

Dan fitted the thole pins, took the forward thwart, and watched Harvey's work. The boy had rowed, in a lady-like fashion, on the Adirondack ponds; but there is a difference between squeaking pins and well-balanced rullocks—light sculls and stubby, eight-foot sea oars. They stuck in the gentle swell, and Harvey grunted.

"Short! Row short," said Dan. "Ef you cramp your oar in any kind o' sea you're liable to turn her over. Ain't she a daisy? Mine, too."

The little dory was specklessly clean. In her bows lay a tiny anchor, two jugs of water, and some seventy fathoms of thin, brown dory-roding. A tin dinner-horn rested in cleats just under Harvey's right hand, beside an ugly-looking maul, a short gaff, and a shorter wooden stick. A couple of lines, with very heavy leads and double cod hooks, all neatly coiled on square reels, were stuck in their place by the gunwale.

"Where's the sail and mast?" said Harvey, for his hands were beginning to blister.

Dan chuckled. "Ye don't sail fishin'-dories much. Ye pull; but ye needn't pull so hard. Don't you wish you owned her?"

"Well, I guess my father might give me one or two if I asked 'em," Harvey replied. He had been too busy to think much of his family till then.

"That's so. I forgot your dad's a millionnaire. You don't act millionary any, naow. But a dory an' craft an' gear—" Dan spoke as though she were a whaleboat

—"costs a heap. Think your dad 'ud give you one fer—fer a pet?"

"Shouldn't wonder. It would be 'most the only thing I haven't stuck him for."

"Must be an expensive kinder kid to home. Don't slitheroo that way, Harve. Short's the trick, because no sea's ever dead still, an' the swells 'll—"

Crack. The loom of the oar kicked Harvey under the chin, and knocked him backwards.

"That was what I was goin' to say. I hed to learn too, but *I* wasn't more than eight years old when I got my teachin'."

Harvey regained his seat with aching jaws and a frown.

"No good gettin' mad at things, dad says. It's our own fault ef we can't handle 'em, he says. Le's try here. Manuel 'll give us the water."

The "Portugee" was rocking fully a mile away, but when Dan up-ended an oar, he waved his left arm three times.

"Thirty fathom," said Dan, stringing a salt clam on to the hook. "Over with the doughboys. Bait same's I do, Harve, an' don't snarl your reel."

Dan's line was out long before Harvey had mastered the mystery of baiting and heaving out the leads. The dory drifted along easily. It was not worth while to anchor till they were sure of good ground.

"Here we come!" Dan shouted, and a shower of spray rattled on Harvey's shoulders as a big cod flapped and kicked alongside. "Muckle, Harvey, muckle! Under your hand! Quick."

Evidently "muckle" could not be the dinner-horn, so Harvey passed over the maul, and Dan scientifically stunned the fish before he pulled it inboard, and wrenched out the hook with the short wooden stick he called a "gob-stick." Then Harvey felt a tug, and pulled up zealously.

"Why, these are strawberries," he shouted. "Look!"

The hook had fouled among a bunch of strawberries, red on one side and white on the other—perfect reproductions of land fruit, except that there were no leaves, and the stem was all pipy and slimy.

"Don't tech 'em. Slat 'em off. Don't—"

The warning came too late. Harvey had picked them from the hook, and was admiring them.

"Ouch!" he cried, for his fingers throbbed as though he had grasped many nettles.

"Naow ye know what strawberry bottom means. Nothin' 'cep' fish should be teched with the naked fingers, dad says. Slat 'em off agin the gunnel, an' bait up, Harve. Lookin' won't help any. It's all in the wages."

Harvey smiled at the thought of his ten and a half dollars a month, and wondered what his mother would say if she could see him hanging over the edge of a fishing-dory in mid-ocean. She suffered agonies whenever he went out on Saranac Lake; and, by the way, Harvey remembered distinctly that he used to laugh at her anxieties. Suddenly the line flashed through his hand, stinging even through the nippers, the woollen circlets supposed to protect it.

"He's a logy. Give him room accordin' to his strength," cried Dan. "I'll help ye."

"No, you won't," Harvey snapped, as he hung on to the line. "It's my first fish. Is—is it a whale?"

"Halibut, mebbe." Dan peered down into the water alongside and flourished the big "muckle," ready for all chances. Something white and oval flickered and fluttered through the green. "I'll lay my wage an' share he's over a hundred. Are you so everlastin' anxious to land him alone?"

Harvey's knuckles were raw and bleeding where they had been banged against the gunwale; his face was purple-blue between excitement and exertion; he dripped with sweat, and was half-blinded from staring at the circling sunlit ripples about the swiftly moving line. The boys were tired long ere the halibut. He took charge of them and the dory for the next twenty minutes. But the big flat fish was gaffed and hauled in at last.

"Beginner's luck," said Dan, wiping his forehead. "He's all of a hundred."

Harvey looked at the huge gray and mottled creature with unspeakable pride. He had seen halibut many times on marble slabs ashore, but it had never occurred to him to ask how they came there. Now he knew; and every square inch of his body ached with fatigue.

"Ef dad was along," said Dan, hauling up, "he'd read the signs plain 's print. The fish are runnin' smaller an' smaller, an' you've took 'baout as logy a halibut 's we're apt to find this trip. Yesterday's catch—did ye notice it?—was all big fish an' no halibut. Dad, he'd read them signs right off. Dad says everythin' on the Banks is signs, an' can be read wrong er right. Dad's deeper'n the Whale Hole."

Even as he spoke a pistol was fired on the "We're Here," and a potato-basket run up in the fore-rigging.

"What did I say, naow? That's the call fer the whole crowd. Dad's onter something, er he'd never break fishin' this time o' day. Reel up, Harve, an' we'll pull back."

They were to windward of the schooner, just ready to flirt the dory over the still sea, when sounds of woe half a mile off led them to "Pennsylvania," who was careering around a fixed point, for all the world like a gigantic water-bug. The little man backed away and came down again with enormous energy, but at the end of each manœuvre his dory swung round and snubbed herself on her rope.

"We'll hev to help him, er he'll root an' seed here," said Dan.

"What's the matter?" said Harvey. This was a new world, where he could not lay down the law to his elders, but had to ask questions.

"Anchor's fouled. Penn's always losing 'em. Lost two this trip a'ready—on sandy bottom too—an' Dad says next one he loses, sure's fishin', he'll give him the kelleg. That 'ud break Penn's heart."

"What's a 'kelleg'?" said Harvey, who had an idea it might be some kind of marine torture, like keel-hauling.

"Big stone instid of an anchor. You kin see a kelleg ridin' in the bows fur's you can see a dory, an' all the fleet knows what it means. They'd guy him dretful. Penn couldn't stand that no more'n a dog with a dipper to his tail. He's so everlastin' sensitive. Hello, Penn? Stuck again? Don't try any more o' your patents. Come up on her, and keep your rodin' straight up an' down."

"It doesn't move," said the little man, panting. "It doesn't move at all, and, indeed, I tried everything."

"What's all this hurrah's-nest for'rard?" said Dan, pointing to a wild tangle of spare oars and dory-roding, all matted together by the hand of inexperience.

"Oh, that," said Penn proudly, "is a Spanish windlass. Mr. Salters showed me how to make it; but even *that* doesn't move her."

Dan bent low over the gunwale to hide a smile, twitched once or twice on the roding, and, behold, the anchor drew at once.

"Haul up, Penn," he said, laughing, "er she'll git stuck again."

They left him regarding the weed-hung flukes of the little anchor with big, pathetic blue eyes, and thanking them profusely.

"Oh, say, while I think of it, Harve," said Dan, when they were out of ear-shot, "Penn ain't quite all caulked. He ain't nowise dangerous, but his mind's give out. See?"

"Is that so, or is it one of your father's judgments?" Harvey asked as he bent to his oars. He felt he was learning to handle them more easily.

"Dad ain't mistook this time. Penn's a sure 'nuff loony. No, he ain't thet exactly, so much ez a harmless ijjit. It was this way (you're rowin' quite so, Harve), an' I tell you 'cause it's right you orter know. He was a Moravian preacher once. Jacob Boller wuz his name, dad told me, an' he lived with his wife an' four children somewheres out Pennsylvania way. Well, Penn he took his folks along to a Moravian meetin'—camp-meetin' most like—an' they stayed over jest one night in Johnstown. You've heerd talk o' Johnstown?"

Harvey considered. "Yes, I have. But I don't know why. It sticks in my head same as Ashtabula."

"Both was big accidents—thet's why, Harve. Well, that one night Penn and his folks was to the hotel Johnstown was wiped out. Dam bust an' flooded her, an' the houses struck adrift an' bumped into each other an' sunk. I've seen the pictures, an' they're dretful. Penn, he saw his folks drowned all 'n a heap 'fore he rightly knew what was comin'. His mind give out from that on. He mistrusted somethin' hed happened up to Johnstown, but for the poor life of him he couldn't remember what, an' he jest drifted araound smilin' an' wonderin'. He didn't know what he was, ner yit what he hed bin, an' thet way he run agin Uncle Salters, who was visitin' 'n Allegheny City. Ha'af my mother's folks they're all scattered inside o' Pennsylvania, an' Uncle Salters he visits araound winters. Uncle Salters he kinder adopted Penn, well knowin' what his trouble wuz; an' he brought him East, an' he give him work on his farm."

"Why, I heard him calling Penn a farmer last night when the boats bumped. Is your Uncle Salters a farmer?"

"Farmer!" shouted Dan. "There ain't water enough 'tween here an' Hatt'rus to wash the furrer-mould off'n *his* boots. He's jest everlastin' farmer. Why, Harve, I've seen that man hitch up a bucket, long towards sundown, an' set twiddling the spigot to the scuttle-butt same's ef 'twuz a cow's bag. He's thet much farmer. Well, Penn an' he they ran the farm—up Exeter way, 'twuz. Uncle Salters he sold it this spring to a jay from Boston as wanted to build a haouse fer summer, an' he got a heap for it. Well, them two loonies scratched along till one day Penn's church as he'd belonged to, the Moravians, found out where he wuz drifted an' layin', an' wrote to Uncle Salters.

Never heerd what they said exactly; but Uncle Salters was right mad. He's a 'piscopalian mostly—but he jest let 'em hev it both sides o' the bow, 's if he was a Baptist; an' sez he warn't goin' to give up Penn to any blame Moravian connection in Pennsylvania or anywheres else. Then he come to dad, towin' Penn—thet was two trips back—an' sez he an' Penn must fish a trip for their health. Guess he thought the Moravians wouldn't hunt the Banks fer Jacob Boller. Dad was agreeable, fer Uncle Salters he'd been fishin' off an' on fer thirty years, and he took quarter-share in the 'We're Here'; an' the trip done Penn so much good dad made a habit o' takin' him. Some day, dad sez, he'll remember his wife an' kids *an'* Johnstown, an' then he'll die—dad sez. Don't ye talk abaout Johnstown ner such things to Penn, 'r Uncle Salters he'll heave ye overboard."

"A FEW SECONDS LATER A HISSING WAVE-TOP . . . SMOTE UNCLE SALTERS BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS, AND DRENCHED HIM FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

"Poor Penn," murmured Harvey. "I shouldn't ever have thought Uncle Salters cared for him by the look of 'em together."

"I like Penn, though; we all do," said Dan. "We ought to ha' give him a tow, but I wanted to tell ye first."

They were close to the schooner now, the other boats a little behind them.

"You needn't heave in the dories till after dinner," said Troop from the deck. "We'll dress daown right off. Fix table, boys!"

"Deeper'n the Whale-Deep," said Dan, with a wink, as he set the gear for dressing down. "Look at them boats that hev edged up sence mornin'. They're all waitin' on dad. See 'em, Harve?"

"They are all alike to me." And indeed the nodding schooners around seemed, to a landsman, run from the same mould.

"They ain't, though. That yaller dirty packet with her bowsprit steeved that way, she's the 'Hope of Prague.' Nick Brady's her skipper, the meanest man on the Banks. We'll tell him so when we strike the Main Ledge. 'Way off yander's the 'Day's Eye.' The two Jeraulds own her. She's from Harwich; fastish, too, an' hez good luck; but dad, he'd find fish in a graveyard. Them other three, side along, they're the 'Margie Smith,' 'Rose,' an' 'Edith S. Walen,' all frum home. Guess we'll see the 'Abbie M. Deering' to-morrer, dad, won't we? They're all slippin' over from the shoal o' 'Queereau."

"You won't see many boats to-morrer, Danny." When Troop called his son Danny, it was a sign that the old man was pleased. "Boys, we're too crowded," he went on, addressing the crew as they clambered inboard. "We'll leave 'em to bait big an' catch small." He looked at the catch in the pen, and it was curious to see how little and level the fish ran. Save for Harvey's halibut, there was nothing over fifteen pounds on deck.

"I'm waitin' on the weather," said Troop.

"Ye'll have to make it yourself, Disko, for there's no sign *I* can see," said Long Jack, sweeping the clear horizon.

And yet, half an hour later, as they were dressing down, the Bank fog dropped on them, "between fish and fish," as they say. It drove steadily and in wreaths, curling and smoking along the colorless water. The men stopped dressing down without a word. Long Jack and Uncle Salters slipped the

windlass brakes into their sockets, and began to heave up the anchor, the windlass jarring as the wet hempen cable strained on the barrel. Manuel and Tom Platt gave a hand at the last. The anchor came up with a sob, and the riding-sail bellied as Troop steadied her at the wheel. "Up jib and foresail," said he.

"Slip 'em in the smother," shouted Long Jack, making fast the jib-sheet, while the others raised the clacking, rattling rings of the foresail; and the foreboom creaked as the "We're Here" looked up into the wind and dived off into blank, whirling white.

"There's wind behind this fog," said Troop.

It was all wonderful beyond words to Harvey; and the most wonderful part was that he heard no orders except an occasional grunt from Troop, ending with, "That's good, my son!"

"Never seen anchor weighed before?" said Tom Platt, as Harvey gaped at the damp canvas of the foresail.

"No. Where are we going?"

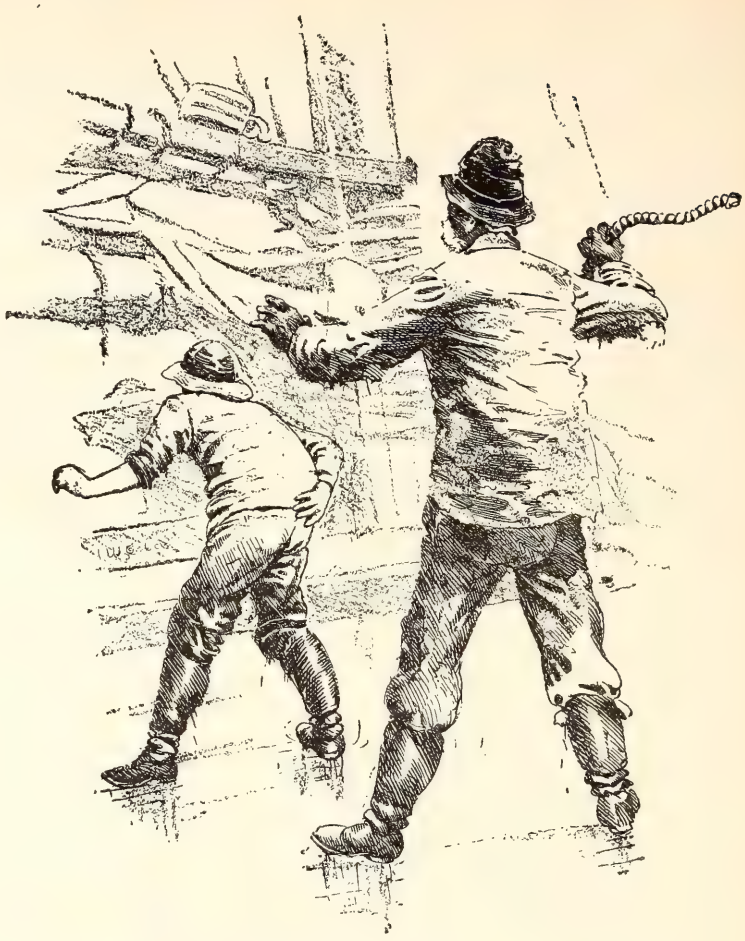
"Fish and make berth, as you'll find out 'fore you've bin a week aboard. It's all new to you, but we never know what may come to us. Now, take me —Tom Platt—*I'd* never ha' thought—"

"It's better than fourteen dollars a month an' a bullet in your belly," said Troop, from the wheel. "Ease your jumbo a grind."

"Dollars an' cents better," returned the man-o'-war's man, doing something to a big jib with a wooden spar tied to it. "But we didn't think o' that when we manned the windlass brakes on the 'Miss Jim Buck,'* outside Beaufort Harbor, with Fort Macon pourin' hot shot at our stern, an' a livin' gale atop of all. Where was you then, Disko?"

"Jest here, or hereabouts," Disko replied, "earnin' my bread on the deep waters, an' dodgin' Reb privateers. Sorry I can't accommodate you with red-hot shot, Tom Platt, but I guess we'll come aout all right on wind 'fore we see Eastern Point."

There was an incessant slapping and chatter at the bows now, varied by a solid thud and a little spout of spray that clattered down on the foc'sle. The rigging dripped clammy drops, and the men lounged along the lee of the house, all but Uncle Salters, who sat stiffly on the main-hatch nursing his stung hands.



"FOR AN HOUR LONG JACK WALKED HIS PREY UP AND DOWN, TEACHING, AS HE SAID, 'THINGS IVRY MAN MUST KNOW, BLIND, DRUNK, OR ASLEEP.'"

"Guess she'd carry stays'le," said Disko, rolling one eye at his brother.

"Guess she wouldn't to any sorter profit. What's the sense o' wastin' canvas?" the farmer-sailor replied.

The wheel twitched almost imperceptibly in Disko's hands. A few seconds later a hissing wave-top slashed diagonally across the boat, smote Uncle Salters between the shoulders, and drenched him from head to foot. He rose sputtering, and went forward only to catch another.

"See dad chase him all around the deck," said Dan. "Uncle Salters he thinks his quarter share's our canvas. Dad's put this duckin' act up on him two trips runnin'. Hi! That found him where he feeds." Uncle Salters had taken refuge by the foremast, but a wave slapped him over the knees. Disko's face was as blank as the circle of the wheel.

"Guess she'd lie easier under stays'le, Salters," said Disko, as though he had seen nothing.

"Set your old kite, then," roared the victim through a cloud of spray; "only don't

* The "Gemsbok," U. S. N.?

lay it to me if anything happens. Penn, you go below right off an' git your coffee. You ought to hev more sense than to bum araound on deck this weather."

"Now they'll swill coffee an' play checkers till the cows come home," said Dan, as Uncle Salters hustled Penn into the fore-cabin. "Look's to me like's if we'd all be doin' so fer a spell. There's nothin' in creation deader-limpsey-idler 'n a Banker when she ain't on fish."

"I'm glad ye spoke, Danny," cried Long Jack, who had been casting round the boat in search of amusement. "I'd clear forgot we'd a passenger under that T-wharf hat. There's no idleness for thim that don't know their ropes. Pass him along, Tom Platt, an' we'll larn him."

"'Tain't my trick this time," grinned Dan. "You've got to go it alone. Dad learned *me* with a rope's end."

For an hour Long Jack walked his prey up and down, teaching, as he said, "things ivry man must know, blind, drunk, or asleep." There is not much gear to a seventy-ton schooner with a stump foremast, but Long Jack had a gift of expression. When he wished to draw Harvey's attention to the peak halyards, he dug his knuckles into the back of the boy's neck and kept him at gaze for half a minute. He emphasized the difference between fore and aft generally by rubbing Harvey's nose along a few feet of the boom, and the lead of each rope was fixed in Harvey's mind by the end of the rope itself.

The lesson would have been easier had the deck been at all free; but there appeared to be a place for everything except a man. Forward lay the windlass and its tackle, with the chain and hemp cables, all very unpleasant to trip over; the foc'sle stove-pipe, and the gurry-butts by the foc'sle hatch to hold the fish-livers. Aft of these the fore-boom and booby of the main hatch took all the deck that was not needed for the pumps and dressing-pens. Then came the nests of dories lashed to ring-bolts by the quarter-deck; the house, with tubs and things lashed all around it; and the sixty-foot main-boom in her crutch, splitting things lengthwise, to duck and dodge under every time. It was like trying to dance in a ship-chandler's store; the store itself dancing to no known step.

Tom Platt, of course, could not keep his oar out of the business, but ranged alongside with enormous and unnecessary descriptions of sails and spars on the old "Ohio."

"Niver mind fwhat he says; attend to me, Innocince. Tom Platt, this bally-hoo's not the 'Ohio,' an' you're mixin' the bhoy bad."

"He'll be ruined for life, beginnin' on a fore-an'-after this way," Tom Platt pleaded. "Give him a chance to know a few leadin' principles. Sailin's an art, Harvey, as I'd show you if I had ye in the fore-top o' the—"

"I know ut. Ye'd talk him dead an' cowld. Silince, Tom Platt! Now, after all I've said, how'd you reef the foresail, Harve? Take your time."

"Haul that in," said Harvey, pointing to leeward.

"Fwhat? The North Atlantuc?"

"No, the boom. Then run that rope you showed me back there—"

"That's no way," Tom Platt burst in.

"Quiet! He's larnin', an' has not the names good yet. Go on, Harve."

"Oh, it's the reef-pennant. I'd hook the tackle on to the reef-pennant, and then let down—"

"Lower the sail, child! Lower!" said Tom Platt, in a professional agony.

"Lower the throat and peak halyards," Harvey went on. Those names stuck in his head.

"Lay your hand on thim," said Long Jack.

Harvey obeyed. "Lower till that rope-loop — on the after-leach — kris — no, it's cringle—till the cringle was down on the boom. Then I'd tie her up the way you said, and then I'd hoist up the peak and throat halyards again."

"You've forgot to pass the tack-earing, but wid time and help ye'll larn. There's good and just reason for ivry rope aboard, or else 'twould be overboard. D'ye follow me? 'Tis dollars an' cents I'm puttin' into your pocket, ye skinny little supercargo, so that fwhin ye've filled out ye can ship from Boston to Cuba an' tell thim Long Jack larned you. Now I'll chase ye around a piece, callin' the ropes, an' you'll lay your hand on thim as I call."

He began, and Harvey, who was feeling rather tired, walked slowly to the rope named. A rope's end licked round his ribs, and nearly knocked the breath out of him.

"When you own a boat," said Tom Platt, with severe eyes, "you can walk. Till then, take all orders at the run. Once more—to make sure!"

Harvey was in a glow with the exercise, and this last cut warmed him thoroughly. Now, he was a singularly smart boy, the son of a very clever man and a very sensitive

woman, with a fine resolute temper that systematic spoiling had nearly turned to malish obstinacy. He looked at the other men, and saw that even Dan did not smile. It was evidently all in the day's work, though it hurt abominably. So he swallowed the hint with a gulp and a gasp and a grin. The same smartness that led him to take such advantage of his mother made him very sure that no one on the boat, except, maybe, Penn, would stand the least nonsense. One learns a great deal from a mere tone. Long Jack called over half a dozen more ropes, and Harvey danced over the deck like an eel at ebb tide, one eye on Tom Platt

"Ver' good. Ver' good done," said Manuel. "After supper I show you a little schooner I make, with all her ropes. So we shall learn."

"Fust-class fer—a passenger," said Dan. "Dad he's jest allowed you'll be wuth your salt maybe 'fore you're drownded. Thet's a heap fer dad. I'll learn you more our next watch together."

"Taller!" grunted Disko, peering through the fog as it smoked over the bows. There was nothing to be seen ten feet beyond the surging jib-boom, while alongside came the endless procession of solemn, pale waves whispering and lipping one to the other.

"Now I'll learn you something Long Jack can't," shouted Tom Platt, as from a locker by the stern he produced a battered deep-sea lead hollowed at one end, smeared the hollow from a saucer full of mutton tallow, and went forward. "I'll learn you how to fly the blue pigeon. Shooo!"

Disko did something to the wheel that checked the schooner's way, while Manuel, with Harvey to help (and a proud boy was Harvey), let down the jib in a lump on the boom. The lead sung a deep droning song as Tom Platt whirled it round and round.

"Go ahead, man," said Long Jack, impatiently. "We're not drawin' twenty-five feet off Fire Island in a fog. There's no trick to ut."

"Don't be jealous, Galway." The released lead plopped into the sea far ahead as the schooner surged slowly forward.

"Soundin' *is* a trick, though," said Dan, "when your dipsey lead's all the eye you're like to hev for a week. What d'you make it, dad?"

Disko's face relaxed. His skill and honor were involved in the march he had stolen on the rest of the fleet. "Sixty, mebbe—ef I'm any judge," he replied, with a glance at the tiny compass in the window of the house.

"Sixty," sung out Tom Platt, hauling in great wet coils.

The schooner gathered way again. "Heave!" said Disko, after a quarter of an hour.

"What d'you make it?" Dan whispered, and he looked at Harvey proudly. But Harvey was too proud of his own performances to be impressed just then.

"Fifty," said the father. "I mistrust we're right over the nick o' Green Bank on old Sixty-Fifty."

"Fifty," roared Tom Platt. They could scarcely see him through the fog. "She's bust within a yard—like the shells at Fort Macon."

"Bait up, Harve," said Dan, diving for a line on the reel.

The schooner seemed to be straying promiscuously through the smother, her headsail banging wildly. The men waited and looked at the boys.

"Heugh!" Dan's lines twitched on the scored and scarred rail. "Now haow in thunder did dad know? Help us here, Harve. It's a big un. Poke-hooked, too." They hauled together, and landed a goggle-eyed twenty-pound cod who had taken the bait right into his stomach.

"Why, he's all covered with little crabs," cried Harvey, turning him over.

"By the great hook-block, they're lousy already," said Long Jack. "Disko, ye kape your spare eyes under the keel."

Splash went the anchor, and they all heaved over the lines, each man taking his own place at the bulwarks.

"Are they good to eat?" Harvey panted, as he lugged in another crab-covered cod.

"Sure. When they're lousy it's a sign they've all been herdin' together by the thousand, and when they take the bait that way they're hungry. Never mind how the bait sets. They'll bite on the bare hook."

"Say, this is great," Harvey cried, as the fish came in gasping and splashing—nearly all poke-hooked, as Dan had said. "Why can't we always fish from the boat instead of from the dories?"

"Allus can, till we begin to dress down. Efter thet, the heads and offals 'ud scare the fish to Fundy. Boat fishin' ain't reckoned progressive, though, unless ye know as much as dad knows. Guess we'll run aout a trawl to-night. Harder on the back, this, than from the dory, ain't it?"

It was rather back-breaking work, for in a dory the weight of a cod is water-borne till the last minute, and you are, so to speak,

abreast of him ; but the few feet of a schooner's freeboard make so much extra dead hauling, and stooping over the bulwarks cramps the stomach. But it was wild and furious sport so long as it lasted ; and a big pile lay aboard when the fish ceased biting.

"Where's Penn and Uncle Salters ?" Harvey asked, slapping the slime off his oilskins, and reeling up the line in careful imitation of the others.

"Git's coffee and see."

Under the yellow glare of the lamp on the pawl-post, the foc'sle table down and opened, utterly unconscious of fish or weather, sat the two men, a checker-board between them, Uncle Salters snarling at Penn's every move.

"What's the matter naow ?" said the former, as Harvey, one hand in the leather loop at the head of the ladder, hung shouting to the cook.

"Big fish and lousy—heaps and heaps," Harvey replied, quoting Long Jack. "How's the game ?"

Little Penn's jaw dropped. "'Tweren't none o' his fault," snapped Uncle Salters. "Penn's deef."

"Checkers, weren't it ?" said Dan, as Harvey staggered aft with the steaming coffee in a tin pail. "That let's us out o' cleanin' up to-night. Dad's a jest man. They'll have to do it."

"An' two young fellers I know 'll bait up a tub or so o' trawl, while they're cleanin'," said Disko, lashing the wheel to his taste.

"Um ! Guess I'd ruther clean up, dad."

"Don't doubt it. Ye wunt, though. Dress down ! Dress down ! Penn'll pitch while you two bait up."

"Why in thunder didn't them blame boys tell us you'd struck on ?" said Uncle Salters, shuffling to his place at the table. "This knife's gum-blunt, Dan."

"Ef stickin' out cable don't wake ye, guess you'd better hire a boy o' your own," said Dan, muddling about in the dusk for the tubs full of trawl-line lashed to windward of the house. "O Harve, don't ye want to slip down an' git's bait ?"

"Bait as we are," said Disko. "I mistrust shag-fishin' will pay better, ez things go."

That meant the boys would bait with selected offal of the cod as the fish were cleaned—an improvement on paddling barehanded in the little bait-barrels. The tubs were full of neatly coiled line, carrying a big hook each few feet ; and the testing and baiting of every single hook, with the stowage of the baited line, so that it shall run clear, is a scientific business. Dan managed it in the dark, without looking, while Harvey caught his fingers on the barbs and bewailed his fate. But the hooks flew through Dan's fingers like tatting on an old maid's lap. "I helped bait up trawl ashore 'fore I could well walk," he said. "But it's a putterin' job all the same. O dad !" This shouted towards the hatch, where Disko and Tom Platt were salting. "How many skates you reckon we'll need ?"

"'Baout three. Hurry !"

"There's three hundred fathom to each tub," Dan explained ; "mor'n enough to lay out to-night. Ouch ! 'Slipped up there, I did." He stuck his finger in his mouth. "I tell you, Harve, there ain't money in Gloucester 'ud hire me to ship on a reg'lar trawler. It may be progressive, but, barrin' that, it's the putterinest, slimjammest business top o' the earth."

"I don't know what this is, if 'tisn't regular trawling," said Harvey sulkily. "My fingers are all scratched to frazzles."

"Pshaw ! This is jest one o' dad's blame experiments. He don't trawl 'less there's mighty good reason fer it. Dad knows. Thet's why he's baitin' ez he is. We'll hev her saggin' full when we take her up er we won't see a fin."

Penn and Uncle Salters cleaned up as Disko had ordained, but the boys profited little. No sooner were the tubs furnished than Tom Platt and Long Jack, who had been exploring the inside of a dory with a lantern, snatched them away, loaded up the tubs and some small, painted trawl-buoys, and hove the boat overboard into what Harvey regarded as an exceedingly rough sea. "They'll be drowned. Why, the dory's loaded like a freight-car," he cried.

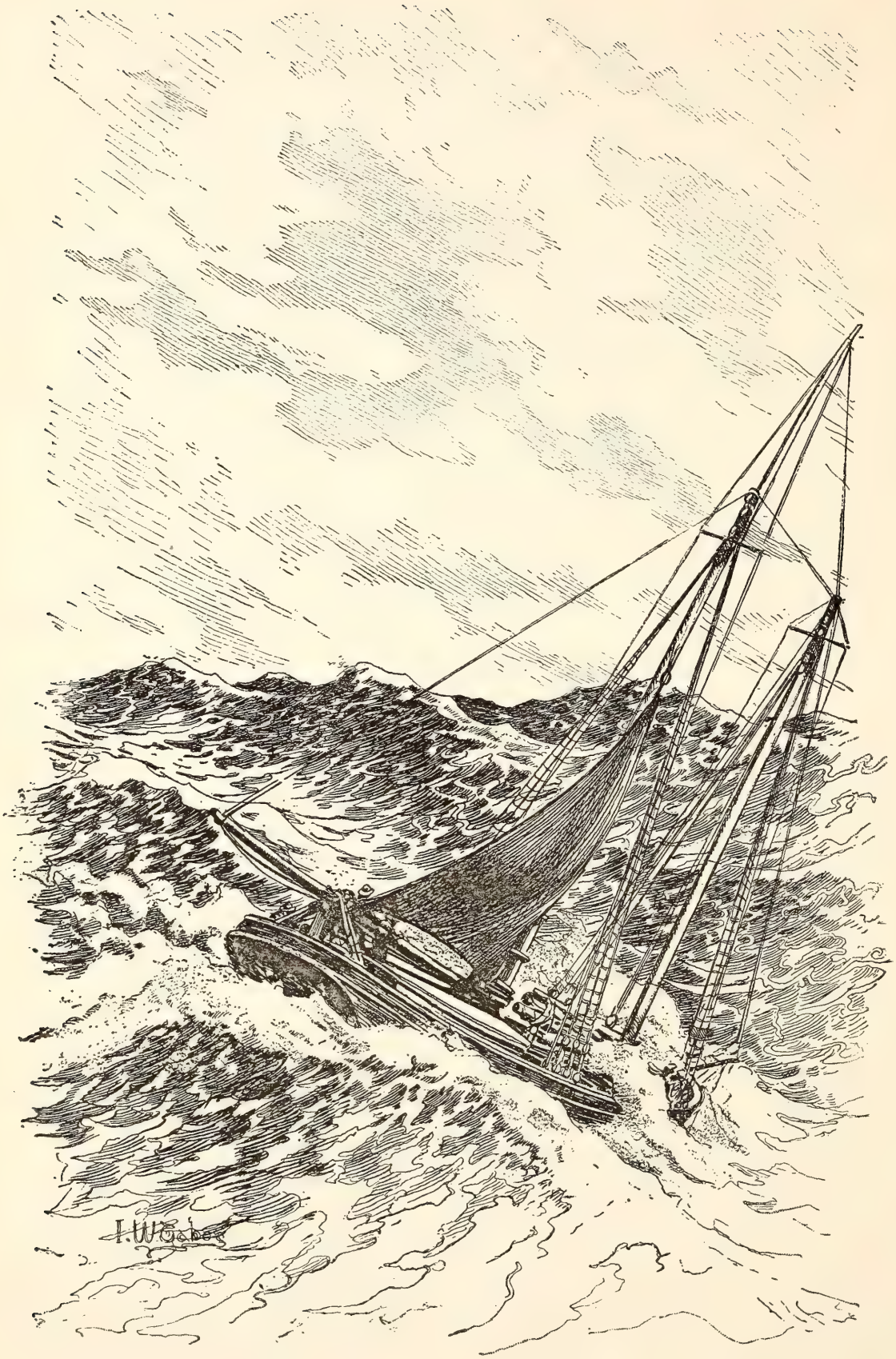
"We'll be back," said Long Jack, "an' in case you not be lookin' for us, we'll lay into you both if the trawl's snarled."

The dory surged up on the crest of a wave, and just when it seemed impossible that she could avoid smashing against the schooner's side, slid over the ridge, and was swallowed up in the damp dusk.

"Take hold here, an' keep ringin' steady," said Dan, passing Harvey the lanyard of a bell that hung just behind the windlass.

Harvey rang lustily, for he felt two lives depended on him. But Disko in the cabin, scrawling in the log book, did not look like a murderer, and when he went to supper he even smiled dryly at the anxious Harvey.

"*This* ain't no weather," said Dan. "Why, you an' me could set thet trawl ! They've only gone out jest far 'nough so's not to foul our cable. They don't need no bell, reelly."



"IT WAS THICK WEATHER OUTSIDE, WITH A RISING WIND. . . . THE NOSING BOWS SLAPPED AND SCUFFLED WITH THE SEAS."

"Clang ! cling ! clang !" Harvey kept it up, varied with occasional rub-a-dubs, for another half-hour. There was a bellow and a bump alongside. Manuel and Dan raced to the hooks of the dory-tackle ; Long Jack and Tom Platt arrived on deck together, it seemed, one-half the North Atlantic at their backs, and the dory followed them in the air, landing with a clatter.

"Nary snarl," said Tom Platt as he dripped. "Danny, you'll do yet."

"The pleasure av your company to the banquit," said Long Jack, squelching the water from his boots as he capered like an elephant and stuck an oil-skinned arm into Harvey's face. "We do be condescending to honor the second half wid our presence." And off they all four rolled to supper, where Harvey stuffed himself to the brim on fish-chowder and fried pies, and fell fast asleep just as Manuel produced from a locker a lovely two-foot model of the "Lucy Holmes," his first boat, and was going to show Harvey the ropes. He never even twiddled his fingers as Penn pushed him into his bunk.

"It must be a sad thing—a very sad thing," said Penn, watching the boy's face, "for his mother and his father, who think he is dead. To lose a child—to lose a man-child !"

"Get out o' this, Penn," said Dan. "Go aft and finish your game with Uncle Salters. Tell dad I'll stand Harve's watch ef he don't keer. He's played aout."

"Ver' good boy," said Manuel, slipping out of his boots and disappearing into the black shadows of the lower bunk. "Expec' he make good man, Danny. I no see he is any so mad as your parpa he says. Eh, wha—at ?"

Dan chuckled, but the chuckle ended in a snore.

It was thick weather outside, with a rising wind, and the elder men stretched their watches. The hours struck clear in the cabin ; the nosing bows slapped and scuffled with the seas ; the foc'sle stove-pipe hissed and sputtered as the spray caught it; and the boys slept on, while Disko, Long Jack, Tom Platt, and Uncle Salters, each in turn, stumped aft to look at the wheel, forward to see that the anchor held, or to veer out a little more cable against chafing, with a glance at the dim anchor-light between each round.

(*To be continued.*)

OF THIS GENERATION.

By Henry Seton Merriman,

Author of "The Sowers," "Flotsam," etc.

THE Grand Hotel at Zell-am-Zee has, as many know, a garden bordered by the lake, where in the very necessary shade of lilac trees contemplative Austrians sit at small tables and consume the deep-colored beer, so called, of Munich.

Among these, and within sound of their sober exclamations of wonderment at the beauty of the prospect, sat a young Englishman, gracefully idle, and wearing with a becoming indifference a most trying headcovering at that time fashionable and still known at Cambridge as a "beast" hat. He was watching the approach of a countrywoman—young, wholesome, sunburnt, and energetic—who had just emerged from the door of the hotel.

The Englishman was startlingly clean, with thin soft hair carefully brushed back from a bland forehead. His face was narrow, with a prominent nose, suggesting the frequent use of soap and water. The countenance was expressive of one dominant quality, as nearly all countenances are if studied with understanding, and that nothing less than the desire to be instantly and persistently agreeable. Ladies given to the exercise of that species of hospitality which has for its aim the bringing together of young people, and for its end the hope that some of these may elect to remain together till death do them release, invariably secured Algernon Augustus Passavant. Algernon, it appeared, made things go. Some very young girls thought him stupid, and did not always understand his humor. They thought that he lacked poetry and was uninteresting. His hair, in fact, was too thin and too short. The more elderly sirens engaged in the pursuit of eligible junior attachés, kept an eye on Passavant as a sheep dog

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keeps an eye upon the shepherd. A few mistaken mammas set little traps for him, and he made himself invariably agreeable to the bait, without being hooked.

Passavant had seen two ambassadors come to and go from Vienna, where he held office. And a third—a power in Europe—in bed in the best bedroom of the Grand Hotel at Zell-am-Zee—seemed at this time about to receive a call to a higher court from whence no despatches are delivered.

On the nearer approach of his countrywoman, Passavant stood up, raised his hat, and drew forward an iron chair.

"Those flowers," he said, gravely pointing to some fronds in the girl's hand, "do not grow wild in this part of the world. But so long as you were not observed—"

"I gathered them right up there," answered Miss Britten, with all the careless confidence of her generation, pointing toward the mountains with her parasol.

"As a nation we are inclined to think that if we only climb high enough we rise above the law. There is a villa just above the spot where you—stole those flowers."

"I never saw it."

"No—but it was there."

The girl laughed. She was no longer quite youthful, and had that air of capability which is a characteristic of the day. She had obviously tried most things—except love, *bien entendu*. The universal young person has usually missed that, and fills up the blank with the current amusements in their due course, prosecuting them with a skill worthy of a higher object than the mere killing of time.

"And as I came down," she continued, "a queer thing happened to me."

Passavant looked gravely at her. The modern knight errant is a young woman, and she seeks adventures, for the most part, in continental hotels or on board the great steamers. Passavant thought that Miss Britten was too good for that sort of adventure, and his face being eminently guileless, did not express that thought.

"I was mistaken for some one else," she said; "for Miss Burdon, the ambassador's daughter."

"Ah, I have twice been mistaken for some one else. Once it was for a bookstall man, when, with great presence of mind, I sold a penny newspaper. The second time I was mistaken for Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Bennett, I never ascertained which, while I was standing bareheaded in the shop waiting for my hat to be ironed. I took it as a compliment. They make excellent hats. By whom were you mistaken for Miss Burdon?"

"By a German gentleman who must have followed me up the hill. I met him when I turned back. He asked me the way out; then asked me whether he was mistaken in supposing that I was Miss Burdon. I thought I told him he was, but he seems to have understood me to say that I *was* Miss Burdon."

Passavant's attention, which had been centred on a free-hand design executed in gravel with a walking-stick, was suddenly aroused.

"Ah," he said, "and this German gentleman is still under the impression that you are Miss Burdon?"

"Yes," answered Miss Britten.

Passavant reflected, with his light-blue eyes fixed on a small girl half-concealed behind a huge mug of beer.

"Ah! Your boxes were marked with a large 'B.' I noticed it myself. Miss Burdon was expected yesterday, but did not come. She sent a telegram to say that she was detained at Vienna by the illness of her mother."

"Then you know the ambassador?" suggested Miss Britten, who had an exalted idea of the diplomatic service.

"I am his domestic chaplain," returned Algernon Augustus Passavant with solemnity. "It is my privilege to comfort his last moments."

Miss Britten laughed, and then looked grave again.

"Is he so very ill?"

"Very," answered Passavant abstractedly.

"But why is his health so important?" inquired Miss Britten, who was intelligent, and therefore inquisitive. "No one speaks of anything else—all Europe seems to have its attention fixed on Zell-am-Zee."

"Ah, that is a long story. But who has displayed this enormous interest in Lord Burdon's life—your German friend, I suppose?"

"Well, yes. He made inquiries."

"Hm—yes. A man with a mild gray eye and a beautiful crop of hair—speaks English well?"

"Yes; that describes him."

Passavant nodded his head with an air of abstraction which had frequently been accounted to him for foolishness. Miss Britten looked at him with shrewd, calculating eyes, such as one would expect in a girl who is cleverer than her parents and kindly tolerant of their ignorance of the world.

"Do you know this Miss Burdon—but of course you do," she said.

"She is my cousin."

"Then Lord Burdon is your uncle."

"Precisely, and my badge of respectability. He has made me—well—what you see. Irreproachable. He sort of adopted me—years ago, when I was a youth—in the mahogany age, early Victorian, you know."

He sighed, and dusted the toe of his narrow boot with his glove.

"Is Lord Burdon such a very important person?" asked Miss Britten.

"Next to myself he is at once the hope and despair of Europe. He knows so much to the discredit of his neighbor—the surest means to success."

Passavant rose.

"We are observed," he said, "by the lady who travels with you. What is her name—Smale, is it not? I hope she is not a relation. She has been watching us from her bedroom window for some time, and now, having pinned her veil round her hat—ought she not to wear bonnets, by the way, at her time of life?—she is coming down to interrupt. She thinks I am not respectable—probably because I wear patent leather shoes. Will you tell her I do it in order to save the expense of rewarding the hotel boots? Tell her I have a real lord for an uncle, and teach in the Sunday-school attached to the British Embassy at Vienna. Tell her I am respectable, Miss Britten. And—if you will allow me to suggest it—you might let the German gentleman continue to think that you are Miss Burdon. It may be amusing—and don't let him get into conversation with Miss Smale. Here she comes. She is surprised and hurt to see you talking to a young man—she belongs to that period."

"What is Miss Burdon's Christian name, and what are her tastes?" asked Miss Britten, with her energetic laugh.

"Alice; musical," he answered, and wandered away beneath the lilac trees.

THE GERMAN GENTLEMAN WITH THE FIELD-GLASSES.

During the next two days Europe continued, as Miss Britten had jestingly said, to watch Zell-am-Zee. Lord Burdon's illness was, in fact, most ill-timed. A conference of the Powers had been summoned to meet at Vienna for the purpose of amicably dividing a territory as large as the British Isles.

"It is to be a raffle," explained Passavant to Miss Britten in a moment of expansion, "a sort of lucky bag; but Lord Burdon tied up the packages, so they want to keep his hand out of the bag if possible."

The representatives of certain other countries were at this time endeavoring to exclude Lord Burdon from the conference by the simple means of refusing to delay their sitting any longer. They were so kind as to name another noble lord as a suitable substitute for the sick man—said noble lord being well known for the length of his descent and the shortness of his comprehension. In the mean time, the representatives exchanged formal calls at Vienna and displayed an astonishing amount of brotherly love. A German newspaper, however, with singularly little tact, suddenly blurted out its opinion, that Lord Burdon's illness was a ruse to gain time, and that England expected important despatches by a certain steamer which could not reach

Southampton before the end of the week. The writer of the article thought it likely that his lordship would be better on Monday.

Passavant smiled as he read this journal, and then wrote out a bulletin which he posted to Vienna. There are cross-roads in a man's career where it is woefully easy to take a wrong turning, and Passavant had awaited his promotion through long, uneventful years. He had improved upon his slight acquaintance with Miss Britten, and sat next to her at table d'hôte. Miss Smale, whose watchfulness over her neighbor's morals was frequently interrupted by a poignant anxiety respecting her own health, was fortunately stung by a wasp at this time, and retired to her own apartment. The wasp, it appears, stung her on the nose while she was eating its peach.

"It was certain to happen, sooner or later," commented Passavant; "she eats peaches all day."

There were, however, other ladies who were duly scandalized at this time by the behavior of Mr. Passavant and Miss Britten.

"He is only amusing himself with her," said some.

"She is making a fool of him," laughed the rest. And the German gentleman, who was always endeavoring to get speech with Miss Britten and was invariably frustrated just in time by Passavant, scowled over his soup-spoon with such ardor that he spilt more *potage-à-la-jardinière* than usual.

"Tell them," said Passavant to Miss Britten one evening, "that Lord Burdon is better, and will probably take the air in a bath-chair to-morrow. His lordship would like you to walk by the side of the chair."

The next day Passavant's servant and Lord Burdon's confidential valet took Lord Burdon out for a solemn promenade in the sun, with the hood of the lined chair drawn over him to protect his ancient head from the heat of the day. Miss Britten walked by the side of the chair and stooped to arrange the patient's cushions from time to time with a most touching filial devotion.

The newspapers of Europe, and more especially those of Germany, took due note of these facts. They reported that Lord Burdon, attended by his devoted daughter, the Honorable Alice Burdon, was now convalescent at Zell-am-Zee. His lordship had, however, been forbidden to attend to his official duties, and did not even receive his usual correspondence. Under these circumstances, it was now certain that England would not be represented at the International Conference by her ambassador to the court of Austria. And the joy of the journals was but ill-concealed.

The affable gentleman who had accosted Miss Britten continued to enjoy the incomparable views obtainable on the surrounding mountains, and in order to lose nothing of their beauty, carried a pair of field-glasses slung across his shoulders with all the dash of a city clerk at a suburban race-meeting. He was in the habit of sitting for hours on the vine-clad slopes above the village, looking down through his binoculars at the Grand Hotel and its shady garden. Passavant, from his window in the bedroom adjoining Lord Burdon's private salon, looked up frequently and saw the German gentleman concealed like that small man Zaccheus among the tree-tops.

Thus the week drew toward its close, and the great and good journals contradicted each other daily, while a certain steamer pounded up Channel, and a brown-faced little man sat in one of its deck cabins writing out vast reports on Colonial Office stationery, and cursing between times the slowness of the engines. Then it was decided by the Powers that the conference could no longer be delayed, but must take place on the following Monday, Lord Burdon or no Lord Burdon. And "Ignotus," and "Paterfamilias," and "True Briton" wrote to the "Times," naming substitutes who were either impossible, absent, or dead. And Algernon Augustus Passavant sat gravely and wrote bulletins for the newspapers.

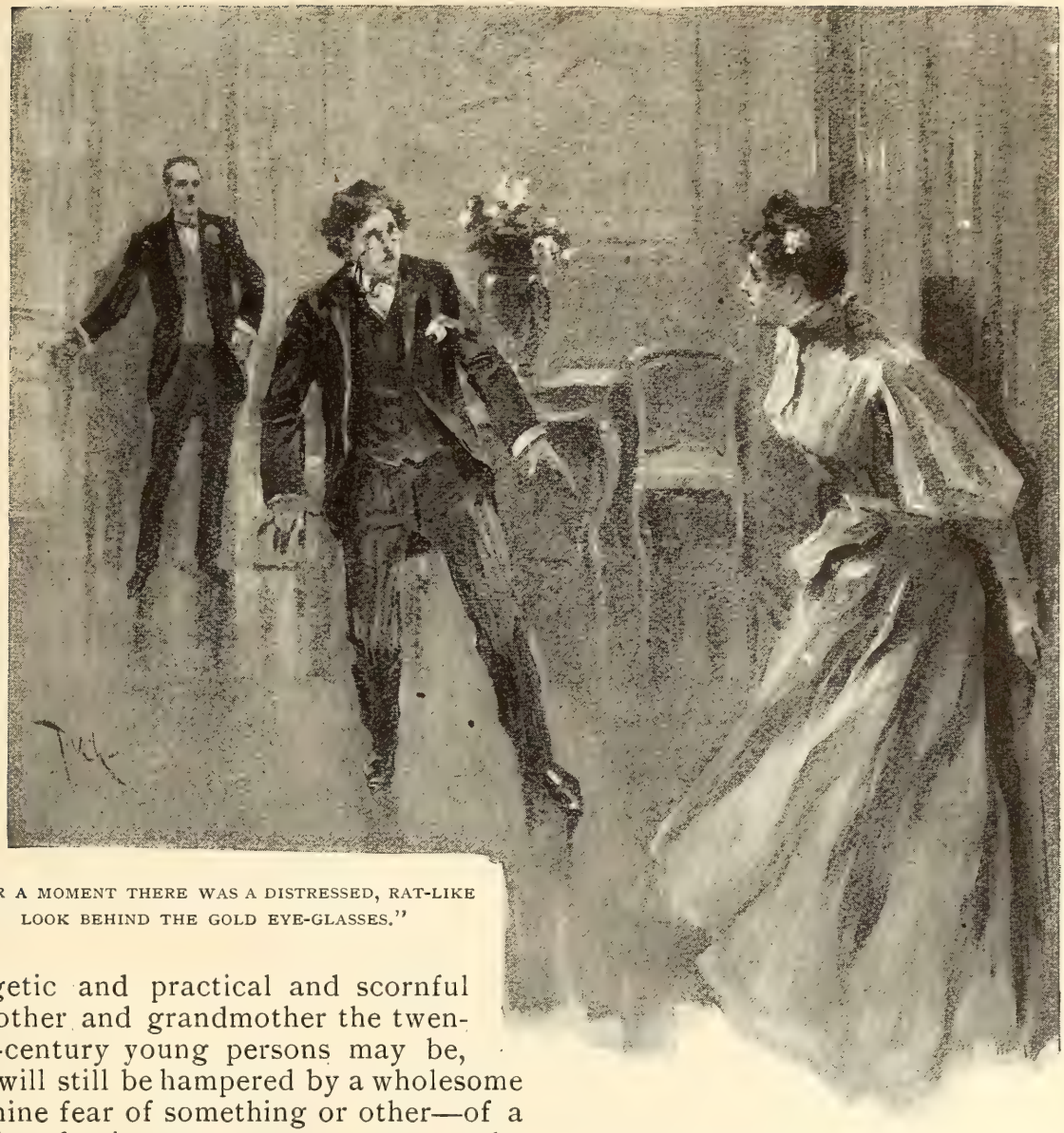
"All lies," commented Miss Britten one day. They had grown singularly familiar, as people do who possess in common some knowledge desired of others.

"*Jeux de mots*, we call them," replied Passavant, with his boyish smile.

It was on the Saturday night that the small comedy for the moment threatened to turn to drama. It was, in fact, after ten o'clock that Miss Britten sought Passavant where he sat under the lilac trees smoking. For a moment he looked surprised, then noted that her face was white.

"What is it?" he asked curtly.

"There is some one unscrewing the lock on the door of communication between my room and the next," answered she unsteadily. However modern, however



"FOR A MOMENT THERE WAS A DISTRESSED, RAT-LIKE LOOK BEHIND THE GOLD EYE-GLASSES."

energetic and practical and scornful of mother and grandmother the twentieth-century young persons may be, they will still be hampered by a wholesome feminine fear of something or other—of a burglar, for instance, or a mouse, or the Hereafter.

"But there is a bolt," said Passavant, with apparent heartlessness.

"It has been drawn back."

"And you did not dare to push it forward again."

"No," confessed Miss Britten.

"I am glad of that. I feared that you were afraid of nothing. Have you the key of your salon?"

She looked at him. The moonlight filtering through the trees showed his face to be as bland and pleasant as usual. She handed him the key.

"If I may suggest that you go to Miss Smale's room for a moment," he said, as they walked toward the house together, "just to see how the sting on her nose is progressing. Give me ten minutes."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"The room next to yours is Lord Burdon's salon. Some one has got locked in there by mistake, Miss Britten. A man of resource—he is unscrewing the lock in order to effect his escape through the neighboring salon, which he can see through the keyhole to be deserted. You probably never go in there at night."

"Never—I forgot something this evening and went to get it. What are you going to do?"

She repeated the question rather anxiously, and Passavant, noting the tone of her voice, paused for a moment, looking up to the moon with a mildly speculative eye.

"Mine are the ways of peace," he said.

"But it is useless to run risks," said Miss Britten angrily. "Send the hotel porter."

"No—this is a delicate matter."

And Passavant laughed softly.

"Theft," muttered Miss Britten with a deep scorn.

"They call it journalism," explained Passavant. He ran swiftly and silently upstairs, and Miss Britten followed him.

She saw Passavant take the key of Lord

Burdon's private salon from his pocket and open the door of that mystic apartment. She heard the click of the electric-light button, and was on the threshold of the room before the light leaped into life. She saw a dark form vanish into the room beyond,—her own private salon, where Passavant immediately followed into the darkness, unarmed. She had time to think that he was brave, at all events, as she closed the door behind her and stood with her back against it. There came from the room the sound of hurrying feet and overthrown furniture. In a moment the German gentleman who had been so affable on every occasion came stumblingly out into the brilliantly lighted room. His face fell when he saw the closed door with Lilian Britten standing before it. He turned on his heel—another closed door with Passavant in front of it. For a moment there was a distressed, rat-like look behind the gold eye-glasses.

"Ah," said the journalist.

"Yes," answered Passavant, "caught."

The man looked from one to the other and bit his lip. The cruel electric light shone down on his twitching gray face.

"But I will let you go," said Passavant, almost kindly, "because it suits my purpose. You have suited my purpose most excellently all along."

"Ah, yes!" said the journalist, with a sickly smile. "You think yourself very clever—you and Miss Burdon."

"There is no Miss Burdon in this hotel. There never has been," said Passavant.

The German shrugged his shoulders and looked at Miss Britten, who had flushed suddenly. He was about to say something, and had a spiteful air.

"Be careful!" said Passavant, sharply, and the other changed his mind.

"However," he said carelessly, "Lord Burdon is ill in that room, so your purpose is frustrated."

"Pardon me, Lord Burdon is now travelling from Southampton to Vienna, where he will arrive on Monday morning, in time to attend the International Conference."

"But I saw him taking the air in his bath-chair."

"Myself," explained Passavant suavely. "I am not strong," he paused and gave the conventional chest cough, "and Miss Britten was kind enough to speak to me in my—perambulator. You cannot have seen very plainly through your field-glasses from the hillside."

"And the Conference was delayed—"

"By me," explained Passavant blandly. "I only issued bulletins of his lordship's health on receipt of my daily telegram from him in England. You supplied the rest—the local color, I think you call it. Burdon was really very unwell—but not too ill to travel—you understand."

"You are very clever," muttered the journalist sarcastically.

Passavant bowed.

"Considering that these rifled drawers and dishevelled bureaus do not look well, I would suggest that you take from your room such light luggage as you may require, and—er—well, are called suddenly away. I will put this room tidy before the hotel servants see it."

He went toward the door, from which Miss Britten had now stood aside, and opened it. The German passed out, and Passavant followed him.

"By the way," he said at the head of the stairs, with his sudden smile. "Shall we agree to forget this little affair? After all, it was with both of us merely a matter of business." He held out his hand. The German looked at it, and then took the thin fingers in his great grasp, swallowing some obstruction in his throat the while. They both turned at the rustle of a dress and saw Miss Britten pass upstairs to her room.

It being Sunday, the beer-garden was fuller than usual the next day, and Miss Smale read at her open window a book which could only have been devotional, so stiff was her attitude. She was obviously conscious of putting to shame the whole beer-drinking Austrian nation. Miss Britten, with the intelligent and inquiring enterprise of her generation, attended a Roman Catholic service in the little church near the lake. It was glaringly hot, and there are few warmer spots in Europe than Zell-am-Zee. Miss Britten retired to her own room after luncheon, and Algernon Augustus Passavant smoked gloomy cigarettes in the verandah.

After table d'hôte, which Miss Smale attended under visible compulsion and with a protestant appetite, the visitors sought the garden. Passavant took a walking-stick, called his dog, and set off rather ostentatiously for a walk. He turned back, however, before he had been gone ten minutes, and rather neatly caught Miss Britten in her favorite chair under the lilac tree nearest to the lake. Night was just falling, and a full moon sailing amid fleecy clouds cast a silver shaft across the lake to the very wall of the hotel garden. Passavant brought a

chair, picked up in passing, and sat quietly down beside Miss Britten, which set more than one head to wag. Miss Britten had a book in her hand, but it was now too dark to read. She, however, after a side glance at her companion—opened the volume and fixed her eyes upon the page.

"Miss Britten."

"Yes," answered that young lady, without any encouragement in her voice. If Passavant had made a jest then—even a mild one—she would have hated him. But Passavant was not inclined to be humorous at that moment.

"I go to Vienna to-morrow morning," he said.

"Oh."

"At five-thirty."

"Indeed."

"Yes, Miss Britten," said Passavant.

"And I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you for your assistance. We—we tricked Europe, and that is not so easily done as one would imagine. This success may make a difference to my unimportant career."

She was sitting a little in front of him, and was conscious of his steady gaze. He spoke lightly, but there was a ring of anxiety in his voice.

"I was honest with *you* at any rate," he added bluntly. "And I have done something that I have never done before."

"Indeed."

"Yes—I have fallen in love, Miss Britten," and Passavant caught his breath. Miss Britten liked him for it. She looked, over her book, across the moonlit water shimmering at their feet. Not only did she detect the little catch of the breath, but also a note in Passavant's quiet voice which suddenly opened up a new world to her—a world which had hitherto been shut off, and around which she had bicycled, and ridden, and danced, and otherwise travelled vainly all her life.

"I am thirty-one," he went on, "and too old to change my mind now. But I am deadly poor, Miss Britten."

She turned, looked at him slowly, and gave a queer little laugh which suddenly threw open the gates of Eden for Algernon Augustus Passavant.

THE INQUISITION.

By William Canton.

I woke at dead of night;
  The room was still as death;
All in the dark I saw a sight
  Which made me catch my breath.

Although she slumbered near,
  The silence hung so deep
I leaned above her crib to hear
  If it were death or sleep.

As low—all quick—I leant,
  Two large eyes thrust me back;
Dark eyes—too wise—which gazed intent;
  Blue eyes transformed to black.

Heavens! how those steadfast eyes
  Their eerie vigil kept!
Was this some angel in disguise
  Who searched us while we slept;

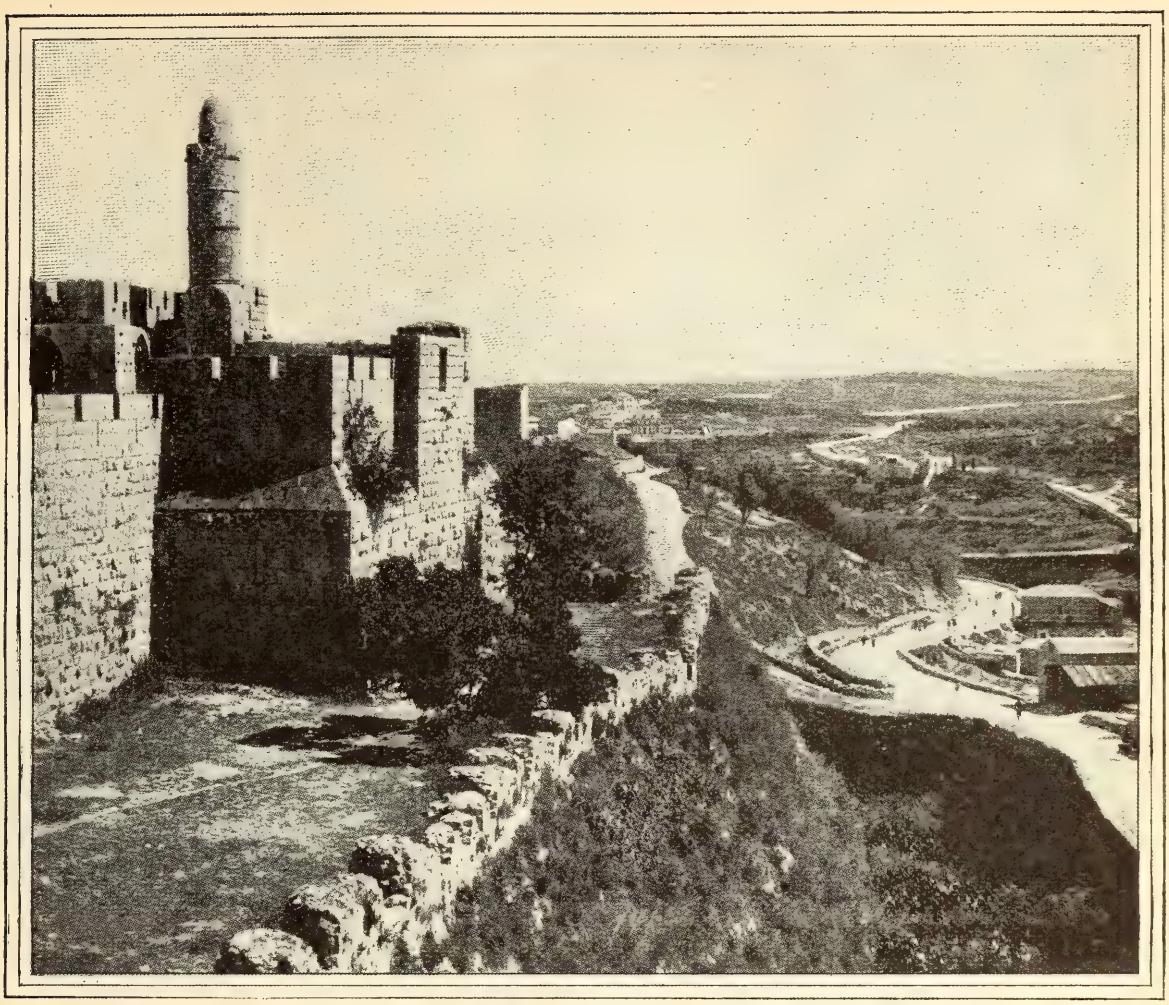
Who winnow'd every sin,
  Who tracked each slip and fall,
One of God's spies—not Babykin,
  Not Babykin at all?

Day came with golden air;
  She caught the beams and smiled;
No masked inquisitor was there,
  Only a babbling child!

From "W. V. Her Book," by William Canton; Stone & Kimball, publishers, New York. By special permission.

VIRGIN AND CHILD, SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST, AND AN ANGEL.

From a painting now in the National Gallery, London. The painting is commonly credited to Sandro Botticelli (born at Florence, 1447; died there, 1515); but some of the authorities hold that it is more probably the work of one of Botticelli's students, done, possibly, from a cartoon by the master. Whether Botticelli's or not, there is agreement that it is entirely worthy of him; and it is one of the celebrated Madonnas. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.



THE TOWER OF DAVID AND THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM.

The Tower of David is on the left as one leaves Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate for Bethlehem. The road to Bethlehem is shown winding away on the right.

BETHLEHEM.

By S. S. McClure.

Illustrated from photographs taken under the direction of the writer expressly for McClure's Magazine.

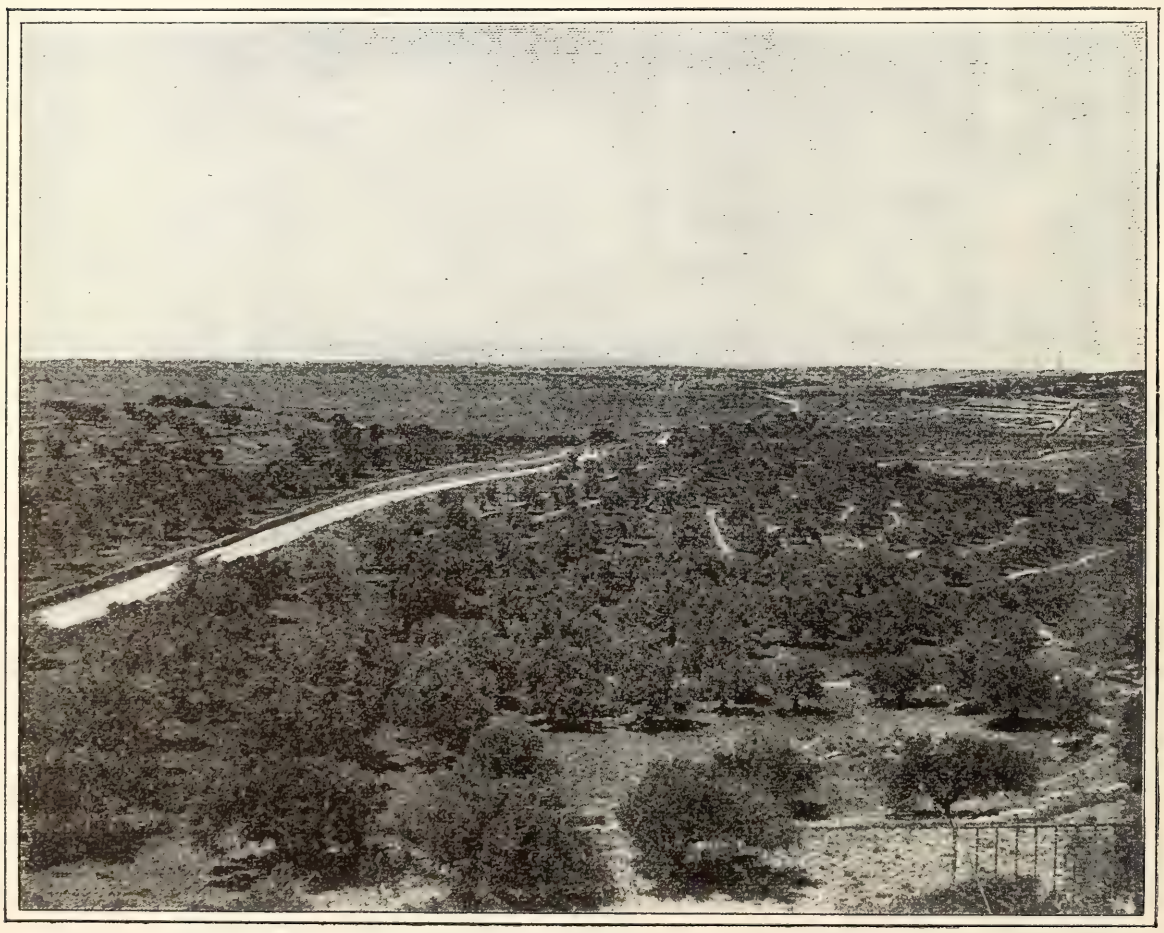
BETHLEHEM lies six miles almost directly south of Jerusalem. One of the few macadamized roads in Palestine runs from Jerusalem through Bethlehem to Hebron—about twenty-five miles in all. It is one of the oldest and most historic routes in the world. Abraham made journeys, back and forth, over it between lands northeast of Palestine and Hebron, where he lived many years. The Mohammedans call Hebron, El Khalil, which means "the friend," because Abraham was called "The friend of God." Between Jerusalem and Bethlehem the road lies mainly on a cultivated plateau in the midst of the hills of Judea.

The easiest way to go from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is by carriage, but as I was planning a long tour in Palestine, from Jerusalem to Damascus and thence by Baalbeck to Beyrout—a fifteen days' journey that must be made on horseback—I determined to overcome as far as possible the disadvantage of twenty years of a horseless life by making my short journeys around Jerusalem on horseback. I was accompanied by Jussuf, a dragoman, who, after the manner of his kind, rode a gayly caparisoned animal.

Less than a mile from Bethlehem, and immediately on the roadside, one comes upon a striking and pathetic memorial of the early times—the tomb of Rachel. Jacob had slowly made his way southward, stopping a long time at Shechem, a place about two days' journey north of Jerusalem, sacrificing at Bethel, a place about half a day's

THE CONVENT OF ST. ELIAS.

This convent is about four miles from Jerusalem, on the Bethlehem road, and about two miles from Bethlehem.



VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS JERUSALEM FROM THE ROOF OF THE CONVENT OF ST. ELIAS.

The tower shown in the distance on the right is on the Mount of Olives, and Jerusalem lies about a mile east of it.

THE TOMB OF RACHEL, ON THE ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO BETHLEHEM, ABOUT HALF A MILE FROM BETHLEHEM.

Drawn from a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.

VIEW FROM THE CONVENT OF ST. ELIAS, LOOKING TOWARDS BETHLEHEM, WHICH IS ABOUT TWO MILES DISTANT. OLIVE ORCHARDS IN THE FOREGROUND.

From a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.

AN ARAB MERCHANT OF BETHLEHEM ON HIS DONKEY.

journey north of Jerusalem, and had nearly reached Bethlehem, when his beloved wife Rachel was overtaken with child-labor and died in giving birth to Benjamin. The account in the Bible is brief, but it is not difficult, standing on the spot, to realize the tragedy of four thousand years ago.

Bethlehem is the centre of one of the most pleasing and fertile regions in Palestine, and is probably one of the oldest towns in the East. It is the scene of the story of Ruth. Just across the hills and the Dead Sea, to the southeast, is Moab, and there Naomi and her husband and two sons went from Bethlehem during a famine. Her husband died, as well as her two sons, who had married daughters of the land of Moab. She determined to return to her own country, and one of her daughters-in-law, Ruth, insisted on accompanying her. If the story of Ruth is unfamiliar to any of my readers, now is a good time to read one of the masterpieces of the world's literature. Ruth, soon after she came to Bethlehem, married a kinsman, Boaz, evidently the foremost man of the place; and, although Ruth was a Moabitess, she was destined to be the mother of kings, and to be a part of the most important genealogy in human history. David was her great-grandson.

On these hills and in these valleys David watched the flocks of his father Jesse. His love for this part of Judea, arising both from the fascination of its scenery and from his constant outdoor life, is evidenced by many words and acts of his later life. In whatever direction one looks, one sees scenes made famous by David's deeds. Fifteen or twenty miles to the west, across the hills, in the Valley of Elah, the armies of the Israelites and Philistines were drawn up in battle array. David was sent by his father with provisions for his brothers. When he arrived the people were excited by the daily challenge of a great Philistine warrior named Goliath, who came from a town about six miles west of the battlefield. David, though a mere stripling and not a man at arms, said: "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?" He accepted the challenge, and slew the Philistine.

Twelve or fifteen miles to the southwest of Bethlehem tradition locates the Cave of Adullam. David, with a few brave followers, was entrenched in this cave when

A YOUNG WOMAN OF BETHLEHEM.

GENERAL VIEW OF BETHLEHEM FROM DAVID'S WELL.

MARKET PLACE, BETHLEHEM.

VIEW OVERLOOKING BETHLEHEM TOWARD THE FIELDS OF THE SHEPHERDS.

Drawn from a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.

Bethlehem was in the hands of the Philistines. He expressed an eager desire for a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, and three of his bravest warriors made their way through the forces of the enemy and secured the coveted water.

YOUNG GIRLS OF BETHLEHEM.

Much of the story of David's life is interwoven with this locality. But it is not interest in David especially that attracts the eyes of the world to Bethlehem. Centuries after David's time—centuries during which Greece waxed and waned, and a new nation, founded long after David's death, became mistress of the world, with the land of Israel for one of its provinces—the emperor of Rome had issued a decree that all peoples under his rule should be taxed; and because David had been born in Bethlehem, and because Joseph and Mary were of his lineage, nearly two thousand years after the fatal journey of Rachel and a thousand years after David's time, Mary, the mother of Jesus, passed down this same highway, having journeyed from Nazareth, through Shechem, past Shiloh, through Bethel and past Jerusalem—a four days' journey—since "all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city."

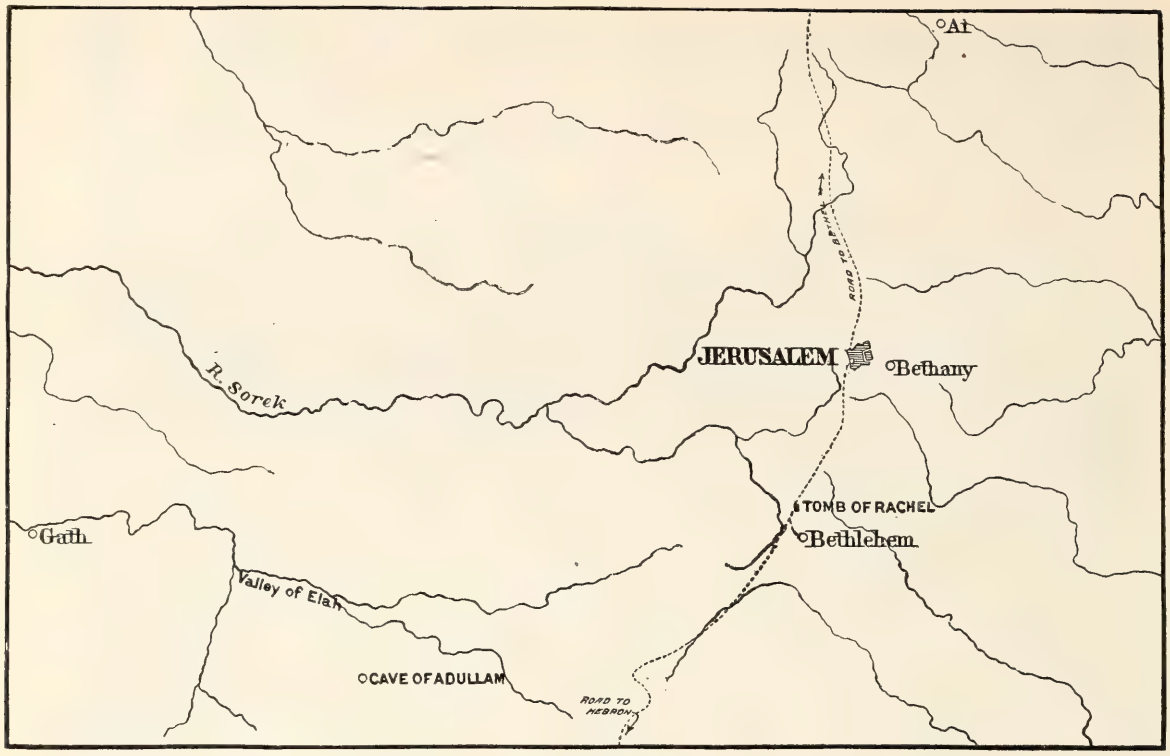
The recorded circumstances of the birth of Jesus are very meagre; yet one cannot pass over the very route traversed four thousand years ago by Rachel and nearly two thousand years ago by Mary, both travelling in much the same way, and both enduring much the same suffering, without filling out the picture. Speaking of the manner of the birth of our Lord, Dr. Stalker says:

FIELDS OF THE SHEPHERDS, WITH BETHLEHEM IN THE DISTANCE.

Drawn from a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.

VIEW OF BETHLEHEM FROM THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

Drawn from a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.



MAP SHOWING THE POINTS MENTIONED IN THE ARTICLE.

"No friendly house opened its door to receive them, and they were fain to clear for their lodging a corner of the inn-yard, else occupied by the beasts of the numerous travellers. There, that very night, she brought forth her first-born Son; and because there was neither womanly hand to assist her, nor couch to receive Him, she wrapped Him in swaddling-clothes and laid Him in a manger.

"Such was the manner of the birth of Jesus. I never felt the full pathos of the scene, till, standing one day in a room of an old inn in the market-town of Eisleben, in Central Germany, I was told that on that very spot, four centuries ago, amidst the noise of a market-day and the bustle of a public-house, the wife of the poor miner, Hans Luther, who happened to be there on business, being surprised like Mary with sudden distress, brought forth in sorrow and poverty the child who was to become Martin Luther, the hero of the Reformation and the maker of modern Europe."

I went to Bethlehem several times, returning usually towards dusk. I constantly met the "Bethlehem men," as they are called—mechanics, masons, carpenters, laborers—returning on foot from their long and hard day's work in Jerusalem. The hours of labor in the East are from sunrise to sunset; and these men would leave Bethlehem early in the morning, and, after walking the six miles to their daily task, work all day, and walk back at dusk to their late and scanty supper. The younger men looked worn out; the older men seemed to have lost all strength, and their eyes frequently looked dull and almost glazed.

BETHLEHEM WOMEN.

I was invited to visit a family in Bethlehem. Their home was on the second floor of a building. It consisted of a single room, about fifteen feet square, with a concrete floor, and not a single article of furniture save a tiny charcoal stove. It was clean; there were plenty of windows;

and the window-sills were low and broad and were used instead of chairs. There were little cupboards built in the walls, which held the food and the few dishes. At one side of the room was a larger recess, perhaps two feet deep, three feet high, and six feet long. Here were piled blankets, rugs, and quilts, neatly folded. At night the rugs were spread on the floor and the family slept on them, using the blankets and quilts for covering. On great occasions a little circular table, about three feet across and one foot high, was used as a dining-table.

In all the vineyards and fields around Bethlehem are towers—circular structures with an elevated floor inside—which are occupied by the owner or his servants, to guard the fruit or crops at night, reminding one of the parable of the "householder which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine-press in it, and built a tower."

I have not mentioned the Church of the Nativity, nor given any pictures of the place where it is claimed that Jesus was born. No one can tell the place; but the hills and mountains and valleys and fields; the sun, the sky, the air; the distant view of the mountains of Moab across the Dead Sea —these have remained; and it is enough to feel that Rachel and David and Mary and Jesus and John saw them, just as we see them now.

VIRGIN AND CHILD. (MICHAEL ANGELO.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE AND YOUNGER READERS.

It has been well said that any book that could be read with interest by young readers would be found equally interesting to older readers. The editors of McClure's Magazine believe that they have established the converse of this proposition; and they wish to call the attention of parents to the value of this magazine as interesting and instructive reading for their children. Mr. Kipling's serial story will be found of especial interest to the boys and girls of America. It is written, in a certain sense, expressly for them, just as the Jungle stories were written for them. It is Mr. Kipling's first long story for younger readers. At the same time we venture to say that the story will be none the less interesting to our grown-up readers.

Again, Mr. Garland's articles on the early life of General Grant might very appropriately have appeared in a magazine devoted to young people. Practical and yet picturesque articles on such subjects as flying-machines, balloons, submarine boats, and fast railroading, which are appearing in McClure's from time to time, and articles like the one on Dr. Nansen in the present number, are, we have reason to believe, read as eagerly by the young as by the old. In fact, if an article on exploration, adventure, or scientific discovery is sufficiently clear to be enjoyed by the average adult reader, it will be found attractive to the bright boy or girl. The extraordinary series of portraits of Franklin, Hamilton, Washington, Webster, and the other great Americans, which is to begin in the January number, will be found not only interesting to young people, but instructive to a degree. In no better way can the personality and services of the great patriots of our country be brought to the minds of American youth.

It is, indeed, our constant aim, inasmuch as we have a magazine that almost any one can afford to buy, to so conduct McClure's as to render it of great service to our younger readers. We want it to be, to every family, an uplifting force.

MISS TARBELL'S LIFE OF LINCOLN.

Miss Tarbell's next paper will be entitled "The Election of Lincoln to the Presidency." It will be published in the February or March number. In her last two papers, "The Lincoln-Douglas Debate" and "The Nomination of Lincoln," Miss Tarbell shows with what force and brilliancy she may be expected to deal with the story of Lincoln as the great War President. In preparing the new series of articles Miss Tarbell will not only make a careful study of material in America, including recollections of living men and women, but she will make a special study abroad of the foreign diplomatic relations of the United States during the Civil War, and utilize such material as pertains directly to Lincoln. This series of papers will be preëminently a study of the man Lincoln from his inauguration in March, 1861, to his death in April, 1865. It will follow him day by day in cabinet meetings, public receptions, and private interviews, picturing his daily life at the White House and at the Soldiers' Home, and in his formal visiting of the departments and the camps, the battlefields, and the hospitals. It will show him the real head of the government, exercising to the fullest the powers the Constitution gave him; the commander-in-chief of the army, providing money and men, making and unmaking generals, directing military manœuvres; the counsellor and final authority of every member of his cabinet and of the government. The extraordinary relations of sympathy and confidence which existed between Lincoln and the people of the North during the war; the faith in his honesty and good intentions which developed in the South, in the same period, will be depicted. Throughout the entire series, the reader will be kept at the side of the great War President, viewing events through his eyes.

SEVERAL MAGAZINES IN ONE.

McClure's Magazine is not a Magazine of Fiction, and yet the greatest of living masters of fiction contribute to its pages.

It is not a Magazine of American History and Biography, and yet its lives of Lincoln and Grant, and the series of short biographies of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Webster, and others which will appear month by month during 1897, and its papers of reminiscence by men who have helped make history, and its gallery of American portraiture, would almost entitle it to that name.

It is not a Magazine of Popular Science, and yet its contributions in this field give it almost a unique position as an expositor of scientific discoveries, exploration, new inventions, etc.

It is not a magazine of light reading, and yet it is above all a magazine of entertainment. It does not claim to be an Art Magazine, and yet every number contains pictures which not to possess makes one poorer.

It is so cheap in price that the annual subscription is merely nominal, and yet it maintains the highest standards in literature and art, in exposition and discussion.

It is not a Religious Magazine, and yet no Christian family but will find it helpful.

It is not a Youth's Magazine, but it would be hard to imagine the intelligent boy or girl who would not find it interesting from cover to cover.

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